



THEMIS

88874



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

No. 1.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by J. H. MILLER & CO. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD I. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
J. H. MILLER, Managing Editor.

With this number we begin Volume III of **THEMIS**. We think faith has been kept with our patrons regarding the character of our labors. Our historical matter has been complimented and largely copied and quoted by the press here and elsewhere. Nothing has been published that was not based on substantial facts. The literary work has been of a superior order and has also drawn the attention of the press to its excellence. It is without egotism we can say, that as an exponent of local affairs, and general politics, much good has been accomplished. The editorial writers are in a position to become familiar with passing events, and have a thorough knowledge of the history of the State, as well as of general literature. We are independent in thought, and knowing whereof we speak and write, can do so with independence. Since our last volume the managing editor has been changed, A. J. Johnston having been honored with a prominent State office, necessitating his retirement. John H. Miller, an experienced newspaper man, has assumed the management. This has not, however, changed the editorial character of the paper. With this volume we contemplate some additions, which will require an enlargement of the paper. As soon as arrangements can be made this change will occur. By this we will be enabled to give our readers a greater amount of reading matter. We shall continue to devote our abilities to making authentic history, and presenting the first order of literature. Local advancement is one of our objects. Clean politics will always find a champion in **THEMIS**. We ask the support of those who want a clean and reliable paper. **THEMIS** is loyal Republican in politics; we have no schemes to promote nor "isms" to advocate. We have no enemies to punish, no friends to reward. We aim to speak kindly and freely upon every important public question. We shall never fail to express our opinion through fear or favor. The past numbers are evidence of this fact.

The Republican City Convention was held Tuesday evening. It was a body of 160, chosen from ten subdivisions in the city. There has been no criticism adverse concerning its determinations, and so far it has not been made apparent that there will be any serious opposition to any gentleman nominated by that body. As we have said in former issues of this paper, it would be idle and an insult to the judgment of men who view human nature as it is to expect that any convention, however selected, and of whomsoever, would be satisfactory to the element that exists in all communities, who seek for faults only, and whose spectacles will magnify the imaginary into the real. Therefore, it is that we must view the determinations that have been made by the Republican Convention with regard more to the intentions of the citizens who sat in the body, and upon whom responsibility was cast. The city is in a critical financial position, and we believe that, regardless of partisanship, the situation is fully realized by property-holders and those concerned in our material progress. The platform adopted by the Convention is brief, but has a wealth of meaning. It outlines a policy for local government that of necessity must be pursued. The nominees of the Convention will undoubtedly carry out its spirit to the very letter. With a feeling that it was necessary to add strength to

our municipal legislature, the Republican Convention nominated Alonzo Conklin for a member of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Conklin is a man of independence; his interests are with the people of this community; he is the unanimous choice of the chosen representatives of the majority of our people. It has been that we have been compelled to voice the universal sentiment of the people that there is need for more backbone, dignity and intelligence concerning municipal affairs in our local legislature. The opportunity comes fortunately that a change can be made by the people every year so far as one member of the Board is concerned. We believe the determination of the people should be in favor of Mr. Conklin. He has had experience in the management of municipal government in the East and here; his nomination comes without solicitation—a case of the office seeking the man. In view of what **THEMIS** and the other journals have published within the last few weeks concerning the attitude of the owners of the antique municipal bonds towards the present population, we feel justified in saying that the situation of this city is critical, and that if our people will not pay more attention to their own business we can expect that capital will give us the cold shoulder, and the only hope we will have of distinction will be perhaps a century hence, when Sacramento will occupy a position not even so creditable as that of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Those cities were not destroyed through any matter of local legislation, but simply because they were located too near to the volcano of Vesuvius. It is perhaps an unjust comparison to draw, in that the volcano gave no warning, while in the case of Sacramento the warning has been constant. With us it has been that progressive business firms have shut their doors and removed to San Francisco; that upon the sign-boards of very many of the business houses of the metropolis at the sea the names of former Sacramento firms are inscribed. If there has been a manufacturing business of importance successfully conducted since the days that very many of those who now are expected to control the destinies of the city were born, it would be of interest to many of our present inhabitants and property-holders to know its location. We do not complain, nor could we conscientiously, that our present Board of Trustees is anything but weak, but we feel that mental strength should be added. In Mr. Conklin we have full confidence. Should he be selected, the people will have a Trustee.

Captain J. D. Young has been nominated for City Auditor. He was for very many years an editor of the *Sacramento Union* and of the *Sacramento Record-Union*, and had particular charge of the city department. He is a native of Ogdensburg, N. Y., and from his earliest life was thrown into circumstances that he was compelled to care for himself. Without the advantages that most have, having been left an orphan at an early age, he commenced his career as a cabin boy on the lake steamers of New York. He learned the printing trade in the office of the *Buffalo Republic*, and in 1861 came to California and became a compositor in the office of the *Sacramento Union*. While at the printer's case Captain Young was esteemed as among the best compositors on the coast, and when the Legislature, during the flood of 1861-62, removed from this city to San Francisco, the *Union* sent with it its shorthand reporters and its expert compositors. Their duty was to report the proceedings of the Senate and Assembly and put it in type. The type was sent here and printed. Captain Young was

largely trusted with that important work—an enterprise in journalism that the exactions at that time demanded and which was successful. From the printer's case he was promoted to the editorship of the city department of the paper, and retained that position until January 10, 1880, when Governor Perkins appointed him Superintendent of State Printing. He was reappointed to that position by Governor Waterman. We are not aware that there is any other person more fitted from experience to perform the duties of the office of City Auditor than is Captain Young.

John J. Buckley, the nominee for City Assessor, has filled the office satisfactorily. He was born in Boston, and came with his parents to Sacramento in 1859. He was educated in this city in our public schools, and for five years was a locomotive fireman for the Central Pacific Railroad Company. In 1880 he engaged in the business of searcher of records. For several years he has been the Assessor of the city properties, and it cannot be stated that he has not been an efficient officer.

George A. Putnam, the nominee for City Collector, is too well known that it should be necessary particular reference should be made to him. He arrived in California from around the Horn in July, 1849, and has been in business in Sacramento since 1853. When the war broke out he went into the army, and in 1863 was commissioned a Major in the United States service. His administration of the office of City Collector has been completely satisfactory.

For Fire Commissioners there have been named John Weil for the long term and William B. Miller for the short term. Mr. Weil is at present a member of the board and served a term as State Treasurer. Mr. Miller has been in business among us for years and has never been an aspirant for an office.

We sincerely hope that in view of the blunders of the past, follies will not be repeated, and we urge from the standpoint of citizens and taxpayers that the interests of this city shall be protected. We are dissatisfied; we believe the people are—and they are supreme—with the management as it now exists. This criticism we particularly direct to the Board of Trustees. We are conscious that Mr. Conklin has no owner save the people themselves; to them he will act with justice, and did we not feel that he would exercise a proper spirit of independence we would not ask his election. Matters political have occurred within the last few years that we esteem have resulted in disadvantage to the citizens of Sacramento. Let us not repeat the blunders of the past. Why, after a fair expression by such a convention as met here on Tuesday night, can any reasonable man fail to indorse its action and vote for its nominees?

Sherman is dead. There was in Rome the Triumvirate—the three who governed. In our country we had a military triumvirate—Grant, Sheridan and Sherman. We mention them in the order of their deaths. With the fall of each there has been an expression of regret, not alone from our own country, but from the civilized world. Of the American military triumvirate, Gen. Grant was the recognized head. He died after a painful illness at Mt. McGregor, New York, on July 23, 1885. He was born April 27, 1822. Sheridan was born March 6, 1831, and died at a comparatively early age. Sherman, the last to fall, was born Feb. 8, 1820. Strangely, all three of these men figured in California in our early days. At the outbreak of the war

they came from private life and tendered their services to the government. Others, perhaps, would have occupied their places had circumstances been favorable, and it would be unjust, particularly to Gen. McClellan, to say of him he could have done better than he did at the time when he had the general command and suffered defeat. Regarding only the one who has just passed away—Sherman—it is of more interest to recall his history before the outbreak of the civil war than his brilliant campaigns and the distinction he justly received afterward—a distinction that will endure. Leaving California he went to St. Louis and had the insignificant rank of captain, though he had served from his graduation from West Point on June 30, 1840, almost continuously in active military service. In 1860 he was appointed to the position of President of the State Military Academy of Louisiana, and remained in that position until before the outbreak of the civil war. We will here quote from the New York *Herald* of Dec. 12, 1864:

He had carefully watched the development of the portentous events of the winter of 1860 and 1861, and even before the first shot on Sumter sounded the summons to arms, felt confident of the impossibility of avoiding an open rupture between the two sections of the country. True to the old flag, he addressed a letter of resignation to the authorities of the institution. The letter is so characteristic of the man that we embody it in full:

JANUARY 18, 1861.

Governor Thomas O. Moore, Baton Rouge, La.: SIR—As I occupy a quasi military position under this State, I deem it proper to acquaint you that I accepted such position when Louisiana was a State in the Union, and when the motto of the seminary was inserted in marble over the main door: "By the liberality of the General Government of the United States—the Union. *Esto Perpetua*." Recent events foreshadow a great change, and it becomes all men to choose. If Louisiana withdraws from the Federal Union, I prefer to maintain my allegiance to the old constitution as long as a fragment of it survives, and my longer stay here would be wrong in every sense of the word. In that event I beg you will send or appoint some authorized agent to take charge of the arms and munitions of war here, belonging to the State, or direct me what disposition should be made of them. And furthermore, as President of the Board of Supervisors, I beg you to take immediate steps to relieve me as Superintendent the moment the State determines to secede: for on no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old government of the United States. With great respect, etc., W. T. SHERMAN.

His resignation was accepted, and he removed to St. Louis. During that season of dreadful suspense intervening the inauguration of the new President and the bombardment of Fort Sumter, Captain Sherman was in Washington. He conversed freely with persons of all positions and views, and was surprised to see the indifference exhibited on the great question of the day. A personal friend thus narrates the captain's views at the time: He was astonished at the apparent ignorance and incredulity of the government in regard to the real condition of the Southern States. He declared that the men in authority were sleeping on a volcano, which would surely burst upon them unprepared. Filled with this idea, he addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, stating that as he was educated at the expense of the United States, and owed everything to his country, he had come to tender his military services. He warned Mr. Cameron in earnest language that war was imminent, and that we were not prepared. He also called upon the President, and in like manner stated his views and tendered his services. The President jocularly replied: "We shall not need many men like you; the whole affair will soon blow over." He was then urged by his friends to go to Ohio, and take care of the organization of three months' regiments. This he declined as he did not believe in such trifling expedients. He declared it would be as wise to undertake to extinguish the flames of a burning building with a squirt gun as to put down the rebellion with three months' troops. His plan was to organize for a gigantic war, to call out the whole military power of the country at once, and, by the exercise of irresistible force, to crush the rebellion in its incipency.

This letter of Gen. Sherman's was at that time regarded as the act of an insane man, yet later it developed he was right. It did occur that President Lincoln changed the head of his War Department, and that he was made to believe, as was the fact, that he could better trust the Generals in the field than the Secretary in his Cabinet. The result was that President Lincoln on January 15, 1862, appointed Edwin M. Stanton Secretary of War; an appointment that could be regarded as anomalous, in that Stanton had been the Attorney-General in the administration of President Buchanan, and had served in a Cabinet with men who were inimicable to the federal government. It, however, happened that Stanton was the proper man for the place. Lincoln at the time we speak of did not realize that

which Sherman foresaw. He did later on. When Sherman advocated the proposition that there should be preparation made for a gigantic war, it was ridiculed and regarded as the vagaries of a crazy man. The estimate that was passed upon him as a military commander cannot be better stated than in the language of Gen. Grant concerning the surrender of Gen. Johnston. It was at the closing of the war, and Grant wrote in his memoirs, after stating that he had gone to Raleigh: "When I arrived I went to Sherman's headquarters, and we were at once closeted together." Grant then stated to Sherman that the terms of the surrender of Gen. Johnston had not been authorized at Washington, but to show the confidence that Grant had in Sherman, after he had informed Sherman that the terms which Sherman had made with Johnston would not be regarded as the same that Grant had given Lee, Grant placed the whole matter into the hands of Sherman. Throughout the writings of Gen. Grant there is an exhibition of high regard for Sherman and Sheridan. And in the writings of Gen. Sherman there is that regard paid, not only to the federal commanders, but of deserving Generals of the South. Among his pall-bearers was Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, of the confederate army, who was among the last to surrender his command, and that surrender was made to Sherman. The matter of the terms of the surrender of Gen. Johnston and his force of 50,000 men was made the subject of an inquiry before a committee of Congress, and the testimony there given by Gen. Sherman is of historic interest.

The government troops are to be congratulated by the entire country for the speedy manner in which they have settled the late Indian difficulty. It is true that many good men fell victims to the redskins, but considering the uprising, the number of Indians that were on the war path, Uncle Sam's soldiers are to be complimented. The history of the aboriginal races of the American continent is an interesting study, not only to the people of the United States, but also to those of other lands, who regard them as the congeners of the nomadic hords, which in times long past swarmed over the plains of now civilized Europe. In many respects there is a very close resemblance between the characters and final fate of all the primitive tribes and nations of the world—their mode of government, habits, customs, etc., being somewhat similar—as well as their final absorption or disappearance, following an inexorable natural law, which decrees the submission of the animal to intellectual development. From the study of past events alone can an opinion be formed of the causes that give origin to them, and for this reason should every American citizen who desires to understand the true history of his country peruse with attention the records of the former owners of that soil which ere long will no more give sustenance to any of their descendants. No ordinary task is it for the faithful chronicler to trace the history of a people who have no written annals and no written language; whose only records are of a pictographic character; and whose traditions are so vague and unconnected as to be very unreliable. Such are the difficulties he has to encounter anterior to the discovery of America by Columbus; and even subsequent to that period, owing to the unsettled condition of the country until within the last half century, years of research and comparison are rendered necessary in order to reconcile conflicting statements and unravel the tangled web of confused narrative. The last remnant of the race will soon in spirit, if not in words, echo the language of a poetic writer, who thus portrays the sole survivor as apostrophizing the Diety:

"Where is my home—my forest home? the proud land of my sires?
Where stands the wigwam of my pride? where gleam the council fires?
Where are my father's hallowed graves? my friends so light and free?
Gone, gone, forever from my view! Great Spirit? can it be?"

Marian Harland has written many things in favor of her sex. She is a womanly woman. She says the prevailing notion of society puts girls at a certain age in a pitiful frame of mind, which is shared by their mothers. It is less so now than formerly, and girls now spend in educating themselves for self support some of the years which were formerly spent in angling for husbands and worrying for fear they should

not get a bite. But many ill-starred marriages are contracted now, in the face of great risks in the character of the man, which would be saved if the young woman was assured of independent position and was free to accept or reject.

"In God We Trust."

The motto "In God We Trust," which is now stamped on all gold and silver coins of United States money, was suggested by an honest, God-fearing old farmer of the State of Maryland. He thought that our national coinage should indicate the Christian character of this nation, and by introducing a motto upon its coins express a national reliance on divine support in governmental affairs. In 1861, when Salmon P. Chase was Secretary of the Treasury, he wrote him and suggested that, as we claimed to be a Christian people, we should make suitable recognition of that fact on our coinage. The letter was referred to the Director of the Mint, James Pollack of Pennsylvania. In Mr. Pollack's report for 1862 he discussed the question of a recognition of the sovereignty of God and our trust in Him on our coins. The proposition to introduce a motto upon our coins was favorably considered by Mr. Chase, and in the report he said he did not doubt, but believed that it would meet with an approval by an intelligent public sentiment. But Congress gave no attention to the suggestion, and in his next annual report he again referred to the subject, this time in a firm, theological argument, and said: "The motto suggested, 'God Our Trust,' is taken from our national hymn, 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The sentiment is familiar to every citizen of our country; it has thrilled millions of American freemen. The time is propitious; 'tis an hour when man's strength is weakness, when our strength and salvation must be of God. Let us reverently acknowledge His sovereignty, and let our coinage declare our trust in God." A two-cent bronze piece was authorized to be coined by Congress the following year, April 22, 1864, and upon this was first stamped the motto "In God We Trust." In his report for that year he expressed his approval of the act, and strongly urged that the recognition of trust be extended to the gold and silver coins of the United States. By the fifth section of the Act of Congress of March 3, 1865, the Director of the Mint, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, was authorized to place upon all the gold and silver coin of the United States susceptible of such additions thereafter to be issued the motto "In God We Trust."

Marshall the Discoverer of Gold.

First, as to the men at Coloma in January, 1848, Marshall was not enriched. His lumber was soon in demand at \$500 a thousand feet of board measure, or twenty-fold more than he had expected when he commenced his work; but not many months elapsed before all the good timber trees near Coloma had been cut down by the miners, and then the mill had to stop. He turned his attention to mining, but was not successful. When he had money he did not know how to keep it. When he had a good claim he did not stick to it. When friends tried to help him he frequently refused their offers with a snarl. He imagined offenses where none were intended. He complained of plots against his life in a community where nearly everybody acknowledged obligation to him. He was irritated by the superior popularity and prosperity of Sutter, by the fact that to Sutter the main credit of the gold discovery was given by many newspapers and influential citizens, and that partly under the influence of that idea, a pension of \$250 a month was given to Sutter in 1870, while the true discoverer received nothing. After the publication of Marshall's biography in 1870, the Legislature perceived the injustice of its exclusive favor to Sutter, and in the course of six years it gave \$9,600 as a pension to Marshall, but left him to spend the last eight years of his life in poverty and privation. In 1885, at the age of seventy-three, he died while alone in a solitary cabin which he occupied in company with another aged and indigent pioneer miner. He was buried at Coloma in sight of the place where he discovered the gold. His figure, in colossal bronze, stands over his grave.—John S. Hittell in *February Century*.

One Sunday, during high mass at 12, in the chapel of the little village of Glengariff, three ladies of the Protestant faith were obliged to take shelter from one of those heavy summer showers which so frequently occurs in the south of Ireland. The officiating priest, knowing who they were, and wishing to appear respectful to them, stooped down to his attendant, or clerk, who was on his knees, and whispered to him: "Three chairs for the Protestant ladies." The clerk, being an ignorant man, mistook the words, stood up and shouted to the congregation, "Three cheers for the Protestant ladies!" which the congregation immediately took up, and gave three hearty cheers, while the clergyman actually stood dumbfounded.

"My dear doctor, if all your patients are getting along as well as you seem to be, then you cannot be getting along at all."

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

The suspicion is growing in certain quarters that departed social eminence does not necessarily imply innate artistic talent nor high qualifications for the stage.

Sardou is a strange man, of wonderful talent and versatility. He has only achieved his present high place in the literary and dramatic world by the hardest struggling against adverse circumstances.

Emma Juch has a truly prima-donna-like appetite, if a story told of her in Cincinnati is true. It is averred that after a performance of *William Tell* in that city she devoured three weiner wursts and three beef sandwiches, drank three glasses of beer and—looked for more.

Great Actress (to hotel clerk)—I left my diamond necklace on the bureau in my room, and now it's gone. Send word to the police immediately, and—the newspapers. Hotel Clerk—One of the servants saw your necklace there and brought it to me. It is in the safe. Great Actress (hotly)—I—I wish people would attend to their own business. So, there!

It is pleasant to know that Mme. Adelina Patti has at last been cinched. For a quarter of a century she has been stalking over the earth, robbing creation with an effrontery that would have paralyzed the gang that persecuted Ali Baba. Now, at last, a manager whom she sought to mulct has mulcted her, and we think that that manager is entitled to the graceful plaudits of all Christendom.

"I don't understand your audacity, young man, in desiring to marry my daughter." So spoke the stern father. "From what I can hear you seem to have nothing but a little reputation as an amateur actor. I don't believe you could support your wife." The youth looked a good deal surprised and after a pause stammered: "Why, your daughter doesn't want to star, does she?"

Joseph Hatton's new play, *John Needham's Double*, is founded on the author's novel. It was arranged, on Mr. Hatton's suggestion, that it should be first produced in America. The story opens in England and closes in America. There is a first act in an English midland county and a bustling act in London, and the denouement is in a picturesque Kentucky home. Mr. Willard will play two parts, one a generous, easy-going country gentleman, the other an ambitious financier and politician.

Our country was first visited by a ballet in 1827, and all women in the audience of the Old Bowery Theatre rose in outraged modesty and dignity, and left this then most fashionable place of divertissement. Such men as were not in fear of wifely reproaches, or perhaps we should say those men who were sufficiently courageous to face frowning wives and sweethearts, remained to look with delight upon guazy leg-rhythms for all their billets of admission allowed. That was sixty-four years ago. To-day Miss Leontine Morgan, of Boston—think of that, of Boston—is to be a premiere danseuse at the Metropolitan Opera House. She has devoted every day of the last four years to her pretty, dexterous toes, and with a proper confidence that a Boston atmosphere was sufficient for her brain development, she has had no need for other training.

The story of *Dresden China*, a new ballet now running in New York, is historical, and based on events that occurred in the reign of King August, the Strong, of Saxony. Boetcher, the alchemist, was imprisoned by King August, and was to remain in confinement until he had discovered the secret of making gold. He was allowed all the luxuries of life, and had his valet to attend to his every want. One night Boetcher, sitting in his armchair, ponders on the one subject that occupies his mind. He falls asleep. While he slumbers two visions appear—one, the God of Gold, and another, the Goddess of Glory. The visions disappear, and morning breaks. The factotum comes in with peruke in hand and tries to wake his master up. Boetcher is half asleep, so the man places the bowl, filled with earth (which was then used to powder the hair); in Boetcher's hand, while he proceeds with his toilet. The alchemist awakes, and, angered at finding the bowl in his hand, throws it in the fire, where, accidentally, it strikes his retort, which breaks, and the earth and liquid run together. Boetcher, watching this, notices that the earth burns hard and white; so, in great astonishment, he jumps up and pours the melted earth into a mold and leaves it to take form. At length he opens the mold and discovers a plain white porcelain figure, with no flaw or spots, and thus the discovery of porcelain was made. While he is exulting over his invention, an officer enters with two soldiers and inquires whether the secret of gold-making has been discovered. Boetcher says "No," but he has discovered something else which is fully as precious. The officer tells him that his orders are to put him in chains and take him away. They drag him off and cast him in a dungeon, and the Court Marshal

arrives to see that the orders are carried out. The factotum shows the Marshal the porcelain figure, and explains how it was made. The Marshal comprehends the value of the new invention and hastens to the King, who, with his retinue of courtiers, is on a hunting expedition. The scene changes to the King's hunting palace, where dancing and feasting are in progress. The Marshal enters and informs the King that gold has not been discovered, but china has been invented. The King evinces but little interest, so the Marshal asks him to see some proof of the new invention. The King consents, and a procession and ballet of the images and vessels appear. The delighted King releases Boetcher and covers him with honors, and the curtain descends on a tableau, after a grand ballet by the china images.

Book Chat.

The sale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" averages about 30,000 copies per year. This is pretty well for a book entering on its fortieth year.

A man 60 years old has become crazy from reading sensational stories. This is another illustration of the saying that "reading maketh a fool man."

Think of the library of the British Museum—forty miles of solid thought! and of the National Library in Paris—150,000 acres of printed pages! What fields are these for intellectual browsing and cud chewing of reflection.

The Academy of Sciences of Cracow has just published a poem of the sixteenth century which treats on the same subject as "King Lear." The unique copy of the work still extant has been hidden away in a public library, and has but lately been discovered.

Ernest Renan once had occasion to telegraph across the British channel the subject of a proposed lecture. The subject as stated by him was "The Influence of Rome on the Formation of Christianity." It was published in England as "The Influence of Rum on the Digestion of Humanity."

If you want to brighten and polish your girls, if you want them to have ideas and ideals, if you want them to be entertained and instructed, give them good books. It won't hurt them to read a little of love, romance and real life. It is this condiment that will make the useful information palatable.

When the primeval journalist who edited the first cenozoic newspapers in the stone age got hold of an item reporting a calamitous blizzard he was wont to hew out a big display head with the words "Death Rides on the Storm." And the modern American newspaper man, following his example, puts death a-horseback of every cyclone, hurricane and thunder shower. It is about time that this Byronic simile between death and a jockey be given a rest. It is over-worked.

We have cant in business, cant in society, in politics, in religion, in every place where men and women are to be found, repeating what others have said before them, without realizing its meaning or attempting to follow it to its legitimate conclusion. Even editors cant. Everybody who talks is liable to cant—doctors, lawyers, politicians, preachers, scientists, teachers, hod carriers—the whole business of us cant with every word that is not the result of a deliberate and more or less painful effort to tell nothing but the truth.

Unlike many authors, Bret Harte never does an ambitious piece of literary work amid the din of the city. Whenever the plot of a story gets thoroughly crystallized in his mind he repairs to a quiet suburban retreat just outside of London, and there he works. And in this little nook the author is at present hard at work upon a new story of considerable length. Only a few of his closest friends know the whereabouts of his cave of seclusion, and even these he has never asked to join him there. The novelist works steadily when he is in seclusion, and stops only for an hour's walk every day. When at work his diet is a very frugal one; he retires early and is up just after dawn, working often several hours before he has his morning coffee, eggs and rolls. For two months he will thus keep himself secluded; then, returning to London, he places his manuscript in the hands of the publisher and considers his work done, for Bret Harte hates proof reading.

Professional Chat.

If Mr. Pepper is wise he will make his next brilliant success as an orator by carefully not making any speeches. This seems to be the one way in which he can favorably stand comparison with Ingalls.

"Take any twenty-five tall, lean men," said an old court officer to a reporter, "and you can secure a jury in a murder case. They have no conscientious scruples against the death penalty. As a rule, short, thick men have doubts on this point."

Even the Courts do not overlook the minor court-esses of life. It has long been considered improper to compel a female witness to tell her age unless it is

necessary to the better understanding of the case, and lawyers usually withdraw the question if the witness hesitates to disclose the interesting secret. A New Jersey court has now decided that a referee cannot compel a lady, who is not a party to the suit, to raise her veil, so that she may be identified by a witness.

The new Idaho Senator, Shoup, is getting himself talked about because of his wild and woolly expressions. He approached Morton during the night session last week in one of the cloak-rooms, and slapping the Vice-President on the back, said: "Mr. Vice-President, shake; your ruling awhile ago was dead game." Later he addressed Hoar as follows: "Old man, that was a dandy speech you made for the bill, and we will stand by you until hell freezes over."

It is a most remarkable fact that women doctors have less delicacy with their patients than men. Young girls are absolutely shocked, and it is from them that the lady physicians receive their severest criticism. Let a young lady receive treatment for the same or different illness from each sex, and her preference will be the man doctor every time. Ask her why, and the invariable answer will be that Dr. Mary Matter of Fact is not nice. And not only that, but as a class they are less sympathetic, less considerate, less cheery than medical men.

The late Charles Bradlaugh owed much of his success as an orator to his fine stage presence. He was six feet two inches in height and magnificently proportioned. His gestures were most dramatic. In his lecture on Oliver Cromwell, in the passage where he describes Cromwell as drawing his sword and throwing away the scabbard, he was accustomed to put so much spirit into the action that the audience could almost see the flashing of the imaginary blade. Once an old army officer cried out, "My God! That man has been in the cavalry." And so he had been.

The majority of lawyers prefer not to take divorce cases; not so much as a matter of principle as of prudence. Women are, with occasional exceptions, unreasonable clients. The fact that the lawyer is simply a business man attending to their business seems never to present itself to their female mind. The women think the lawyer must of necessity enter into her likes and dislikes, her piques and jealousies, in fact take up as a labor of love that which is supposed to be a plain transaction for money. If he mildly suggests a retainer, she is shocked by such evidence of mercenary spirit, and begins to lose confidence in him.

"The late Sunset Cox," said Judge Abbott, of Texas, to a reporter, "was a man whose love of humor did not find exclusive vent through his facile pen. His merry nature delighted in getting the laugh on some one of his friends, and I shall never forget a little prank he played on my colleague, Judge Hare. Hare and Cox had struck up a friendly acquaintance, following closely upon the former's entree into the Fortieth Congress. One day they chanced to meet about noon in one of the Capitol corridors, and Hare invited the New-Yorker to go down stairs and lunch with him. 'Much obliged,' said Cox, 'but won't you wait on me five or ten minutes; I must see a man on the floor on important business; then I'll join you.' 'All right,' said Hare, 'I'll await you down stairs, and if you see a friend you would like to have bring him along, too.' Into Cox's fun-loving cranium a scheme straightway crept. He had dispatched what business he had in a twinkling, and then proceeded to confer with first one Congressman and then another till at last nine of us followed him out of the Chamber and down into the House restaurant, where Judge Hare was sitting at a table alone. A rather surprised look came over the face of the Texas Representative when he saw the company Cox had brought. But it vanished in a moment, and he bade us all welcome in the heartiest manner. 'Now, gentlemen, by the way of an appetizer, what will you take?' Cox, who was next to him, spoke up without a moment's hesitation: 'I'll have a bottle of champagne.' 'Bring me a bottle of champagne also,' said Moore. 'Ditto,' ordered Crane, and thus it went around, each man ordering a 'small bottle' until the waiter got back to the eleventh and last man, the host of the day, who, bringing his fist down on the table with some emphasis, said: 'Why, I'll take a bottle of champagne, too.' Nobody smiled, but when the fluids were disposed of it was a study to note the changes of our entertainer's face as each man began ordering the most expensive dishes on the bill. But things went on swimmingly, and hilarity rose to a great height—among ten of us, at least. Finally, the feast ended, and Hare, beckoning the waiter to him, said: 'I don't know whether I've got enough money with me to pay this account, but bring on your ticket and I'll see.' He looked more puzzled than at any time when the waiter came back saying that there was nothing to pay. Then it dawned on him that Sunset Cox had been playing a little joke, and amid roars of laughter from the crowd he protested that Cox should not pay a farthing. But it had all been pre-arranged and the statesman-humorist got more than the \$50 that the luncheon cost him out of the fun of watching the bewildered looks of the Judge."

NOTES.

Ninety thousand cows, it is calculated, have to be milked twice a day to supply London alone.

Senatorial elections by popular vote would be a decided improvement over the monotonous contests prevailing in various States.

There are some who wish to make a law that will close the place where the poor man gets his beer, but to allow the rich club to remain open.

"I am quite well pleased with my son in law," said old Mrs. Pickaslaw. "My influence over him is great. Ever since I have been at his house he has stayed down town at work until 10 and 11 o'clock at night."

"Cheap money means cheap labor, and cheap labor means trouble," says an Eastern paper. This is one of the cries of the gold bugs against the silver coinage measures now before Congress. Cheap rates of interest show an abundance of money. When money is plentiful we all secure our due proportion. It is when money is close and tight that hard times comes knocking at the door. The expression, however, is not true, because "cheap money" does not mean cheap labor. Cheap labor does mean trouble, when it results in not allowing sufficient to keep the wolf from the door.

A motherly old soul named Mrs. Gray is described in a recent number of the *Arena* as thus expressing herself regarding lovelorn damsels: "Girls in love ain't no use in the whole blessed week. Sundays, in the mornin', they're lookin' down the road, expectin' he'll come. Sunday afternoons they can't think o' nothin' else, cause he's here. Monday they're sleepy an' kind o' dreamy and slimsy, 'cause he's gone. Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday they git absent-minded and begin to look off towards Sunday agin' an' mope aroun' an' let the dish-water git cold right under their noses. Friday they break dishes an' go off in the best room an' snivel, and look out o' the window. Saturday they have queer spurts of workin' like all p'sessed an' spurts o' frizin' their hair. An' Sunday they begin' it all over agin'."

The London *Graphic* prophesies that the fashion of wedding rings for the husband will rapidly become popular. It is an innocent fashion enough and might sometimes prevent awkward mistakes. Dutiful husbands, unaccompanied by their wives, would not inadvertently have the air of being gay bachelors, thus leading the other sex to lose valuable time. Of course, when a man wishes to pass himself off as unmarried—designing persons are sometimes guilty of this impropriety—a mere finger ring would be no obstacle. It would have to be a nose ring, and this fashion is unlikely ever to become the vogue. However, if married men wish to wear wedding rings there is nothing to prevent them. Some husbands seem to like their domestic status to be known as widely as possible; people have even been known to talk about their children to strangers.

Siberia has no less a bad name for lawlessness than for climate, for convicts escape from confinement during summer and prowl about preying upon the inhabitants. This is often done with the connivance of the police authorities, it is said, who not merely draw the allowance for the escaped convict, but accept part of the spoil when he returns with the approach of winter, when no robber can live in the woods or on the road through the long months of severe frost. An attempt is about to be made to reform the administration, chiefly with the view of separating the office of Judge d'Instruction, or examining judge, from police functions. In each town and village of Western Siberia there is to be, according to the proposal coming before the Imperial Council, a creation of justices of the peace. The present provincial tribunals will fulfill the functions of a Court of Appeal.

From the figures derived from the late census we learn that steam vessels which have been built during the last four years are of a constantly increasing size. In 1886 there were but 21 propellers of over 1,500 tons burden; in 1890 there were 110 propellers of this class. But the tonnage of vessels of this class has increased more rapidly than their number. Thus the total tonnage of the 21 vessels of over 1,500 tons burden in 1886 was 34,868, while the total tonnage of the 110 vessels in 1890 was 188,399; that is to say, the percentage of increase in the number of vessels is 423.81, while the percentage of increase in tonnage is 440.29. The total value of this class of vessels in 1886 was \$2,645,000; in 1890 it was \$15,000,092, showing an increase for the four years of 570.59 per cent. A comparison similar to this for any of the classes of vessels, when taken in connection with well-known facts relative to the ownership of these large vessels, clearly shows that the traffic of the Great Lakes is rapidly coming under the control of companies having at their command large capital.

[Written for THEMIS.]

Friendship.

There is no one blessing that we should esteem more highly, and none which renders life more joyous, than friendship. We are deprived of the pleasure it affords, our lives, instead of being to us as the sunny day, would be periods of gloom and darkness. By regarding man as he was when society first existed, and then studying him as he now is, how great a contrast do we behold. Before the first breach of friendship—between God and man—all was tranquility, happiness and enjoyment, but so soon as that state of mind was found in man which led him to defy his Maker, the floodgates of enmity were raised; and man, feeling it towards God, transferred it to his fellow creatures. We are not to infer that there is no such thing as friendship, still it must be admitted that, generally speaking, it exists in a mutilated form. The remains of it should cause us to prize it the more highly, and it may not be thought wrong to bestow a few thoughts upon it. This sentiment is found in others beside those who have reached mature years. For, by reviewing our childhood, we shall find that in that period of life it begins to develop itself. We then form many friendships, without much discrimination, indeed, but most true and enduring; and though many of the impressions the heart receives are worn out in its progress to maturity, yet those which remain become the most efficient principles of action. Friendship is an emotion as common as fear, sympathy or any other, and it must come in the early years of life or it comes too late for a full development of its power. The links between mankind do not appear with the same rapidity, shining up and then disappearing like the sudden lightning in the clouds, but slowly and gradually taking their position they remain, like the sun, bright and permanent. Had it not been for this union of mind to mind how different would have been the condition of society; and what is there that conduces more to its happiness than this our second element—the society of friends? Bereft of this, the affections would grow colder and colder, until at last we should possess the same selfish feelings which characterize the brutes, and should be robbed of those noble principles which elevate us above all other created beings. If we know persons to be selfish we cannot be sure of their honesty; and certainly it is not to be considered a matter of little weight to choose companions to whom we cannot reveal ourselves. Still, those hours are not lost which are spent in cementing friendships, as is very evident in affliction and sorrow. For from whom can we receive more sympathy than from a tried friend. How desolate must be the lot of such as are without friends! As a ship in the midst of the wide expanse of waters is tossed to and fro by the fitful waves, so is a human being without a friend or home. He wanders from place to place until life is spent in doing nothing, and when he comes to die "his last state is worse than his first." Had he been surrounded by those interested in his welfare his life would have glided on smoothly, though swiftly. But we do not mean to say that we must expect many friends on earth. For how numerous are the instances in which men have lived who were despised by their fellow men, but who, had they been surrounded by power and wealth, would have gained the apparent if not the real friendship of many.

A parasitic friend may be compared to a flower while supported by the stem. It is then fresh and blooming, and appears to great advantage, but pluck it and soon its drooping head shows evidence of decay. In forming our friendships, then, we should discreetly choose such as are willing to share with their joys and bear a part of our sorrows, and who are not inferior to us in intellect, so that we may "hand in hand wind our way up the hill of life." But especially should we seek for those whose hearts are not corrupt. For, if we do not, we shall too plainly feel, and that perhaps too late, the truth that "evil communications corrupt good morals." If we place entire confidence in any they should be few, and those whose sentiments and our own agree. To know all this we should be long in learning their worth, for as a mountain is made up of atoms, so friendship is composed of little matters; and if the atoms hold not together the mountain must crumble into dust. Thus it is with friendship, for friends after the first misfortune too often fall away from us, as water from a fountain. It is always in our power to turn our friendships to advantage both to others and ourselves. For who will deny that friendship, when it is disinterested, contributes to the happiness of those by whom it is mutually cherished; that it alleviates if it does not remove afflictions, and that it sheds a cheering light through the clouds of misfortune by which human life is so often overcast.

Webster gives as one definition for the word jag, "a small load, as of hay or grain in the straw." Yes; a load of old rye, for instance, though not necessarily small.

Fairy Tales.

The charm of fairy tales survives the age for which they are written. Setting aside the scientific explanation of certain facts—such as the concealment of the name in stories of the Rumpelstilzkin class; proving this to be a mere survival of the old savage superstition which forbids a wife to utter her husband's name; which indeed hides the true name as part of the self that sorcery could hurt all the same as it could hurt the person by means of the hair, nails, etc.—setting aside, too, the still more recondite explanations which would lift these stories out of the region of fancy and affiliate them to the graver parentage of sun-myths and the like—the delight of the mere thing itself is as great as it was when we were children, and more than half believed such things had been if even they were not then. Fairy tales have every requisite that goes to make a good story. Simple in outline, they are vivid in description. Full of adventure, they are neither prolix nor disappointing. They have no wearisome introspection, no exhausting analysis of character or motives. The bad are as black as night, and have not so much as a glow-worm's amount of light to redeem them. The good are without flaw, and end in a blaze of glory, like a Covent Garden transformation scene. All the lovely princesses and charming young princes are made after the same pattern, with not even so much difference among them as there is in a row of wax dolls in a toy shop. They all have the same fault—curiosity and disobedience—and are sure to do the very thing they are told not to do, with the sweetest unconsciousness, the supremest indifference to their promise, and the most artless forgetfulness of threatened consequences. They never have the moral stature of full-grown human beings, and one never imagines them of the same height. They are manikins—dolls to suit the grasp and comprehension of the little people to whom they are addressed; and the verities of human nature are sent out into the desert, together with the possibilities of human life. A nursery without fairy books is as doleful a place as one without a furry rabbit to run up mother's arm when she takes it in her hand, or a cohort of dolls to share the joys, to lessen the griefs, and receive the secrets of the various little curly wigs who are their owners.

A Duel Stopped by St. Vitus' Dance.

In connection with Senator-elect Irby's duel in his younger days, Congressman John M. Allen, of Mississippi, tells of an amusing affair of honor in which he acted as second. There was bad feeling between two young lawyers in Mississippi, and it was decided that only blood could wipe out the enmity which existed. A challenge was sent and duly acknowledged. The hour was appointed and the two men met in a secluded spot. One of them was a great sufferer from St. Vitus' dance, the other was cool and collected. As they faced each other the afflicted man began to tremble from head to foot, while his pistol described an arc with varying up and down strokes. His opponent stood firm as a rock waiting for the signal to fire. Before it came, however, he laid his pistol on the ground, walked into the woods and cut a limb off a tree with a fork in the end of it. This he brought back and stuck in the ground in front of his antagonist. Then, turning to the second, he said: "I must request you to ask your principal to rest his pistol in that fork."

"What for?" asked his opponent's second. "Well," remarked the other, "I have no objections to running the risk of one shot, but I certainly do decline having one bullet make a honeycomb of me. If that man was to shoot while his hand is shaking the way it is now, he would fill me full of holes at the first shot."

This was too much for the seconds, and by mutual agreement a truce was patched up and no shots were exchanged.

Wonders of Littleness.

Both Pliny and Elian relate that Myrmecido wrought out of ivory a chariot with four wheels and four horses, and a ship with all its tackling, both in so small a compass that a bee could hide in them. Nor should we doubt this when we find it recorded in English history, on less questionable authority, that in the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign a blacksmith of London, of the name of Mark Scarliot, made a lock of iron, steel and brass of eleven pieces, and a pipe key, all of which weighed only one grain. Scarliot also made a chain of gold of forty-three links, which he fastened to the lock and key and put it around the neck of a flea, which drew the whole with perfect ease. The chain, key, lock and flea altogether weighed but one grain and a half.

In the light lexicon of the social sinner there is no such word as liar. When a charming woman glances with a suppressed cry of vexation at the card of an unwelcome caller, and a few minutes later sweeps into her reception room with outstretched arms and a so-good-of-you-to-come-on-her-smiling-lips—she has not lied. Her little fib is one of the multifarious venial sins which polite society not only condones, but exacts as proof of good breeding.

A Good One.

A young gentleman while looking over some papers the other day which were dated a good many years back, came across the following puzzle which will no doubt interest our readers:

Put down the day of month of your birth. Double it. Add 7. Multiply by 50. Add your age. Subtract 365. Multiply by 100. Add number of month of your birth. Add 1500.

The first two figures of result will be the day of your birth; the next two figures, your age; the last figure, the number of month of your birth.—*Napa Journal*.

REGULAR

Republican Ticket

Election, -----Tuesday, March 10, 1891

For Third Trustee,
ALONZO CONKLIN.

For Auditor,
J. D. YOUNG.

For Assessor,
J. J. BUCKLEY.

For Collector,
GEORGE A. PUTNAM.

For Fire Commissioner (Long Term),
JOHN WEIL.

For Fire Commissioner (Short Term),
WM. B. MILLER.

By order Republican City Central Committee.
A. J. JOHNSTON, Chairman.
A. J. GALLIGAN, Secretary.

The Popular School of Northern California.

BAINBRIDGE

BUSINESS COLLEGE

—AND—

NORMAL SCHOOL.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT—For the practical education of young men for business.

NORMAL DEPARTMENT—Grammar School and High School studies; also, for those who wish to obtain teacher's certificates.

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING DEPARTMENT—In which we prepare students for amanuensis work and court reporting in 3 to 6 months.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT—Well fitted with a corps of artists in their profession. Mrs. F. C. BAINBRIDGE, Director.

Students can enter at any time and receive individual attention until prepared to enter upon the desired course.

Send for one of our new Catalogues. Address

J. C. BAINBRIDGE,

Principal Bainbridge College,

No. 1017 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

BELL & Co., Auctioneers.

REGULAR SALES DAYS, WEDNESDAY AND Saturday at 10 o'clock.

Highest Price Paid for all Kinds of Household Goods.

Consignments solicited. Particular attention paid to sales of Real Estate, House Sales and Sales of Farms, Stock, etc.

SALESROOM:

1009 and 1011 J st. } Between
SACRAMENTO - - - - - CAL. } Tenth and Eleventh

P. FLAHERTY.

FRED. NEARY.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors.

Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

THE OFFICE,

No. 1008 Fourth Street,

Billiard and Club Rooms. The Finest Wines and Liquors in the city. Drinks or Cigars 10 cents.

Call and see me.

ED. S. REGO, Proprietor.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Bainbridge's College, J street, between Tenth and Eleventh, is unquestionably the best institution at which to obtain a business education on the Pacific Coast.

By investing a small sum, engaging yourself to a fair young lady, and marrying after one year, you get \$500. Here is an opportunity for bachelors and spinsters. Read the advertisement of the Pacific Matrimonial Endowment Society in another column.

Scott & Gilbert, the manufacturing chemists, have a wider range of trade than any other firm in the State. Their goods are sold in all the Pacific Coast States and Territories, and many have found their way east of the Rockies. They are "Top Notch."

At the Sacramento Grammar School yesterday, patriotic exercises were held in honor of Washington's birthday. The programme was quite appropriate, and rendered creditably. Miss Mary J. Watson, the principal, has demonstrated the fact most conclusively that lady principals are a success.

The Union City Tribune, published at Union City, Washington, is under the management and editorial censorship of W. L. Hathaway, formerly of this city. We always knew there was something in "Billy," and the bright and spicy Tribune, one of the best papers in the northwest, fully bears us out in our assumption.

Judge Cravens, of the Police Court, bears down on criminals with a heavy hand. Where it was formerly ten to twenty days it is now six months. The loafing, thieving and disreputable element have taken alarm, and are leaving the city like rats from a sinking ship. "Limber" Green, however, will remain for several months, and will be fed at the expense of the county.

A Close Call for Bartells.

Perhaps no man is better known in Central and Northern California than William Bartells. Whole souled, generous and genial, he counts every man he knows his friend, and in this he is not mistaken. For a quarter of a century he traveled through the mining counties of this State in the interest of a firm in this city of which he was a partner. His collections were often large, and many times he traveled lonely roads with thousands in his pocket, yet he was never "stood up." He made a narrow escape, however, at one time, which the following, in his own language, will show: "I was in Sonora one day and collected \$2,300. There was a Turn Verein picnic that day and I went out with some of my friends. We had a good time, spent money liberally, each man keeping his end up. When we returned to town we went around to the various saloons and hotels, as was the custom in those mining camps. I discovered a young man by the name of Moore and a young Mexican were shadowing us. I thought nothing of it, thought they wanted a glass of wine, and treated them nicely. At 12 o'clock I went to the hotel and told them to call me at 2 o'clock to take the stage. I then stepped into the private office to write some letters. It was a cold night; the fire was warm, the room most comfortable, and while writing I dropped to sleep. I awoke at 4 A. M., and when I looked at my watch I went out and upbraided the proprietor for not calling me. 'Well,' said he, 'we kicked your door in, but couldn't find you. However, you had better set them up for the boys, for the stage was robbed and you are safe.' I set them up for the boys," said Bartells, "for I considered that little nap had saved me over \$2,000. Wells-Fargo's rates were very high, but I sent all my money next day by express. Moore and the Mexican were after me. They stopped the stage, the Mexican took a look inside the coach, illuminating each face with the light from a dark lantern, and when I was not to be found he exclaimed to his partner in crime, 'The d— Dutchman is not here.' None of the passengers were molested. The footprints clearly demonstrated the fact that Moore and the Mexican were the robbers and that they were after my sack."

None so little enjoy life and are such burdens to themselves as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful and sleep sweet and undisturbed. The happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of laudable purpose or calling which engages, helps and enlivens all our powers.

Noble works ought not to be printed in mean and worthless forms, and cheapness ought to be limited by an instinctive sense of law of fitness. The prestige of a book is the dress with which it walks into the world. The paper, type and ink are the body in which the soul is domiciled. And these three—body, soul and habilitment—are a triad which ought to be adjusted to one another by the laws of harmony and good sense.—Gladstone.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

On Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 23 and 24, Goodyear, Elitch and Schilling's Minstrels will occupy the Metropolitan. This is a new combination for this city.

Frederick Warde and Mrs. D. P. Bowers, with a very superior company, are giving the Sacramento theater lovers a genuine treat. On Thursday night *Henry VIII* was rendered in a most artistic manner. The theater was filled to its fullest capacity. To say that Warde was an ideal Woolsey is putting it gently. He was the real haughty Cardinal. The great scene of the play was the repulse of "Surrey" and his companions when they came to demand the "great seal." The act was grand. Mr. C. D. Herman is an artist and as "Buckingham" was truly affecting in the 3d act. He doubled as "Surrey." The trial scene of the Queen gave Mrs. Bowers the opportunity for her art, wherein she portrayed the innocent queen with all her great emotional and dramatic power. "Anne Boleyn" was in splendid hands. Miss Catharine Cogswell is a beautiful woman with fine dramatic abilities. Fred. Warde is one of the greatest living actors. Last night *The Merchant of Venice* and *Katherine and Petruchio* were given to a full house. This afternoon for matinee *Virginus*. To-night *Macbeth*, with Mrs. Bowers as "Lady Macbeth" and Warde as "Macbeth." We are glad of this opportune revival of the legitimate drama, which shows that it still has a place in the hearts of the lovers of art.

FLASHES.

Corsets are economic—there is less waist.

Some people try to reduce a bill by filing it.

Every poison has an antidote, except gossip.

Those who quote the golden rule most use it least.

A woman never forgets a man who says she's pretty.

An actor and Chinaman are alike in one respect—each must have his cue.

It takes a deliberate and cool headed man to lay down a good hand at poker.

Some of our statesmen are not so great as they intended to be—we mean local statesmen.

There should be imposed no restraint which has not for its object some good greater than the temporary evil of the restraint itself.

Emerson said, and truthfully, that man is physically, as well as metaphysically, a thing of shreds and patches, borrowed unequally from good and bad ancestors, and a misfit from the start.

If there is anything disgraceful in your family history you will surely hear of it. Somebody will feel that you "ought to know it." This is the usual excuse of people who are dying to tell you something which will take you down a peg.

PACIFIC Matrimonial Endowment Society

\$500 AT YOUR MARRIAGE.

Officers and Directors:

HON. JNO. L. NEAGLE.....President
A. MEAD.....Vice-President
J. C. BAINBRIDGE.....Gen. Manager and Treasurer
L. O. R. DENNIS.....Secretary
GEO. H. SHAFER.....General Traveling Agent
JAY R. BROWN.....Attorney
CHAS. E. BAINBRIDGE, M. D.....General Agent

Our System.

Take, for instance, two thousand members, out of a community of 2,000 souls, have you ever heard of over 20 marriages in one year? To show that our society is founded on solid footing, we give the following problem, which any one can figure. If from a membership roll of 2,000 we assess 2,000 members four times each month, we can pay 8 Policies in full each month, or 96 Policies in one year, which you can readily see is far in advance of 20 marriages a year. With this membership we deduct 20 per cent. of each assessment for contingent expenses, but should this, with the dues, not be sufficient to meet the expenses, we only take the surplus of one full assessment above the full endowment.

The salaries of our officers are not large, as in other corporations and societies, neither is there a few who meet once a year and divide the profits, which is declared a dividend. The profits there are none unless you say that each member has his when he or she gets married, which in reality is a large profit to he or she.

Address all communications to the Secretary, 627 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

JOIN THE SOCIETY NOW, AT ONCE.

The Reasons Why.

Because you are enabled, with the aid of your Benefit, to start life out of debt.

Because you are saving your money in small amounts, that you will not miss, and realizing a large profit.

Because at no other time is a small amount more acceptable than at your marriage, at which time you are under a great expense.

Because you are not compelled to wait for ten or fifteen years to receive a benefit, or do not have to die to win.

Because if you are not wealthy you can furnish your home without buying it on installments and paying four prices for the same.

Because it is a mutual society, from which the members derive the whole benefit.

Because every member helps to pay each endowment without missing the small amount of 50 cents.

Because there can not be more than 4 assessments in any one month, nor any assessment for a larger amount than 50 cents.

Because if there are,—which is not likely—full amount of assessments, and you are in five years you only pay in \$140, and you draw out \$500.

Because thus you have saved \$140 in small amounts you have not missed, and you have doubled the original amount.

Because it is the best investment you can make on a small scale.

Because it pays better than savings banks, and is mutual; it helps all, and you can get \$500 or one assessment for \$32. You can not lose.

Because the money is invested where the best interest can be had, in bridges and so forth.

Because it will help you. Join now, at once; it will cost you no more than if you wait. Join at once.

Dues and Assessments.

Notice of dues and assessments will be sent to the last known address of the member. A member becomes delinquent when he receives two notices of dues and assessments, and if he or she does not respond, thirty days are allowed in which to do so.

Members should be particular to notify the Secretary of any change in his or her address. The first notice will be sent you, and after a lapse of fifteen days you will again be notified, when if we do not receive a response, your name will be stricken from our membership roll, and your Policy cancelled. Address all your communications to the Secretary, 627 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

About our Agents.

The re authorized by us to collect the initiation fee and the first year's dues in advance, but make whoever accosts you show his certificate of agency, signed by either the Secretary, General Manager or General Agent. If he seems persistent, do not be harsh with him, remember he thinks he is working for your interest in getting you to join, and also that he is human.

Take out an application from the first Agent.

The Object of our Society.

It is to give every young man or woman over the age of 16 years, unmarried, a chance to invest his or her money in small amounts in such a manner that it will be of the most benefit to he or she. It certainly will be of the greatest good to any one to receive an endowment of Five Hundred Dollars at marriage, for at what other time in life is a small amount more acceptable. It is the time when we assume the greatest responsibilities of our lives. It is in a manner that no member suffers a large assessment to aid some brother or sister who has aided others.

You receive the benefit while you are alive and most active, and not like other societies where you have to die to win, and where you are paying in money all the time for some one else to receive the benefit of after your death. In this you receive Five Hundred Dollars, or the total amount of one assessment less 20 per cent, provided the assessment does not exceed \$500, and that you have been a member for at least one year. This enables a young couple to make a clear start in life. Take out your Policy now. It will only cost you \$8 00, with one year's dues in advance.

OUR SOCIETY IS MUTUAL.

The Annual Meeting

Of all members will be held on the first Monday after the second Tuesday in January of each year, for the election of officers and to transact whatever business that may come before the meeting. Each member will be entitled to one vote for each officer, and the officers elected will cast the vote of the remaining members, equally divided, who are not present.

Now is the Time

to join. Don't wait until you are engaged and then have to put off your marriage for a year in order to derive a benefit from the Society, as you must be a member one year before you derive a benefit therefrom.

Join now. The initiation fee is only \$5, and one year's dues only \$3. Join at once, don't wait. Send in your application.

GENERAL OFFICES:

No. 627 J Street, Rooms 8, 9 and 10,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Address all communications to the Secretary.



Yours truly,

CAFE ROYAL,

7th and J Sts., Sacramento.

ALONZO CONKLIN,

Citizens' and Republican Candidate for

THIRD TRUSTEE.

J. D. YOUNG,

Republican Nominee for

CITY AUDITOR.

J. J. BUCKLEY,

Republican Nominee for

CITY ASSESSOR.

GEORGE A. PUTNAM,

Republican Nominee for

CITY COLLECTOR.

JOHN WEIL,

Republican Nominee for

FIRE COMMISSIONER (LONG TERM).

WM. B. MILLER,

Republican Nominee for

FIRE COMMISSIONER (SHORT TERM).

EL DORADO SALOON,

O. F. BERGMAN, Proprietor,

826 J Street, - - - Sacramento.

The most popular resort in the city.

CURTIS BROS. & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in and Shippers of all kinds of

Fruits, Vegetables

And GENERAL PRODUCE.

Careful attention paid to the selection and packing of Choice Fruits and Vegetables for distant markets. Goods delivered in city free.

308 and 310 K Street, - Sacramento, Cal.

H. C. MUDDOX.

F. A. FEE.

MUDDOX & FEE,

No. 606 I Street,

Sacramento.

REAL ESTATE,

Mortgage Loans, Insurance,

Collections and Conveyancing.

W. J. O'BRIEN.

ONE OF THE LARGEST EXPENSES IN A FAMILY is that of foot wear. Economy is wealth, and the head of a family who buys his shoes at

O'Brien's, 607 J Street,

Is on the road to fortune. The best stock at the lowest possible prices.

Atonement.

What ails you, my heart?
Are you sick? Are you sore?
Are you dead, or alive?
Though your plight I deplore,
I know not, for my part,
Why so poorly you thrive.
What ails you, my heart?

In your dawn, O my heart,
Like a musical wave
Of a fairy-land lake,
You danced blithe and brave.
Without thought, without art,
For sweet singing's sake,
You sang, O my heart.

In your morning, my heart,
You were loved, and did love,
With a glorious passion;
Part as angels above
Love God, and in part
In the sweet human fashion
Of youth, O my heart.

In your noon, O my heart,
You yearned for the light,
Your desire was for fame
In the battle for right.
You played a high part;
You won a pure name—
Then what ails you, my heart?

What is lacking, my heart?
What you craved has been given.
You have wrought; you have learned
Then what secret unshriven,
What ill beyond art,
What page yet unturned,
Mars your peace, O my heart?

Yet hear, O my heart!
Success is illusion,
To love is to lose,
And content is confusion.
Ask the gods to impart
All you vain would refuse—
All you fear, O my heart!

Ask for death, O my heart!
For that death bitter sweet,
That is quick in the grave,
And outlives life's defeat.
Only then will depart
This peace of the slave,
And true peace come, my heart.

Immortal, my heart,
Is your birth—is your fate.
Infinitely aspire
In bonds finite who wait.
Buy nor sell in earth's mart,
For the rose of desire
Is surrender, my heart!
—Julian Hawthorne.

An East Indian Mystery.

What is known as the "secret mail" of India has for more than a generation perplexed the English mind, and is still a profound mystery, although numberless attempts have been made to explain. Every one who has lived long in Asiatic countries is aware that the accurate knowledge of important happenings at a distance is often possessed by the natives a considerable time before it is obtained by the government, and even though special facilities had been provided for the transmission of the news.

This was frequently and conspicuously illustrated throughout the Sepoy rebellion. Happenings occurring hundreds of miles away were usually known in the bazars hours and sometimes days before the news reached the authorities, and the information obtained was regarded as so trustworthy that the natives speculated upon it even to the full extent of their fortunes. Indeed, upon one occasion the "secret mail" beat the government courier by fully twelve hours, although every endeavor had been made to secure the swiftest dispatch.

The Hindoos themselves say, when they consent to talk about it at all, that they depend neither upon horses nor men, and have no secret code of signals, but that they do possess a system of thought transmission which is as familiar to them as is the electric telegraph to the Western world. Any one may accept this explanation that will.

But, though most people with less fondness for the mysterious and a better knowledge of the weaknesses of the Hindoos for making riddles of the simplest facts, will look for a more prosaic explanation, it remains to be said that none has been forthcoming. The "secret mail" is an indubitable reality, and no Westerner has ever succeeded in solving its mystery.

If news is transmitted by signals no one has ever seen the signalers; nor if there is a vast system of stages in operation, covering hundreds and thousands of miles, has any one ever come across any of its machinery? And, indeed, it would seem that some means of communication must be at the command of the natives more rapid than horses or runners.

The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal, unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is to be measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British Museum, with its surface as bright as when it left the mazer's hands. By the side of it are very recent specimens of lenses which have been ruined by exposure to London fog and smoke.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.



It must be plain to any who will give the matter a thought that our store would not be thronged from early in the morning until we closed at 8 o'clock at night if its patrons did not realize the decided advantages from

Low Prices, Reliable Goods, Superior Service.

Call or send for Price List.

AMERICAN CASH STORE
801 K Street.

SELLECK'S
Photographs
FINEST IN THE CITY.
Postoffice Building.

DR. H. H. PIERSON,



511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

C. E. BAINBRIDGE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office
Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to 8:30 P. M.

DR. A. M. McCOLLUM,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
No. 818 Tenth Street, - - Sacramento.
Telephone No. 211.

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebra-
ted Orleans
Vineyard.

Producers of
the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

GARZOLI & GENIS,
712 K STREET,
Fruits, Vegetables, Fish,
—AND—
GENERAL PRODUCE.

GOODS PROMPTLY DELIVERED.
Telephone No. 188.

E. JAY SWANSON,
Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.
The most wonderful cures performed.

Huntington
Hopkins
Company,
HARDWARE
Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

S. TRYON,
Merchant Tailor,
822 J STREET,
Between Eighth and Ninth, SACRAMENTO.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

First-class Stock of Imported Suitings

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED IN EVERY CASE.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

A. L. HART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

CHAS. T. JONES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 209 J Street.

R. M. CLARKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON,
HIRAM W. JOHNSON,
JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,
LAWYERS,
504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

JAMES B. DEVINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 604 J Street,

W. A. GETT, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,
LAWYERS,
Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 415 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,
LAWYER,
Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
612 I street, Sacramento.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,
LAWYER,
920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney),
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-
stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
N.W. corner Sixth and K.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of the estates and guardianship of Mary F. and Walter J. Hennessy, minors. Elizabeth Hennessy, the guardian of the estates of Mary F. Hennessy and Walter J. Hennessy, minors, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth, it is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before the said Superior Court on the 6th day of March, 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court, at County of Sacramento, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said guardian to sell so much of the real estate of the said minors as shall be necessary. And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in THEMIS, a newspaper printed and published in said county.

W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated February 4th, 1891.
C. T. JONES & MATT F. JOHNSON,
[fe7-4t] Attorneys for Petitioner.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of Warren Starr, an insolvent debtor.—Warren Starr, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, from which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Warren Starr is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said Warren Starr, insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him, or to any person, firm, corporation or association for his use; and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Hon. A. P. Catlin, Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Courtroom of said Court, in the County of Sacramento, on the 13th day of March 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered, that the order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the County of Sacramento as often as the said paper is published, before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And it is further ordered, that in the meantime, all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated February 4th, 1891. W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.

W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for insolvent.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to DAVID KIZER, greeting. You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 29th day of January, 1891, in which action, Annie Kizer is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of said Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant on the grounds of desertion and failure to provide; also, for the care, custody and control of the minor children, the issue of said marriage, viz: Nettie and Edna, aged 5 years, and 15 months respectively, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court, this 29th day of January A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By J. F. Dooby, Deputy Clerk.
W. A. GETT, Jr., Attorney for Plaintiff. j43-9t

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—In the Superior Court.—In the matter of the petition of W. C. Hays, an insolvent debtor. Upon reading and filing the petition, schedule and inventory of W. C. Hays, the above named petitioner, and on motion of L. S. Taylor, his attorney, it is ordered and declared that said petitioner is insolvent. And it is ordered that the Sheriff of the County of Sacramento do take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of said insolvent debtor (except such as may be by law exempt from execution), and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee. And all persons are forbidden to pay any debts to said debtor, or to deliver any property belonging to such debtor to him, or to any one for his use, and said debtor is forbidden to transfer any property to any one except said Sheriff. And it is further ordered that a meeting of all creditors of said debtor be held on Monday, the 9th day of March, 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the court room of the Superior Court aforesaid, in the court house, in the City of Sacramento, to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of the estate, and that a copy of this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, as often as said paper is published before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And all proceedings against the said insolvent are hereby stayed.

Sacramento, January 23, 1891. A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of Harry Dewey, an insolvent debtor.—Harry Dewey, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Harry Dewey is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate real and personal, of the said insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court room of said Court, on the 13th day of March, 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated February 6th, 1891.
PHILIP S. DRIVER, Attorney for Insolvent. fe7-5t

Wearers of Wooden Shoes.

A wagon load or more of wooden shoes, such as are worn by European peasants, lay at the door of a woodenware store on North Pennsylvania street the other day.

"Who wears 'em?" inquired the reporter, as he looked at the stock.

"More people than you would think," was the answer of the dealer, "and not only foreign-born, old-fashioned folks, but quite a number of the natives. Their chief sale is in winter; in fact, there is little or no demand for them at any other time. Our customers are dairymen, gardeners and farmers. Chicken cleaners, in the poultry houses, who stand in feathers and steam, wear them to save shoe leather.

"Gardeners' wives and daughters wear them about home, and sometimes in the severest weather wear them in the market. In the cold weather of three winters ago a number of street car drivers caught on to the fact that, while the shoes do not look well and are cumbersome, thought not as much as they look, they are warmer than other footwear.

"The drivers covered them with black cloth and tacked old bootlegs to the top and found that they had a protection for their feet that the cold could not overcome. A week ago Mr. Shearer of the Western Paving and Supply Company paid for two dozen for his workmen, as the hot asphalt is very destructive to leather."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

I kissed her. Yes, I will admit it,

We two were alone in the hall,
Her roses were red, and the perfume
Got into my head, that was all.

By Jove, but it wasn't my fault, man—
'Twas her own—she was ravishing fair;
Her lips were like rose leaves uncurling,
And her eyes were like stars, and her hair

Was as sweet as the breath of wild violets;
Lord love you, how could I resist!

A man's only human whatever,
And that woman was made to be kissed.

Gems from Richter.

Life is a beautiful night in which as one star goes down another rises.

Every virtuous and wise being is in himself a proof of immortality.

We carry and lock up a heaven of starry light within our own breasts.

That tenderest, kindest angel of the last hour, whom we harshly call death.

The stars burn as altar lights in the great temple of the night.

Fate manages poets as men do singing birds. We shroud the cage of the singer and make it dark, until at length he has caught the tunes and can sing them rightly.

The grandest of heroic deeds are those performed within the four walls and in domestic privacy.

No joy in nature is so sublimely affected as that of a mother over the good fortune of a child.



"O, ah, let me see, what do you give for a cold on the chest?" asked Jones, in a sort of indifferent tone, of a doctor with whom he was slightly acquainted, as he met him on the street. "Advice," was the laconic reply. So do we. We advise you not to neglect that hacking cough and drowsy feeling, the coated tongue, the failing appetite, the indigestion and general lassitude and debility—that "tired feeling," as so many express it. Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in time, and it will not disappoint. It is not only the most wonderful alterative, or blood-cleanser, known to medical science, but also possesses superior nutritive and tonic or strength-giving properties. For Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, accompanied with lingering coughs, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is absolutely unequalled as a remedy.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Short Breath, Consumptive Night-sweats, and kindred affections, it surpasses all other medicines. It's the only lung remedy, sold by druggists, guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or money refunded.



\$500 OFFERED

for an incurable case of **Catarrah in the Head**, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrah Remedy. By its mild, soothing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00

RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.

Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Fine Photography.

THE FINEST SPECIMENS OF PHOTOGRAPHY in the city are those obtained at the gallery of

JULIUS ASHER,

Popular Prices. 810 J Street.

CELEBRATED**WEINER LAGER BEER****CAPITAL BREWERY**

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S St. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

ANOTHER NEW ARRIVAL

AT THE

CAPITAL ALE VAULTS,

302 J St. and 1005 Third St., Sacramento.

Ten Barrels of the Famous

Sour Mash Copper Distilled Kentucky Whisky

Direct from Covington, Ky., via Cape Horn.

NAGELE & SVENSSON, Proprietors.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

OSBORN & FOLGER**FUEL DEPOT,**

806 I Street.

ICE, HAY, GRAIN and STORAGE

501 I Street. Telephone 69.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

Daily Evening News.

WELLS DRURY, PROPRIETOR.

309 J Street, - - Sacramento.

LATEST DESPATCHES

From all parts of the world, furnished by the United Press Association, over the lines of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS,

Presented in an attractive form.

EDITORIAL NOTES

On current topics of interest.

FIRST CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Columbus**Brewing COMPANY.**

W. GUTENBERGER.....PRESIDENT,
C. WAHL.....SUPERINTENDENT,
O. A. LOVDALL.....SECRETARY.

CORNER SIXTEENTH AND K STS.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

American Steam Laundry

NINETEENTH AND I STS.—WHITE LABOR only. Linen polished in the neatest manner. We guarantee satisfaction. All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Washing called for and delivered to any part of the city.

Main Office at Sawtelle's Book Store, 708 and 710 J street. Branch offices at all the Hotels.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

SACRAMENTO**FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,**

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES

CALL AT THE

Sacramento Stove House,

813 and 815 J STREET,

—And You Will Save Money.—

H. K. WALLACE & CO.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.**Southern Pacific Company**

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

January 19, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6-15 A	Calistoga and Napa	11-40 A
3-05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8-40 P
12-50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	5-55 A
4-30 P	Denning, El Paso and East	7-00 P
7-30 P	Knights Landing	7-10 A
10-50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9-35 A
12-05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2-25 A
11-00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8-15 A
3-00 P	Oroville	10-30 A
3-00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10-30 A
10-40 A	Redding via Willows	4-00 P
2-25 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11-40 A
6-15 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12-35 A
8-40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10-40 P
3-05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8-40 P
*10-00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26-00 A
10-50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2-50 P
10-50 A	San Jose	2-50 P
4-30 P	Santa Barbara	9-35 A
6-15 A	Santa Rosa	11-40 A
3-05 P	Santa Rosa	8-40 P
8-50 A	Stockton and Galt	7-00 P
4-30 P	Stockton and Galt	9-35 A
12-05 P	Truckee and Reno	2-25 A
11-00 P	Truckee and Reno	8-15 A
12-05 P	Colfax	8-15 A
3-05 P	Vallejo	11-40 A
6-15 A	Vallejo	18-40 P
*6-35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2-40 P
*3-10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11-35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

HOWE'S**High School and Normal Institute**

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO**DYEING & CLEANING WORKS**

909 and 911 K St. SACRAMENTO.

We Dye and Clean Silk, Cashmere, Velvet, Woolen AND MIXED GOODS, KID GLOVES, ETC.

Blankets and Lace Curtains cleaned in a superior manner. Feathers cleaned, curled and dyed by a new method.

A SPECIALTY—Gentlemen's and Boys' Clothing cleaned, dyed and repaired. All shades are fast. Goods called for and delivered free of charge. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders from country promptly attended to.

IACOB LANG, - Prop'r.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1870.)

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

Sau Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

CHAS. ANDERSON. H. LUDY.

LUDY & ANDERSON,**First Class Restaurant & Oyster House**

Southeast corner Ninth and K Streets.

Open day and night. Private rooms for ladies. Ice Cream Parlors.

SAMUEL POSKA,

431 K STREET.

Imported and Domestic

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, ETC.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

PEERLESS.

(FIRST CLASS.)

Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars.

809 K STREET - - - - Sacramento.

M. S. BRACE, Manager.

Epicurean.

There are sonnets to an eyebrow,
There are rondeaus to a shoe;
There are madrigals to duchesses
Whose nose and hose are blue;
There are ballads to the dairymaid
With her ankles in a brook,
But why don't poets write a rhyme
Or so about the cook?

A Womanly Woman.

When does lovely woman appear as lovely
as when clad in a sweet dignity of manner?
And if to this she can add honors and decorations
and degrees and titles, there is a Portia-like grace,
serenity and magnetism about her that is wholly irresistible.
The day of helpless, incapable women has gone by.
Men and all the rest of the world like a woman
who has something to her, who knows something
and who can sustain her own in a delightful interchange of thought.

Do not think, dear, sweet little girl, that you must wear calfskin boots and a divided skirt
and a self-assertive manner. Nor that you need go clad in the armor of aggressiveness,
carrying a pucky shield of sharp opinions. But what you do need is to make yourself attractive,
is to cultivate all your little gifts and talents, and to make the most of the womanliness that is within.

Have you seen the lovely statue of the Princess of Wales as Doctor of Music? If you have, you remember the calm, sweet, stately features, above which the "mortar-board" cap sets as royally as if it were a crown.
You know how the long, heavy doctor's robe falls to the feet in great dignified folds that only serve to enhance the queenly bearing of the woman. The statue is a powerful one and a strong one, yet it is that of a woman, and it is all womanly. Prince Victor of Hohenlohe Langenburg, a cousin of the Princess, made it, and he well knew how to draw the firm lines, curved and sweet, that are part of a womanly woman's make-up.

Things Swallowed.

The Lewiston man who swallowed a physician's atomizer the other day has had many sympathizers. An impecunious wretch who accosted him soon after said "That's nothing. I swallowed a brick block in to-cant drinks." The remark was old, but the accompanying request for a to-cent loan was new. A jeweler on Lisbon street, who is trustworthy and will back this over his signature, says that he knows a man in Lewiston who swallowed a large piece of iron, very large, dimensions not given; but so large that it almost destroyed his equilibrium, and when he lay down this bit of hard ware rolled around internally in accompaniment to his own turnings. It was with him for years, gradually absorbing, until, presto, change! it was gone, a masterly piece of digestion, without doubt. No affidavit accompanies this story of the evaporation of cold iron, but it would be no injury to its good effects if there were. The meanest trick that the epiglotis has done of late, however, is to an Auburn storekeeper, who was about to open store the other day and held the key, a very small one, in his mouth for a moment, when he unfortunately slipped on the door and swallowed it (the key not the door). He waited for his partner to open up. A pretty girl who was about to pay the conductor in the street car (Pine-street route) last Thursday, suddenly blushed and then turned pale. She had swallowed a to-cent piece. — *Lewiston Journal*.

Love Bracelets.

If a young man has any true regard for a woman he gives her a gold ribbon bracelet, perfectly plain, save for an inscription, and clasps it upon her arm. It should lock and the key be carried by him who purchased it. These are not of necessity engagement bracelets; they mean, merely, true regard and a desire that this state of feeling shall continue.

If regard has deepened into love, and a blessed feeling of possession, a little verse is inscribed upon the bracelet, telling to all who care to read that two more lives have been made happy in loving each other.

A pretty verse upon a New Year engagement bracelet ran thus:

The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm
And I love—three

The Purity of Gold.

The purity of gold is estimated by an Abyssinian weight called a carat (Arabian quirrat, a bean, the fruit of the crab tree), which is subdivided into four parts called grains. The term carat when applied to gold and silver is not a weight unit, but the mode of expressing the purity or fineness of the metal in twenty-fourths. Thus eighteen carat gold is metal in which eighteen parts out of twenty-four (or three-fourths) are pure gold. This method of estimating fineness is traceable from the mares of Europe having been divided into twenty-four real carats, or actual weight units. The present method is to estimate fineness in thousands, i. e., gold 750 fine has 350 parts alloy, corresponds to eighteen carat gold, three quarters of the metal being pure gold in each case. Our gold coins are 21.19 carats.

H. WACHHORST *Leading Jeweler of Sacramento*
SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,
No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Willis & Ray *APOTHECARIES*
212 J ST. and 901 K ST.
Two Stores, Sacramento, Cal.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK
FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!

JAS. G. DAVIS, *Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in*
Furniture and Bedding
Of Every Description.
411 and 413 K Street,
BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH, SACRAMENTO.

This is one of the Oldest Established Furniture Houses on the Coast.

Klune & Floberg, **WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS**
Agents for Rockford Watch Co.
No. 428 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Tom Scott
THE PLUMBER

303 J STREET,
Near the Northeast Corner of Third,
SACRAMENTO.

TOP NOTCH SPICES
SCOTT & GILBERT
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS AND PROPRIETORS OF
**TOP NOTCH TONIC,
TOP NOTCH FLAVORING EXTRACTS,
STOCKMAN'S CONDITION POWDERS,
STOCKMAN'S LINIMENT,
DR. GILL'S BOTANIC COUGH SYRUP.**

J.B. GILBERT.
JED. M. SCOTT.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

San Francisco Branch, 305 Battery St.



WITH VENTILATED OVENS.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY

MARTIN MANASSE,
610 J STREET.

Sole Agent for "ELECTRIC" CUTLERY.

The only complete stock of fine Cutlery in the city

Gruhler's Saloon

THE PIONEER J Street.
No. 522

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants

F. A. JONES & CO.
SPOT CASH
ONE PRICE GROCERS

Fancy Imported and Domestic Goods

The Cheapest and Cleanest Grocery House
in the State,

Big Tree Store,
Corner Eighth and J Streets. - Sacramento.

BAKER & HAMILTON,
San Francisco and Sacramento,
Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.
Send for Catalogue.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS
1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.
EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.
GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner Telephone 124.

LATEST STYLES

— OF —

HATS

ALWAYS ON HAND.

D. H. QUINN, THE HATTER

Corner Fourth and J Streets,

SACRAMENTO.

JOE POHEIM,
THE TAILOR,

Has just received an immense stock of Fall and Winter Woolens and is making Suits to order at 40 per cent. less than any other Tailor on the Pacific Coast.

Elegant English Serge and Cheviot Suits, to order, from \$25 to \$35

Fine Dress English Worsted Suits, to order, from \$30 to \$40.
(Cost elsewhere, \$55 to \$75.)

Fine French Beaver and Pique Suits to order, from \$35 to \$45.
(Cost elsewhere from \$60 to \$90.)

French Cassimere Suits, to order, from \$35 to \$45.
Overcoats, fine Silk Linings, from \$25 to \$40

And other garments in proportion. Perfect fit and best workmanship guaranteed or no sale. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free to any address on application to **JOE POHEIM, the Tailor,** 600 J Street, cor. Sixth, Sacramento. Branch of San Francisco.

Geo. Sermonet's

— IS THE —

CHEAPEST GROCERY STORE

In the City, Quality Considered.

Depot for California Wines

Cor. Eighth and G Streets.

Capital Hotel,

Southwest Corner Seventh and K Streets, Sacramento.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

Free bus to and from all trains. Best Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers of any house in the city.
B. B. BROWN,
Formerly of the State House Hotel, Proprietor.

R. DAVIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J Street, Sacramento.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K Street.

J. A. ELLIOTT & R. P. PEDLAR, Props.

DUCK CHONG & CO.
CHINESE AND JAPANESE

Fancy Goods Bazaar.

Silk Handkerchiefs, Tea, Fire Works, Etc.

509 J Street, bet. Fifth and Sixth, Sacramento.

THE LOUVRE,
526 J Street, Sacramento.
Bar, Billiard and Lunch Room.
J. W. JACKSON, Proprietor.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO.

THE MIRROR

CALIFORNIA
STATE
LIBRARY



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1891.

No. 2.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by J. H. MILLER & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
J. H. MILLER, Managing Editor.

There is such a thing in modern politics as the insincerity, if not absolute dishonesty, of minorities, from the National Congress down to the State Legislatures, even including the local municipal administrations. This has been forcibly evinced in the present Legislature on a number of reform, or alleged reform, measures. But what we set out to say in this article is the status of local municipal politics. The great Republican party, through a large and thoroughly representative body of our foremost citizens, has presented a declaration of principles unexceptionable, and with a ticket composed of the best trained and qualified men for the several official trusts. Nothing can be truthfully urged against either.

Notwithstanding this state of affairs, we find those who, to further personal aspirations, and without regard to good government, are trying to raise false issues, in order that the lessons of the past may be repeated in the selection of incompetent men for public trusts. Nothing has been said about sumptuary laws, or high license for liquor dealers, yet some there are who are endeavoring to interpolate this dead issue in the local campaign. If this is prompted by saloon men it is certainly illy advised, and they may be in the act of invoking a storm that will strew the whirlwind's harvest about them. There is no disposition to tax any man's business out of existence, and the subterfuges now urged by those indiscreet men cannot result in any good, or tend to select honest and capable men for municipal affairs. It is always time enough to fight an issue when it is presented, and the safest course to pursue by liquor dealers, is to let this question severely alone. It is not an honest means of contest at this time, and is only intended to further the interest of some incompetent person or persons for preferment upon false pretenses.

As we have said, each and all of our candidates, Conklin, Young, Buckley, Putnam, Weil and Miller, are broad gauge, liberal minded men, who are not wedded to any ultra isms or schemes. A glance at the record of each of these men cannot fail to develop the fact of their broad views on all local affairs. Citizens of Sacramento, you cannot afford to allow yourselves to be deceived by false issues.

It is a duty that people owe to one another, to render their social intercourse productive of a mutual benefit. This, however, will never be, unless there is adopted in the family circle where friends are in the habit of meeting some regular plan which shall guide, without fettering, the conversation; and which, while it gives an instructive tone, need not interfere with its discursiveness, or suitableness to all comprehensions. Nothing would be more simple, and nothing productive of more lasting usefulness to this and succeeding generations. There are few families, in the present age of unprecedentedly cheap literature, without the means of commanding a supply of valuable and well-written books; and it would not be very difficult for the elder members of the household to establish a rule that every evening, when gathered round the fireside, and not otherwise engaged in any important business, some book, or scientific discovery, or work of art, or

historical event, should be calmly discussed by the entire circle. It may be answered that there are many individuals in a family, who, from unfortunate defects of education, would not possess either the inclination or ability to join in such a discussion; but this, we think, would tend to disclose the advantages of such a system. When such a person sees himself excluded from so much intellectual enjoyment; when he finds himself cut off from communion with other intellects, the deficiencies, of which he was until then careless, will sit heavily upon him. He will grow ashamed, be humiliated; and if it happens—as it will happen in nine cases out of ten—that he possesses any moderate share of pride or self esteem, there is little doubt that he will set himself to work seriously to repair those mental defects of whose existence he had before been scarcely conscious. Moreover, such discussions need not be always confined to abstruse subjects. That would only make the circle pedants. A pedantic family is detestable. But music, painting, poetry, sculpture, biography, travels, *cum multis aliis*, might all be taken in the round, and made to yield a profitable return. Again, every member, however inexperienced or unlearned, should be heard with attention; for as there is no flower, however humble, from which the bee will not extract honey, there is no mind so unlimited or unlightened from which we may not gather some fruit to be garnered in our memories. Nor does it follow that the topics introduced should always be treated profoundly, for a continual gravity would soon put enjoyment out of the question. It was Pitt, we think, who said, "I would not give a fig for a man who was not able to talk nonsense." And the great statesman knew very well what he was saying, for it requires a positive amount of genius to talk nonsense well. A clever man will talk it for hours, and yet make it entertaining, perhaps instructive; and all the time his audience can see perfectly well that he could talk wisdom just as easily if he chose. There need be no necessity, then, for the debates we are recommending to be wrapt always in intense gravity. A subject should now and then be started which would admit of being treated in a volatile manner; and depend upon it, a little clever persiflage would enable the circle to return with renewed zest to profounder topics. However, beyond all such things, we would advocate the fireside debates. With young people they would be productive of the purest benefits. They would teach them that patience and temper are necessary to conduct any sort of discussion properly; and, finally, by bringing the minds of the various members of the family into constant intercourse with one another, by displaying the acquirements of some and the deficiencies of others, it would lead to a wholesome emulation on the side of the uneducated to rise to a level with the more gifted; while it would afford these latter an opportunity of proving their kindness and good nature by assisting their fellow laborers in their praiseworthy efforts with their advice and counsel, and thus by drawing the bonds of union closer, the whole family would be linked together in social ties that nothing could sever, because they would be spun from the heart and strengthened by the intellect.

It is a noted fact that men talk most eloquently in the presence of women. As we took occasion to say a short time ago, this is one of the reasons why women should be admitted to our "feasts of reason and flow of soul"—even if it does include the flow of wine. Now, on the other hand, women never talk at their best

except in the presence of men. Women talking together waste themselves on small talk and gossip, but while in conversation with men they reach a more exalted strain, and bend their best energies toward entertainment. Women generally are great readers, and it is gratifying for them to find some medium whereby they can enlist the interest of masculine brains. As a matter of fact, women will not listen to the real wisdom of other women, while men are great admirers of the pretty way a woman has of displaying her learning. There is not enough of this interchange of thought between the sexes. If there was, very much of this society small talk would give place to a healthy and vigorous expression of valuable information, one to the other. From the hum of frivolous comment on her neighbors' bonnet, or the latest scandal, there would be useful interchange of thought.

You never talked with a young woman ten minutes in your life, but that she would speak of love. How few women have ever been in love. How few ever marry from election. They marry because they are asked and because the marriage is suitable. It is their vocation to be married, parents approve and they have no other attachment. Any observant person living in society, where there is a continual marrying and giving in marriage, must be struck with this fact. Cupid's quiver must be exhausted or his arrow blunt, as he pierces few hearts now. We think a girl really in love, one who has the evident symptoms of the malady, would be thought very improper; yet we have often fancied that there must be a man born in the world for every woman; one whom to see would be to love, to reverence, to adore; one with whom her sympathies would entirely blend, that she would recognize him at once as her true lord. Now and then these pairs come together, and wo to her who meets this other self too late. Women would be more merciful if they did not, through ignorance and thoughtlessness, measure the temptations of others by their own own experience.

Hope stole on its pinions of snow to the bed of disease, and the sufferer's frown became a smile; the emblem of peace and endurance. It went to the house of mourning, and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful song. It laid its head upon the arm of the poor, which was stretched forth at the command of unholy impulse, and saved him from disgrace and ruin. It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after the promised time of his coming, and saved her from desolation and the "care that killeth." It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society, and led him onward to works which even his enemies praised. It snatched a maiden from the jaws of death, and went with an old man to heaven. No hope! my good brother? Have it! Record it on your own side! Wrestle with it, that it may not depart. It may repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best, but hope shall lead you over its mountains, and sustain thee amid its billows. Part with all beside, young man, but keep thy hope.

The modest, retiring girl is the ideal even of the "fast" young man. She sometimes makes the mistake of her life and marries him. Care for your daughters in the old-fashioned way. By doing this you may save them and protect society. If this is not done you surrender your right of self-defense. Society must begin at the cradle to protect itself.

SUTTER'S MILL.

At the present time vigorous efforts are being made to preserve what is left of Sutter's fort, and we hope it will be successful. S. W. Sanderson, at one time Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, afterwards the head of the law department of the C. P. R., wrote the following for the Empire County *Argus*, published at Coloma, which appeared in that paper on the 13th of May, 1854:

"Greece and Rome are held dear to the scholar on account of the classic association which cluster around its ancient history, telling of deeds of valor in the tented field, or of high attainments in those arts and sciences which have justly made them the envy, and excited the emulation of the world. The Mohammedan, in his reverence to the history of his religion, makes his pilgrimage to the holy shrine of his prophet, and reverently bows in devotion, while he praises Allah for the privilege. Other nations have their classic associations, the mention of which thrills the hot blood through the veins like electricity and warms the heart's emotions. Our sister States of the Atlantic slope—the homes of our childhood's happy days—are the peculiar dwelling places of classic lore and legendary association. From the Aroostook to the Rio Grande, teeming history wells up associations dear to the American heart, and in whatever situation he may be placed causes him to rejoice that he breathes the free air of heaven in the 'land of the free and home of the brave.' California, too, the youngest and brightest star in the galaxy of the associated States—the giant of the Pacific and home of chivalrous devotion to the Union—the land of untiring perseverance and indomitable energy, where cities and towns spring up by magic, and people as if by enchantment—where mighty conceptions are promulgated and executed by unparalleled rapidity—she, too, has her classic ground. Her ancient inhabitants are fast melting away, their history unwritten, their legends unrecorded. Whatever might be grand, heroic, or sublime in their nation's characteristics, individual capacity passes off with the actors. Their deeds, and soon themselves,

Like the dew on the mountain,
The mist on the river,
The spray on the fountain,
They are gone, and forever.

But their places are supplied by a population whose touch beautifies and adorns the land—whose conceptions are mighty—whose energy removes every barrier to greatness, and whose vaulting and laudable ambition will make this State the empire of greatness. The necessary pre-requisites are already within her borders, and additions are constantly making to them from the older States in the choicest intellect and finest talent of our country. In our honored career to greatness, renown and glory, we should not forget the spot nor the associations which consecrated this land to the American people and brought the teeming masses of civilization to these shores, to overcome the natural fastnesses of the country, and to develop the resources buried deep within her bosom. Co-extensive with the name of California, and her unbounded wealth, is the name of Sutter's Mill—the prominent classic ground of California.

'Twas here was unearthed from midst the sand, the "golden ore" which has so effectually revolutionized the American world, and makes our mountains and valleys teem with life, energy and activity. The accidental discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill was the commencement of a new era in the affairs of the world—the opening of a wide and extensive field of enterprise, which has so infused new life into every department of society. So sudden and electrical has been the influences, so powerful and prompt their application, that weeks accomplished in this State the works of years in any other portion of the world.

The magic changes which have taken place in this country would astonish any but a Californian to witness. The past, however, is but a brief index to the future. If we have sprung into existence, as a State, full grown, without infancy or childhood, the first page of our history has scarcely commenced to be written. In our swift progress to eminence—in the rushing that bears us on to the niche of fame which destiny has marked out for us to occupy—in the struggle for wealth, and our ambitious longings, we should remember our classic ground—Sutter's Old Mill.

The race, so celebrated in story, and the digging of which proved so pregnant in the history of our times, is filled up, useless. The clatter of the wheel is stilled, probably never again to reverberate upon the ear—the saw and other trappings are removed. The hand of the Goth is removing portions of its structure for holy relics, as mementos of pilgrimages to its shrine. The sturdy frame still stands a waymark to the wanderer, a fit representative of the past, an object of solicitude for the future.

Its history is classic. Amid the changes which are continually going on in our midst—the leveling propensities of the age—the velocity of the progression of the American people, it would be well to preserve some vestige of the past. A relic to open the pages of our early history; and what more fitting emblem could be preserved than Sutter's Mill? It is at the present time an object of curiosity, and will continue to become more so.

As time progresses this spot will become more attractive,

and consequently numerous visitors will congregate here, to examine the place where gold was first discovered, and to take a look at the old mill. Who will dispute its claims to be in classic grounds?"

SOME UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

Sacramento in Embryo—How Government was Established from Chaos.

PART XVIII.

The election noted in our last number of this series seems to have infused new life into the City Council. The business done by it on Nov. 20, shown in our last number, indicates that, and it again assembled Nov. 23d, 1849. After its charter had been adopted at the meeting of Oct. 13, 1849 (Part XV of this series), the personnel of the Council considerably changed. Probably the charter gave the power to the council to declare and fill vacancies. November 23 there were present only A. M. Winn, President; Chapman, White, Gillespie and Rogers.

The committee which had been constituted to investigate in relation to the probability of inundation of the city not being ready to report, were granted further time. The captains of vessels lying at the port of Sacramento, not being satisfied with the operation of the ordinance on the subject of harbor dues, had petitioned for certain changes, and the committee to which that petition had been referred, reported sundry amendments to the ordinance, which were agreed to. At the meeting of the 23d Nov. Councilman H. E. Robinson tendered his resignation, which was accepted by the Council. Mr. Smith was elected to succeed him. Councilman Jennings, not attending regularly to his duties, was by order of the Board removed, and E. J. C. Kewen was elected to succeed him, and thereafter these two new members were very active in directing the municipal affairs of the city till their successors came into office.

These two new members took their oaths of office at an evening session. Mr. Chapman, who had up to the 23d Nov. acted on the committee for the relief of the sick, resigned his place on that committee and Mr. Smith was put in his place. The City Council had by ordinance provided for the election of a Health Officer, and defining his duties. The Council at this meeting elected Dr. F. J. White to fill that office, which he filled until a new charter was adopted. At first his headquarters were at a room in the fort. Afterwards he had an office on L street, near Seventh, and in the latter part of 1849 and the fore part of 1850, the house formerly used by Samuel Brannan (marked B on diagram in Part VI, THEMIS, Nov. 23, 1889), was occupied as a hospital. It is evident that the members of the City Council were willing to take to themselves all the offices which the exigencies of the public good required, as at this meeting of the 23d the Council proceeded to the election of a Board of Health, and on counting the ballots it was found that Councilmen Kewen, Smith, Rogers and Chapman had been duly elected, and the President (A. M. Winn) was authorized to procure and furnish to all officers the necessary books.

The Board, on motion of Dr. White, directed the Harbormaster to equalize his collections by returning to the captains of vessels such part of any money collected by him as would make such collection conform to the new schedule of rates of harbor dues. The City Council had some difficulty in adjusting the compensation of J. C. Zabriskie, City Attorney, for his services, and this matter was referred to a committee consisting of Councilmen Rogers, Kewen and White, and the Council resolved that thereafter it would meet regularly, at 6 o'clock each Saturday night.

Accordingly, it met on the 24th day of November, 1849. Present: A. M. Winn, President; Smith, Kewen, Gillespie. The committee on the account of J. C. Zabriskie reported that the unpleasantness of the duty imposed on them was equalled only by the difficulty of an adjustment, which it is hoped will satisfy the demands of the creditor and at the same time not prejudice the interests of the city. The account upon which the committee is required to deliberate is addressed to the President and City Council of Sacramento city, and is composed of the following items for the several amounts attached, to which the said body is represented to be indebted to James C. Zabriskie: To drawing ordinance relating to the occupation of streets, alleys, etc., \$100; to drawing city charter, \$1,000; ordinance relating to public offices, \$100; three hearings and two arguments in the case of The City of Sacramento vs. Jenness, \$500; to preparation of ordinance of streets, ordered by committee but not called for, \$200; to advice at different times on various subjects by committee of City Council, \$500. Total, \$2,400.

Your committee upon due deliberation, and from the best advice they could obtain in relation to the value of such services are constrained to believe that the demand is too exorbitant to comport with the duty of the City Council to allow.

The more are they convinced of the fact when in view of the impoverished condition of the city finances, every member of this body almost daily performs similar services for which they receive no remuneration whatever.

They conclude, therefore, and not without adequate counsel from proper sources, that the following sums will be a fair, just and liberal compensation for all the labor performed by the said creditor in behalf of the City Council: For the first item, \$16.00; for the second item, \$100.00; for the third item, \$32.00; for the fourth item, \$500.00; for the fifth item, \$32.00; making in all, the sum of \$680.00.

The committee refused to allow any part of the last items, because the charge is too indefinite and general in its charter. That the advice spoken of was understood to be gratuitous, and the said committee under a different belief would not have imposed upon the city the payment of any amount.

The report was not acted upon at the meeting of the 23d, but it was recorded and the committee discharged.

Councilman Cornwall having been elected a member of the Assembly to meet at Monterey on the 15th of December, then next resigned his position as Councilman, and his resignation was accepted, and the City Council thereupon elected Dr. Miles as his successor.

The Harbormaster reported to the City Council the collection of \$334.90 from vessels at the city front, and the account of Drs. Hungerford and Bryant for services rendered in the hospital to one Richard Johnson, was presented and allowed.

It was further resolved that thereafter all petitions and memorials to the President and Councilmen be in writing.

The Committee on Hospital Building was directed to select a suitable site for a hospital.

The City Council again met November 28th.

A committee appointed to devise a system of finance and taxation submitted its report, fixing rates of licenses for wholesale or wholesale and retail dealers in goods, wares and merchandise, per month, \$50.00; retail dealers, \$25.00; hotels, eating houses, \$50.00; drinking shops and coffee houses, \$50.00; each faro and monte table, \$30.00; and all other gaming tables, \$20.00; each billiard table, \$20.00; bowling alleys, \$10.00; auctioneer with merchant license, \$25.00; auctioneer without merchant license, \$50.00; exchange brokers, \$50.00; theaters, \$20.00; meat markets, \$50.00. The above was the cost of license per month. Theaters, concerts, etc., per night, \$5.00.

The report was adopted, and it was ordered the same shall go into effect and have the authority of an ordinance from the date of adoption, and approved by the Council at a meeting of the City Council.

At this meeting of the City Council important action was taken concerning the City Cemetery.

Committeemen Winn and Rogers, to whom that matter had been referred, reported that in conjunction with the City Engineer they had selected as a good location, a tract of land situated between Ninth and Eleventh, south of Y street, so to be laid off as to contain 10 acres. That the attorney of Capt. Sutter, H. A. Schoolcroft, is willing and proposes to donate to the city for the purpose of a city cemetery, the site to be selected, and the committee recommended that the City Engineer be instructed by the committee to lay off into lots the said land as a cemetery, and that the same be set apart for that purpose.

This report was agreed to and forms a basis for the title of the city to its cemetery plot.

The Committee on Buildings and Hospital reported that it had selected the north side of the public square, lying between Ninth and Tenth, I and J streets, as an appropriate site on which to erect the building. The committee say it is high, rolling ground, and according to the opinion of our worthy health officer, it is the most suitable spot belonging to the city, and it asked the City Council to confirm the selection. The committee also reported that it has commenced the building, the lumber and labor of which has been thus far something over \$6,000, all of which has been paid or assumed by the President of the Council. The committee recommend a direct appropriation of \$7,000 that the President (Mr. Winn) may be reimbursed. The committee also recommended that Governor Wiley be requested to appropriate a similar amount for that purpose, subject to the order of the President of the City Council.

This report was read and agreed to. But, notwithstanding this action, the building did not materialize. The \$6,000 spent or assumed by the President did not go into brick and mortar or lumber for the building. The President did not get the \$7,000 from Governor Riley, and so far as the records disclose, the \$7,000 remained in the city treasury.

The Council then adjourned and did not again convene with a quorum till the regular meeting, Saturday, December 6, 1849.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage still continues to attract not less than 3,500 people every Sunday evening at the Academy in New York, where the eminent preacher is conducting divine services under the auspices of the *Christian Herald*.

Miss Eleanor Clausen, musician and orchestra leader, is considered one of the best women conductors in London. Although born in England she is of Swedish extraction, and comes from a line of musicians. She is twenty-one years of age, and the members of her Pompadour band, twenty in number, are Guildhall students.

The vaunted glories of a star's position in a theatrical company received a rude shock in New York last week. After seven performances, the subordinates of the company were happy in the possession of their full salaries, while the boss twinkler drew from the box office as his share of the week's profits just three dollars and twenty-five cents.

It is said that Sheridan wrote *The School for Scandal* in a single night. Denman Thompson and George W. Ryer were nearly two years engaged in arranging the exquisite *Old Homestead*. The former play has just been revived by Daly, while the latter betrays no sign of flagging interest, although it is now in its fourth year at the one playhouse, the Academy, New York.

They were two real bad young men, and they had gone out to get a clove between the second and third acts of *Mr. Potter of Texas*. "Say," remarked the first bad young man to his companion, "his Potters is a looloo, ain't he?" "Outersite," replied the second bad young man; "but yorterssee his wife. She played in *Antony and Cleopatra* once up to Palmer's, and she wasn't in it." And of such are the stories of histrionic fam.—*N. Y. World*.

The *Pittsburg Dispatch* man tells this story: A good many years ago a minstrel company stranded in New Orleans, and among those who wanted to get work and hadn't the price of a street-car fare, were Lew Brimmer and Morrissey, the singer. These two knew a river captain, however, and they worked upon his sympathies so skilfully that at last he consented to take them part of the way home anyhow. Brimmer and Morrissey, and their wives, accordingly got on board the boat, and they kept in the Captain's good graces until they were above Cairo. Then, for some reason or other, the Captain said he must put them ashore. They all pleaded with him, but in vain. The gang plank was out, and Morrissey and Brimmer had walked ashore, and their wives, weeping bitterly, were about to follow, while the Captain sternly watched the movement from the hurricane deck. Morrissey and Brimmer had their banjos out, and at this pathetic moment they rolled up their trousers, pulled off their shoes and, stepping into the river, began to sing, in the most plaintive fashion: "We Parted by the River Side." They had sung a few bars when the Captain shouted from the hurricane deck: "Get on board, you confounded rascals." And, sure enough, he took them to Pittsburg without another murmur.

Book Chat.

Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, of Salem, Mass., has been elected a member of the London Society of Authors.

People who are fortunate enough to possess first editions of Burns will do well to send them into the market while the craze lasts. A copy which sold for £66 in 1887, sold for £120 last season.

How to Write Philosophy.—"I'm going to write a book on general philosophy," said Bowles. "What do you know about philosophy?" exclaimed Knowles. "Nothing; but all I have to do is to say something I don't understand myself, or cannot make any one else understand."

The *New York World* takes some of our imitators to task severely: The truth is that real American fiction has been obscured by American imitators of foreign literature and by literary photographers. We have among us a horde of clever vampires who are governed by the worst traditions of French novel writing. It is unnecessary to complain of the imitators of English writers, beyond expressing a wish that they might succeed a little better. If we could have an American delineation of rural life as rich as that of Hardy it would be agreeable, but it is impossible. Ages of caste and generations of family stability have gone to the making of the English clown. There is none like him here. The nearest approach to him is the half-savage, half-nourished Georgia cracker or New England mountaineer. American colonial history might receive the sympathetic treatment which Blackmore has given to English history, and the time is coming when the background will have taken on the tone of age sufficiently to permit it. There can be no complaint of any American writer who will tell stories

as well as the best of the Englishmen. With the nasty imitators of the worst French fiction, however, the case is different. They are simply detestable. The English tongue is not fitted to their purpose. It cannot be licentious except in honest bestiality. Compared with the French in this respect it is like the periodical drunkard compared with the constant sipper of absinthe. The posing of the creatures who write the nauseous stuff as American authors is an insult to the country they misrepresent and an injury to the better men and women who are doing honest and worthy work.

Professional Chat.

It is not every client who is able to keep his own counsel.

"My client, your Honor," said the lawyer, "cannot be guilty of bigamy. We admit the marriage with the first alleged wife. The second marriage was in itself null and void because of the previous one—in fact, was no marriage. Hence, as you will see at once, there were not two marriages, and therefore, no bigamy."

The Czar of Russia is a perfect specimen of physical manhood. He is more than six feet tall and has the shoulders, arms and thighs of an athlete. So great is the strength of his hands that he can twist a horsehorse with ease. He is a magnificent horseman, a thoroughly trained soldier and an accomplished linguist, speaking seven modern languages besides Russian. He works hard and is out of bed from six in the morning till ten at night.

The following burst of eloquence was delivered before a court of justice in Pennsylvania: "Your Honor sits high on the adorable pedestal of justice, like the Asiatic rock of Gibraltar, while the eternal river of mercy, like the cadaverous of the valley, flows meandering at your feet."

The following is the commencement of a speech of a New Jersey lawyer: "Your Honors do not sit there like marble statues, to be waited to and fro by every windy breeze."

Another disciple of Blackstone, in arguing before a Missouri justice said: "The Court will please to observe that the gentleman from the East has given him a very learned speech. He has roamed with old Romulus, socked with old Socrates, ripped with Euripedes, and canted with old Cantharides, but what in the devil does he know about Pike county justice?"

A Mississippi attorney in his argument relieved himself of the following: "May it please the Court, I would rather live for thirteen hundred centuries on the small end of a thunderbolt, chew the ragged edge of a flash of lightning, swallow the corners of a Virginia worm-fence, and have my bowels torn out by a green briar than to be thus bamboozled by those gentlemen."

Everybody knows what a jovial disposition belongs to Prof. J. H. C. Bonte. While the reverend gentleman had charge of the Episcopal flock in this city, there were times when the financial condition of the vestry was not at par. During one of these financial straights the Professor was compelled to let his grocery bill run up to a considerable figure. The groceryman was, however, a member of the vestry. One day the merchant called Mr. Bonté into the store, reminded him that the provision account was large and overdue. Now, the Professor was known to be equal to any emergency, and his persuasive powers very great. Not having been supplied by his vestry with the necessary funds to liquidate the merchant, he turned his jovial nature to account, and with a bold front said: "Mr. R——, if you insist upon dunning me for this bill, I, sir, will borrow \$200 from you." This declaration startled the merchant, who knew too well that if the Domine took it into his head to borrow \$200 from him he would most certainly accomplish that end. He at once changed the subject, and after asking about the flock, got rid of his surmiser as quick as possible. "Whew," said the merchant, "I had a narrow escape."

"Out of Kilter."

Kilter or kelter was an "Anglicism" long before it was an "Americanism." Skjuner, in 1671, has "Kelter; he is not yet in kelter; *nondum est paratur*." It is also given in a reprint of Ray's Collection, of 1691. The k before i points to a Scandinavian origin. Cf. Dan. "kilte," to truss, tuck up, whence E. "kilt." Reitz gives Swed. dial., "kilter-band," a band for holding up tucked-up clothes; "kilter-sig," to gird up, tuck up and fasten. The metaphor is obvious enough.

This word "kelter," as it should be spelled, is given in Johnson's dictionary, and derived from the Danish "kelter," to gird. A quotation is given from Barrow's works, where the word is used. Bailey, in his etymological dictionary, derives it from the Latin cultura. Halliwell (Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words) gives it as used in the east of England, both as a substantive and as a verb. It is a word of every day use in Surrey and Sussex, in the sense of order or condition. The Rev. W. D. Parish, in his "Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect," notices it in the phrase, "this farm seems in very good 'kelter.'" I have often heard it used in the same way, and anything that is out of condition is described as being out o' 'kelter.' On reference to the publication of the "English Dialect Society," it will be seen that the word

is of very general use throughout England. In the neighborhood of Whitby it occurs as a verb and a substantive, and in the Mid and East Yorkshire glossaries, also. It is also in West Cornwall, Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, in West Somerset, in Sheffield, and in Huddersfield the word means money. These references will be sufficient to show that the expression is not an Americanism, but that the word has found, and still finds a place in vernacular English.

THE BLUE CHAMBER.

A small party of ladies and gentlemen engaged in conversation were sitting after dinner in the spacious grounds of an ancient manor.

Suddenly one of the party began to relate an anecdote of a ghost he had seen. Several tales followed; but the young daughter of the house, Anna, continued to ask for more. It was so amusing to hear these marvellous stories, imagine the black and white specters moving noiselessly in dense shadow of dazzling moonlight! She could not endure Candidate Holst's way of telling these stories; his scornful comments tore ugly rents in the dreamy veil in which she wrapped herself.

He was a medical student and had witnessed many similar things in the hospital. It was owing to sickness acting upon different individuals.

A person in a healthy, normal condition never saw ghosts. The whole party opposed his view. The mistress of the house gently interposed. It is very difficult to release ourselves from the ideas in which we were reared and which our ancestors believed. "I am far from what is called superstitious; I have never been in contact with these strange spirits—yet not for all the world would I sleep in the blue chamber."

"The blue chamber!" cried the whole party in tones of astonishment.

"Yes, we have here, as in so many old manor houses, a room that is said to be haunted. Many hundred years ago a man was murdered there, and the servants talk of strange sounds and sights; none of them like to pass it after dark."

"I should be delighted to occupy a real haunted chamber," said Holst, quietly. "It is a sin to have it unused forever. Perhaps I can help dispel this foolish superstition, for I am convinced I shall sleep undisturbed."

At first the mistress of the house would not listen to such a plan, but when the whole party urged she at last yielded.

After supper the whole party went to the "blue chamber," which meantime had been put in order to receive the ghost. Every corner was examined with the utmost care.

"It is not impossible," said Holst, after a thorough examination of the chamber, "that the nocturnal noises mentioned may have been made by vagabonds who settled themselves here for a comfortable night's rest. Victor, do me the favor to get my pistols; they are in my traveling satchel; but don't meddle with the triggers, they are loaded."

Victor went away with a light, and soon after brought the pistols to his brother. The latter primed them freshly, put on new caps and laid them on the table.

"Now, good night, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you all as comfortable a rest as I expect to have myself."

As they went out, Victor whispered to Anna, "I'll answer for it that he shall be thoroughly frightened."

The door was locked, and Candidate Holst remained alone in the blue chamber. The sound of footsteps and voices died away; he listened at the door, but all was silent.

"So a man was murdered here, and for the sake of this legend the room has now stood empty hundreds of years. If one could see a few blood stains or similar horrors, but there is no trace of anything of the sort. What matchless power superstition has, even in our enlightened days! I shall consider it a good deed to drive it from this comfortable stronghold."

While thus soliloquizing he undressed, opened the canopy bed, and resolutely extinguished the lamp.

There was no sound in the room. He lay listening a moment, heard the night winds sigh through the trees and the great clock of the manor strike 11, then he fell asleep.

At the end of an hour he started up in bed, having heard a sound like the opening of a door. A strange, shuddering sensation ran through his limbs as he stared fixedly into the room and beheld a white form moving toward the bed.

Terror overpowered him, but the next instant he regained his coolness, and shouted in a firm voice, "Who's there?"

No answer, but the shape remained standing in the middle of the floor.

"Who's there?" Answer, or as sure as I live I'll fire," he called again, cocking his pistol.

He was once more the quiet, cold-blooded physician. He had surely heard the creaking of a door, it must be a man; a rascal, a murderer, perhaps, but no spectre.

Yet, spite of the pistol's warning snap, the figure did not move.

The physician stretched out his arm and fired.

A flash of light illumined the dusky chamber and the report shook the old tapestry. Scarcely had the sound died away when a burst of discordant, jeering, feudish laughter greeted him, and something hard struck his forehead. It was the bullet.

Seized with terrible dread he fired the other pistol at the motionless white form—again the frightful laughter echoed through the room and the bullet fell heavily back on his own breast.

With a loud shriek he sank down on the bed.

The form glided noiselessly out of the door.

Early next morning, while Anna was watering her flowers, Victor came up to her.

"Where is your brother?" she asked.

"He isn't up yet, poor fellow. He has had a terrible fright."

"What was it?"

"If you'll promise to keep silent I'll tell the whole story. To revenge myself on him I played ghost, first taking care to draw the bullets from his pistols that he might not use the weapons recklessly. Wrapped in sheets I visited him and threw the balls back at his head when he fired."

"Nothing could be better!" exclaimed Anna. "But promise me not to speak of it. Your mother must not be vexed and he himself must not be undecieved." "Trust me; I'll be as mute as the grave." The physician did not come; breakfast waited in vain. At last some of the gentlemen went to wake him. He lay with his head stretched over the edge of the bed; his mouth wide open, his eyes were starting from their sockets and his hair was as white as chalk. Life had vanished. His discharged pistols were found by his side. One week later Victor was taken to the asylum.

NOTES.

To a stranger to our system of government it must seem like our principal occupation is running for office.

Music and poetry may be the food of love—but they are not a very substantial or invigorating diet. Corned beef and pork and beans go much further toward the main stay of life.

We all like to see a young girl rosy and fresh as the morning dew. But when a girl is *fresh* we condemn her at once. It is the modern idea of "freshness", that detracts from her merit.

A member of the Illinois Legislature had great difficulty in proving that he was not an ex-convict. Some of our legislators at the end of the session might find greater difficulty in establishing the fact that they ought not to be convicts.

A lady was asked her age, and replied thus: "My age, if multiplied by three, Two-sevenths of that product would tripled be, The square root of two-ninths of that is four, Now tell my age or never see me more."

The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington, is engaged in the investigation of some of the Southern States for the infraction of the 14th amendment. It does not require a congressional investigation to disclose the fact that in many of the Southern States a total disregard of the rights of citizens has been indulged for many years.

"William, will you remain home to-night and mind the baby? I want to go to a lecture with Mrs. Gadder." "With the greatest of pleasure, my dear. By the way, I noticed that the new maid you engaged this morning is decidedly good looking, and—" "William, I was only joking about going to the lecture. I shall remain at home and mind the baby myself. I couldn't trust him with you."

Women's clubs are common enough in New York, but a novelty among them is the Matinee Club, which was recently organized by a dozen young ladies of "the literary set." Twice a month the members of the Club attend some theatrical matinee, selected by a vote, and the following week meet at the house of one of the members and devote the afternoon to a discussion of the performance which they saw the week before.

The Legislature is making a poor record for the Republican party. The *Record-Union* proclaims the truth when it says the non-passage of a ballot reform bill will sound the death knell of the Republican party in this State. The American people are becoming more and more independent at each election and the party lash and the bosses' powers are growing beautifully less when not used in the interest of the masses.

The bar service is almost invariably by women—in London and the larger towns by young, sprightly and generally beautiful girls; in the country and in the poorer quarters of the city by the proprietor's wife and daughters. Good ale is "three-hapence" (three cents) a large glass; a "small go of cold Scotch" is tuppence or thruppence, and the largest "go" or the most expensive liquor is sixpence in all but the finest places. The spirit is invariably measured out and is of high proof; if it is diluted, notice to that effect is conspicuously posted, as the law requires. My estimate is that, taking a general average, two Englishmen drink as much as three American men, and as all or nearly all the women drink, the traffic is enormous. I have not traveled any road yet that did not average a "public" for every two miles, exclusive of the larger villages. And finally, the revenue from liquor is just now rapidly increasing, from which economists argue that the laboring classes are prosperous.

We never knew what is denominated a "sure thing" gambler, that ever acquired a competency for living. Indeed, in a great majority of cases the crooked gentry end up in prison, or the gutter. We have known many "thimble rig," and "bunko" sharps, who have obtained, through their trickery, thousands of dollars, but by some inscrutable providential action, this money always slips from them. It seems fated that the money obtained in this manner, goes as it comes. The most notorious and successful sharps end their career penitentiaries, vagrants, or in prison. There are gamblers who have acquired fortunes, but this class of gamblers have no relation to the "sure thing" crook, or "three card monte" class. There are gamblers who are above any deception or cheating, and it is this class that often acquires wealth. While the old school gambler is extinct, yet there are honorable men engaged in this business, and some of the most distinguished men of the nation are inveterate poker players.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Ole Olson will be the attraction at the Metropolitan on Monday and Tuesday nights. The play and company are new to a Sacramento audience. It is said to be an interesting sketch, and a good dialect company.

Carmen was given last night by the bright little artist, Corinne. She is destined to be the leading burlesque star in the dramatic circle. Her manners and actions are genuine American, and original, except possibly the costumes. To-night *Monte Christo, Jr.*, will be presented for the first time in this city. The company is good, far above the ordinary support.

Written for THEMIS.]

The Bald Head Row.
A SOUBRETTE SONG.

As I go walking down the street,
And note the many things I meet,
I see sometimes upon the bills,
A *grande ballet* with gauze and frills,
And I think of the bald head row.

Whenever there occurs a chance,
To see some sprightly kicker dance,
No matter where that chance may be,
You are always sure to see,
Chairs all taken in the bald head row.

And when the music plays,
How memories of other days,
Come from the distant past,
And now, with then, contrast,
Down in the bald head row.

The dear, old, jolly boys,
They never make much noise,
But, oh! how hard they try,
To be giddy on the sly,
Down in the bald head row.

How bright their pates do shine,
And their faces—how benign—
Be the dancing slow or quick,
You bet! they never miss a trick,
Down in the bald head row.

The old rascals won't go away,
But will sit the entire play,
Trying hard a glance to win,
Fogetting that their hair's so thin,
Down in the bald head row.

You younger swells may laugh,
When I give the old boys chaff,
But if you only have your way,
You will all get there some day—
Down in the bald head row.

—John Audley.

We have been permitted to read a new lay, the result of the joint work of J. D. Moynahan and Wm. Halley, the latter giving the stage and acting portion of the drama. The title of this drama has not yet been fully determined. The plot is excellent, and well adapted for strong stage effects, and the work is of much literary merit. Some changes have been suggested in the tone of action, which will be adopted before the play is placed on the boards. The leading characters are remarkably strong. "Shaun McGouns," a bright mind temporarily deranged by an accident, furnishes scope for splendid art work on the stage. "Gerald Grafton," the character around which the play revolves, is one which in the hands of an accomplished actor cannot fail. "Nora O'Hanlon" is a beautiful character, wherein lies great emotional and dramatic power. "Ralph Thoruton," the villain of the plot, has many strong situations. His soliloquy, and the fears and promptings of a guilty conscience upon the murder of Gerald's father, just at the time he had found the hidden treasure in the old Abbey, has great dramatic effect, and is very good as a literary production as well. The drama is enlivened by the introduction of an American, with all the characteristics of our country. The other *dramatis personæ* have important characters to personate. The scene of the drama is laid in Ireland, and is founded on an old tradition of the year 1650, wherein the great-grandfather of Gerald had buried a large amount of money in an old abbey, to be revealed under certain contingencies, which had arrived at the time of this drama, in 1850. While "Harold Grafton," the father of "Gerald," was in the act of unearthing the treasure he was murdered by "Ralph Thornton," and the treasure appropriated. After this "Ralph" tries to woo the beautiful "Nora," the betrothed of "Gerald." From this on the plot grows deeply interesting, and abounds with startling developments. "Shaun" becomes a leading character, and unravels the mysteries by regaining his reason. The authors of the drama will name the play and put it on the stage at an early date.

The press upon which THEMIS was printed to-day, is run by an electric motor, one of the first introduced in Sacramento. Electricity not only furnishes us light, flashes our telegrams, run our street railways, but will soon furnish all our power in manufactures, and at no distant day will displace the locomotive. Edison, the electrician, is undoubtedly the greatest genius that has ever lived.

Mrs. Jud C. Brusie Injured.

The injury of Mrs. Jud C. Brusie in the recent railroad accident in Indiana, caused the friends of the family much pain and anxiety. The lady is not so dangerously injured as at first reported. Mr. Brusie left for the East on Thursday night to attend his wife.

We call the attention of our readers to the quality of paper and ink used in the publication of THEMIS, also to the style of type used, the general make up and superior press work. No paper on the coast can present advertisements more attractively than this paper. We point with pride in this issue to the advertisements of Wein-stock, Labin & Co. and Scott & Gilbert.

"I do not advertise. I simply mark my goods in the window." That is what a K street shop-keeper said to an advertising man a few days since. Shortly afterwards he had a lot of very pretty handkerchiefs which he wished to dispose of, and hung some of them out with the tempting inscription, "Selling at half price." The advertiser's wife happened to pass by and inquired the price of the goods in question. "Fifty cents each, madam." "I'll take a dozen of them," answered the lady, and the handkerchiefs were wrapped up. She took them and depositing three dollars on the counter was walking away when the merchant said: "Excuse me, madam, but the price of the dozen handkerchiefs you have got is six dollars." "I am well aware of that," said the advertiser's wife, "but the half price of them is only three dollars. The half price sign has been taken down and the merchant now pays for printer's ink."

A funny incident occurred at a choir rehearsal in one of the fashionable churches not long ago. They were preparing for the following Sunday morning a beautiful selection, the first words of which were, "I am a Pilgrim." It so happened that the music divided the word pilgrim, and made a pause after the first syllable. The effect was most amusing. The Soprano sang in a high key, "I am a Pil—," and stopped. The alto repeated, "I am a Pil—." The tenor acknowledged he was a "Pil—," and when the bass came thundering in with the like declaration, "I am a Pil—," it was too much for the gravity of the singers, and they roared. No amount of practice could get them past the fatal pause without an outburst, and the piece had to be given up.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK,

S. W. Corner Fourth and J Streets, Sacramento, Cal.
GUARANTEED CAPITAL, \$500,000.

Loans made on Real Estate. Interest paid semi-annually on Term and Ordinary Deposits.

PRESIDENT.....B. U. STEINMAN
VICE-PRESIDENT.....EDWIN K. ALSIP
CASHIER.....D. D. WHITEBECK
SECRETARY.....C. H. CUMMINGS
SURVEYOR.....JAS. M. STEVENSON

DIRECTORS:
B. U. Steinman, Edwin K. Alsip, C. H. Cummings,
W. E. Terry, Sol. Runyon, Jas. McNasser,
Jas. M. Stevenson.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of Edwin C. Barclay, an insolvent debtor. Edwin C. Barclay having filed in this Court, his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Edwin C. Barclay is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the county of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said Edwin C. Barclay, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, on the 10th day of April, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M., of that day to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS a newspaper of general circulation published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, February 25th, 1891.

A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.
FRANK D. RYAN, Attorney for Petitioner. f28-6t

BELL & Co., Auctioneers.

REGULAR SALES DATES, WEDNESDAY AND Saturday at 10 o'clock.

Highest Price Paid for all Kinds of Household Goods.

Consignments solicited. Particular attention paid to sales of Real Estate, House Sales and Sales of Farms, Stock, etc.

SALESROOM: Between 1009 and 1011 J St. } Tenth and Eleventh
SACRAMENTO - - - - CAL.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THERE WILL BE AN ELECTION IN THIS CITY
TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1891,

When the following City Officers are to be elected, viz:
THIRD TRUSTEE.
CITY AUDITOR.
CITY ASSESSOR.
CITY COLLECTOR.
FIRE COMMISSIONER—FULL TERM.
FIRE COMMISSIONER—SHORT TERM.

Whereas, the city of Sacramento, by authority of the Board of Police Commissioners of said city, a body duly established by law and invested with the power to appoint and elect members of the police force of said city under authority of an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, entitled "An Act to amend an Act amendatory of and supplementary to an Act approved March 25, 1863, entitled an Act to incorporate the city of Sacramento," approved March 14, 1889, created and incurred an indebtedness by the employment of a number of policemen in excess of the number authorized by the said amended Act of the Legislature of 1863; and

Whereas, The Legislature of 1891 passed an Act which was duly approved on the 20th day of February, 1891, providing for the submission to a vote of the people the proposition of levying a Special Tax to pay any indebtedness incurred by municipal corporations during the years 1889 and 1890; therefore be it

Resolved, by the Board of Trustees of the city of Sacramento, that the question of raising the sum of \$18,000 by the levy of a special tax for the purpose of paying the indebtedness created and incurred as aforesaid, be submitted to a vote of the qualified electors of said city of Sacramento at the municipal election to be held in said city on the 10th day of March, 1891.

Resolved, That following the names of the candidates of the respective political parties on the tickets printed and to be voted at said municipal election, the following words shall be printed: "For the special tax—yes." Electors desiring to vote in favor of said proposed special tax shall vote as follows: "For the special tax—yes," and those desiring to vote against said proposed special tax, shall erase or scratch with ink or a pencil the word, "Yes," and substitute therefor and write in the same manner opposite said words, "For the special tax" the word "No."

Resolved, That the words "For the special tax—yes" shall be printed upon said tickets or ballots, and the votes upon said proposition shall be counted in the manner prescribed by the laws of the State of California, relating to the printing and counting of election ballots.

The election will be conducted according to the General Election Law, excepting the election returns must be made to the Clerk of the Board of City Trustees.

The qualification of voters is that their names are on the Great Register of Sacramento county. The polls will open at sunrise and close at 5 o'clock P. M.

The following are the Precincts, Polling-places, Inspectors, Judges and Clerks of said election:

First Supervisor District.

Precinct 1.—North of K, and west of Fourth street. Polls at No. 706 J street—Inspectors, W. H. Sherburn and H. F. Dillman; Judges, J. J. Bauer and I. Boysen; Clerks, Walter Van Guilder and E. S. Rego.

Precinct 2.—North of K, between Fourth and Seventh streets. Polls at 608 I street—Inspectors, Henry Fisher and J. B. Nielson; Judges, Clarence Nelson and I. Townsend; Clerks, Wm. Hanlon and Chas. Road.

Precinct 3.—North of K, between Seventh and Ninth streets. Polls at 914 Ninth street—Inspectors, D. Gillis and Thos. Fox; Judges, I. Elkus and Fred Neary; Clerks, B. Leonard and R. Barnett.

Precinct 4.—North of K, between Ninth and Twelfth streets. Polls at 1009 J street—Inspectors, Harry Bay and M. J. Burke; Judges, J. W. Boyd and H. L. Nichols; Clerks, Chris. Little and J. A. M. Martin.

Second Supervisor District

Precinct 1.—Between K and O, and west of Third street. Polls at 1120 Second street—Inspectors, J. Hopley and J. Black; Judges, Chris. Green and J. C. Kelly; Clerks, Howard Kimbrough and Geo. Parker.

Precinct 2.—Between K and O, and Third and Fifth streets. Polls, Fourth, between K and I streets—Inspectors, W. D. Stalker and H. W. Freund; Judges, E. J. Figg and W. H. Devlin; Clerks, G. Kreuzberger and P. J. Glas.

Precinct 3.—Between K and N and Fifth and Seventh streets, and K and Y and Seventh and Eighth streets. Polls, Sixth and I streets, Armory Hall—Inspectors, S. Gottlieb and James McGuire; Judges, G. W. Raiton and H. M. Bernard; Clerks, J. W. Todd and E. A. Boyer.

Precinct 4.—Between K and Y, Eighth and Tenth streets. Polls, Ninth and K, Rose's shop—Inspectors, Hugo Hornlein and James McNasser; Judges, Wm. Boyne and E. Zoller; Clerks, J. A. Downer and Charles Trainor.

Precinct 5.—Between O and Y west of Fifth street, and between N and Y and Fifth and Seventh streets. Polls, northwest corner of Sixth and O streets—Inspectors, C. H. Joy and Wm. Coyne; Judges, Jas. Ferguson and Daniel Flynn; Clerks, Sparrow Smith and W. S. Shields.

Third Supervisor District.

Precinct 1.—North of G, between Twelfth street and the eastern boundary of Agricultural Park, take in all the park south to H street. Polls, corner of Twelfth and G streets—Inspectors, J. M. Wood and J. R. Martyr; Judges, S. H. Gerrish and E. F. Pfund; Clerks, C. H. Denton and J. M. Hilbert.

Precinct 2.—Between G and K and Twelfth and Seventeenth streets. Polls, 1601 J street—Inspectors, John G. Shroth and J. O'Connors; Judges, Phil. Uren and J. S. O'Callaghan; Clerks, Frank Hickman and J. J. Cadogan.

Precinct 3.—Between G and K and Seventeenth and Twenty-first streets, and north of K and east of Twenty-first streets and Agricultural Park. Polls, Eighteenth and J streets—Inspectors, Philip Kitz and B. F. Ward; Judges, W. H. Luther and John Claus; Clerks, O. P. Dodge and M. H. Sheehan.

Precinct 4.—Between K and O and Tenth and Seventeenth streets. Polls, Fifteenth and N streets, New Pavilion—Inspectors, Ed. F. Smith and T. W. Humphrey; Judges, Geo. B. Katzenstein and Simeon Brown; Clerks, W. D. Knight and John Bronner.

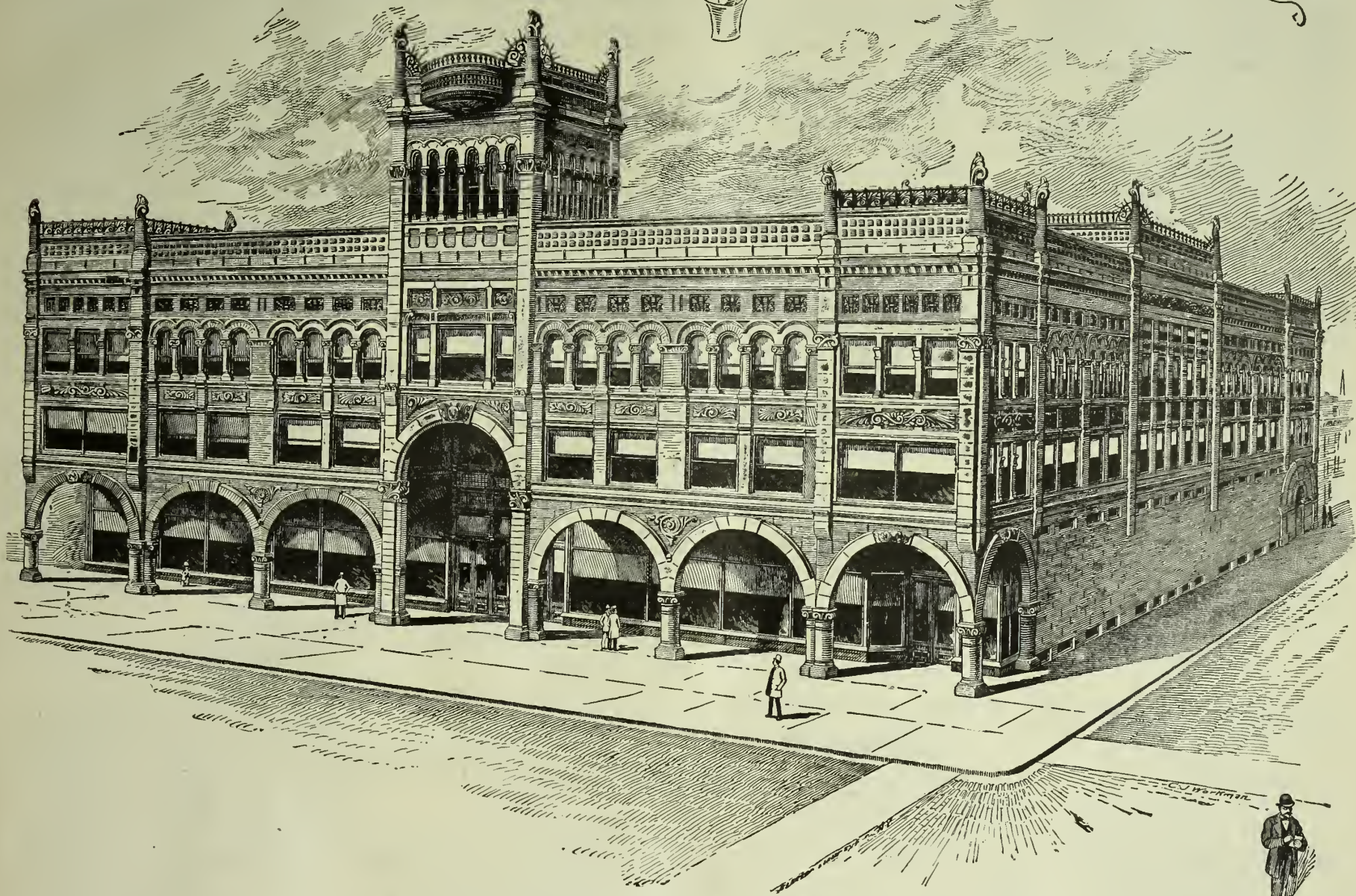
Precinct 5.—Between K and O and Seventeenth and Thirty-first streets. Polls, Twentieth and O streets (southeast corner)—Inspectors, Geo. Murray and Henry Dehn; Judges, Lincoln White and James McAdams; Clerks, Warren Cole and D. J. Manix.

Precinct 6.—Between O and Y and Tenth and Thirty-first streets. Polls, northwest corner of Eleventh and P streets—Inspectors, N. J. Toll and T. W. O'Neill; Judges, John Minford and J. P. Dalton; Clerks, Dan Cox and Anthony Green.

By order of the Board of Trustees.
E. H. McKEE, Clerk.
SACRAMENTO, February 19, 1891.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.
EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.
GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.



THE NEW BUILDING OF WEINSTOCK, LUBIN & COMPANY, NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

FLASHES.

You can cry in secret, but can't enjoy a joke alone.

Mr. Watterson's "letter" is a veritable "Scarlet Letter."

The dry weather prophets should now be regarded as nincompoops.

The fellow who cannot keep a good resolution is one that is always making them.

One chair for solitude, two for friends, and three for society, is about the right thing.

There are no divorces in heaven, because it is claimed that there are no lawyers there.

Conscience is a little demon that tries to make us believe that sorrow is the author of all sin.

When some fellows can't make fools of themselves, somebody else generally manages to do it for them.

The last congressional reports furnish some thrilling reading. "You're a liar," "Damn the Speaker," and such gentle remarks are conspicuous.

Lectures for the benefit of old soldiers are the fashion in the East. The old soldiers do not take kindly to lectures, they prefer Uncle Sam's drafts.

A poor devil was convicted because he played with five queens in the deck. England should be prosecuted, because she has had five queens in the game of government.

The other evening, while a husband was reading his daily paper, his wife caught sight of the picture of William III. Wife—Whose picture is that? Husband—That is the picture of William III; he is dead. Wife—It seems to me that all of the foreign nobles are dying of late. Husband—Well, they are all getting old. Queen Victoria is liable to go soon. What a wail will go up when she dies. Wife—Yes, the Prince of Wales will go up.

Expensive Hunting Trip.

"I was arrested once by the Sheriff of Placer county in Auburn," said Frank Ruhstaller a few days ago to a party of friends. "I'll tell you how it happened. Fred Knauer, Julius Damith, myself and two other parties went up to Volcanoville on a hunting expedition. It is one of the finest game sections in El Dorado county. We had a fine rig, a good hunting outfit and plenty of provisions and ammunition. It was very late in the season, however, and the night we reached the camping ground a foot of snow fell, necessitating our immediate return. The next night we stopped at a miner's cabin. He was not home. The door was fastened with a padlock and chain, but we pulled the staple and took possession of the cabin. We soon had a crackling fire in the chimney, brought in our blankets and soon were very comfortable. We cared for our horses in the woodshed. The next morning we wrote a note to the proprietor and left him a package of coffee, boulogne sausage, a box of cigars, jug of whisky, three or four bottles of wine, in fact, nearly all we took with us, in compensation for our night's lodging. Shortly after we left, another lot of hunters came along, took our note and everything we had left, some things belonging to the miner, and skipped. About five o'clock we reached Auburn. We drove in the yard of the court-house and asked to be directed to the brewery.

"It was the Sheriff we were addressing. After giving us the desired information, he asked if we had not come down from Georgetown, and if Frank Ruhstaller and Fred Knauer were of the party. When he received his reply in the affirmative, he drew from his pocket a piece of paper, remarking: 'Gentlemen, I am very sorry, but here is a warrant for your arrest on a charge of housebreaking and burglary.'

"We explained as best we could, and soon secured bail. It cost us \$29.75 for telegraphing, \$75 more to square the thing, and we

had to buy as much more wine and beer for our friends in Auburn, who regarded it as a big joke. It was the most expensive hunting trip I ever took. All the game we bagged was a red-headed woodpecker and a lonely bluejay."

Good-Bye.

A friend of THEMIS thus discourses on "good-bye," a simple phrase, so common and yet so full of solemn and tender meaning: "How many emotions cluster around that word. How full of sadness, and to us how full of sorrow it sounds. It is with us a consecrated word. We heard it once within the year, as we hope never to hear it again. We spoke it on an occasion such as we hope never to speak it again. It was in the chamber of death, at the still hour of night's noon. The curtains were all closed, the lights were shaded, and we stood in the dim solemn twilight with others around the bed of the dying. The damps of death were on her pale young brow, and coldness was on her lips, as we kissed her for the last time while living. "Good-bye, my daughter," we whispered. We know not if she ever spoke more, but "good-bye" was the last ever heard of her sweet voice. We hear that last sorrowful word often and often as we sit alone busy with the memories of the past. We hear it in the silence of night, in the hours of nervous wakefulness, as we lay upon our bed thinking of the loved and lost to us. We hear it in our dreams, when her sweet face comes back to us as it was in its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when we sit beside her grave in the cemetery where she sleeps alone, with no kindred as yet by her side. She was the hope of our life, the prop upon which to lean when age should come upon us and life should be running to its dregs. The hope and the prop are gone, and we care not how soon we go down to sleep beside our darling, beneath the shadow of the weeping willow in the city of the dead."

A Girl I Used to Know.

Yes, it's a form I used to know, a face I used to see,

That rises as it were from death and looks again at me;

The smooth, soft curls of chestnut hair, the forehead white and low,

The sad and tender hazel eyes of a girl I used to know.

Day after day, night after night, I set the plans on 'Change

Which make the destinies of men, and will you think it strange

That gains were never yet so high, nor fortune yet so low,

That midnight fancy summoned not a girl I used to know?

I kissed her once, so long ago, beneath the soft moonlight;

The shadows flickered o'er her dress and flecked its folds of white,

The maple branches overhead swayed softly to and fro

In gentle cadence, like the voice of a girl I used to know.

The old, old story of two hearts, one fonder far than true;

And hers alone, and innocent, to trust and bear the rue,

And mine to keep forever more, her image haunts me so,

The wistful, white, imploring face of the girl I used to know.

I see a slender churchyard cross, with words of faith engraved,

I wonder if in heaven's courts her blighted life is saved.

I stifle with the incense of the lilies white that blow

Above the narrow, lonely grave of the girl I used to know.

Mrs. Potts—What time was it when you got home last night? Mr. Potts—Really, I don't know, my dear. I was so abashed by getting in late that I could not look the clock in the face.

The husband or wife deprived of the companionship of a lifetime, sees the children going forth from the parental roof to homes of their own, and realizes that in a little while there will be only a forsaken hearthstone and all the chairs vacant save one. It is not surprising that the heart goes out in quest of a companionship that will remain steadfast, rather than to endure the isolation of age. If people of mature years make a sensible marriage and are governed in their selection by a due regard for the interests of their children, it is not a subject that calls for jest or censure. If thereby they find a grateful peace and a welcome comradeship in their declining years, this should be a matter of pleasure to their relatives and friends, who should feel no right to criticize or interfere.

A story is told of a funny incident in a suburban school. A new pupil came for whom there was no desk. The bright-eyed, golden-haired teacher told the boy "to sit on the front seat for the present." He was given some attention during the day, but when school was dismissed still clung to the seat. "Well, Johnny," said the teacher, "are you not going home?" "Yes, ma'am," the boy replied, "but I'm waitin' for the present. I want to take it home." The teacher laughed, but attempted an explanation, and Johnny walked sadly out, realizing that life is full of delusive hopes, and that "things are not what they seem."

REGULAR Republican Ticket

Election, -----Tuesday, March 10, 1891

For Third Trustee,
ALONZO CONKLIN.

For Auditor,
J. D. YOUNG.

For Assessor,
J. J. BUCKLEY.

For Collector,
GEORGE A. PUTNAM.

For Fire Commissioner (Long Term),
JOHN WEIL.

For Fire Commissioner (Short Term),
WM. B. MILLER.

By order Republican City Central Committee.
A. J. JOHNSON, Chairman.
A. J. GALLIGAN, Secretary.

ALONZO CONKLIN,
Citizens' and Republican Candidate for
THIRD TRUSTEE.

J. D. YOUNG,
Republican Nominee for
CITY AUDITOR.

J. J. BUCKLEY,
Republican Nominee for
CITY ASSESSOR.

GEORGE A. PUTNAM,
Republican Nominee for
CITY COLLECTOR.

JOHN WEIL,
Republican Nominee for
FIRE COMMISSIONER (LONG TERM).

WM. B. MILLER,
Republican Nominee for
FIRE COMMISSIONER (SHORT TERM).

EL DORADO SALOON,
O. F. BERGMAN, Proprietor,
826 J Street, - - - Sacramento.
The most popular resort in the city.

WINDSOR HOTEL,
NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors.
Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

THE OFFICE,
No. 1008 Fourth Street,
Billiard and Club Rooms. The Finest Wines and
Liquors in the city. Drinks or Cigars 10 cents.
Call and see me. ED. S. REGO, Proprietor.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.



It must be plain to any who will give the matter a thought that our store would not be thronged from early in the morning until we closed at 8 o'clock at night if its patrons did not realize the decided advantages from

Low Prices, Reliable Goods, Superior Service.
Call or send for Price List.

AMERICAN CASH STORE
801 K Street.

SELLECK'S
Photographs
FINEST IN THE CITY.
Postoffice Building.

DR. H. H. PIERSON,



511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

C. E. BAINBRIDGE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office
Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to 8:30 P. M.

DR. A. M. MCCOLLUM,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
No. 818 Tenth Street, - - Sacramento.
Telephone No. 211.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated
Orleans
Vineyard.

**Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,**
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

GARZOLI & GENIS,
712 K STREET,
Fruits, Vegetables, Fish,
—AND—
GENERAL PRODUCE.

GOODS PROMPTLY DELIVERED.
Telephone No. 188.

E. JAY SWANSON,
Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.
The most wonderful cures performed.

Huntington Hopkins Company, HARDWARE Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

S. TRYON,
Merchant Tailor,
822 J STREET,
Between Eighth and Ninth, SACRAMENTO.
—ALWAYS ON HAND—

First-class Stock of Imported Suitings

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED IN EVERY CASE.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

A. L. HART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

CHAS. T. JONES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 209 J Street.

R. M. CLARKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON,
HIRAM W. JOHNSON,
JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,
LAWYERS,
504 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

JAMES B. DEVINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,
LAWYERS,
Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 418 J Street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,
LAWYER,
Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
612 I Street, Sacramento.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,
LAWYER,
920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney),
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-
stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
N.W. corner Sixth and K.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of the estates and guardianship of Mary F. and Walter J. Hennessy, minors. Elizabeth Hennessy, the guardian of the estates of Mary F. Hennessy and Walter J. Hennessy, minors, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth, it is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on the 6th day of March, 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court-room of said Superior Court, at County of Sacramento, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said guardian to sell so much of the real estate of the said minors as shall be necessary. And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in THEMIS, a newspaper printed and published in said county. W. C. VAN FLEET, Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated February 4th, 1891.

C. T. JONES & MATT. F. JOHNSON,
[se7-4t] Attorneys for Petitioner.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of Warren Starr, an insolvent debtor.—Warren Starr, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, from which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Warren Starr is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said Warren Starr, insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him, or to any person, firm, corporation or association for his use; and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Hon. A. P. Catlin, Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, in the County of Sacramento, on the 13th day of March 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered, that the order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published, before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And it is further ordered, that, in the meantime, all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated February 4th, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET, Judge of the Superior Court.

W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for insolvent.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to DAVID KIZER, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 29th day of January, 1891, in which action, Annie Kizer is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of said Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant on the grounds of desertion and failure to provide; also, for the care, custody and control of the minor children, the issue of said marriage, viz: Nettie and Edna, aged 5 years, and 15 months respectively, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court, this 29th day of January A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. ja31-9t

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—In the Superior Court.—In the matter of the petition of W. C. Hays, an insolvent debtor. Upon reading and filing the petition, schedule and inventory of W. C. Hays, the above named petitioner, and on motion of L. S. Taylor, his attorney, it is ordered and declared that said petitioner is insolvent. And it is ordered that the Sheriff of the County of Sacramento do take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of said insolvent debtor (except such as may be, by law exempt from execution), and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee. And all persons are forbidden to pay any debts to said debtor, or to deliver any property belonging to such debtor to him, or to any one for his use, and said debtor is forbidden to transfer any property to any one except said Sheriff. And it is further ordered that a meeting of all creditors of said debtor be held on Monday, the 9th day of March, 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the court room of the Superior Court aforesaid, in the court house, in the City of Sacramento, to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of the estate; and that a copy of this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, as often as said paper is published before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And all proceedings against the said insolvent are hereby stayed. Sacramento, January 23, 1891. A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of Harry Dewey, an insolvent debtor.—Harry Dewey, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Harry Dewey is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, on the 13th day of March, 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M., of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated February 6th, 1891.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, Attorney for Insolvent. se7-5t

The reason why Napoleon I adopted the golden bees as an imperial emblem is not generally known and to this day many believe that it was done merely with a view of snuffing out the old royal badge—the fleur-de-lis. This, however, is not the case. In the days of Louis XIV the tomb of Childeric was opened and beside his remains were found the skeletons of his horse and his page, his drinking cup and about 200 little medals in gold and cornelian, engraved with bees. A courtier told his Majesty Le Roi "Soleil" that the bees were undoubtedly royal emblems of far greater antiquity than the fleur-de-lis; but Louis, who was no fool, refused to adopt this idea and to discard the fleur-de-lis in favor of the golden bees. When Napoleon was crowned Emperor he jumped at a similar suggestion and smothered his shields, his banners and his robes with the little insect which seemed to fly over all the battlefields of Europe. Some years later a cynical old antiquary informed the Emperor, however, that the medals found in Childeric's tomb were simply the scales of the armor of the great King's favorite charger which had been buried with him. Napoleon was at first much incensed, but at last, turning upon the informer, he said bluntly, "Cela ne change rien à l'affaire, de par moi l'abeille est devenue impériale en volant à la victoire!"



WOMEN AND MICE.

The reason why a woman is afraid of a mouse is a profound mystery—indeed, it has never been very clearly proven that she is. But some women are constantly in such a nervous, irritable condition that the slightest thing annoys and startles them. The cause of this unfortunate state of affairs is usually some functional derangement; some distressing or painful irregularity, some derangement or peculiar weakness incident to her sex; or, it may be due to inflammation, ulceration or displacement, of some of the pelvic viscera, or to other organic lesions peculiar to her sex. From whichever cause it may arise, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a *positive remedy*, so certain in its curative results that its manufacturers sell it, through druggists, under a *guarantee* of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS Anti-Bilious Granules, are Laxative, or Cathartic, according to size of dose. By Druggists, 25 cents a vial.

CURTIS BROS. & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in and Shippers of all kinds of

Fruits, Vegetables

And GENERAL PRODUCE.

Careful attention paid to the selection and packing of Choice Fruits and Vegetables for distant markets. Goods delivered in city free.

308 and 310 K Street, - Sacramento, Cal.

H. C. MUDDOX. F. A. FEE.

MUDDOX & FEE,

No. 606 I Street, Sacramento.

REAL ESTATE,

Mortgage Loans, Insurance,

Collections and Conveyancing.

W. J. O'BRIEN.

ONE OF THE LARGEST EXPENSES IN A FAMILY is that of foot wear. Economy is wealth, and the head of a family who buys his shoes at

O'Brien's, 607 J Street,

is on the road to fortune. The best stock at the lowest possible prices.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.

Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Fine Photography.

THE FINEST SPECIMENS OF PHOTOGRAPHY in the city are those obtained at the gallery of

JULIUS ASHER,

Popular Prices. 810 J Street.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Greu's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

ANOTHER NEW ARRIVAL

AT THE

CAPITAL ALE VAULTS,

302 J St. and 1005 Third St., Sacramento.

Ten Barrels of the Famous

Sour Mash Copper Distilled Kentucky Whisky

Direct from Covington, Ky., via Cape Horn.

NAGELE & SVENSSON, Proprietors.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

OSBORN & FOLGER

FUEL DEPOT,

806 I Street.

ICE, HAY, GRAIN and STORAGE

501 I Street. Telephone 69.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

Daily Evening News.

WELLS DRURY, PROPRIETOR.

309 J Street, - - Sacramento.

LATEST DESPATCHES

From all parts of the world, furnished by the United Press Association, over the lines of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS,

Presented in an attractive form.

EDITORIAL NOTES

On current topics of interest.

FIRST CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Columbus

Brewing COMPANY.

W. GUTENBERGER.....PRESIDENT.
C. WAHL.....SUPERINTENDENT.
O. A. LOVDALL.....SECRETARY.

CORNER SIXTEENTH AND K STS.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

American Steam Laundry

NINETEENTH AND I STS.—WHITE LABOR only. Linen polished in the neatest manner. We guarantee satisfaction. All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Washing called for and delivered to any part of the city.

Main Office at Sawtelle's Book Store, 708 and 710 J street. Branch offices at all the Hotels.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES

CALL AT THE

Sacramento Stove House,

813 and 815 J STREET,

—And You Will Save Money.—

H. K. WALLACE & CO.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE. Southern Pacific Company PACIFIC SYSTEM. January 19, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6-15 A	Calistoga and Napa	11-40 A
3-05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8-40 P
12-50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	5-55 A
4-35 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7-00 P
7-30 P	Knight's Landing	7-10 A
10-50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9-35 A
12-05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2-25 A
11-00 P	{ Central Atlantic Express... Ogden and East	8-15 A
3-00 P	Oroville	10-30 A
3-00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10-30 A
10-40 A	Redding via Willows	4-00 P
2-25 A	Sau Francisco via Benicia	11-40 A
6-15 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12-35 A
8-40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10-40 P
3-05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8-40 P
*10-00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26-00 A
10-50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2-50 P
10-50 A	San Jose	2-50 P
4-30 P	Santa Barbara	9-35 A
6-15 A	Santa Rosa	11-40 A
3-05 P	Santa Rosa	8-40 P
8-50 A	Stockton and Galt	7-00 P
4-30 P	Stockton and Galt	9-35 A
12-05 P	Truckee and Reno	2-25 A
11-00 P	Truckee and Reno	8-15 A
12-05 P	Colfax	8-15 A
6-15 A	Vallejo	11-40 A
3-05 P	Vallejo	11-40 P
*6-35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2-40 P
*3-10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11-35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

DYEING & CLEANING WORKS

909 and 911 K St. SACRAMENTO.

We Dye and Clean Silk, Cashmere, Velvet, Woolen

AND MIXED GOODS, KID GLOVES, ETC.

Blankets and Lace Curtains cleaned in a superior manner. Feathers cleaned, curled and dyed by a new method.

A SPECIALTY—Gentlemen's and Boys' Clothing cleaned, dyed and repaired. All shades are fast. Goods called for and delivered free of charge. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders from country promptly attended to.

IACOB LANG, - Prop'r.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1870.)

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

CHAS. ANDERSON. H. LUDY.

LUDY & ANDERSON,

First Class Restaurant & Oyster House

Southeast corner Ninth and K Streets.

Open day and night. Private rooms for ladies. Ice Cream Parlors.

SAMUEL POSKA,

431 K STREET.

Imported and Domestic

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, ETC.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

PEERLESS.

(FIRST CLASS.)

Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars.

809 K STREET - - - - Sacramento.

M. S. BRACE, Manager.

The Popular School of Northern California.

BAINBRIDGE
BUSINESS COLLEGE
—AND—
NORMAL SCHOOL.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT—For the practical education of young men for business.

NORMAL DEPARTMENT—Grammar School and High School studies; also, for those who wish to obtain teacher's certificates.

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING DEPARTMENT—In which we prepare students for amanuensis work and court reporting in 3 to 6 months.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT—Well fitted with a corps of artists in their profession. Mrs. F. C. BAINBRIDGE, Director.

Students can enter at any time and receive individual attention until prepared to enter upon the desired course.

Send for one of our new Catalogues. Address

J. C. BAINBRIDGE,

Principal Bainbridge College,

No. 1017 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

F. A. JONES & CO.
SPOT CASH
ONE PRICE GROCERS

Fancy Imported and Domestic Goods

The Cheapest and Cleanest Grocery House in the State,

Big Tree Store,

Corner Eighth and J Streets. - Sacramento.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.



WITH VENTILATED OVENS.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY

MARTIN MANASSE,
610 J STREET.

Sole Agent for "ELECTRIC" CUTLERY.

The only complete stock of fine Cutlery in the city.

Gruhler's Saloon
THE PIONEER
No. 522 J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

H. WACHHORST Leading Jeweler of Sacramento
SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,
No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.



Yours truly,

CAFE ROYAL,

7th and J Sts., Sacramento.

Willis & Ray APOTHECARIES
212 J ST. and 901 K ST.
Two Stores, Sacramento, Cal.



303 J STREET,

Near the Northeast Corner of Third,
SACRAMENTO.

W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!



SACRAMENTO, CAL.

San Francisco Branch, 305 Battery St.

JAS. G. DAVIS, Furniture and Bedding
411 and 413 K Street,
Of Every Description.
BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH, SACRAMENTO.

This is one of the Oldest Established Furniture Houses on the Coast.

Klune & Floberg, WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS
Agents for Rockford Watch Co.
NO. 428 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

LATEST STYLES

—OF—

HATS

ALWAYS ON HAND.

D. H. QUINN, THE HATTER

Corner Fourth and J Streets,

SACRAMENTO.

JOE POHEIM,
THE TAILOR,

Has just received an immense stock of Fall and Winter Woolens and is making Suits to order at 30 per cent. less than any other Tailor on the Pacific Coast.

Elegant English Serge and Cheviot Suits, to order, from \$25 to \$35

Fine Dress English Worsted Suits, to order, from \$30 to \$40.
(Cost elsewhere, \$55 to \$75.)

Fine French Beaver and Pique Suits to order, from \$35 to \$45.
(Cost elsewhere from \$60 to \$90.)

French Cassimere Suits, to order, from \$35 to \$45.
Overcoats, fine Silk Linings, from \$25 to \$40

And other garments in proportion. Perfect fit and best workmanship guaranteed or no sale. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free to any address on application to **JOE POHEIM, the Tailor, 600 J Street, cor. Sixth, Sacramento.** Branch of San Francisco.

Geo. Sermonet's

—IS THE—

CHEAPEST GROCERY STORE

In the City, Quality Considered.

Depot for California Wines

Cor. Eighth and G Streets.

Capital Hotel,

Southwest Corner Seventh and K Streets, Sacramento.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

Free 'bus to and from all trains. Best Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers of any house in the city.
B. B. BROWN,
Formerly of the State House Hotel, Proprietor.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J Street, Sacramento.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.

J. A. ELLIOTT & R. P. PEDLAR, Props.

DUCK CHONG & CO.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE

Fancy Goods Bazaar.

Silk Handkerchiefs, Tea, Fire Works, Etc.
509 J Street, bet. Fifth and Sixth, Sacramento.

THE LOUVRE,

526 J Street, Sacramento.

Bar, Billiard and Lunch Room.

J. W. JACKSON, Proprietor.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO.

THEMIS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891.

No. 3.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by J. H. MILLER & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
J. H. MILLER, Managing Editor.

An attorney-at-law, Carpenter by name, having advised and counseled his client to disobey an injunction of the Superior Court of this county, issued by Judge Catlin's predecessor, was tried for the offense and found guilty, the proof being adduced from his own written orders to his client. The most flagrant case of willful contempt of the injunction was established, and for this the attorney was fined \$200. or imprisonment 200 days. Now, this libel on the honored profession of the law has invoked the Assembly to present articles of impeachment to the Senate of California against the honorable Judge, who did only his duty, and who tempered his judgment with mercy, for the most grievous infraction of the law. In place of articles of impeachment against the learned and conscientious Judge, this disgruntled lawyer, Carpenter, should be disbarred, in addition to receiving the severest penalty of the law, for his gross contempt. From the showing made to the Assembly, wherein articles are invoked, it appears that there is no basis for impeachment, and we trust, for the sake of the good name of our community, that the Assembly will ignore the bill, and defeat this vile attempt to smirch an honored name. If every violator of the law, orders and judgments of Courts should be granted this privilege, there would be no end to the attacks on our honored judiciary. We know the facts of the case wherein Carpenter was adjudged guilty of contempt; and there never was a clearer case. Judge Catlin was merciful to this ingrate, whereupon he proceeds to ask the Assembly to blacken his name by perfering articles of impeachment. A trial upon impeachment would disclose what we have said, and show Hon. A. P. Catlin to be a learned, upright and merciful Judge, and that his defamer should be driven from the honorable profession he now disgraces. For the credit of the Sacramento bar, we are glad that this fellow Carpenter is not one of us, but is a *quasi* member of the Stockton bar. His brother attorneys of that city say of him that he has just enough legal knowledge to get a client into trouble, but not enough to get him out.

When any author or writer prates about his originality, and that his is the only Simon-pure article, we brand him at once as a veritable plagiarist. Emerson has it right when he says, "What is a great man but one of the great affinities, who takes up unto himself all arts, sciences, all knowables, as his food? Every book is a quotation; and every house is a quotation of all forests and mines and stone quarries; and every man is a quotation from all his ancestors." There is no writer, orator or author who does not utilize the ideas and thoughts of others. They are often dressed in a new and different garb, arranged in accord with the notions and ideas of the one who appropriates the same. No one has a lien on thoughts; if there was such a thing, many of our distinguished modern authors would have to respond for encroachments on the rights of property of our ancient literary men. When we consider that there is rarely anything new in literature, certainly it is no misappropriation to deck out old thoughts in new and attractive garbs. A favorite *chef* can make numerous palatable dishes for the high liver out of the most commonplace articles of food. So

the adroit writer can dress up an old thought so that it will tickle the palate of those given to literature. The 30,000 publications annually are but the redress of old stories, old thoughts—some, thousands of years old. Such are the foibles of the present generation that if a brilliant, original thought emanates from some poor, obscure Bohemian, little attention is given it, while if an old thought is clothed in dazzling raiment by some antiquated fossil of literature, it is at once immortalized. The shiftless public never thinks to look in some old book of two or three thousands years ago, where the original thought can be found. He is the brightest genius who can best adapt old thoughts to modern taste. Some are so dull and clumsy that they rather detract from the brilliancy of the original idea, by casting around it the stupidity of the present. Nine-tenths of the alleged humor of paragraphers are but weak imitations. Much of the higher order of literature is but a readaptation. There is, indeed, little new.

Now we have a demand made against the United States, by the heirs of Barrundia, for one million dollars, based on the killing of that murderous revolutionist by the officers of the law, while he was attempting to murder them. This is the outcome of a very greatly misunderstood affair. In this connection we call attention to the brilliant defense of Minister Mizner, by Hon. Joseph McKenna, on the 8th day of last month, on the floor of Congress. Our modest, yet able representative, had been goaded to such an extent that he was forced to strike back, even over the shoulders of the Department of State. It was shown that all precedents were in support of Mizner's action. The very recent order of Secretary Bayard was directly in point, and this was in unison with the decisions of the Federal Supreme Court, and with all international law writers, including the line of action by the heads of the Department of State for many years. The circumstances connected with this Barrundia affair were such, however, that Secretary Blaine felt called upon to recall Mizner, and possibly the rule in such diplomatic matters had been changed through the agency of the Pan American Conference. Under Article XVII of the Uniform Treaties, adopted July, 1890, there seems to have been a fixed rule agreed upon that a political offender, seeking shelter at a legation, shall be granted an asylum and not surrendered at the demand of the government to which he is accredited. The difficulty in which the government now finds itself is, that by necessary implication Minister Mizner's recall gives a semblance to the demand for damages for the killing of this vulgar outlaw, who was execrated by his own government. This nation may, however, escape this claim on the ground that the country to which Barrundia is accredited will not make any claim, and that the heirs or individuals are precluded from asserting any claim. When this affair was first announced, we published a carefully prepared article sustaining the Minister's action, and time has developed that what we then said was the law of the case.

Political partisanship, within the past few years, has not been that patriotic devotion to the country and the public welfare which prompted the action of our fathers. In all parties there exists a selfish and personal desire. A desire to foist friends and those who can aid the party exercising power in selfish purposes. Competency and good government have been but secondary considerations. This applies to each of the great national parties. The assumed leaders are actu-

ated through personal motives, at all times disregarding the true purposes of government. The Republican party, when aroused to the exigencies of the situation, can always be relied on for good government and advanced ideas on national, state and municipal progress. It is only when apathy exists and irresponsible creatures secure the working machinery of the party politics, that it drifts into bad repute. As a matter of history the Democratic party is continuously in the hands of those who use it for personal and sectional interests. This is rarely true of the Republicans, except in municipal affairs. There is now a fair prospect that the grand old party in all its branches—national, state and local—will be cleansed of this impure element, and that at the next national contest will present a solid and unbroken front. The "Alliances" and other off-shoots from the party will serve to purify the party and force it to exclude the selfish and mercenary elements. Our local political contest which will occur next Tuesday is evidence of this new state of affairs. The candidates are the representatives of the best element in the party, as well as the first order of citizenship. There may be those who are yet smarting under the lash of "bossism," and who may still seek to visit these sins of commission on the party, yet there is no just cause for the same. No cause exists why all who are in favor of good government should not prove their party fealty by supporting the entire Republican ticket.

Much is being said about the useless positions of City Justices. It is true that those two officials do little toward earning their salaries, and that they have been an unjust burden on the city. The Township Justice is the direct cause for lack of business for the City Justices. We desire to call attention to the fact that there is no necessity for any legislation to dispose of the Township Justice. That functionary is the mere creature of the Board of Supervisors. For some inscrutable cause, the Board of Supervisors, under the County Government Act of 1883, created the office of Township Justice. We say created, but with a reservation, in this, that it is by no means absolutely clear that there exists such an office. When the county was reorganized by political subdivisions, it seems that the municipality of Sacramento city was called a township, but without any township government. Under the County Government Act such a township could, at the pleasure of the Supervisors, have a Township Justice. This, however, was intended to apply to townships which included more territory than is comprised in the city. That is to say, where the city does not comprise the entire township. Now, to set matters at rest, the Board of Supervisors can at any time dispense with the so-called Township Justice.

Shannahan, of Shasta, is after the Munchausen family, especially that portion of the relatives of the ancient and unlamented liar who belong to the newspaper profession. Now, Shannahan is standing on very thin ice. He is the "tall sycamore" from Mount Shasta, yet he lives in a glass house and is throwing stones. He is a lawyer, belongs to a profession which sells itself to make people believe that black is white—a profession of professional liars. The Marysville *Appeal* discourses upon the merits of his bill "thusly:" "The bill to prevent lying about newspaper circulation should be put through the Legislature without further delay. And, if not too late, bills should be passed to punish all other kinds of lying to which the wicked world is addicted. Advertisers should be punished for lying, as

much is the newspaper publishers who lie about circulation. It may not be possible to punish circus and dramatic agents for lying, but at least they can be required to take out a license to pursue their mendacious calling. The legislators themselves should be made to pay heavy fines for lying to their constituents, or for making promises before election which are afterwards broken. There is a vast amount of social lying going on at all times, and this also should be prohibited by law. As it is well known that an Act of the Legislature may have a powerful effect upon the morals of the people, the need of anti-lying laws is plain."

Mr. Gladstone, a few days since, made a long speech in the House of Commons, and then remained until the adjournment at 2 o'clock in the morning. He is in deed a wonderful man. Men remain longer in public life in England than they do in this country. A statesman of sixty-five or seventy is there considered in his prime.

From all indications, the scandal which we predicted some weeks ago, regarding the election of a successor of Senator Hearst, is about to be realized. We hoped that Senator Hearst might survive to spare us these scenes. But fate has decreed otherwise, and we are now in the midst of an unholy scramble for that which should be the greatest ambition of an American statesman. It is openly proclaimed that true merit and ability are not the qualities that shall succeed. The bright mind, the exalted citizen, the man gifted in statecraft must stand aside, unless perchance he can satisfy the demands of the conscienceless Warwicks, who claim to hold the dominion of such affairs. When we consider that the brilliant and able minds are generally attached to poverty-stricken bodies, there is little chance for them in this struggle. We hope that better things may occur, and that merit may be taken into account in selecting California's junior representative in the United States Senate—it is a hope only.

This is our last issue before the municipal election. We call upon our citizens to support the Republican ticket. It is clean; the men are able and tried citizens. They are pledged to good government—to reform in police affairs—and above all to a resistance to the unlawful demand of 55 per cent. of the gross water rents. This last obligation should insure their election.

THE PROPERTY OF THE PIONEERS.

The Sons and Daughters to Succeed, in Time, to Its Control—A Liberal and Wise Action.

At a meeting of the Sacramento Society of California Pioneers held at their hall in this city, February 28, 1891, the following report from a committee appointed for that purpose was presented, accepted and read:

To the Sacramento Society of California Pioneers: Our Society is so constituted that in course of time it may become extinct. When the time will come that our Society will wish to surrender its property to a successor, cannot now be exactly foreseen. In the opinion of your committee it should keep all its property in its own hands until the number of its members shall be less than thirteen, and that thereafter every member should be allowed certain privileges at the hall, which shall be equivalent to its continuance as the headquarters of our members as long as any shall live. After our Society shall cease to act as such, its property should go into the hands of some person or corporation charged with its care and with the care of the graves of those who have died or shall die members.

Three plans have been suggested to accomplish this purpose, and referred to your committee:

1st. That the city of Sacramento be made successor to our Society, charged with the care of our cemetery plot.

2d. That all the male descendants of the members of the Society, if found worthy, be elected sub-members of this association, such sub-members to have all the rights and privileges to assemble and take part in all social meetings of this Society, in the same manner as if they were original pioneers, saving and excepting that they shall have no vote in the government of the Society until the number of the members of this corporation shall be reduced to five, when the sub-members shall become full members of the corporation.

3d. That a corporation be formed of the lineal descendants of members of this Society, to which, at the proper time, all our property interests shall be transferred, charged with its management and the proper care of the cemetery plot of our Society.

Your committee is in receipt of a petition signed by twenty-seven sons of our members, referring to the object of this committee, respectfully submitting that the end in view could in no way be better subserved than by allowing our sons to become our successors, as they would be more likely to perform the duties devolving on them than strangers, and offering to incorporate under a suitable name and to honor our memory by a faithful discharge of their obligation imposed by their agreements and filial affection.

We are also in receipt of a petition from twenty-nine of the daughters of our members, relating to the same subject matter, representing that they are as much interested in the subject matter as are their brothers, and they trust that our members are as much interested in the welfare of our daughters as of our sons. That in the matter of devotion and caring for the graves of their fathers, they are and will be as attentive to their duties as their brothers would be.

They therefore ask that in the disposition we may make of the property of our corporation, it will require that our daughters shall share the responsibilities and benefits equally with our sons. They assure us that they will not be behind their brothers in any act of diligence or affection for our memory, or in the care of our graves.

Your committee do not favor the first proposition above stated, even if the city had the power to act as trustee in the matter. The second proposition, made by Brother Powers, is worthy of consideration, and it might be adopted without yielding any of our privileges until the proper time had come. But your committee are of the opinion that any attempt to make our sons members of our Society would give less satisfaction to us and to our children, than to constitute our successor a separate organization, giving them certain privileges which would allow us the benefit of their society at times, but allowing each to control their separate organization.

Your committee, therefore, express their decided convictions, that the third proposition is the most feasible, and is better calculated to meet the views of all parties. We see no reason why our sons should become our successors to the exclusion of our daughters. On the contrary, every reason seems to us to favor giving our children equal privileges. Our whole civil system is based on the idea that our daughters succeed to our property the same as our sons. Our daughters are equally affectionate, self-sacrificing and devoted to our memory; and to require that our sons and daughters shall have equal rights as our succession, will tend to keep the recollection of our early life in California fresh in the minds of our children, and thus we may best perpetuate the "Sacramento Society of California Pioneers."

We recommend the passage of the following resolutions:

I. That the sons and daughters of this Society be, and they are hereby invited to form themselves into a corporation, with a suitable constitution and by-laws, with objects similar to our own.

II. That every son and daughter of a member of this Society of good character, or of one who died a member of this Society in good standing, and every lineal descendant of such sons and daughters, of good moral character, should be entitled to membership in such new corporation.

III. That such new corporation be allowed, without charge, to hold their meetings in our hall, at times to be assigned by our Board of Directors.

IV. That at sometime hereafter, to be fixed by us, this Society shall convey to such new corporation, all property then remaining, real, personal and mixed, on the sole trust and consideration that the said property shall remain in a corporation, with the lineal descendants of our members as the corporation, and that such corporation shall at all times preserve, care for, and keep in good order, the cemetery plot of our Society.

N. D. GOODELL.
J. H. MCKUNE.
GEO. A. PUTNAM.
ALBERT LEONARD.

On motion of E. D. Shirland, the foregoing report, including the resolutions therein contained and recommended, were unanimously adopted. And it was further resolved, "that the President of this Association call a meeting of those entitled to become corporators under the said report, and preside at such meeting until the same shall be fully organized; that he then present a copy of the said report and of these resolutions to said meeting for its further action."

The names of those sons and daughters who signed the petitions referred to in said report, are as follows:

SONS:

Benjamin Leonard, George W. Lorenz, Louis C. Montfort, Eugene E. Smith, J. W. Oatman, J. B. Strong, Edgar B. Carroll, M. A. Lindley, Douglas A. Lindley, C. K. McClatchy, C. McCleery, Frank M. Norris, Edward Norris, J. J. McGuire, W. E. Osborn, C. Van Halford, M. L. Hammer, Benj. U. Russel, V.

S. McClatchy, W. F. Knox, Jr., George A. Hoyt, J. E. LaRue, C. H. Oatman, Edgar H. Rivett, Wm. Gwynn, Jr., H. W. Carroll, H. A. Burnett, W. M. Sims, Paul R. Sims, U. B. Russel.

DAUGHTERS:

Annie L. Luther, Flora E. Luther, Hattie M. Sims, Jessie L. Preston, Lizzie B. Aiken, Mattie L. Aiken, Kate W. Aiken, Sophia Sullivan, Alice Sullivan, Julia Sullivan, Lizzie Sullivan, Leila J. Lindley, Helen Lindley, Mary L. Hunt, Alice Lindley, Edith Lindley, Mrs. Mary Alvord Fitzgerald, Irene Leonard, Julia A. Goodell, Mrs. F. C. Weil, Ida V. Miller, Ella G. McCleery, Alice McCleery, Mrs. T. G. Eiler, Mrs. R. B. Prideaux, Mrs. O. H. P. Sheets, Mattie Shirland, Nellie Shirland, Florence A. McKune, C. H. Williams, M. Q. Russel, H. C. Griffith.

How Nye Stopped the Bad Boys.

Bill Nye told a story just before going home. "Once," said he, "I had the misfortune to live in the same block with a Congressman. In that neighborhood there were a number of little boys who had the habit of ringing door bells and then going away. After we had put up with this for quite a while, the Congressman and I held a convention. And we resolved that we would put an end to this ringing of bells if we had to throw the boy who did it any distance—twenty miles, and we would bring the boy back and embalm him. Well, one night shortly after this conversation there was a strong pull at the bell. I suspected what it was, and dashed out just as I was. It was very dark. I could hear the boy running away, however, and pursued the footsteps. When I had run about half a block I thought it would be a good plan to turn and go the other way, and catch the boy in front. So I turned and ran around to the other side of the block.

Pretty soon I could hear the boy coming the other way, panting through the darkness. I paused, and opened my arms wide to embrace him as he came on. I succeeded. Then I delivered a powerful blow into the bosom of the night. Well, we clinched and rolled over each other on the ground, and gouged and thumped at each other till the welkin rang. At least, I think it did; I am sure that mine did. Then we decided that we had had enough, and that we ought to call it a draw. So I withdrew my nose from his mouth and rose. He rose, also, and we stood facing each other. We gradually recovered our breath. His came first. It seemed to be nearer and more easily reached. When he finally spoke, I heard the Congressman say: "There, I'll teach you to ring my door bell again!" —*N. Y. Sun.*

Gold Discovery.

Regarding the discovery of gold, General Sherman once wrote of his experience at San Diego, Cal.: "I remember one day, in the spring of 1848, that two men, Americans, came into the office and inquired for the Governor. I asked their business and one answered that they had just come down from Captain Sutter on special business, and they wanted to see Governor Mason *in person*. I took them in to the colonel and left them together. After some time the colonel came to the door and called to me. I went in, and my attention was directed to a series of papers unfolded on his table, in which lay about half an ounce of placer gold. Mason said to me, 'What is that?' I touched it and examined one or two of the larger pieces and asked, 'Is it gold?' Mason asked me if I had ever seen any native gold. I answered that in 1844 I was in upper Georgia and there saw some native gold, but it was much finer than this and that it was in phials, or in transparent quills; but I said that if this were gold it could be easily tested, first by its malleability and next by acids. I took a piece in my teeth and the metallic luster was perfect. I then called to my clerk, Boden, to bring an axe and hatchet from the back yard. When these were brought I took the largest piece and beat it out flat, and beyond doubt it was metal, and a pure metal. * * * That gold was the first discovered in the Sierra Nevada, which soon revolutionized the whole country, and actually moved the whole civilized world."

On one occasion, when visiting his sister, Mrs. Ewing, Gen. Sherman met four or five Presbyterian clergymen, and his patience was rather severely tried by their religious discussions, and what seemed to him their intolerant and one-sided views. One of them challenged him to offer any excuse for swearing, meeting him with the clinching statement that there could be no redemption for blasphemers. "Were you," inquired the young soldier, "ever at sea in a heavy gale, with spars creaking and sails flapping, and the crew cowardly and incompetent?" "No." "Did you ever," he continued gravely, "try to drive a five-team ox-cart across the prairie?" "No." "Then," said Gen. Sherman, "you know nothing of temptations to blasphemy—you know nothing about extenuating circumstances for blasphemers—you are not competent to judge!"

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Campanini has almost entirely recovered his voice, and is singing again.

It is pretty difficult for the stranded theatrical manager to keep up appearances.

Bob Slavin will not be a member of *A High Roller* company next season, as announced.

Carmencita will make a tour of the large cities next season, assisted by a band of Spanish students.

"There's one curious thing about these Spanish dancers." "What do you mean?" "Why, the higher they kick the more dust they raise."

The "divine" Sara confesses to being a grandmother. Her grandchild may congratulate himself that his grandmother is also a great grandmother.

A young Mexican never pays for the tickets when he takes a young woman to the theater. The lady's father attends to that and considers himself insulted if the young man proposes to pay.

D'Oyly Carte, it is announced, produces Edward Solomon's new comic opera at the Savoy Theater in April. The subject of Mr. Solomon's latest work is of an Eastern nature, and as yet unnamed.

An actress who recently sued a Scottish newspaper for \$5,000 damages on the plea that she had been unfairly criticised in its columns, has very properly lost her case, the learned and upright Judge upholding the right of public criticism.

In addition to a generous proportion of comedy scenes *Sunlight and Shadow* has a strong texture of refined emotion in it. Holland, Barrymore and Bell and Maud Harrison and Agnes Miller have rarely been better suited in characters.

Mr. Murrie-Hille—"You say you don't dance and that you have scruples against theater-going. What shall we do to amuse you? What do you do at home? I am ready for anything you like. Pretty Country Cousin—"Oh, at home we have church sociables." Mr. Murrie-Hille—"What do you do there?" Pretty Country Cousin (demurely)—"We generally play kissing games."

There is one word of the English language that Mme. Bernhardt has not yet mastered. It is the synonym for "Rodents." Whenever madame has a bilious attack and vents her spite on poor Maurice Grau, he gazes at her with child-like simplicity, closes his eyes and murmurs: "Rats." It acts as a safety valve for his injured feelings, and it is the only redress Maurice has. Madame says the word is not in her dictionary, and Grau refuses to explain.

Book Chat.

Henrik Ibsen was a little boor in his boyhood, and even his brothers and sisters disliked him. In revenge for his meanness and unsocial ways they used to pelt him with stones and snowballs.

David Dudley Field at eighty-six says that even if the figures standing for his age were reversed they would make him too old for his feelings—and the adage says that a man is no older than he feels."

Author—Do me the favor, Naggus, to read my book and write it up as soon as you can. Book Reviewer (personal friend of the author)—I'll do better than that, Borus; I'll write it up and then read it.

Zola says this country is not respectable. It is when we reflect upon Zola's own respectability that we understand just what a compliment this is. If Zola is respectable then we are not, and we rejoice at the fact.

The "literary element" in Boston has taken to attending Chinese dramas performed in the native tongue. The "literary element's" experience with Browning has given it practice enough to understand Chinese at a first hearing.

Timothy M. Healy, the leader of the anti-Parnellite faction of the Irish Home-Rulers, is still a young man, being only in his thirty-sixth year. He was a clerk in a country store at thirteen, and later a stenographer in the employ of an English railway.

Those careless persons who have been content to speak of the author of "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," "The Maister of Woodbarrow," "The Open Gate," etc., as Jerome K. Jerome, must make a change. True Englishmen call him Jerrum K. Jerome.

Fanny Fern, the authoress, once said that she never had much opinion of feminine culture in Boston after being called to the window of a lady friend, at whose house in Cambridge she was staying, to look out into the garden and "see the dear little chickens run in under the maternal hen to get their lacteal nourishment."

American fiction must depict American life, and that life is the life of individuals. The contentions, rivalries,

strifes, friendships, loves and hates of the Republic are born and sustained by individual character. The picture which is presented of this life, if it is true, must be what the reviewer complains of, and therefore the explanation of the realism, analysis and anatomy of American novelists lies not "in the mental and physical deficiencies of the American nation," but in the conditions and qualities of American life and character.

"The Lost Manuscript," by Gustav Freytag. The manuscript in question forms a part of Tacitus' history, and the professor of this story has at last discovered a clue which may lead to its discovery. The story is interesting from its description of university circles, of country life, and of the vanity fair at the smaller princely courts of Germany. The idea of the continuity and preservation of soul life permeates the whole work. As the author expresses it in the motto he has written for this American edition: "A noble human life does not end on earth with death."

"Wormwood," by Marie Corelli. Wormwood is the name applied by the author to absinthe; and, according to her, absinthe is the cause of all evil—in France, at least. Her story is a sensational warning against the evil that lurks in the opalescent beverage; exaggerated, of course, but deeply interesting. Gaston Beauvais descends to the depths of the animal in his cruelty toward his fallen bride. He commits murder under the influence of the wormwood, breaks away from his early associations, and ends his career in the slums, haunted by the phantoms of impending delirium.

Among the treasures of the two literary societies of the University at Athens, Ga., are many valuable and interesting letters. Rummaging through a pile of these epistles at the Phi Kappa hall, there were found many letters from men who had immortalized themselves—Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Hayne, Davis, Lee. They are their letters of acceptance of honorary membership, or in reply to some letter forwarded them by the society. The most beautiful of all—and, in fact, it may be pronounced one of the most lovely letters ever written—was a letter of acceptance of honorary membership in the Phi Kappa society, written by Theodore O'Hara, the poet.

Dreams have played a most important part in the destiny of man, in the history of the world, and in the literature of the world. They have been the means of bringing us face to face with the mystery of life. All great men had their dreams which influenced them in life. Dante dreamed of a woman's face that filled him with noble purposes. Thomas Moore dreamed of his Utopia, and the literature of the world is the richer. Grant, when but a child, dreamed of conquest, and of being at the head of armed hosts. The dreams of the Crusaders spurred Europe on to advancement. History proves that the dreamer of high and absolute ideas has never made a failure of life.

Professional Chat.

Judge: "Have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?" Prisoner: "The ring I am accused of stealing is not gold, it is fire gilt." Judge: "Gilt being acknowledged, I will only pass a sentence of six years."

Physician (with ear to patient's chest)—There is a severe swelling over the region of the heart which must be reduced at once. Patient (anxiously)—That swelling is my pocket-book, doctor. Please don't reduce it too much.

"Well," said Judge Henry, "I have made eleven people happy this month, I have married five couples." "Eleven," said John Gruhler, "how can that be five couples." "Oh, I count myself the eleventh, having received \$5 for each couple."

"The most eminent jurist now living is our President, Benjamin Harrison," once asserted an Indiana lawyer to a gathering of legal lights in the hotel smoking room. "Oh, Judge, you can't prove any such statement as that," was the immediate response. "I don't have to prove it," answered the Judge, with a twinkle in his eye; "Harrison admits it."

Pryer—"What is the point at issue in the case of Jaggs against Henderson which has been dragging through the courts so long?" Lawyer—"The trouble began over the ownership of a valuable coon dog. The litigation has been going on about six years and has cost the contestants nearly \$20,000 so far. Pryer—"Who will win the dog eventually, do you think. Lawyer—"The dog? Oh, he died early in the second year."

An Ottawa correspondent tells the story of a queer incident in the Supreme court. Counsel for the appellant in a case from the west had been for a good half-hour stating his case to the court. Mr. Justice Strong had been talking freely with the counsel, as is his wont, and was apparently helping the timid pleader out, when he started at something the lawyer said and asked: "Are you for the appellant?" "Yes, my lord." "Oh," said the Judge, bluntly, "I thought you were on the other side."

As a rule a man will groan and swear when a dentist tries to fill his teeth, squirming, gripping the arm of the chair and making a big row about it. And the heavier the man the bigger coward he is. I've seen a strapping big athlete sit down to have a tooth pulled and almost faint while I was looking at it. On the other hand, a light, little bit of a woman will calmly close her eyes, lean her head back in the chair and submit to tortures that would make the Sphinx swoon into insensibility. No, sir; a woman can stand a dozen times the pain that a man will undergo.

A couple recently married by a Catholic priest made some fun for the grave clergyman who tied them together with the love-knot of matrimony. The groom didn't know which finger to place the ring upon, and he apologized to the priest for his awkwardness by saying: "You must excuse me, father. I was never married before, and am a trifle green at the business." When the ceremony was ended and the pair pronounced man and wife, the groom gave the bride a great hug, and kissed her full upon the mouth. "Well, my good man," said the astonished priest, "you don't seem to be very green at that." "Oh, no, father," smiled back the happy groom, "I've had plenty of experience at that."

The late Samuel J. Randall was fond, even in the last days of his illness, of relating some of the recollections of his congressional life. Among these was one regarding a chaplain who had been called upon to officiate for the regular clergyman. It was while Mr. Randall served his first term as Speaker of the House. The clergyman was about to conclude his prayer and a reverent silence prevailed the big chamber, when the members were startled to hear the following sentence drop from the chaplain's lips: "May corruption and sin of every form be as far from every member of this body as Thou art, O Lord." It was some moments before the House fully grasped the meaning of the chaplain's prayer, but when it did it was unanimously decided to have a new substitute in case the regular chaplain was unable to attend the next morning's session.

In a western court a witness had been detailing with great minuteness certain conversations which had occurred several years before. Again and again the witness testified to names and dates and precise words, and it became necessary for his cross-examiner to break him up. This was done by a simple device. While the witness was glibly rattling off his testimony the cross-examiner handed him a law-book and said: "Read aloud a paragraph from that book." "What for?" inquired the witness. "I will tell you after you have read it," said the lawyer, and the witness accordingly read aloud a paragraph of most uninteresting material about lands, appurtenances and hereditaments. Then the lawyer went on and asked him a few more questions about his memory, and the witness was positive that his memory was very good. Suddenly the lawyer said: "By the way, will you please repeat that paragraph you just read about lands, appurtenances, and hereditaments?" "Why of course I could not do that," replied the witness. "You must have a queer memory," retorted the lawyer, "since you can repeat things that you say occurred years ago and you cannot repeat what you read a moment ago." The witness was nonplussed.

Solon flourished about the year before Christ 597. The following is related by Plutarch in his "Lives of Great Men: That when Solon was entertained by Thales, at Miletus, he expressed some wonder that he did not marry and raise a family. To this, Thales gave no immediate answer; but some days after he instructed a stranger to say that he came from Athens ten days before. Solon, inquiring what news there was at Athens, the man, according to his instructions, said, "None, except the funeral of a young man, which was attended by the whole city, for he was the son (as they told me) of a person of great honor and of the highest reputation for virtue, who was then abroad upon his travels." "What a miserable man he is," said Solon; "but what was his name?" "I have heard his name," answered the stranger, "but do not recollect it. All I remember is, that there was much talk of his wisdom and justice." Solon, whose apprehensions increased with every reply, was now much disconcerted, and mentioned his own name, asking whether it was not Solon's son that was dead. The stranger answering in the affirmative, he began to beat his head, and to do and say such things as are usual to men in a transport of grief. Then Thales, taking him by the hand, said, with a smile: "These things, which struck down so firm a man as Solon, kept me from marriage and from having children. But take courage, my good friend, for not a word of what has been told you is true." The opinions of great men relative to the matrimonial state have been of interest in all ages; particularly so to the gentler sex. The fair maidens of the State of Maryland, feeling themselves neglected by the lords of creation, are using their inestimable influence upon the Solons of the Legislature to pass a law calculated to make bachelors benedicts, by increasing the taxes of those who remain in the irresponsible state of single blessedness.

NOTES.

When you place your advertisement in a newspaper you compel every subscriber to buy your communication, to hold it in his hands, to bring it before his eyes, and this you do in an unobtrusive way.

A standing committee of the Reichstag, after a prolonged discussion, has decided to bring the question of women's claims for admission to the German universities before the general body of the Reichstag, so that a division may be taken upon it.

A Christian friend of ours in Alameda, in all seriousness and simplicity, says grace at the table in the following quaint style. "God Almighty, sanctify this food to our use, and bless us for value received. Help yourselves gentlemen, for Christ's sake, Amen."

It looks now as though Hon. W. W. Morrow will receive the President's favor in selecting the Appellate Judges created under the late Act of Congress. Mr. Morrow is an applicant for Judge of the 9th Circuit, and with prospects of having his ambition gratified.

"If you would but listen while I entreat," murmurs a bard who appears to be pining away from dyspepsia, "life might be a joy, *ma chere*." Yes, it might for you, but just think of the girl! The modern American girl wants her young man to do his entreating in intelligible English prose.

There was once a clergyman in this city noted for his long sermons and indolent habits. "How is it," said a man to his neighbor, "that our minister, the laziest man living, writes these infernal long sermons?" "Why," replied the other, "he probably gets to writing and is too lazy to quit."

The year 1854, in California, was one in which there were many tragedies. Among the killed were 241 Americans, 45 Spanish, 17 Irish, 13 French, 7 Germans, 21 Chinamen, 159 Indians; 20 convictions for murder, 25 hung by lynch law, 8 executed by sheriffs, and 4 murdered in fatal duels, making in all 560.

The husband of Mrs. James Brown Potter, the alleged actress, came near meeting his death through a railroad accident. If some act of Providence would dispose of Mrs. James Brown Potter, one avenue for dramatic criticism would forever be closed. But she still lives and engaged in murdering the drama.

The insurrection in Chile has caused a suspension of business, and all the seaport towns have been virtually abandoned. These South American nations are never so supremely happy as when engaged in fighting. If they cannot get up a war among themselves they go into their neighbors' domains and indulge their belligerent propensities.

While Dr. Samuel Johnson was courting his intended wife, in order to try her he told her that he had no property, and moreover that he once had an uncle that was hanged. To which the lady replied that she had no more property than he had, and as to her relatives, although she never had one that was hanged, she had a number that deserved to be.

Of all the human beings we are called upon to meet, those for whom we have the sincerest contempt are the creatures who are continually parading their alleged virtues. The gent who is precious fearful of being corrupted is in our opinion quite as offensive a person as the supersensitive maiden lady who is always professing to be afraid that some odious male is going to kiss her.

There are some things too provokingly serious and too seriously provoking to admit of proper discussion. The stupid action of the committee of the Board of Trade, regarding the measures to secure the necessary apportionment of the water rents, is one of those things. It is passing strange that men of the known business capacity of these men, could arrive at such a conclusion.

The San Francisco *Examiner* created a sensation in Sacramento Thursday. It is an enterprising daily and gets to bottom facts in a way that certainly puts its contemporaries in the shade. It takes money and brains to run a newspaper. Where there is a barrel of money behind a newspaper a great advantage is given. The *Examiner* is in that happy situation, and can afford to throw away thousands of dollars to gratify its and the public demand for sensation.

The following appeared in a paper printed in Coloma, May 27, 1854: "A party of six gentlemen from Greenwood, on Wednesday last week, learning that a grizzly was in the vicinity, started in pursuit of him. He was first seen with three younger members of his family by Dr. H. W. Nelson, but a few feet from him and preparing to make a leap. The Doctor leveled his rifle and fired, killing him almost instantly. The other three escaped."

There are often things in the affairs of life, particularly public life, which under the hands of literary contortionists, make sensations, and give a cloudy aspect to individual character. Many reputations have been blasted by what seemed to be moral shortcomings, when if placed under the crucial test of right and justice have no such obloquy attached. We trust the recent sensation of one of our honored citizens may prove a fiction pure and simple.

Quite a joke happened to one of the doctors the other day. He ordered some very powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father, not liking the looks of it, forced a dose of it down the old cat's throat, and when the doctor called again and inquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied: "No, we didn't give it to him." "Good heavens!" exclaimed the doctor, "is the child living?" "Yes," answered the father, "but the old cat isn't; we gave it to her." The doctor took French leave.

The contemptuous attorney, Carpenter, and his client, Vance, came up before his Honor Judge Catlin yesterday morning for final judgment for the violation of an injunction. The parties refused to pay the \$200 fine imposed upon each, and each was promptly committed to the county jail for the term of 100 days, or until the fine is paid. It is probable that the prisoners will invoke the writ of *habeas corpus*, and ask for release from the judgment of contempt. These persons, Carpenter and Vance, are the ones who are trying to secure articles of impeachment against Judge Catlin, growing out of the contempt proceedings. If ever there was a case of deliberate and wilful contempt, these parties come under that head. It is not likely that they will be afforded any comfort either through the ancient writ of *habeas corpus*, or the extraordinary proceedings by impeachment.

She was young, fair and slender. He was six feet, and a member of the athletic club. They walked along the Capitol Park by moonlight, she resting heavily upon his arm. They talked of love and the future. He admired her for her evident reverence for him and his physical strength. She was like wax in his hands. For a time they walked and talked of love, but when out of sight of inquisitive eyes, his arm gently stole round her waist, and slowly, but with irresistible force, he pressed her to his heart, and upon her lips he imprinted one long, exhaustive and passionate kiss of about ten minutes' duration. He released her, and to his horror and utter amazement she fell prone upon the terrace, a lifeless corpse. In vain, he tried to resuscitate her. His briny tears mingled with the dew. He carefully and tenderly—how he then wished he had been more careful of her in her life-time—carried her to her home. At the post-mortem it was found that she had three ribs broken as well as her nose. The doctors said she died of failure of the action of the heart, notwithstanding which, the Coroner's jury brought in a verdict that she came to her death from excessive hugging. Now, girls, beware of athletic lovers, or use preventives in the shape of pads, braced by steel or whalebone ribs.

Tom Fitch on California.

One of the most enticing features of California is the fact that her springtime comes at a period when the soil of her transmontane sisters is clamped with icy manacles. Here the zephyrs rustle the petals of roses when the unkind wrath of winter causes the denizens of Chicago to seek the companionship of a red-hot stove. Here young Dame Nature washes her dear, smiling face with December rains, and dons her morning gown of flower embroidered lawns just as her Eastern relative is tucking herself in behind snow blankets for a long and bitter night. Crocuses and violets at Christmas, and oleanders and oranges in January, have a charm which can never be dispelled so long as love of nature finds an abiding place in the human breast. We jest sometimes at buying and selling climate, but it is a remarkable commodity nevertheless, and is the only property where the acquisitions of the buyer do not in any degree diminish the possessions of the seller. Our commercial certainties are great; our agricultural resources are enormous; our manufacturing development will, in the near future, amaze the land, for nowhere can ship and rail, coal and raw product, labor and loom be more advantageously connected than in California. But with all our advantages in these particulars, it is climate rather than commerce that lures to these shores the pleasure-seeker, the health-seeker, the wealth-seeker, the home-seeker, the investor and the speculator.

At the close of a W. C. T. U. The lady pleasantly remarks that "She hopes the men in the audience will do as well by her as they do by the saloon men when the collection-box reaches them," when a hard character in the rear calls out, "We will have to give her a stand-off, boys."

Pioneer Prices.

Martin Arentz is known to almost every one in Sacramento. He came to the coast in 1849, and located at Kelsey, a few miles from Coloma, where gold was discovered. Many imagine that prices were very high in '49. So they were, in some things, but the Yankees of Boston overdid the matter in the way of boots and shoes, and they were almost a drug in the market. Martin was a young man, quite dressy, had a neat foot, and was one of the most independent men in the mines. He called one day at Cohen's store, in Kelsey, for a pair of boots. The price was \$6.50. Now, Arentz had been down to Coloma the day before, and saw the same article marked \$5. He said not a word to Cohen, but getting up next morning at five o'clock, he walked down to Coloma, bought his pair of boots for \$5, thereby saving half a dollar, and started for home, expecting to reach there for breakfast. Just as he was turning from Main street to the bridge, a saloon keeper opened his door, bid Martin good morning, and invited him to take a "smile." The two touched glasses, and Martin treated to cigars, twenty-five cents a piece. Just as he was going to start for home another Kelseyite hove in sight. He had in one hand a coffee-mill, and in the other a small package. Martin asked him to "take something," and he "smiled," and it cost Arentz \$1.50, for a couple of others "got in." "What are you doing down here so early in the morning?" asked Arentz. "Well, I'll tell you," replied his friend, "that Jew, Cohen, wanted me to pay \$1.50 for a coffee-mill, such as I can get here for \$1.25, and I came down here and got it; let's have another."

Well, Arentz and his friend stayed in Coloma for two days. Arentz had his \$6 boots swung over his shoulder, while his friend carried his \$1.25 coffee-mill in his hand. They afterwards inquired up expenses as follows: One pair of boots, \$513.25. One coffee-mill, \$815.50.

Secretary Windom's Last Story.

A few minutes before Secretary Windom entered the banquet hall at Delmonico's that fatal night, he met Bill Nye in the lobby of the hostelry. For years the late Secretary and Nye were the closest of friends, and many a joke has been discussed between them.

"Do you know, Mr. Nye," remarked the Secretary, "that every time I see you I think of Senator Wade and his experience. What have you never heard the story?" the Secretary continued. "Well, it's so good I'll tell it to you. Wade, as you remember, was devoid of hair on his head and always wore a wig of raven black. One day, just as he had concluded a very strong speech in Congress, he was waited upon in the lobby of the Capitol by a young woman.

"Senator," began the young woman, "I have listened to every word you have uttered to-day with the greatest of interest, and oh, what a gallant man you are! Would you object to giving me a curl of your hair to carry home to Ohio with me?"

"Why, certainly, madam, you can have it all," answered the Senator, removing the wig and handing it to the astonished young woman.

This was the last story told by the dead Secretary.

OLD RELIABLE

C. A. FISK

Guarantees All Work.

Telephone and Electrical Supplies of All Kinds.

408 J STREET.



W. J. O'BRIEN.

ONE OF THE LARGEST EXPENSES IN A FAMILY is that of foot wear. Economy is wealth, and the head of a family who hys his shoes at

O'Brien's, 607 J Street,

Is on the road to fortune. The best stock at the lowest possible prices.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THERE WILL BE AN ELECTION IN THIS CITY
TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1891,

When the following City Officers are to be elected, viz:
THIRD TRUSTEE.
CITY AUDITOR.
CITY ASSESSOR.
CITY COLLECTOR.
FIRE COMMISSIONER—FULL TERM.
FIRE COMMISSIONER—SHORT TERM.

Whereas, the city of Sacramento, by authority of the Board of Police Commissioners of said city, a body duly established by law and invested with the power to appoint and elect members of the police force of said city under authority of an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, entitled "An Act to amend an Act amendatory of and supplementary to an Act approved March 25, 1863, entitled an Act to incorporate the city of Sacramento," approved March 14, 1889, created and incurred an indebtedness by the employment of a number of policemen in excess of the number authorized by the said amended Act of the Legislature of 1863; and

Whereas, The Legislature of 1891 passed an Act which was duly approved on the 20th day of February, 1891, providing for the submission to a vote of the people the proposition of levying a Special Tax to pay any indebtedness incurred by municipal corporations during the years 1880 and 1890; therefore he it

Resolved, by the Board of Trustees of the city of Sacramento, that the question of raising the sum of \$18,000 by the levy of a special tax for the purpose of paying the indebtedness created and incurred as aforesaid, be submitted to a vote of the qualified electors of said city of Sacramento at the municipal election to be held in said city on the 10th day of March, 1891.

Resolved, That following the names of the candidates of the respective political parties on the tickets printed and to be voted at said municipal election, the following words shall be printed: "For the special tax—yes." Electors desiring to vote in favor of said proposed special tax shall vote as follows: "For the special tax—yes," and those desiring to vote against said proposed special tax, shall erase or scratch with ink or a pencil the word, "Yes," and substitute therefor and write in the same manner opposite said words, "For the special tax," the word "No."

Resolved, That the words "For the special tax—yes" shall be printed upon said tickets or ballots, and the votes upon said proposition shall be counted in the manner prescribed by the laws of the State of California, relating to the printing and counting of election ballots.

The election will be conducted according to the General Election Law, excepting the election returns must be made to the Clerk of the Board of City Trustees.

The qualification of voters is that their names are on the Great Register of Sacramento county. The polls will open at sunrise and close at 5 o'clock P. M.

The following are the Precincts, Polling-places, Inspectors, Judges and Clerks of said election:

First Supervisor District.

Precinct 1.—North of K, and west of Fourth street. Polls at No. 306 J street—Inspectors, W. H. Sherburn and H. F. Dillman; Judges, J. J. Bauer and L. Boyesen; Clerks, Walter Van Guilder and R. S. Kego.

Precinct 2.—North of K, between Fourth and Seventh streets. Polls at 608 I street—Inspectors, Henry Fisher and B. Nielson; Judges, Clarence Nelson and I. Townsend; Clerks, Wm. Hanlon and Chas. Rood.

Precinct 3.—North of K, between Seventh and Ninth streets. Polls at 914 Ninth street—Inspectors, D. Gillis and Thos. Fox; Judges, I. Elkus and Fred Neary; Clerks, B. Leonard and K. Barnett.

Precinct 4.—North of K, between Ninth and Twelfth streets. Polls at 1009 J street—Inspectors, Harry Bay and M. J. Burke; Judges, J. W. Boyd and H. L. Nichols; Clerks, Chris. Little and J. A. M. Martin.

Second Supervisor District.

Precinct 1.—Between K and O, and west of Third street. Polls at 1120 Second street—Inspectors, J. Hopley and J. Black; Judges, Chris. Green and J. C. Kelly; Clerks, Howard Kimbrough and Geo. Parker.

Precinct 2.—Between K and O, and Third and Fifth streets. Polls, Fourth, between K and I, streets—Inspectors, W. D. Stalker and H. W. Freund; Judges, E. J. Figg and W. H. Devlin; Clerks, G. Kreuzberger and P. J. Glas.

Precinct 3.—Between K and N and Fifth and Seventh streets, and K and V and Seventh and Eighth streets. Polls, Sixth and L, streets, Armory Hall—Inspectors, S. Gottlieb and James McGinnis; Judges, G. W. Raiton and H. M. Bernard; Clerks, J. W. Todd and E. A. Boyer.

Precinct 4.—Between K and Y, Eighth and Tenth streets. Polls, Ninth and K, Rose's shop—Inspectors, Hugo Hornlein and James McNasser; Judges, Wm. Boyne and L. Zoller; Clerks, J. A. Downer and Charles Trainor.

Precinct 5.—Between O and Y west of Fifth street, and between N and Y and Fifth and Seventh streets. Polls, northwest corner of Sixth and O streets—Inspectors, C. H. Joy and Wm. Coyne; Judges, Jas. Ferguson and Daniel Flynn; Clerks, Sparrow Smith and W. S. Shields.

Third Supervisor District.

Precinct 1.—North of G, between Twelfth street and the eastern boundary of Agricultural Park, take in all the park south to H street. Polls, corner of Twentieth and G streets—Inspectors, J. M. Wood and J. R. Martyr; Judges, S. H. Gerrish and E. F. Pfund; Clerks, C. H. Denton and J. M. Hilbert.

Precinct 2.—Between G and K and Twelfth and Seventeenth streets. Polls, 1602 J street—Inspectors, John G. Shroth and J. O'Connor; Judges, Phil. Uren and J. S. O'Callaghan; Clerks, Frank Hickman and J. J. Cadogan.

Precinct 3.—Between G and K and Seventeenth and Twenty-first streets, and north of K and east of Twenty-first streets and Agricultural Park. Polls, Eighteenth and J streets—Inspectors, Philip Kitz and R. F. Ward; Judges, W. H. Luther and John Claus; Clerks, O. P. Dodge and M. H. Sheehan.

Precinct 4.—Between K and O and Tenth and Seventeenth streets. Polls, Fifteenth and N streets, New Pavilion—Inspectors, I. F. Smith and T. W. Humphrey; Judges, Geo. B. Katzenstein and Simeon Brown; Clerks, W. D. Knight and John Brouner.

Precinct 5.—Between K and O and Seventeenth and Thirty-first streets. Polls, Twentieth and O streets (southeast corner)—Inspectors, Geo. Murray and Henry Dehn; Judges, Lincoln White and James McAdams; Clerks, Warren Cole and D. J. Mannix.

Precinct 6.—Between O and Y and Tenth and Thirty-first streets. Polls, northwest corner of Eleventh and P streets—Inspectors, N. J. Toll and T. W. O'Neil; Judges, John Minford and J. P. Dalton; Clerks, Dan Cox and Anthony Green.

By order of the Board of Trustees.
E. H. McKEE, Clerk.

SACRAMENTO, February 19, 1891.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS.

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

FLASHES.

There is a good deal of *wag* about Corinne, the soubrette.

Barkeepers should be very quiet people—they always keep *num*.

The chief use of an old bachelor is to count one in the census.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

Men make their chief sacrifices to love before they marry; women after.

The more a fellow is in some of the beneficial institutions, the more he is out.

Wholesome sentiment is rain, which makes the fields of daily life fresh and bright.

The legal maxim "Ignorance of the law excuses no man," does not apply to jurors.

It is a doubtful evidence of a live man, when he makes war on the dead languages.

A muff is like a silly gentleman, for it holds a lady's hands without squeezing them.

Saints and sinners can always strike a responsive chord while seated in "The bald-head row."

The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he knew it would never be found out.

Poor relations that have been flung aside, often turn up and prove to be of value when least expected.

The lady who was nearly killed by the accidental discharge of her duties, is slowly but surely recovering.

In place of being an evidence of genius, a large head is often a monument of the previous night's indulgence.

Beware of the man or woman who smile with their mouths alone. The smile of the eyes comes from the heart.

An Albany editor says the reason his house was not blown away in the recent storm was owing to the heavy mortgage upon it.

Hot pie at breakfast is said to be growing in public favor. Undertakers with an eye to trade will be pleased to learn this fact.

Rider Haggard complains that American women keep their houses too warm. Well, this may be true regarding their husbands.

There is a silurian in this city so mean that he asks his landlord to reduce the price of board because he has had two teeth extracted.

Here is a recipe to get rid of an old acquaintance whose society you do not like. If he is poor, lend him some money; if he is rich, ask him to lend you some. Both means are certain.

Joe, I can't stand this any longer, cried a lawyer's wife as he came home plumb full; I am going to get a divorce. All right, my dear; give me the case.

A lawyer on his death bed, willed his whole property to a lunatic asylum, saying that he desired it should go to the same class of persons he took it from.

It is the part of every man's duty to give the weight of his influence to the correction of every evil which infests society, for the protection which it gives us. It is a debt. Not to pay it is dishonesty.

When you find a lady who would rather promenade the streets than the path of womanly duty, and spend her time getting the nods of idle simpletons in pantaloons, rather than dinner or supper, make up your mind that she was born wrong, or has grown up so.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

A Barrel of Money will be given at the Metropolitan on March 9th and 10th. The comedy is said to be good.

Last night *The Sea King* was produced for the first time in this city. There was a large audience and the musical comedy was received with great enthusiasm. The costumes were gorgeous, scenery new and fine. The company is thoroughly good.

A philosophical individual once refused point blank to lend £50 to a bosom friend. "Well, I did not expect that of you," said the would-be borrower, rising and preparing to leave indignantly. "I will never forgive you for this refusal." "Of course you won't, my dear fellow," replied the philosopher, with the utmost calmness; "but if I'd lent you the £50 you wouldn't have paid me and we should have quarreled about that, so it's as well to get the row over at once. Good morning."

It now transpires that Queen Margaret of Italy had not a little to do with the overthrow of Crispi. Victoria's hatred of Chancellor Bismarck is said to have contributed largely to the causes compelling that diplomat's retirement. When anything of grave moment happens in politics or elsewhere wise people look around for the woman in the case—and they generally find her.

A Splendid Tribute.

In the March number of the *Occidental Medical Times* we find the following beautiful tribute to the memory of Dr. H. W. Nelson, from the pen of Dr. W. R. Cluness. We give the article in full:

Dr. H. W. Nelson was born near Sorel, Province of Quebec, Dominion of Canada, May 15, 1826. A farmer's son, his early years were divided between farm work and the common schools of his native place. At the age of 16 he was apprenticed as a student of medicine to his uncle, the late Dr. Robert Nelson, then residing at Montreal. Another uncle was Dr. Wolfred Nelson, who flourished during the American Revolution. During the period of his medical studies Dr. Nelson acquired a knowledge of Latin sufficient to pass the matriculation examination to college, and at the age of 21 years obtained the degree of M. D. from the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Montreal, now known as Bishop's College. Early in 1849, when barely 23 years of age, he yielded to the allurements of the new El Dorado, and started for California in company with his uncle, Dr. Robert Nelson, and a few intimate friends. They traveled across the Republic of Mexico to Mazatlan, where they were obliged to wait until they could find a suitable vessel. After a delay of several days they succeeded in securing passage on the *Talca* bound for San Francisco, where they arrived August 4, 1849. The uncle, Dr. Robert Nelson, remained and practised his profession in that city, and is believed to have been the first medical man on the Pacific Coast to perform abdominal section for pedunculated fibroid tumor of the uterus, but I am unable to recall the year when this occurred. Young Dr. Nelson proceeded to the mining regions, and settled at Mormon Island, Sacramento county, where he established the first hospital north of San Francisco. At this date gold dust was the ordinary currency of California, and the tariff for hospital accommodation, including professional attendance, was one ounce *per diem*. This was also the usual fee for a visit to a patient outside, with mileage additional for going beyond the limits of town or camp. In 1850 he removed to Georgetown, El Dorado county, and from there to Dutch Flat, Placer county, in 1859. Finally, in 1871, he settled at Sacramento, which continued to be his home the remainder of his life. As a general practitioner his reputation spread far and wide, and by most of the elder members of the profession he is kindly remembered. But his skill as a surgeon, especially, made him famous, and for many years he was foremost in this branch of his calling among the mining communities of the mountain regions. In the literary work of the profession he was never conspicuous, though after his settlement at Sacramento he contributed some creditable articles to medical journals. His leading personal trait was scrupulous honesty in all relations and transactions. I have heard him say, when smarting under some injustice at the hands of a *confrère*: "How can any man be so ungenerous? How can any one do a wrong act when it is so easy to do right?" Generous to a fault; social to an extreme; convivial sometimes to excess; living for today, without care for the morrow, he never acquired wealth, though opportunities were within easy reach. He remained a bachelor until December 28, 1882, when he married Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, who survives him, but he leaves no children. Dr. Nelson inherited an excellent constitution, and enjoyed constant health until about three months before his death, which was due to heart failure, growing out of fatty degeneration. He was attended most faithfully by his devoted wife up to the end, which was on February 4, 1891. Dr. Nelson had been a member of the Sacramento Society for Medical Improvement from the date of his settlement here until a few years ago, when he withdrew, in the conviction that the Society was inflicting a grievous wrong on a worthy member. In this protest he then stood alone, but it must be recorded to his credit that the Society subsequently rescinded its objectionable action by a unanimous vote. In recent years he occasionally attended its meetings, but never resumed membership. Meanwhile he became a member of the Pioneers' Association, of Sacramento. Although he had not fulfilled the full measure of years, his career was so active that he had more than accomplished the average life's work, and it was well done. As to his faults, no one can charge him with injustice. Beyond that, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." W. R. C.

Drunk (striking old friend for a dollar)—"Everything gone; nothing left but an appetite. Let me have a dollar, will you?" Old Friend—"Here's the money; now, go and fill up. Drunk (two hours later)—"Took your advice, old friend; am full."

In a well-filled horse-car, a two-year-old child toddles across the car and cries, while holding out its arms, "Papa, papa," to a well-dressed man. He was not at all disconcerted, but looking the child's beautiful mother full in the face, said: "I am not your father, my little one, but God knows I would like to be." "I am a widow," replied the child's mother.

Press Comments.

The *Winters Express* says: With its issue of Saturday last, *THEMIS*, published at Sacramento, entered upon its third year. *THEMIS* is a clean, well edited paper, and our ideal of a good journal. It is especially valuable to old Californians for its historical articles, which are prepared with care, and treat of the pioneer days of this State with exactness, in a charming way. We wish our friend *THEMIS* continued prosperity and long life.

The *Hayward Journal* has the following: The Sacramento *THEMIS*, one of the brightest literary weeklies in the State, has just entered its third year. *THEMIS* is Republican in politics, and made a brilliant fight during the past canvass, and its talented managing editor, A. J. Johnston, afterwards gracefully slid into the position of State Printer. We met Bro. Johnston on the rialto, so to speak, during the recent political skirmish, but it was merely temporary. However, long life to the sparkling *THEMIS*.

The *Gridley Herald* says: Sacramento's literary journal, *THEMIS*, has passed another milestone. It's uphill work to establish a literary publication of so high a standard. Its proprietors have put it on a successful basis, however. It is the neatest paper on our table.

Blackmail in Ancient Times.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century the Scottish Highlands, and part of the Lowlands bordering on the Highlands, were in an extremely barbarous state, enjoying but an imperfect protection under the law. Theft and robbery were not then regarded as they are now; to carry off the cattle of a neighbor was perhaps only wreaking out an old family feud or clan dispute. In these circumstances a class of men rose up who proposed to take upon themselves the duty of protecting the property of individuals on the payment by them of a percentage on their rents, generally 4 per cent. This was known as blackmail. Notwithstanding the fact that nearly all of these men were of good Highland families, there was only too good reason to suspect that they encouraged and profited by robberies in order to make the blackmail a necessity. About 1730 the celebrated Rob Roy was a notable levier of blackmail in the southern Highlands. The levier of the impost held himself bound to pay an equivalent for all cattle which were lost by the payers of blackmail which he was unable to recover. Blackmail ceased to be heard of after the breaking out of the rebellion under the young Pretender in 1745, and the word was gradually identified with the blackmail of modern society.

The Nonpareil,

Corner Fifth and J Streets,

JUST OPENED,

A LARGE LINE OF

Ladies' Spring Jackets

From \$3.00 Upward.



STYLE N

COOPER'S,

THE LEADING MUSIC STORE

Of Central and Northern California.

Direct Importer from Europe (through Custom House), of

Fine Musical Instruments

IN GREAT VARIETY. Sole Agent for

MATHUSHEK (New Haven, Conn.) PIANOS

Chicago Cottage Organs, and the Celebrated Harp Guitars.

Get our Circular and Price List before purchasing elsewhere.

WHAT ARTISTS SAY:

This is to certify that the Upright MATHUSHEK, Style "H" Piano we have used at our Concert at the Clunie Opera House, is a splendid instrument in every particular, meeting all the requirements of a First Class Piano, and we hereby recommend and endorse it.

EDMUND M. ROSNER.

This is to certify that we are thoroughly well pleased with the splendid MATHUSHEK Piano from John F. Cooper's Music Store, which we used at our concert last evening. Its action and tone are as perfect as can be obtained in a piano.

ZELIA TREBELL, PAUL MUSIN, E. STEINDORF.

Store and Warerooms, 631 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

Napoleon's Superstition.

Napoleon's devoted Mamaluke in Mme. Rhea's play, entitled *Josephine*, is a somewhat exaggerated character, but he is a reality of history. When Bonaparte gave over his splendid dream of a grand Asiatic empire, audaciously declared all his own purposes accomplished and the designs of his enemy entirely frustrated, and when, with his army, after its terrible march, he entered the Cairo in all the magnificence of an Eastern conqueror, a descendant of Mahomet presented to him a fine horse, with a saddle adorned with precious gems, and a young slave who held the bridle. This slave was Rustan, the Mamaluke of the Emperor.

Thereafter Rustan was, in fact, the devoted slave of Napoleon, and the Emperor returned his devotion with a singular confidence that brought them to the same plane of imagination and superstition. Rustan was with the Emperor in the campaign in Russia, and when Napoleon left the remnant of the grand army to its still uncertain fate, and hastened to Paris to save his reputation and his crown, Rustan was one of the half dozen companions he took with him. The native superstition of his race, his own origin and his strange experience, blended with confidential intercourse with so extraordinary a character as Napoleon, made Rustan a strange and mysterious personage to even his most intelligent contemporaries. In the modern play he is made to appear as a kind of gypsy fortune teller.

Rustan faithfully believed in fate and the stars, and as Napoleon affected the same belief, it was doubtless very agreeable to the Emperor to have about him one who sincerely accepted this belief and who religiously believed all his martyr's fanciful utterances. Napoleon claimed that Nature stepped aside from its course for the purpose of his creation. He was accustomed to hear this idea reflected in the flattery of those who surrounded him, but he probably knew very well that the only man in all France who unqualifiedly believed all that he claimed, was this wild Mamaluke. The modern play attributes the devotion of Rustan to gratitude to Napoleon, and that instead of keeping him a bridle-holder the great soldier brought him, as he might a faithful dog, to be his bedroom guardian.

A Strange Delusion.

Years ago, away back in the early 70's, one of the leading families of North Davenport, Iowa, were possessed of an only daughter, fair of form and face, whom they had betrothed to a young gentleman of good family living in the neighboring city of Dubuque (all names being withheld out of consideration for these good people, who still reside in the cities named). Everything was arranged for a speedy marriage of the young pair, when the happy prospective bride took sick and died. The grief of the young man was dry-eyed but terrible when he saw his loved one arrayed for the bridal of death instead of for a union with himself. He followed the remains to the Oakdale cemetery, returned home in an abstracted sort of manner, only to be stricken with nervous fever the same night. Then a peculiar hallucination took possession of his fevered brain—he believed the lost one to be present with him in the room. His parents gently but vainly remonstrated with him, yet he would talk to her that should have been his bride, describe her dress and appearance to those attending on him in his delirium, even though others would sit or stand where he declared her to be. Finding that he was rapidly sinking under this peculiar delusion, it was decided to array a young lady in clothes that were an exact counterpart of those in which the bride-elect had been buried, and which were the same the young man declared were worn by her when she visited him in the spirit. While he was sleeping, this well-meaning counterfeit took her station in the room, anxiously awaiting the outcome. When he did awake, he turned his eyes to the spot, flung his arms aloft, and shrieked in an unearthly voice, "My God, there are two of them!" Gasping which he fell back and expired.

Wanted to Exchange.

A solid, sensible-looking woman, who was bound east, entered the baggage-room of a Boston depot, leading a dog, and asked: "Can this dog go on the car with me?" "No, ma'am." "Has he got to go in the baggage car?" "Yes'm." "Is it extra?" "Fifty cents." "Well, it's a shame!" "Yes'm, but it's the rule." She walked about for five minutes, the dog sniffing at her heels, and then returned to say: "There are three of us—myself, the dog and my husband."

"Yes." "If my husband went in the baggage car, couldn't the dog ride in the seat with me?" She managed to choke down her indignation when told that no such change could be effected, but later on, in the waiting-room, she was giving her husband fits, and it was probably because he was satisfied with the rule of the road.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street SACRAMENTO, CAL.



It must be plain to any who will give the matter a thought that our store would not be thronged from early in the morning until we closed at 8 o'clock at night if its patrons did not realize the decided advantages from

Low Prices, Reliable Goods, Superior Service. Call or send for Price List.

AMERICAN CASH STORE 301 K Street.

SELLECK'S Photographs FINEST IN THE CITY. Postoffice Building.

DR. H. H. PIERSON,



511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

C. E. BAINBRIDGE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to 8:30 P. M.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the ECLIPSE CHAMPAGNE, 530 Washington St. SAN FRANCISCO.

EL DORADO SALOON,

O. F. BERGMAN, Proprietor, 826 J Street, - - - Sacramento. The most popular resort in the city.

WINDSOR HOTEL, NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors. Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

THE OFFICE. No. 1008 Fourth Street. Billiard and Club Rooms. The Finest Wines and Liquors in the city. Drinks or Cigars to cents. Call and see me. ED. S. REGO, Proprietor.

E. JAY SWANSON, Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets. The most wonderful cures performed.

Huntington

Hopkins

Company,

HARDWARE

Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

A. L. HART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 209 J Street.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON, HIRAM W. JOHNSON, JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, LAWYERS, 504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLOH HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER, Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 612 I street, Sacramento.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, LAWYER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, 630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Court House, Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts of the State, Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to DAVID KIZER, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 24th day of January, 1891, in which action, Annie Kizer is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of said Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant on the grounds of desertion and failure to provide; also, for the care, custody and control of the minor children, the issue of said marriage, viz: Nettie and Edna, aged 5 years, and 15 months respectively, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 29th day of January A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk. By J. F. DOODY, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. ja31-9t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of Warren Starr, an insolvent debtor.—Warren Starr, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, from which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Warren Starr is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said Warren Starr, insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him, or to any person, firm, corporation or association for his use; and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Hon. A. P. Catlin, Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, in the County of Sacramento, on the 13th day of March 1891, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered, that the order be published in the *THEMIS*, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published, before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And it is further ordered, that, in the meantime, all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated February 4th, 1891. W. C. VAN FLEET, Judge of the Superior Court.

W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for insolvent.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO.—In the Superior Court.—In the matter of the petition of W. C. Hays, an insolvent debtor. Upon reading and filing the petition, schedule and inventory of W. C. Hays, the above named petitioner, and on motion of L. S. Taylor, his attorney, it is ordered and declared that said petitioner is insolvent. And it is ordered that the Sheriff of the County of Sacramento do take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of said insolvent debtor (except such as may be by law exempt from execution), and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee. And all persons are forbidden to pay any debts to said debtor, or to deliver any property belonging to such debtor to him, or to any one for his use, and said debtor is forbidden to transfer any property to any one except said Sheriff. And it is further ordered that a meeting of all creditors of said debtor be held on Monday, the 6th day of March, 1891, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Court-room of the Superior Court aforesaid, in the Court-house in the City of Sacramento, to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of the estate; and that a copy of this order be published in the *THEMIS*, a newspaper of general circulation, as often as said paper is published before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And all proceedings against the said insolvent are hereby stayed. Sacramento, January 23, 1891. A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of Harry Dewey, an insolvent debtor.—Harry Dewey, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Harry Dewey is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, on the 13th day of March, 1891, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in *THEMIS*, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated February 6th, 1891. PHILIP S. DRIVER, Attorney for Insolvent. fe7-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of Edwin C. Barclay, an insolvent debtor. Edwin C. Barclay having filed in this Court, his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Edwin C. Barclay is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said Edwin C. Barclay, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, on the 10th day of April, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M., of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in *THEMIS*, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, February 25th, 1891. A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court.

FRANK D. RYAN, Attorney for Petitioner. f28-6t

BELL & Co., Auctioneers.

REGULAR SALE 4 DAYS, WEDNESDAY AND Saturday at 10 o'clock.

Highest Price Paid for all Kinds of Household Goods.

Consignments solicited. Particular attention paid to sales of Real Estate, House Sales and Sales of Farms, Stock, etc.

SALESROOM: 1009 and 1011 J st. Between Tenth and Eleventh SACRAMENTO - - - CAL.

Did the Sun Wink His Eye?

Women are doing all things within the range of possibility to make themselves charming as to complexion. There is one extreme of treatment into which few women have been initiated. It is the daily sun bath. A Wall street man conceived the idea that his wife could be benefited in looks if she were exposed for two hours each day to the beneficent rays of the warm, purifying sun. He accordingly had constructed on the south side of his mansion a room with many windows and a glass roof. Into this each day he persuaded his wife to go for a sunning, and history relates that the lady's skin grew fair, soft and lovely, and that it was acceptable in the eyes of her lord.

One vivacious evening my lord told the story to an interested crowd of listeners at the Union League Club, and fired their ambition to become the owners of women so seductively sweet. For a time there was a perfect craze for building these sun-bath rooms, and it is related that the price of glass went up until glaziers and carpenters were as scarce, as independent and as expensive as the most bowtellous of plumbers. When the glass rooms were completed, and the ladies of the Four Hundred seated in them respectively, ye gods and little fishes, what a sight would have been there if the roofs of the houses had suddenly been lifted off! New York would have been the fairest spot on all the earth. The sun would not have taken the time to blink his eye, nor would he have been known to hide himself behind a cloud.—*N. Y. World.*

Two Little Stories of Gambling.

"The biggest money I ever saw on a gambling table at one time," said a guest of a St. Louis hotel, "was \$22,000, and I saw that at Spokane Falls, Wash., last year, just after the big fire. Everybody had plenty of money, and all kinds of gambling shaps were running in tents, houses, either brick or frame, being few and far between. The little tent had a faro bank and three men called the turn. There was \$22,000 in cash on the table, and \$20 gold pieces were used as chips. They all lost and the house scooped in the pot."

"That is a good story," said a bystander, "but I will tell what I saw in Tucson, Arizona, Christmas night, 1883. I was a stranger, and wandered into the gambling-room by accident. Everything was wide open in those days. I saw sitting at a faro-bank table an army officer, a Chinaman, a negro, a Mexican, an Indian and a woman. I watched the game for more than an hour, and the Chinaman and the woman were the only ones who quit winners."

"Father, I saw a man laying drunk down at the market house." "You should not say laying my son—hens lay." "But I have seen men lay too." "Oh! no my son." "Yes, but I have seen them lay bricks."



HE MARCHED WITH SHERMAN TO THE SEA;

Trudged all the way on foot, over mountain and through morass, carrying knapsack and gun, slept on brush heaps to keep out of the mud, caught cold, from the effects of which his friends thought he would never recover. Lingered with slow consumption for many years, he saw Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery advertised in a country newspaper, and he determined to try it. A few bottles worked a change, six months' continued use cured him. Always too independent to ask his country for a pension, he now says he needs none. He helped save his country, he saved himself! Consumption is Lung-scurf, for scrofula, in all its myriad forms, the "Discovery" is an unequalled remedy. It cleanses the system of all blood-taints from whatever cause arising, and cures all Skin and Scalp Diseases, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, and kindred ailments. It is guaranteed to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded. Sold by druggists.

Copyright 1888 by WORLD'S DIS MED ASS'N.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. 50 cents, by druggists.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.

Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK,

S. W. Corner Fourth and J Streets, Sacramento, Cal.
GUARANTEED CAPITAL, \$500,000.

Loans made on Real Estate, Interest paid semi-annually on Term and Ordinary Deposits.

PRESIDENT.....B. U. STEINMAN
VICE-PRESIDENT.....EDWIN K. ALSIP
CASHIER.....D. D. WHITBECK
SECRETARY.....C. H. CUMMINGS
SURVEYOR.....JAS. M. STEVENSON

DIRECTORS:

B. U. Steinman, Edwin K. Alsip, C. H. Cummings,
W. E. Terry, Sol. Runyon, Jas. McNasser,
Jas. M. Stevenson.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Fine Photography.

THE FINEST SPECIMENS OF PHOTOGRAPHY in the city are those obtained at the gallery of

JULIUS ASHER,

Popular Prices. 810 J Street.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars.
ROBERT ALLEN,
Formerly of Agricultural Park.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

ANOTHER NEW ARRIVAL

AT THE

CAPITAL ALE VAULTS,

302 J St. and 1005 Third St., Sacramento.

Ten Barrels of the Famous

Sour Mash Copper Distilled Kentucky Whisky

Direct from Covington, Ky., via Cape Horn.

NAGELE & SVENSSON, Proprietors.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

OSBORN & FOLGER

FUEL DEPOT,

806 I Street.

ICE, HAY, GRAIN and STORAGE

501 I Street. Telephone 69.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

Daily Evening News.

WELLS DRURY, PROPRIETOR.

309 J Street, - - Sacramento.

LATEST DESPATCHES

From all parts of the world, furnished by the United Press Association, over the lines of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS,

Presented in an attractive form.

EDITORIAL NOTES

On current topics of interest.

FIRST CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Columbus

Brewing COMPANY.

W. GUTENBERGER.....PRESIDENT.
C. WAHL.....SUPERINTENDENT.
O. A. LOVDALL.....SECRETARY.

CORNER SIXTEENTH AND K STS.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

American Steam Laundry

NINETEENTH AND I STS.—WHITE LABOR only. Linen polished in the neatest manner. We guarantee satisfaction. All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Washing called for and delivered to any part of the city. Main Office at Sawtelle's Book Store, 708 and 710 J street. Branch offices at all the Hotels.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES

CALL AT THE

Sacramento Stove House,

813 and 815 J STREET,

—And You Will Save Money.—

H. K. WALLACE & CO.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

January 19, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.15 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.40 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8.40 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	5.55 A
4.35 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7.00 P
7.30 P	Knights Landing	7.10 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9.35 A
12.05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2.25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8.15 A
3.00 P	Oroville	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.40 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
2.25 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.40 A
6.15 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12.35 A
8.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8.40 P
*10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	86.00 A
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	2.50 P
4.30 P	Santa Barbara	9.35 A
6.15 A	Santa Rosa	11.40 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	2.25 A
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt	8.40 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	7.00 P
12.05 P	Truckee and Reno	9.35 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	8.15 A
12.05 P	Colfax	8.15 A
6.15 A	Vallejo	11.40 A
3.05 P	Vallejo	11.40 P
*6.35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2.40 P
*3.10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11.35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and original. Those who desire a thorough education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

DYEING & CLEANING

WORKS

909 and 911 K St. SACRAMENTO.

We Dye and Clean Silk, Cashmere, Velvet, Woolen

AND MIXED GOODS, KID GLOVES, ETC.

Blankets and Lace Curtains cleaned in a superior manner. Feathers cleaned, curled and dyed by a new method.

A SPECIALTY—Gentlemen's and Boys' Clothing cleaned, dyed and repaired. All shades are fast. Goods called for and delivered free of charge. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders from country promptly attended to.

JACOB LANG, - Prop'r.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1870.)

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

PEERLESS.

(FIRST CLASS.)

Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars.

809 K STREET - - - - Sacramento.

M. S. BRACE, Manager.

The Pleasures of Poverty.

If half we hear about the dangers to which the rich are exposed is true, then is the poor man a person to be envied.

For instance, we are told that there is no worse breeder of disease than paper currency. The dirty, furry feeling dollar of commerce, it is said, is a regular asylum for germs of all sorts. Diphtheria can be carried from house to house by a circulating five-dollar bill; nor are the microbes too aristocratic to take up their abode in minor denominations. The milled edges of our silver coin form a convenient resting place for homeless bacilli whose delight, it is said, is to move out of the coin into the system of its possessor at the first opportunity, basely deserting their offspring, which lie in wait for the next man to acquire all right, title and interest in the milled edges aforesaid.

Then, in the writing of multitudinous check lies pen paralysis. In the clipping of coupons lurks thumb disorders of the most virulent type, to say nothing of the tremendous loss of time with which all large holders of bonds are confronted on "pay day."

These troubles are apart from the responsibilities which wealth entails. Many a man of large income shatters his health in his efforts to get rid of it; and if, on the other hand, he shirks his duty in the matter of spending it, he is likely to ruin his disposition and reputation in hoarding it, for no one has ever yet encountered a miser with decent feelings or a good name. In addition to these, there is always a sense of insecurity, which breeds insomnia. What man among us, possessing the securities referred to, can sleep, or even eat, drink and be merry, after reading in his morning newspaper that, "owing to the rate war in Kansas the P. V. F. & W. R. R. is about to pass its dividend and default on its bonds?"

To the man with nothing these misfortunes never come, and he is, therefore, a fit subject for congratulatory verse by the late Dr. Watts, who might have written:

I would not be a millionaire,
Exposed to every ill,
But rather that poor fellow there
Who owns no dollar bill;
Who hath no store of filthy dross
Within his coffers pent—
He'll never know the pain of loss
Who never had a cent.

—Daily Continent.

REGULAR

Republican Ticket

Election, ----- Tuesday, March 10, 1891

For Third Trustee,
ALONZO CONKLIN.

For Auditor,
J. D. YOUNG.

For Assessor,
J. J. BUCKLEY.

For Collector,
GEORGE A. PUTNAM.

For Fire Commissioner (Long Term),
JOHN WEIL.

For Fire Commissioner (Short Term),
WM. B. MILLER.

By order Republican City Central Committee,
A. J. JOHNSTON, Chairman.
A. J. GALLIGAN, Secretary.

ALONZO CONKLIN,

Citizens' and Republican Candidate for
THIRD TRUSTEE.

J. D. YOUNG,

Republican Nominee for
CITY AUDITOR.

J. J. BUCKLEY,

Republican Nominee for
CITY ASSESSOR.

GEORGE A. PUTNAM,

Republican Nominee for
CITY COLLECTOR.

JOHN WEIL,

Republican Nominee for
FIRE COMMISSIONER (LONG TERM).

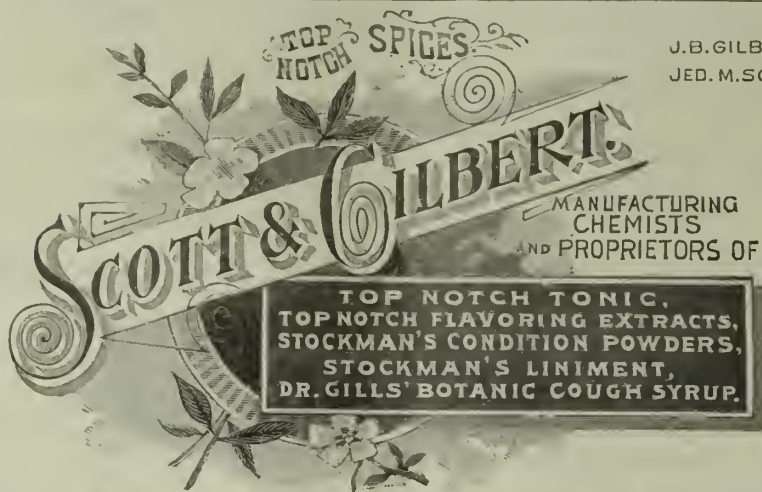
WM. B. MILLER,

Republican Nominee for
FIRE COMMISSIONER (SHORT TERM).

H. WACHHORST

Leading Jeweler of Sacramento

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,
No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.



J.B. GILBERT.
JED. M. SCOTT.

MANUFACTURING
CHEMISTS
AND PROPRIETORS OF

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

San Francisco Branch, 305 Battery St.

Willis & Ray

APOTHECARIES

212 J ST. and 901 K ST.

Two Stores, Sacramento, Cal.



303 J STREET,

Near the Northeast Corner of Third,
SACRAMENTO.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, cor. Fifth

FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK
FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!

JAS. G. DAVIS,

Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Furniture and Bedding

411 and 413 K Street,

Of Every Description.

BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH, SACRAMENTO.

This is one of the Oldest Established Furniture Houses on the Coast.

Klune & Floberg,

WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS

Agents for Rockford Watch Co.

NO. 428 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

S. TRYON,

Merchant Tailor,

822 J STREET,

Between Eighth and Ninth, SACRAMENTO.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

First-class Stock of Imported Suitings

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED IN EVERY CASE.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

H. C. MUDDOX.

F. A. FEE.

MUDDOX & FEE,

No. 606 I Street,

Sacramento.

REAL ESTATE,

Mortgage Loans, Insurance,

Collections and Conveyancing.



WITH VENTILATED OVENS.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY

MARTIN MANASSE,

610 J STREET.

Sole Agent for "ELECTRIC" CUTLERY.

The only complete stock of fine Cutlery in the city.

Grubler's Saloon

THE PIONEER
No. 522 J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

LATEST STYLES

—OF—

HATS

ALWAYS ON HAND.

D. H. QUINN, THE HATTER

Corner Fourth and J Streets,

SACRAMENTO.

The Popular School of Northern California.

BAINBRIDGE

BUSINESS COLLEGE

—AND—

NORMAL SCHOOL,

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT—For the practical education of young men for business.

NORMAL DEPARTMENT—Grammar School and High School studies; also, for those who wish to obtain teacher's certificates.

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING DEPARTMENT—In which we prepare students for amanuensis work and court reporting in 3 to 6 months.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT—Well fitted with a corps of artists in their profession. Mrs. F. C. BAINBRIDGE, Director.

Students can enter at any time and receive individual attention until prepared to enter upon the desired course.

Send for one of our new Catalogues. Address

J. C. BAINBRIDGE,

Principal Bainbridge College.

No. 1017 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

Geo. Sermonet's

—IS THE—

CHEAPEST GROCERY STORE

In the City, Quality Considered.

Depot for California Wines

Cor. Eighth and G Streets.

Capital Hotel,

Southwest Corner Seventh and K Streets, Sacramento.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

Free 'bus to and from all trains. Best Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers of any house in the city. B. B. BROWN, Formerly of the State House Hotel, Proprietor.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J Street, Sacramento.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.

R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO.

THEMIS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1891.

No. 4.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by J. H. MILLER & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
J. H. MILLER, Managing Editor.

Time and again has THEMIS believed that a fit season had come when we should controvert the charges of venality that have been and are being repeated by the press of the State against the present Legislature, but as often as we have set ourself to the task something has occurred at the Capitol which has caused us to desist from our purpose. There is no doubt whatever that there are mercenaries in the Legislature, but it is not a fact that that body can be bought up as one might buy up a drove of cattle. The fact of the matter is that the present Legislature will compare favorably with any Legislature that has convened in the last twenty years, but the members conduct themselves in such a way as to make it impossible for any clean and independent newspaper to defend them. Men who are notoriously incorruptible behave in such a way—talk of ‘boodle’ and ‘sacks’ with such indifference, and express with such carelessness the opinion that certain of their fellow members are venal—that one cannot separate the sheep from the goats. It is not necessary to specify with particularity the relative number of honest and purchasable men who sit at the Capitol and make laws; the great majority of them are upright, but they behave so like rascals—that it is as certain as anything in the world that if the present body of legislators had constituted a part of the population of Sodom and Gomorrah at the time Abraham besought the Lord to spare those cities, the patriarch would have lost his case. Moreover, if the Almighty should go into the fire-and-brimstone business again, and select California as the scene of His exploits—if the cry should go up, as it went up from Sodom and Gomorrah, and he should say:

“I will go down now and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which has come unto me; and if not, I will know;”

and if He should take the outward conduct of legislators as a guide to what He might do—if the matter of finding fifty or twenty righteous were confined to the Legislature—we should be wiped out as a people. This would come to pass, not because there are more hireling men than there are just men in the Legislature, but because the just men behave as if they were hirelings. There is no dignity or sense of decorum about the Legislature. Statesmen meet together and talk about money being behind a certain bill, or about a ‘sack’ having been raised for this purpose or that, or about a statement having been made that certain of their fellow members have been ‘hit with boodle,’ with as much unconcern as if they were discussing the coming vintage or the price of wheat. Admitting them to be incorruptible, how would it be possible for THEMIS, or any other clean journal, to uphold the characters of such men?

Take the proceedings that took place in the Senate last Saturday, and the position that Senators Heacock and Bailey placed themselves in when the bill creating the county of Riverside came up for passage, as an illustration. The San Francisco *Post* had charged that a ‘sack’ of \$21,750 had been raised wherewith to buy votes enough to insure the passage of the bill. Senator Heacock arose and read the article, and stated that he entertained no doubt whatever that an attempt was being made to buy a few Senators, and called upon

every member that had been ‘approached’ to arise in his place and name the amount of the bribe that had been offered him. This was an edifying and likewise an enrapturing spectacle, truly. But what followed surpassed anything that has ever taken place in this State, or anywhere else, for that matter. Statesman Bailey, of Santa Clara, arose to his full stature, and, after putting his Adam’s apple in the proper position to make his voice heard throughout the chamber, remarked: “Now, brethren, you see the state of the case. There is a pile of ‘boodle,’ amounting to \$21,750, and for your own sakes, for the sakes of your wives and children, and for the sake of the reputation of the State, I hope and trust that none of you will fall down before it.” And then the bill was passed. How can any self-respecting newspaper or person entertain a polite regard for a body that will sit quiet under such rasping lectures as these? One involuntarily thinks of a number of empty bags endeavoring to sustain each other in a perpendicular position. Just think of McKinley of Ohio, or Breckenridge of Kentucky, or Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, or William S. Holman of Indiana, arising in the House of Representatives and remarking: “Boys, there’s a ‘sack’ around; be sure that none of you get hit by it.” The California Senate is not a bad body; on the contrary, it is a very respectable assembly. But who in the deuce could help such men as compose it, seeing that they behave as they do. It required two angels to get Lot out of Sodom before the fire and brimstone storm set in, for Lot wanted to stay; or, at the most, didn’t want to go further than a little city near by. No one need be surprised if these same two angels should come along in a short time for Statesmen Heacock and Bailey.

The foregoing was written before the report became current that the various candidates for the Federal Senatorship had employed private detectives for the purpose, if possible, of preventing vote buying; or, at least, to keep the run of the number of legislators that sell out. We are not advised as to whether this report can be substantiated or not; but we intend to investigate the matter and give our opinion in the next issue of THEMIS. However, THEMIS wishes to call Statesman Bailey’s attention to a certain incident which is narrated in the Bible, before he proceeds to burn up any brother Senator. The matter has a direct bearing on the burning business, an account of which will be found in Genesis xxxviii. A certain Judah determined to burn a woman named Tamar, the same being his daughter-in-law, on account of her over-familiarity with men. Tamar was in an interesting condition:

“When she was brought forth, she sent to her father-in-law, saying, By the man whose these are, am I with child; and she said, Discover, I pray thee, whose are these, the signet, and bracelets, and staff.”

And, lo! they all belonged to Judah; and he desisted, and the woman was set free. So we say that Statesman Bailey should have a care as to the disposition that he may have made of his bracelets, and staff, and signet before he roasts anyone.

The result of the election for city officers, last Tuesday, is a healthful indication of municipal reform. In addition to this, the Republican party in this city has become unified. While there yet may remain a discordant element, which would not be satisfied if it had the absolute dictation of the party policy, it is pretty well established that there will be no longer any considerable factional strife, save perhaps some personal

contests, in the party lines. The vote given Geo. A. Putnam and J. J. Buckley is, perhaps, the true indices of the actual strength of the straight-out Republicans in the late contest. Against these gentlemen there did not appear any factional strife. The majority given Mr. Conklin, under the circumstances, was flattering, indeed. This is a decided verdict of the people against the loose and extravagant administration of our municipal affairs. It is a declaration in line with the platform of the party, which, in a terse and comprehensive manner, fixes the real issues involved. We cannot epitomize better than by recalling this declaration of principles.

1. As in the past, we recognize the Republican party as the party of progress and principle. It is always safe to rely on the action of the united Republican party for good, patriotic and economical governmental administration, national, state and municipal.

2. We deprecate any dissensions in the party lines, prompted by selfish ambition, or the rapacity of any faction or clique, and pronounce against all unfair attempts to control our primaries or conventions in the interest of any person or clique. One of the tenets of the Republican party demands ‘fair elections.’ This doctrine must be extended to all primary elections of the party.

3. We view all the side issues, under whatever name designated, whereby Republicans are drawn away from party fealty, as the invention of the enemy, and calculated solely to inure to Democratic supremacy, national, state and municipal. Our experience in this city teaches us the full realization of this fact, and the feeble local government discloses that there is always danger in this temporizing idea.

4. We pledge our candidates to an economical administration of all municipal affairs on sound business principles, to the end that taxation may be reduced to the lowest possible figure.

5. We are in favor of radical reforms in the police department that will give us a harmonious and efficient force of competent officers. We favor such sanitary and police regulations as will insure the health, safety and improvement of our city, and demand the vigorous enforcement of such regulations, laws and ordinances.

6. We look upon the apportionment of 55 per cent. of the gross revenue from water rates as a calamity ominous to the city, and favor any lawful means to prevent the diversion of such funds from the support of the water works and the improvement of the system.

The last clause is one vital to the interest of the taxpayers, and we are pleased at public verdict in its favor. There are very many avenues of wastefulness in our city government, which we feel assured, under the new *regime* will be closed. Mr. Young, as the Auditor, has the extraordinary power of the veto and, with his well-known firmness of character, will not hesitate to use it when necessary for economical government. The people of Sacramento are to be congratulated on this happy turn in the tide of municipal administration.

The alleged ‘good society’ is in all respects a tyrant. Being a tyrant it is unreasoning as well as unreasonable. When some so-called ‘leader’ adopts an odd garment, or affects a new notion of how company should be received, or how a dinner should be served, at once there is a following which makes this foolish idea a law in the inner circles of ‘good society.’ Society rules are actually invoked for the guidance of religious circles and rites. There is a bright writer in the editorial columns of the New York *World* who does not fear to beard the society lions in their dens. He thinks there is nothing funnier than the insincere conventions of society. There are no rules of logic or reason employed in these circles. There is no law, other than that of society which is weak, in society matters. When the simple edicts of society go forth, it becomes a law absolute so far as society is concerned. Now Lent used to be a religious rite, and its observance meant an acknowledgment of devotion, and those who practiced this observation were earnest and sincere. But the society idea is entirely different—it is not the Lent of the Church, but the working of soci-

ety. The Church restraints were a little too irksome, so one by one the worldly pleasures took their places until Lent has become the creature of society. It remains fashionable, however, to pretend to the possession of principles, and so there are still concessions made. As nearly as can be stated in a general way, society now surrenders the dance. This is the great and central concession. It is true that other pleasures are given up. People who have no especial taste for the drama do not go to the theater. Dyspeptics surrender sweets and pastry. The gouty refuse to take twenty-mile walks, but as a general rule dancing is the tub thrown to the Church. The giving of a dance is a social duty. It is a painful and expensive social duty. It is intended as one agonizing bit of return for favors received. So stern and exacting a social duty appeals very strongly to the society matron when she is considering what sacrifice she shall make for Lent. Moreover, there is a physical reason. The buds are the dancers and balls keep them up a trifle late. When Lent comes they are very likely to be pale and worn, and the mid-winter rest is a wholesome interval between the gayety of the winter and that of the summer. Of course it flirts, for society would not be society did it not flirt. It plays at whist, too, and is even now engaged in taking lessons in that art which it will never master, for lack of time and other prerequisites to success. When we consider the foolish requirements of so-called "good society," it is little wonder that there is such a prejudice against it by the thinking and reasoning masses. The insipid creatures that pose as the great social leaders, are enough to make a sensible man or woman nauseated at the stomach. Their silly aping of foreign customs are un-American in every sense.

John F. Swift, the United States Minister to Japan, is dead. The announcement came from the State Department at Washington, and fell to the people of this State, and, we may say, to the people of the entire nation, with painful suddenness. Mr. Swift was a man of national repute, and while unpretentious, his abilities were recognized; perhaps, however, not to the extent the worth of the man deserved. He was of courage, in that he combatted powers before which others cringed. Whatever of political defeats he sustained resulted for his antagonism to elements concerned in politics from mercenary ends only; and from the fact that he would not stoop to be a demagogue. In 1886 he was nominated by the Republican convention to be Governor. He conducted a dignified and manly campaign. He should have been elected, but his defeat was largely brought about through the malevolence of Mr. Pixley. The letter Mr. Swift then wrote was drawn out by Pixley, it would seem, purposely to injure, and was a political movement we can never endorse. While it contributed to his defeat for the office of Governor, and while it resulted, by reason of the death of Governor Bartlett, in giving us the administration of Waterman, there has been the satisfaction that the national administration recognized in Mr. Swift one fitted to fill a position in the Cabinet, and doubtless had the selection been from this coast, it would have fallen to him.

Some people who, in the past have evinced little respect for the orders and decrees as well as the honor of Courts, have been taught by pretty dear experience that it is not safe to display any willful contempts. The lesson given to Carpenter and his client, Vance, is not only a warning to them, but all others, that they must not ignore orders, or use contemptuous language in the presence of Courts. A wholesome lesson was also administered to a young fellow who thought he could run the Police Court for Judge Cravens. When he serves his 100 days for his remark she may be a wiser man, if not a better one. There has been too much laxity in the administration of justice, which has given rise to these contemptuous acts. The first duty of the citizen is to respect our Courts, for if there is any disrespect to the judiciary, the principal stay of government is weakened.

It is again reported that Senator Sherman intends to retire from public life at the close of his present term in 1893. It is to be hoped that such is not his purpose. He is still in the full vigor of intellectual strength and his country cannot spare him. Men of his stamp are all too scarce even now.

MARINE DISASTERS.

Lists of Vessels Wrecked on the Pacific Coast.

The loss of life and property on our lakes, rivers and the ocean grow less and less each year. Not many years ago, the only means of inland communication was by the old-fashioned stage-coach and river and lake steamboats. To-day, railroads thread our country in every direction, the stage-coach is a thing of the past, and the river and lake steamers carry only freight. In the early days the steam-boilers were not so well-constructed as now, and explosions, accompanied with frightful loss of life, were of frequent occurrence. The Atlantic ocean steamers to-day are perfect floating palaces, made of steel, and their machinery is so perfect that they have almost the speed of a locomotive.

The loss of the vessel just outside the Golden Gate, some weeks since, recalls many disasters that have occurred on the coast. THEMIS has collected all the shipwrecks and loss to river boats that have occurred on this coast since 1849, and will present them to its readers in a series of articles.

In 1852, the following are recorded:

January 28th—The propeller Sea Gull, wrecked on Humboldt bar. No lives were lost.

January 31st—The propeller General Warren, lost on the Columbia river bar. Four of the crew were drowned; ten only reaching the shore alive.

February 27th—Steamer North America, fifty miles below Acapulco. The passengers and crew were rescued by passing steamers.

July 12th—The ship Oxford, fifty miles from the heads.

August 10th—Steam propeller Bishop was wrecked off Point Bonita.

October 24th—City of Pittsburg was burned at Valparaiso.

November 1st—Schooner Willimantic, at Gray's Harbor. Two were drowned. The steward and a boy, unwilling to trust the boats, remained with the wreck until rescued January 13th by the people living on the coast. They subsisted upon a handful of peas per day.

In 1853 we find the following recorded:

On January 6th—The Sacramento river steamers J. Bragdon and Comanche collided five miles above Benicia. In was in broad daylight, both steamers were going at full speed, and apparently, the pilots made no effort to prevent the collision. The Comanche immediately sunk, and ten lives were lost, among them Alderman Barker, of Sacramento. The Comanche was raised, repaired and for years afterwards plied the muddy waters of the Sacramento.

January 6th—The pilot ship Sea Witch went ashore on Aitch Rock in San Francisco harbor.

January 7th—The ship Aberdeen went ashore near Fort Point, where ship Samoset was wrecked a few months before.

January 12th—The barques Inindora and J. Marethen and the ship Vanderbilt were wrecked on the Columbia river. In the same storm the ship Roanoke was wrecked on Umpqua bar.

February 16th—Steamer Independence off Margueretta island. She struck a reef and began to fill with water. She started for shore under a full headway of steam, but unfortunately took fire. Between the two elements, two hundred men, women and children lost their lives.

April 9th—The steamer S. S. Lewis wrecked just inside the Golden Gate. All the passengers were saved, among them, the late and lamented General W. T. Sherman. He graphically describes the disaster in his memoirs.

April 11th—Steamer Jenny Lind exploded her boilers near Alviso, killing seven persons and wounding a large number.

May 21st—The river steamer R. K. Page exploded her boilers near Nicolaus, a few miles above Sacramento city, killing a large number of passengers, including Daniel Moore, her former captain, and Thos. Kirby, her former pilot.

May 22d—Steamer Tennessee, in Bolinas bay.

July 25th—The store-ship Manco and the brig Canonicus were burned in San Francisco harbor.

October 18th—The steamer American Eagle exploded her boilers on the San Joaquin river, killing four persons. On the afternoon of the same day the steamer City of Stockton met with a similar accident, in which two were killed.

November 8th—The ship Anson was driven ashore at Port Townsend. About the same date the British ship Jenny Lind was wrecked at Rialto Cove, and the news of the loss of the steamer Winfield Scott was received. Her passengers were rescued from the rock Ana Capa on the 9th of December, seven days after the wreck, by the steamer California.

In 1854, the records show the following:

January 8th—The ferry-boat Ranger exploded her boilers on the Alameda mud flats, killing two men.

January 13th—The steamer Belle collided with the steamer Kate Kearny in Suisun bay. The Belle went to the bottom, but her passengers and crew were taken on board the Kearny.

January 19th—The steamer Helen Hensley exploded her boilers at the San Francisco wharf, killing two men and injuring many. She was just about to pull out of the slip, preparatory to starting for Sacramento.

February 8th—Clipper ship San Francisco, just outside the Golden Gate. She was a new vessel of fine construction and this was her first trip. The passengers and crew were saved, but the vessel and cargo were a total loss.

February 14th—Schooner San Mateo capsized in a squall in San Francisco harbor. All on board were lost.

February 24th—Propeller Fire Fly sank on the Columbia river bar and four lives were lost.

April 8th—Steamer Gazelle exploded her boilers at Canemah, Oregon, killing twenty persons and injuring many more.

April 15th—Steamer Secretary exploded her boilers opposite the "Two Brothers" in San Francisco bay, and thirty lives were lost.

April 21st—Bark William Claxton foundered off the Mendocino coast. Eleven of the crew found watery graves.

April 22d—Clipper ship Golden Fleece drifted ashore near Fort Point.

May 11th—Ship Townsend destroyed by fire just after rounding Cape Horn, and twelve live were lost. Some of those who were saved were on the ocean in small boats weeks before they were picked up.

June 4th—Steamer Arespe wrecked at Point Arenas. All on board were rescued.

September 4th—The British barque Emily Thompson went ashore at San Simeon bar.

October 2d—Steamer Yankee Blade struck on Point Aquilla. The boats were lowered, and in casting off one of them capsized, drowning thirty, most of whom were women and children. Those who remained on the wreck were rescued by the tug-boat Goliah and the steamer Brother Jonathan. The steamer sailed from San Francisco for Panama, and had on board 800 passengers and \$153,000 in specie. On the evening of the same day, the steamers Sonora and Cortes of the rival line, sailed for the same destination. It was understood that there was to be racing between them, and there had been considerable betting upon the time that would be made. As soon as they got outside of the heads, the Yankee Blade raised her flag in challenge to the Sonora and steamed away. She was compelled to lay to for several hours during the night on account of fog. At 7 o'clock in the morning, the fog continuing, the appearance of the water indicated land. A line was thrown to take soundings, and a moment afterwards the vessel struck heavily. In a moment all was terror and confusion. The officers of the boat lost all self-possession and control of the vessel. In the confusion, during the absence of the captain and first-mate, a gang of ruffians took possession of the boats, and having raided the bar and maddened themselves with whisky, pillaged and outraged the peaceful passengers. One man who resisted was shot and several knocked down and beaten. The scene was one of unbridled passion and violence. The ruffians took possession of the life preservers, and when the vessel was threatening to go down at any moment, extorted large sums of money from the terrified passengers. Soon after the rescue, the steamer went down. Many of the passengers who, after years of hardship in the mines had started home with a competency, returned to San Francisco penniless, being compelled to leave their possessions on the stranded vessel. It is estimated that their losses in this way aggregated half a million dollars.

October 14th—The steamer Napa sunk in the straits of Carquinas.

December 9th—The steamer New World snagged and sunk in the river eight miles below Sacramento city. She had some 300 passengers on board, all of whom crowded upon the upper deck. They remained on board all night.

December 26th—The steamer Southern lost on the Columbia river. All on board were saved.

A Reaction.

It is just four hundred years since Greek was first taught at an English-speaking university, and the study of it created so great enthusiasm that six years later the fame of Oxford teachers of Greek attracted Erasmus from Rotterdam to its halls of learning. In 1516 he published his first edition of the Greek Testament, and from his second edition Luther translated the New Testament into German. The effect of this study of Greek on our language, then in its early formative period, and on our philosophy and religious belief, is beyond the power of any scholar to trace or estimate. It has been a predominant element in shaping thought and argument and imagination and expression. We do not read a book or listen to an address, or sing a hymn or even converse on themes relating to intellectual, emotional, and spiritual life, without being indirectly benefited by the study of Greek which has for four hundred years been a part of the regular curriculum of our higher schools of learning. The present reaction against making Greek essential to a liberal education is not, to our thinking, to the advantage of

culture or of good morals. Its great classics furnish examples of as profound philosophy, as great strength of reasoning, and as sustained flights of imagination, as have ever been produced in any tongue. While its ideal made æsthetics more prominent than ethics, its development was toward an ethical monotheism which at last, in the writings of Philo, almost touched the apostles' conception of God incarnate in human flesh. Its tragedies furnish a tonic to the conscience unapproached save in the writings of the Old and New Testament. If the first aim of education is to develop the whole man, in order to fit him so to pursue special studies as best to serve mankind, then the study of Greek is one of the most effective means to that end. A notable sign of changing views as to the instruments and aims of higher education was a session of headmasters recently held at Oxford. There, in the stronghold of Greek study, where it first entered into English university life, the resolution that Greek should no longer be compulsory was defeated only by a vote of thirty-two to twenty-nine. The reasons urged were also significant; that many are kept from entering universities because Greek is required; that many who do enter merely cram Greek without caring for any thorough knowledge of it; and that a man's studies should be confined to subjects related to the calling in life which he proposes to pursue. This, plainly enough, shows a lowering of the idea of education which can not but manifest itself in narrowing characters of educated people in the coming generation.—*Boston Congregationalist*.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Modern Dramatist—I've got another order for a new play. Wife—Did the manager furnish you with the plot? Dramatist—Yes—er—that is, he showed me all the scenery he had.

Fanny Rice will star next season under the management of H. S. Taylor, in a musical extravaganza, *Everything Goes*. It was written for her by John J. McNally and Chas. T. Vincent.

Why does not Sara Bernhardt set the dog on that bold, bad actor who is following her over the country with his hypnotic influence? But perhaps he has a hypnotic cinch on the dog, too.

Dashaway—The other night I went to an amateur theatrical performance, and then I went home and had a terrible dream. Cleverton—What did you dream? Dashaway—I dreamed I went to it again.

Staggerly (manager of the Empire Minstrels, in the box office)—What is that fearful noise? Box Keeper—The people are all leaving the house. Perhaps there is a fire. Staggerly (angrily)—No, I can imagine what has happened; one of the end men has been getting off a new joke.

Sol Smith Russell, the comedian, has a handsome blonde brother, who is City Attorney of Minneapolis, Minn., says the *New York Continent*. He induced "Sol" to buy in a brick block in the center of the city some time ago. When the comedian became its landlord it was full of people; but soon after the chief tenant failed, the others moved out, and the block has been an expense ever since. The comedian meets this by raising the price on the property each year.

An anecdote is going the rounds in Australia concerning the manner in which a well-known leading actor supplied the accidental absence of a necessary item of "make-up." He was playing Macbeth, and when he came to the murder scene he asked in vain for blood, with which he had intended to imbrue his hands. After abusing the property man roundly for his neglect, the actor, struck with a happy thought, suddenly hit the functionary on the nose, so that a good supply of crimson fluid was obtained; and in this the actor bathed his palms.

Wagner ended the great "Trilogy" simply with a soprano solo. Berlioz ended almost every work with a paroxysm of fury, employing the entire forces of an abnormally large orchestra. Just as Poe delighted to end his tales with some fierce bit of horror or sensationalism, Berlioz demanded some infernal scene or wild frenzy to finish his musical works with. The end of the *Damnation of Faust* presents a scene in hades, and the finale of the *Symphonie Fantastique* is placed in the same warm latitude. The finale of the *Childe Harold* symphony pictures a bacchanalian orgie of brigands on the Abruzzi mountains. Certainly the pendulum has swung too far in this matter of wild endings. In the latter part of the last century the finale was generally jovial in character, to put the audience in a good humor after a symphony or suite. This joviality, to which both Mozart and Hayden assented, ended by becoming trivial; and it is to Beethoven that we owe the reform which gave to such works an earnest close. Far different from these genial endings of the past are these violent terminations of the present. It is not only Berlioz who sins in this respect. Raff's *Lenore* sym-

phony ends with a spectral gallop to perdition, and his *Im Walde* closes with a spectral hunt. It is time that the sensational should be a little restricted in modern music. Art should be a presentation of the beautiful, not of the repulsive. If evil is portrayed, it should be with a view of showing the good in greater contrast. When the evil is present in larger proportion than the good, the mission of art has ceased. Music has a much higher mission than merely to excite; it must elevate as well, and these musical ghost stories and portrayals of pandemonium certainly do not accomplish the latter result. Schumann and Wagner have gone quite as far in the direction of dissonance as it is safe to proceed, but these abnormal tone pictures go many steps beyond them, from a necessity born of their terrific subjects. Beethoven probably gave the subject of symphonic ending as careful consideration as any one, as is well proved by the different forms he used in the ending of these works. Let him be the model for these latter day sensationalists; and above all, let it be understood that there is no artistic necessity for making the finale of symphony or cantata a chamber of horrors.

Book Chat.

The marriage of Victor Hugo's granddaughter with a son of Alphonse Daudet, the French Novelist, has given rise to the discussion of the question whether it is proper or not to embellish in any manner whatsoever the simple procedure of civil marriage, without which no matrimonial alliance possesses legality in France. It appears that the civil marriage of the granddaughter of the great revolutionary poet was not the simple, almost trivial, affair which Sardou in his "Daniel Rochat" represents this important legal act to be.

"Famous or Infamous," by Bertha Thomas.—A young English actor of great promise marries the daughter of London's foremost critic. The woman, who has inherited her father's mighty intellect, guides her husband's genius and restrains and counteracts the weaknesses of his character, fully understanding the complexity of the mind of genius and its dangers. At the zenith of his glory the actor brings out a play by an unknown dramatist, and succeeds in making it known. The author visits him, and a new love springs up in the heart of the actor's wife, who forgets all to follow this man of her choice.

"Ruffino," and other stories, by Ouida.—The Duke of Castiglione returns hurriedly to Rome to be present at the death-bed of his father, the Prince of Montefeltro. From the terrace of the palace Castiglione can see a squalid street, and in one of its houses he discovers ere long a beautiful young girl, who works from break of day till late at night. He ascertains that she is a Russian, and that she supports her dying brother, a Count and proscribed nihilist, with the labor of her hands. Ruffino is Castiglione's dog, which plays a creditable part in the love story. The other stories are: Trottolino, An Orchard, and The Bulfinch.

At Berlin there are two scraps of papyrus containing fragments of passages which have been referred to by some German scholars to the treatise in question. It is interesting to note that both passages are found in the British Museum's papyrus. The museum has thus, it appears, had the luck of acquiring for a song and by an accident one of the oldest Greek manuscripts in the world. Happily there is promise in the circumstances of its finding that other discoveries of like interest may be made by and by. Egyptian graves and ruined buildings have possibly still richer treasures in reserve. The discovery of manuscripts of classical Greek authors written on papyrus began but fifty years ago. In that time four or five nearly complete orations of the great Athenian orator, Hyperides, have been recovered; also fragments of Euripides and of Alcman. There have also been obtained besides early copies of portions of Homer, Thucydides, Plato, Demosthenes, Isocrates, and others. The work of Aristotle, just recovered, does not, of course, radically alter the main lines of Greek history as recited by Herodotus and Thucydides.

Professional Chat.

Victim—Doctor, I'm troubled with cold feet. What do you suppose causes them? Doctor—Cold weather; three dollars, please!

If Cain had been able to secure a lawyer, the first verdict of "not guilty" would probably have been recorded in the Bible.

Rum has killed more Senators in Congress than ever yet sat in the Capitol during any session. It has destroyed more English lords than ever sat at one time in the House of Peers.

Soon after Secretary Foster was elected Governor of Ohio, which was then an October State, he came to New York, says the *Tribune*, to take part in the campaign, and took a room in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. A friend who called found him in his room resting after his journey. The Governor-elect touched a bell and asked the waiter who appeared to bring him some

cigars. Presently the waiter returned with four cigars in his hand. "Look here," said Mr. Foster, holding them up, "this comes of being elected Governor. I have always had six for a dollar here before."

Daniel Dougherty, in his descriptions of the oratorical style of well-known members of Parliament, pictures Timothy M. Healy, anti-Parnellite, in this way: Dougherty throws back his coat-tails, thrusts his hands deep into his pockets, and, assuming the accent and manner of the wild Hibernian, exclaims: "Where did yez git the land? Where, I ax yez, did yez git it? Yez stoled it!"

James Harrington, of Chicago, was helplessly drunk and was arraigned before Magistrate Bradwell. Harrington pleaded guilty, but said in explanation: "I am a telegraph operator and some days ago I lost my head to such an extent that I took to drinking rather hard. It will never occur again if you let me go this time." The Justice, being an old knight of the key, tapped on the desk with a pencil a signal meaning: "Will you reform if I let you go? Answer me by signal." Instantly the answer came back by signal: "I will, as God is my judge." "Then you may go, Harrington. Try to behave yourself for your family's sake," ticked the Court on the judicial desk.

King Milan of Servia is enjoying his visit to England immensely. He came originally on the invitation of some friends in the country, to stay only four or five days; but he has already staid as many weeks and is even believed to contemplate settling in hospitable Albion for good. What he enjoys in London—like the king in exile of Daudet's story—is his complete freedom and absence of all that toadying, from which even an abdicated monarch is not always able to rid himself. The king has been made an honorary member of one of the best west end clubs, and makes his exits and entrances there and elsewhere without anybody to bow or scrape or in any way to treat him differently from anybody else. In Paris he was not allowed even to amuse himself without attracting notice.

Some of Bishop Magee's endowments have proved to be double-edged tools. The exercise of sarcasm sometimes gives such pleasure to the wielder of the intellectual weapon that he forgets to ask himself whether the victim is equally delighted. The curate who begged that he might derive some advantage from the prevailing shower of livings, and was offered an umbrella, is believed not to have seen the joke. The worthy mayor who complained that his invitation to a civic banquet had been answered from the palace on a post-card, and was promised a large sheet of foolscap next time, is understood to have regarded the gibe as indecorous. Even the eminent lawyer who reminded the bishop that he would have to deal with the burials question, and received for answer, "It's not the dealing I mind, it's the shuffling," may think it more graceful for him to repeat the remark than for the bishop to have made it.

Gen. Beatty came to Washington during Gen. Grant's administration, writes a Cincinnati *Enquirer* correspondent, when the public places were so overrun with Ohio men that there was an every-day joke about it, and called at the White House to ask for the appointment of someboby who lived in his district. He made an earnest statement of the case and then waited to see what impression he had made on the President. After a minute of silence the President gave a long, lazy puff of smoke from his cigar and reflectively observed: "Well, Gen. Beatty, Ohio really ought to have something." Beatty pressed the case no further, but made his escape as soon as he could with politeness. The President is said to be very proud of his appointment of Foster. Perhaps he thinks he ought to have the Athenian, too. He is going to adapt Shakespeare's philosophy to the Ohio case and say: "Can one desire too much of a good thing?"

The late Archbishop of York, Dr. Thompson, used to tell a good story about himself which is too good to lose. He had been dining with a friend several miles from his residence at Bishopthorpe. After dinner he ordered his carriage to drive him home, and when about to enter he noticed that his coachman was rather shaky on the box, and also that his voice was anything but clear. Before the carriage had proceeded far it became evident that the coachman was incapable of driving with safety, so there was nothing for it but for the archbishop to exchange places with him if he wished to arrive home safely. Having deposited the "Jehu" inside he mounted the box and all went well until the narrow road up to the stables was reached. Here the carriage was driven over several large "spars" which were lying by the side of the road. The noise caused by the collision attracted the stable boy, who seized hold of the horses' heads and led them into the yard, muttering the while some not-over-choice language at the coachman for his carelessness. "You old fool! Drunk again!" A light from the stable revealed the shovel hat. "Well! Why, you've got the old cock's hat!" The archbishop thought the joke had gone quite far enough, and said: "No; it's the old cock himself."

NOTES.

The idea of the "Light of the World" was suggested to Sir Edwin Arnold by Henry M. Stanley.

The legislator who votes to abolish the Fish Commission ought to be drowned, and he who favors the abolition of the Forestry Commission ought to be hanged to the limb of a tree.

Literary men in London who think they need spirituous inspiration, spur their intellect with frequent libations of gin. This was Byron's favorite tippie when he had literary work to do.

We can't tolerate a fool, but can admire a scamp for what he might have been. It is that inconsistency that makes a woman adore the reckless, dashing, dissipated rascal, over the "correct," "good" man.

India-rubber tires, from one to two inches in thickness, are now used on carriages of the better quality. They prevent the annoying and uncomfortable jolting and clattering which result when iron tires are employed.

Pecan nut farming is one of the most profitable industries of the Gulf States. After the trees have once begun to bear they involve no labor or expense, and yield an income of from \$500 to \$1,000 an acre, according to the quality of the nuts.

There are three towns in this State which resemble the New Jerusalem in this, that their streets are paved with gold. They are Georgetown, Auburn and Folsom. After the late rains gold was picked up in their streets as follows: Georgetown, \$108.25; Folsom, \$96.50; and Auburn, \$68. These towns were built upon very rich placers, which have never been worked.

A maid was walking on the street one day, A bold, bad cyclone came 'long her way, It missed her bangs and tipped her hat, And caught ahold and pulled her wrap, It gave her form a lively squeeze, And raised her clothes above her ankles, Showing what would any but a saint enmesh; The maiden quickly fled and cried: "That horrid thing is too awful fresh!"

Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter, is a short-built, firm-faced woman of imperious manner, with closely-cropped white hair parted at the side, and lives in an incongruously constructed chateau at Fontainebleau, on the outskirts of Paris. She affects masculine attire, and is at her easel daily at an abnormal early hour. She has a large number of pets and has fitted up an impromptu stable in connection with her studio for the convenience of the animals she transfers to canvas. Her greatest picture is called the "Horse Fair," and is on exhibition in the Central Park Museum. She is sixty-eight.

An Eastern scientist has demonstrated the following scientific facts: At the depth of about 3,500 feet in the ocean, waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the North Pole to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down (5,280 feet) the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet wide were filled with sea water, and the water were allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 250 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic, if the oceanic water were to evaporate. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In many bays on the coast of Norway, the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

A business woman—and all women worth considering merit that appellation, at least part of the time—should wear clothing as light as is consistent with warmth, and as simple as is consistent with beauty. She should neither wear forty pounds of jet beads to fetter her, nor gew-gaw ornamentation which put beauty at a disadvantage and make plainness hideous. She should have stout shoes, rubber boots when necessary, and a Mackintosh. Her dress should end not less than four inches above the ground, and be loose enough so that she can pick up a paper off the floor, or take down a book from a shelf a foot and a half above her head, with perfect comfort. The cloak should not be of fur, which is too heavy, but of cloth, plain in appearance, giving full liberty to the arms, and provided with a change pocket, at least, perhaps others.

As a woman was walking a man looked at and followed her. "Why," said she, "do you follow me?" "Because I have fallen in love with you." "Why so? My sister, who is coming after, is much handsomer than I am; go and make love to her." The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face, and being greatly displeased, returned and said: "Why, you told me a story." She answered: "Neither did you tell me the truth, for if you are in love with me, why did you look for another woman?"

Buchanan and Fremont.

The following appeared in the Sacramento *Herald* in its issue of Dec. 16th, 1855. It was the testimony of James Buchanan, the Secretary of State, upon the character of John C. Fremont. At the following presidential campaign they were opposing candidates. The article reads as follows:

The last steamer from England brought an important document, in which two of the candidates now before the people for the Presidency prominently figure. It is a certified copy of the evidence for the defense in the case of Gibbs vs. Fremont, being the copy of depositions taken before Commissioners under the authority of the Court of Common Pleas, London, in 1852. It will be remembered that Col. Fremont was arrested in London on account of debts contracted in California. The defense was, that these debts were contracted on account of the United States Government. Col. Fremont drew bills of exchange to the amount of nineteen thousand five hundred dollars upon the Secretary of State of the United States, the liabilities having been incurred on government account while Col. Fremont was Governor of California. The bills fell into the hands of persons in London, and being protested for non-acceptance, the holders sought to hold Col. Fremont personally liable. The evidence of James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania—upon whom, as Secretary of State, the bills were drawn—being considered material to the issue, the Court appointed Henry L. Gilpin, Hugh Campbell, and Peter McCall, of Philadelphia, Commissioners to take depositions of witnesses for Col. Fremont, in Pennsylvania. They were to be sworn and then administer oaths to the interpreters, clerks, etc.—the testimony so taken to be sent under seal to Sir James Parke, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

The testimony, as published in several of the Eastern papers, is very voluminous. We have only room this morning to give a single question propounded by the Commissioners, and the answer of James Buchanan, given under oath:

QUESTION—Do you know who was the person in actual command of the land forces of the Government of the United States in California, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, and in the month of March in that year?

ANSWER—Col. Fremont, the defendant, was in California at the commencement of hostilities between the United States and the Republic of Mexico; he there raised and commanded a battalion of California volunteers, consisting of about 400 men; his services were very valuable; he bore a conspicuous part in the conquest of California, and in my opinion is better entitled to be called "the conqueror of California" than any other man; he continued in the actual command of this battalion throughout the month of March, 1847, but there were other troops in California—other troops of the United States—under the command of Gen. Kearny, who was afterward the Military Commandant and Governor of California, as I have already stated in my answer to the eighth interrogatory; I cannot undertake to decide the dispute to which I have already referred between Col. Fremont and Gen. Kearny; but as long as the California battalion existed they were under the separate and independent command of Col. Fremont, while Gen. Kearny commanded the other troops of the United States; for the rest of the year I refer to my next preceding answer.

We ask the attention of our readers to all the documents in the case, which will be found in the *New York Times and Tribune*.

Another Crosses the River.

The Auburn *Republican*, in its last issue, had the following:

Tourists to Lake Tahoe all knew E. Clement, and most of them knew him by the name of "Yank." Mr. Clement died last Sunday, at his hotel, called the Cascade, located in Lake Valley, just across the line from Placer in El Dorado county. Mr. Clement was a pioneer at Lake Tahoe and had lived on its borders for thirty years. He kept a hotel for summer visitors, and thousands of people from all over the United States will remember the genial "Yank." He suffered losses by fire and storm, which kept him comparatively poor, but he was never down-hearted or discouraged, and after three disastrous fires which destroyed his buildings, he as many times rebuilt and began business anew. He built the present Tallac Hotel a few years ago, but for the greater part of the time his residence has been at Lake Valley, where the road leads out to Placerville, and in the flush times he made some money. He had been a great fisherman in his day, and always spent the winter at the lake, no matter how bad the weather. "Yank" was rough in his manner of dress and rugged in appearance, and wore a long, white beard, which, with nearly 80 years, gave him a venerable appearance. He leaves a widow but no children.

Patent medicines have paid to the British Government during the present year, \$1,100,000 in the shape of duties and taxes.

He Always Got Left.

Anthony Brown is a well-known character about town. There is nothing bad about the fellow. He is impecunious, but his pleasant address and suavity of manner, make him quite a favorite, and whenever any one treats to the drinks Brown is called in and always with uplifted glass, addressing the man who is treating, he repeats Rip Van Winkle's famous toast. Brown is always looking for work, but invariably "gets left." On Monday last he was promised employment at one of the down-town produce stores and instructed to be on hand at 8 o'clock the next morning sharp. Brown was delighted. There was an opportunity to do something for himself, an opening that might take him from poverty to affluence. He arose the next morning at 6 o'clock, reversed his paper collar, dressed himself the best he could in his much-worn garments, and started down town. When he got as far as Congress Hall he stepped in to see his friend Clark. "Tom," he said, addressing Clark, "at last I have secured employment. No longer will I be 'sparring' my friends for drinks, no longer can the charge be made against me that I am a 'lunch fend.' I am to get \$15 per week down here at Strong & Co.'s for handling potatoes. Let's take something." The two suited, and twenty cents went down on the slate to Brown. He stepped into The Office and made the same statement to the proprietor, Rego. They drank, and again the "slate" was brought into requisition. The next place he halted at was Corbin's. He stepped up and addressed the proprietor familiarly as "Jim," told him the same story as he had the others, and they both smiled.

By this time the sun was high in the heavens and Brown was pretty well fixed, having taken a tumblerful at each drink. He arrived just ten minutes too late, and another man was put in his place. He came back to Corbin's, told of his bad luck, and took one for better luck next time. He repeated the same thing at Rego's, and wound up at Congress Hall. "Well, Clark," said he, "I am left again. Better luck next time; let's have something."

The bottle was placed before him and he took a long and deep drink, partially to drown his disappointment, but more particularly because the brand of whisky suited him.

About an hour afterwards he was found lying upon the sidewalk, helplessly drunk. Clark suggested that they take him to an undertaker's shop and put him in a coffin. The suggestion was acted upon immediately. Brown was placed in a pine box and a man stationed to watch the result when he awoke from his stupor. About an hour later an ice-cream vender passed through the alley blowing his horn. This aroused Brown. He sat up in his coffin, and looking around, seeing only unoccupied caskets, he exclaimed: "Gabriel has tooted his horn, and I am left again."

A curious notion has seized society of late and taken its most exclusive members to Delmonico's to supper on Sunday nights. I was very much surprised last Sunday upon going to a late dinner about 8:30 to find that the usual run of strangers congregated there Sundays had all gone away and that the dining-room was given over entirely to people whose names are synonymous with all that is large and haughty in the social fabric of the town. They were all bobbing about from one table to another speaking the jargon of their set with all the fluency of long practice. It was a curious jargon—and not a particularly pleasant one. The majority of society people are not good mimics. Undoubtedly they know enough Englishmen to select copies of unexceptionable quality, and doubtless they have in mind men who speak English correctly, but they make woeeful imitations of them. They start in with the apparent idea of lengthening the vowel sounds after the English fashion, but they do not know where to stop. An Englishman says *after* with a very long *a* and he gives a similar breadth to the same vowel in *pass*. But he would be astounded and shocked if anybody should accuse him of pronouncing matches *mahtches*, or hand *hawnd*, yet these two words were pronounced in this fashion by a man near my table who wore a single glass and whose social position is unimpeachable.

"The Duchess" of current fiction, whose real name is Margaret Hungerford, is a brown-haired, merry-eyed, youthful-looking woman. Yet she is the mother of six children and the author of twenty-seven novels. The story goes that some ten years since her husband committed a forgery for which he was imprisoned, and that his wife, being thrown upon the world without any source of livelihood, turned in despair to literature. When a girl she had earned the *sobriquet* of the "Duchess" because of her aristocratic bearing, and signed it to her first book "Phyllis." It proved a huge success, and she has ever since maintained herself handsomely by her prolific pen.

A man never gets too old for his mother to stop calling him "her boy."

[Written for THEMIS.]

The Lover and the Wind.

Await! good wind,—one moment stay,
A word to thee I fain would say,—
Thou art just come from yonder west,
Where dwells the one that I love best,—
Please wait, good wind, and do not go,
There is something I want to know.

Alack! It is I fear a hopeless task,
To gain response to what I ask.—
I gave my heart to a maid one day,
You but just passed her on your way,—
Please wait, good wind, I want to know
The answer to my question, ere you go.

Fair and shapely is the maid I mean,
The maid I am certain you have seen,—
You dallied with the tresses of her hair,
And kissed her brow, all unaware,—
Nay, good wind! Oh, do not go,
'Tis but one thing, I want to know.

Was my heart in that maiden's breast?
The maid whose form you gently pressed,—
Was my heart reflected in her eye?
The maiden you but just passed by,—
Ah, cruel wind! And why not tell,
You could if you would, you know very well.

JOHN AUDLEY.

The Dentist's Parrot.

At the Albany dental rooms in Wilkesbarre, they have a parrot who greatly assists in the work of extracting teeth. The parrot's name is Caesar. He is a fine specimen of his species, his intelligence being something marvelous. Dr. Weller, who has charge of the rooms, says he would not part with the bird for any money. And no wonder; the parrot brings grist to his mill. The bird does its work this way:

A man comes to have his tooth pulled. He gets into the chair and then his courage fails him. He tells the dentist that the pain has gone away, and that he will postpone the operation until the next day. In nine cases out of ten the dentist is unable to persuade the patient that it will be to his bodily comfort to have the molar extracted. Then, when the man gets out of his chair, the parrot, who has been watching him all the time, takes him in charge.

"Oh, coward," yells the parrot, "you haven't the nerve of a chicken."

The man looks around in consternation. The parrot is partly hidden in his cage behind a screen. The man with the tooth-ache turns around to the knight of the forceps, and inquires:

"What remarks were those you just made. 'I said nothing,' replies the dentist, "it was the parrot who was speaking."

The gentleman is then introduced to the parrot. A pleasant conversation ensues.

"Nice morning," says the parrot, "tooth pulled? No! You better; you catch cold when you go out; better have it out and be done with it; lot people had teeth pulled this morning."

The man with the tooth-ache is so dumfounded over the parrot's talk that he hardly knows which way to turn for the time being. Then the parrot urges him on again, saying:

"Go on, it will only take a minute; the doctor is waiting for you."

This is too much for the man. He goes back to the chair and has the tooth removed. Then the parrot jumps all around his cage and says: "Oh, ain't I happy; I feel so happy with my big tooth out."

"That parrot," says the dentist, "can talk anybody into getting a tooth pulled. We had a farmer in the other day. He wanted all his teeth pulled out and a new set made. We wanted him to take gas. The old man said: 'Well now, by gosh, I don't know about that. I often heard of people blowing out gas and then dying; I don't think I will risk it.' "Good boy," shouted the parrot; 'sensible man; don't you take gas; just sit down there and pulling your teeth will be as easy as husking corn.' When the farmer looked around and saw the parrot he said: 'Well, I declare; why that bird talked like a man. I guess I'll take his advice and let you crack away at my chawers.' There was no trouble in pulling the old man's first two teeth, but when the third came he jumped two feet in his chair. 'That was a uerve clincher,' said the parrot; 'it won't happen again; just keep nice and quiet now and soon your teeth will be out.' This soothing advice had a calming effect on the farmer, and he sank back into his chair, perfectly satisfied with what had taken place and what was to come. When the job was finished the parrot said: 'Well done; there isn't one man in a thousand who could go through such an ordeal; you must have a wonderful constitution!' The farmer smiled and said he guessed he had."

Mrs. Pompus—Yes, my dear, I must say that though she is real sweet and ladylike in her manners, I cannot but suspicion that she is no better than an imposture in society.

Mrs. Gampus—Sakes! you don't say so, dear. Why, what reason have you to think that?

Mrs. Pompus—Huh! Reason enough, I just guess. Why, she wrote me a note yesterday, and there wasn't a mistake of spelling into it. I shouldn't wonder if she'd been on the stage, or even a school teacher.

FLASHES.

One thing a colored beauty can do, she can blush unseen.

If we never speak ill of our neighbors we can always avoid trouble.

When a good fellow hugs a good girl, is he not making a *waste* place glad.

When the world is full of cheap literature it is little wonder that some of it is nasty.

A man never expresses so much in his face as when he is trying to appear unconscious.

Most of our modern people's time is engrossed in finding out how their neighbors live.

Whistling of bullets used to be a terror, but the whistling of modern airs are more effective—in a certain way.

The Sacramento river is something like a financial panic—it has made a run on its bank. Result: Broken bank in Yolo.

The American sovereign thinks too much of reforming others to look to himself. We always find the alleged reformer blind to his own shortcomings.

If there is any good in a man it will come out when he meets adversity. If vicious, his propensities for evil will develop under the same circumstances.

When we hear a person say "I regret to say," then we know he or she is taking pleasure in announcing the misfortune of some fellow creature.

Chicken Thief Killed.

Robert Robinson, who lives at Twenty-second and N streets, lost a number of his chickens lately. He threatened vengeance upon the poultry thief, and borrowed a shotgun from a neighbor for the avowed purpose of killing the rascal should he detect him in the act of robbing the hen-roost. On Monday night, just at dark, he observed the rascal stealthily enter the back gate and seize one of his choicest fowls. This was too much for Robinson; he leveled his gun, pulled the trigger, and the robber, filled with lead, lay dead in the back yard. The neighbors assembled, viewed the remains, and complimented Robinson on his marksmanship, all agreeing that the rascal had met with a deserved fate.

The Coroner was not notified, neither were the police telephoned for, and the remains lay in the back yard over night. Early the next morning the body was thrown into a cart, hauled over the north levee and buried, uncoffined, in one of the sand dunes. There were no papers found upon his person to lead to his identity. His build and dress would indicate that his ancestors came from New Foundland. He wore a brass collar, on which was engraved the word "Fido."

New Firm.

Charles Rood and Benjamin Johnson have taken a long lease of the State House hotel. Both of these gentlemen are well known, not only in this city but to the traveling public throughout the State. Mr. Johnson has been employed on the corner of Tenth and K for twenty-seven years, during all that time being associated with Luther Harris. He is a genial gentleman, counts his every acquaintance a friend, and in this he makes no mistake. Mr. Rood was chief clerk of the State House nearly continuously for seventeen years, and served in that capacity under the late "Hod" Eldred, during the time that the hotel was the most popular of its class in the State. He is a gentleman who thoroughly understands the hotel business in all its details. He is broad-gauge, liberal, and will serve the public in the best style possible. Under the management of Rood & Johnson, the State House will soon regain its old-time position at the head of its class.

She Forgot Something.

She was a tidy-looking girl of eighteen, but rather over-dressed and a bit too vain. She took a car, and as she sat down it was noticed that she carried one glove loose in her hand. This was to display the four rings on the fingers of that plump and pretty member. The gloves were not quite forty rods long, and they did not have quite one hundred buttons each. They came as near it as fashion demands, however, and the girl looked pleased and satisfied. She had been riding less than five minutes when she suddenly stood up and motioned for the car to stop, and half a minute later was out of sight. Then it was noticed that she had left the glove on the seat, and a boy about six years of age eyed it attentively for a few seconds and then whispered to his mother beside him loud enough for all to hear:

"Ma! ma! She's gone off and forgot one of her stockings!"

In the Parisian cemeteries it is now customary to place metal boxes on the tombstones. Each box has a slit on the top, and in it visitors drop their cards. The relatives can thus see the names of persons who cherish the memory of the deceased.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The next attraction will be *All the Comforts of Home*, which will be given on March 22d and 23d.

The great African explorer, H. M. Stauley, will lecture here on March 17. Those who have read his books will be anxious to hear some of his adventures from his own lips.

The Sacramento theater-loving public are enjoying a genuine treat this week. Commencing on Thursday night, Marie Wainwright gave *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*, repeating the same Friday night. When last here the little lady captured all in "Beatrice." As "Viola" she again won our favor. We do not relish the wanton liberties taken by some person or persons in deviating from Shakespeare's text. When these literary butchers think they can improve the immortal bard, they mistake the sentiment of the literary world of to-day. *Twelfth Night* has not been improved by the changes made by the party who has presented Miss Wainwright's present version. In a large number of the old and best plays, managers have interpolated modern notions, which serve only to destroy the real merit of the plays. Notably this can be observed in *School for Scandal* and *The Rivals*. In each of these startling plays there have been added scenes that were foreign to the author's ideas, and which in fact destroyed the real merits of certain characters. We don't like these liberties taken with Shakespeare, whatever may be done with the work of modern authors and playwrights. There was a disposition of the artists last night and the night before not to speak loud enough to be heard in the back rows of the Metropolitan. When speaking the lines of Shakespeare, we cannot afford to lose the exact words of the author. A little more exertion on the part of the leading artists would have been much more satisfactory to the audience. Miss Wainwright is one of the greatest Shakespearean actresses on the stage. In "Viola," however, she does not make the slightest attempt to assume a masculine character—does not even dispense with corsets. But no matter, she captures us withal, and makes a charming success of her intended deception. The "Olivia" of Miss Walsh is an excellent conception, in manner, voice, and dress? The "Sir Toby" of William F. Owen, is a masterpiece of art. If he had lived in the bard's day, he would doubtless have been his ideal. Barton Hill made a fine "Malvolio," the best on the stage with the exception of Henry Irving. Percy Crooks made a fair "Aguecheek." The company was much above the average in support. To-night the famous four-act comedy of *The Honeymoon*, by John Tobin, will be produced. The last time this sparkling comedy was presented in this city, it was by Margaret Mather. It is certain that Mr. Owen will do full justice to the "Mock Duke."

Buchanan on Ballot Reform.

On the 22d November, 1858, Mr. James Buchanan, President of the United States, wrote from the White House to Pittsburg, Pa., in response to an invitation to attend the celebration of the completion of a century since that place was founded, a letter of lamentation over the degeneracy of the times, the gathering perils of disunion, the prospect of a recourse to despotism as a safeguard from anarchy and corruption, etc., in which he says:

"I shall assume the privilege of advancing years in referring to another growing and dangerous evil. In the last age, although our fathers, like ourselves, were divided into political parties which often had severe conflicts with each other, yet we never heard, until within a recent period, of the employment of money to carry elections. Should this practice increase until the voters and their representatives in the State and National Legislatures shall become infected, the fountain of free government will then be poisoned at its source, and we must end, as history proves, in a military despotism. A democratic republic, all agree, cannot long survive unless sustained by public virtue. When this is corrupted and the people become venal, there is a canker at the root of the tree of liberty, which must cause it to wither and to die."

Prince Bismarck is in appearance now a very feeble old man. His face is waxen and flabby, and his hands are yellow and swollen in the joints, and marked with unnaturally big blue veins. He is becoming very stout, and is no longer able to walk much, but still has a wonderful capacity for tobacco. He has been called a *keller-raucher*, or "chain-smoker"—that is, a smoker who unites dinner to breakfast with an endless chain of cigars, lighting a fresh one as soon as the one before it has burned to a stump.

There was a young man lived in Yolo

Who thought he had talent to sing,

He made his *debut* in a solo,

And attempted a foolhardy thing;

His listeners all grew so looney,

That the singer he hunted a cranny;

He sang of a maiden called Rooney,

Whom we commonly speak of as Annie.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

The Nonpareil store at Fifth and J streets is offering excellent bargains in every line of goods.

Sacramento is having a boom in stoue sidewalks. It is cheaper than wood, and lasts much longer.

"Sconchin" Maloney says if De Young is elected Senator that he ("Sconchin") will leave the State. Estee's friends are alarmed; they are afraid if this statement becomes circulated that there will be a stampede to De Young.

Oranges are almost a drug on the market. They are peddled about the city, and a very fair article sold for ten cents per dozen. The finest seedless and navels, beautiful in color and ten inches in circumference, bring only forty cents.

The electric railway is undoubtedly the best thing for the prosperity and advancement of this city that has been constructed for years. It travels with a greater speed than a good roadster, and when you start for some place you "get there" on time. Last Sunday they collected 14,000 fares. The horse car is a thing of the past.

Next week THEMIS will commence a series of articles on the Pioneer Women of America. They are being compiled by one of the Daughters of the Golden West, and will be very entertaining. The first of the series will be the life and character of Mrs. Daniel Boone, the first white woman to emigrate to what is now the State of Kentucky.

"Tell me not of your doubts and discouragements," says Goethe, "I have plenty of my own. But talk to me of your hope and faith." The tone of complaint is one which we are all too ready to accept, and which is not only injurious to ourselves but hurtful to all who come in contact with us. In speaking of a young woman who has filled several good positions with no degree of success, an elderly woman said: "She could have kept either position and earned a good income if she had not been so dissatisfied, she was continually finding fault and never felt that she was appreciated." It may be safely said that this attitude of mind is one that almost pre-determines failure in any line of work. Patience under adverse circumstances will often bring about favorable results, while complaint only accentuates and fixes the cause of complaint. Avoid mention of the disagreeable things that may come into your life. If you cannot be patient you can at least be silent. The secret of success lies not so much in knowing what to say, as in what to avoid saying. Next to finding fault with your own circumstances avoid criticizing other people. The habit of criticizing one's friends and acquaintances is one that often mars much that would otherwise be pleasant and helpful in social life. Do not discuss the peculiarities of your friends. It is "bad form" to say the least, and is needless and unnecessary.

James, James, I thought you said you would never take another drink as long as you lived. James—So I did, dearest, but I have been chewing too much tobacco. Wife—Yes; what kind of tobacco did you use. Husband—Piper-Heidseck.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF SARAH MORRIS, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Sarah Morris, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to Thomas Lewis, administrator of the estate of said deceased, at the office of S. Solon Holl, 628½ J street, in the City of Sacramento.

THOMAS LEWIS,

Administrator of the Estate of Sarah Morris, Dec'd.
S. SOLON HOLL, Attorney for Administrator. m10-4

THE LOUVRE,

526 J Street, Sacramento.

Bar and Billiards.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

EL DORADO SALOON,

O. F. BERGMAN, Proprietor,

826 J Street, - - - - Sacramento.

The most popular resort in the city.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Fine Photography.

THE FINEST SPECIMENS OF PHOTOGRAPHY in the city are those obtained at the gallery of

JULIUS ASHER,

Popular Prices.

810 J Street.

S. TRYON,

Merchant Tailor,

822 J STREET,

Between Eighth and Ninth,

SACRAMENTO.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

First-class Stock of Imported Suitings

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED IN EVERY CASE.

BELL & Co., Auctioneers.

REGULAR SALES DAYS, WEDNESDAY AND Saturday at 10 o'clock.

Highest Price Paid for all Kinds of Household Goods.

Consignments solicited. Particular attention paid to sales of Real Estate, Horse Sales and Sales of Farms, Stock, etc.

SALESROOM:

1009 and 1011 J St. } Between Tenth and Eleventh
SACRAMENTO - - - - CAL.

OLD RELIABLE

C. A. FISK

Guarantees All Work.

Telephone and Electrical Supplies of All Kinds.

408 J STREET.



SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

W. J. O'BRIEN.

ONE OF THE LARGEST EXPENSES IN A FAMILY is that of foot wear. Economy is wealth, and the head of a family who buys his shoes at

O'Brien's, 607 J Street,

Is on the road to fortune. The best stock at the lowest possible prices.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO.

Why Wrightman Wouldn't Fight a Duel.

A half dozen young men were dining in a private room. The dinner was almost finished; the coffee and cigarettes had been served. One of the diners was tall and well formed. Another was under medium size. In taking his cigarette from his mouth, the smaller man upset his coffee, apparently by accident. The coffee ran across the table and dripped on the knee of the taller man. He looked up and said: "You're awkward!" "Awkward is an 'awkward' expression," replied the smaller man, after a brief silence, during which both stared steadily at each other. "Make it d--d awkward, then!" said the tall man. His vis-a-vis made no reply. He seized a glass half filled with wine and dashed its contents into the tall man's face. The diners sprang to their feet. The tall man uttered an oath and reached across the table. But he was drawn back. He composed himself with surprising quickness, and turning to one of the party, said, "I'll kill that fellow for this, Bob. You arrange a meeting, will you?" Bob went 'round the table to the small man. "Wrightman," he said, "I'm sorry. But will you refer me to some one?" "No," answered Wrightman, "I will refer you to no one. I will not fight a duel." He made the announcement firmly. Expressions of surprise uttered by the men at the table had no apparent effect upon him. The tall man laughed and asked with a sneer, "Why? Are you afraid?" Wrightman's face flushed, but he replied steadily: "I will not fight a duel." "Why not?" asked the tall man's second. "You don't suppose, do you, that Thorne here, can allow you to throw wine in his face without calling you to account?" "My reasons for refusing to fight a duel," said Wrightman, "are my own. I will not tell what they are. But I will propose to you that your friend and I and one other man, yourself, if you please, go to my apartments. Your friend and I will fight with our fists until one or the other gives up." There were exclamations of amazement at this. "Oh, that's absurd, I'm not an animal," said Thorne. All protested that such a contest would be brutal. But the objections did not alter Wrightman. "Brutal it may be," he said, "but it's the only sort of meeting I'll consent to. I won't fight a duel. If Mr. Thorne's nose bleeds easily, he had better let the matter drop." "I'll consent," said Thorne quickly, "Let it be a prize fight." The party left the café in solemn silence, the waiters looking at them with much curiosity. Two of the diners fell behind their comrades. "This is a very queer affair," said one, "Wrightman's upsetting that coffee was an ordinary accident." "There is undoubtedly something back of all this," answered the other. "But what could have been Wrightman's reason for refusing to fight a duel? Duels are not common, but I'd hate to decline a challenge." "I know. He told me once that his father, who was a Southerner, killed a man in a duel. Years afterwards he learned that his opponent was entirely innocent of the wrongs of which he had suspected him, and the knowledge affected him deeply. He opposed duelling bitterly thereafter and made his son promise to never tender or accept a challenge." "I'm afraid Thorne is too big for him." "Perhaps. But Wrightman will never know when he's whipped." It was midnight when the young men halted before a big bachelor apartment-house on one of the residence avenues. The principals and the referee simply said good night to the others and entered the house. Wrightman's man opened his door for him. "Take the chairs and the table out of that room," said Wrightman, pointing to a small inside apartment, "and then you may go." When he had gone Wrightman and Thorne stripped to the waist. No word was spoken for some moments. Then Bob, as referee, asked if the matter couldn't be settled. "No," said Thorne "it can't. We'll have it out now," and Wrightman nodded. There were to be no rounds. They were to fight as long as they could. This decision made the referee a useless officer. But he stayed. Neither man was in condition for prolonged exertion. Both belonged to the same great athletic club, but when they went to the gymnasium, intending to put themselves through a course of training, they donned athletic costumes, dropped into easy chairs and spent the time drinking. But they both sparred well. They went at each other, viciously in earnest. They fought hard and fast, at close range, and both men were soon exhausted. By mutual consent, hostilities were suspended. Then they were energetically resumed. Wrightman's eyes were rapidly closing, and Thorne's lip was swelling and bleeding. Wrightman had held his own very well against his heavier antagonist. He had industriously punched Thorne in the stomach.

The referee suggested that the fight had gone far enough. Wrightman's answer was to jump at Thorne, hit him luckily and knock him down. Thorne rose quickly and the battle raged fiercely. By an awkward blow which struck Wrightman on the head, Thorne's right wrist was broken. He backed away. The fracture was painful. Wrightman rushed at him then and happened to hit him on the neck. The blow settled Thorne. He sank to his knees, sighed gently, and collapsed. The fight was over. Wrightman wavered unsteadily for a moment. Thorne "came 'round" in five minutes. He was put in one of Wrightman's beds and Wrightman retired to an adjoining room. He sent the referee for a physician friend. When they were alone, Wrightman went to Thorne. "Shake hands," he said. Thorne took the outstretched hand. He asked: "Where is she now?" "In San Francisco with a gambler," answered Wrightman. "Umph! A couple of idiots," said Thorne. "We were," responded Wrightman.—N. Y. World.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.
400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.



It must be plain to any who will give the matter a thought that our store would not be thronged from early in the morning until we closed at 8 o'clock at night if its patrons did not realize the decided advantages from

Low Prices, Reliable Goods, Superior Service.
Call or send for Price List.

AMERICAN CASH STORE
801 K Street.

SELLECK'S
Photographs
FINEST IN THE CITY.
Postoffice Building.
DR. H. H. PIERSON,
DENTIST.
511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

Fine Table Wines
From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.
Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

C. E. BAINBRIDGE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to 8:30 P. M.

Huntington
Hopkins
Company,
HARDWARE
Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

Daily Evening News.

WELLS DRURY, PROPRIETOR.
309 J Street, - - Sacramento.

LATEST DESPATCHES

From all parts of the world, furnished by the United Press Association, over the lines of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS,

Presented in an attractive form.

EDITORIAL NOTES

On current topics of interest.

FIRST CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Columbus
Brewing
COMPANY.

W. GUTENBERGER.....PRESIDENT.
C. WAHL.....SUPERINTENDENT.
O. A. LOVDALL.....SECRETARY.
CORNER SIXTEENTH AND K STS.
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

American Steam Laundry

NINETEENTH AND I STS.—WHITE LABOR only. Linen polished in the neatest manner. We guarantee satisfaction. All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Washing called for and delivered to any part of the city. Main Office at Sawtelle's Book Store, 705 and 710 J street. Branch offices at all the Hotels.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and Blank Book Manufacturer.
Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.
No. 409 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

ANOTHER NEW ARRIVAL
AT THE
CAPITAL ALE VAULTS,

302 J St. and 1005 Third St., Sacramento.
Ten Barrels of the Famous
Sour Mash Copper Distilled Kentucky Whisky
Direct from Covington, Ky., via Cape Horn.
NAGELE & SVENSSON, Proprietors.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.
EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.
GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES
CALL AT THE

Sacramento Stove House,
813 and 815 J STREET,
—And You Will Save Money.—
H. K. WALLACE & CO.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.
614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.
FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

A. L. HART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.
GROVE L. JOHNSON. ALBERT M. JOHNSON.
HIRAM W. JOHNSON.
JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,
LAWYERS.
504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

C. HAS. T. JONES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

C. HAS. N. POST,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street

W. A. ANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 604 J Street,

W. A. GETT, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,
LAWYERS.
Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

G. GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J

CHAS. H. OATMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,
LAWYER.
Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

G. GEORGE G. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,
LAWYER.
920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney),
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, upstairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
N.W. corner Sixth and K.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of Edwin C. Barclay, an insolvent debtor. Edwin C. Barclay having filed in this Court, his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Edwin C. Barclay is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the county of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said Edwin C. Barclay, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, on the 10th day of April, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M., of that day to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, February 25th, 1891. A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court. FRANK D. RYAN, Attorney for Petitioner. f25-6t

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to DAVID KIZER, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 29th day of January, 1891, in which action, Annie Kizer is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of said Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant on the grounds of desertion and failure to provide; also, for the care, custody and control of the minor children, the issue of said marriage, viz: Nettie and Edna, aged 5 years, and 15 months respectively, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and, within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 29th day of January A. D. 1891.
W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.
W. A. GETT, Jr., Attorney for Plaintiff. ja31-9t

A Strange Story.

Early in January of the present year, a woodman engaged in chopping some of the monster oaks in the northern part of the great "Black Forest," Germany, and who had built a fire against a large dead log preparatory to partaking of his midday meal, was surprised to see a serpent of gigantic proportions crawl from the log as soon as the rotten wood had got well warmed through. The day was bitter cold and the snake only made a few yards over the frozen ground until his convolutions became smaller and smaller, until he finally ceased to wriggle and quietly coiled up near a large pile of brush. The sturdy German chopper, who had been more surprised than scared, waited until the creature had become thoroughly benumbed with the cold and then approached and dispatched him with his axe. Measurements showed the slimy creature to be twenty-seven feet six inches in length and nearly fifteen inches through the body in the middle. But the most curious part of the story is yet to be told: Just back of the immense head, which was eleven inches in length and almost as broad, a little gold ring had been put through the skin. It was in the form of two rings rather than one, being shaped not unlike a figure eight. One part of the ring was through the skin while the other was through a hole in a small copper coin bearing date of 1712. One side of the coin was perfectly smooth, with the exception of these letters and figures, which had evidently been cut on it with a pocket-knife, the workmanship being very rough: "Louis Krutzer B. G. O., 1781." Some of the older inhabitants of the "Black Forest" remember hearing their parents tell of "Krutzer, the serpent charmer," and they all unite in declaring that this gigantic serpent was formerly the property of the old "charmer," and that it was at least 115 years old when killed by the woodchopper on that cold January day of 1891.

History of English Rule.

First William the Norman, then William his son, Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and John, Henry the Third, Edwards one, two, and three, And again after Richard three Henrys we see, Fourth Edward, third Richard, if rightly I guess, Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queens Mary and Bess, Then Jamie the Scotchman, then Charles whom they slew, And again after Cromwell another Charles Two; Next James the Second ascended the throne, Then William and Mary together came on, After Anne, Georges four and King William had passed God sent us Victoria. May she long be the last!

The above is somewhat ancient, but it is good. Some historical poetic sharp should adapt the same style for our Presidents.



WHICH WILL IT BE?

Which is the fairest, a rose or a lily?
Which is the sweetest, a peach or a pear?
Merry's coquettish, and charming is Milly;
Dora is gentle and fair.
Sweet as a flower was her face when I kissed [her].
(Love is the romance and glory of life).
Milly, my laymate, I love "like a sister,"
But Dora I choose for my wife.

That is right, young man, marry the girl you love, by all means, if she will have you. Should her health become delicate and her beauty fade after marriage, remember that this is usually due to functional disturbances, weaknesses, irregularities, or painful disorders peculiar to her sex, in the cure of which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. See the printed certificate of guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic, or strength-giver.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

Dr. PIERCE'S PELLETS

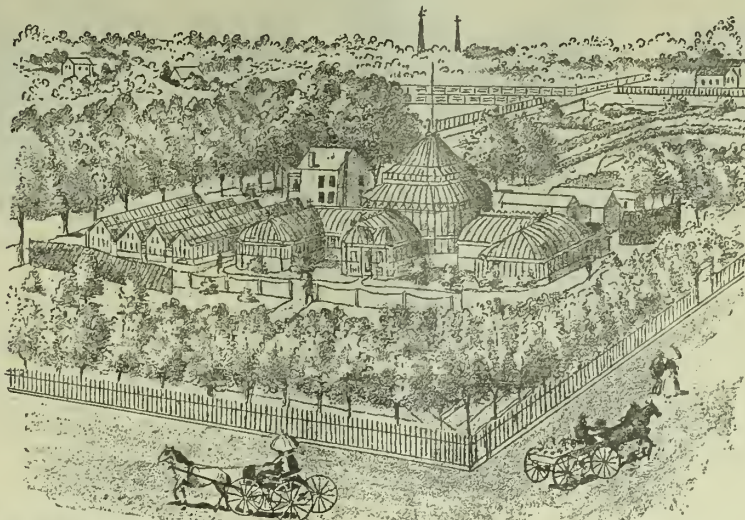
regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. One a Dose. Sold by druggists. 25 cents a vial.

M. J. DILLMAN.

EUGENE GEI SEITER.

THE BELL CONSERVATORY CO.

Nurserymen & Florists.



Growers of Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Garden, Greenhouse and Bedding Plants.

FLORAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY.

Our Roses and Chrysanthemums include the latest and choicest varieties.

The Nonpareil,

Corner Fifth and J Streets,

JUST OPENED,

A LARGE LINE OF

Ladies' Spring Jackets

From \$3.00 Upward.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

OSBORN & FOLGER

FUEL DEPOT,

806 I Street.

ICE, HAY, GRAIN and STORAGE

501 I Street. Telephone 69.

H. C. MUDDOX.

F. A. FEE.

MUDDOX & FEE,

No. 606 I Street,

Sacramento.

REAL ESTATE,

Mortgage Loans, Insurance,

Collections and Conveyancing.

Capital Hotel,

Southwest Corner Seventh and K Streets, Sacramento.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

Free bus to and from all trains. Best Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers of any house in the city. B. B. BROWN, Formerly of the State House Hotel, Proprietor.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

January 19, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6-15 A	Calistoga and Napa	11-40 A
3-05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8-40 P
12-50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	5-55 A
4-30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7-00 P
7-30 P	Knights Landing	7-10 A
10-50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9-35 A
12-05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2-25 A
11-00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8-15 A
	Ogden and East	
3-00 P	Oroville	10-30 A
3-00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10-30 A
10-40 A	Redding via Willows	4-00 P
2-25 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11-40 A
6-15 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12-35 A
8-40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10-40 P
3-05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8-40 P
*10-00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26-00 A
10-50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2-50 P
10-50 A	San Jose	2-50 P
4-30 P	Santa Barbara	9-35 A
6-15 A	Santa Rosa	11-40 A
3-05 P	Santa Rosa	8-40 P
8-50 A	Stockton and Galt	7-00 P
4-30 P	Stockton and Galt	9-35 A
12-05 P	Truckee and Reno	2-25 A
11-00 P	Truckee and Reno	8-15 A
12-05 P	Colfax	8-15 A
6-15 A	Vallejo	11-40 A
3-05 P	Vallejo	11-40 A
*6-35 A	Folsom and Placerville	2-40 P
*3-10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11-35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

DYEING & CLEANING

WORKS

909 and 911 K St. SACRAMENTO.

We Dye and Clean Silk, Cashmere, Velvet, Woolen

AND MIXED GOODS, KID GLOVES, ETC.

Blankets and Lace Curtains cleaned in a superior manner. Feathers cleaned, curled and dyed by a new method.

A SPECIALTY—Gentlemen's and Boys' Clothing cleaned, dyed and repaired. All shades are fast. Goods called for and delivered free of charge. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders from country promptly attended to.

JACOB LANG, - Prop'r.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1870.)

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

PEERLESS.

(FIRST CLASS.)

Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars.

809 K STREET - - - - - Sacramento.

M. S. BRACE, Manager.

Napoleon's Dog.

It was dark, and down a retired street in Paris a man rode alone on horseback, says the *Youth's Companion*. Suddenly the horse stopped as if frightened. Then a man rose from the pavement in the middle of the street and jumped to one side with a cry. The rider was angry and exclaimed: "Are you drunk, man, that you lie about in the middle of a dark street to get yourself run over?"

"You might better lend a poor fellow a hand than scold in that way," exclaimed the other. "I had 300 francs in gold in this bag, carrying it to pay a bill for my master, and the bag has broken and it is all lost over the street. If you have some matches they will do me more good than your curses."

"It's no easy task to find lost money on a night like this," said the rider, dismounting. "I have no matches, but perhaps I can help you. Have you any of the pieces left?"

"Only one," replied the unfortunate fellow, with a sob.

"Give it to me," said the other.

The poor man hesitated, but the stranger repeated the words in a tone of authority, and the last coin was handed to him.

The stranger whistled and a great Spanish mastiff stood beside him. He held the coin to the dog's nose, and leaning to the rough pavement said: "Find them."

The dog sniffed the gold piece and began the search.

One, two, three; he began bringing in the coins and dropping them into his master's hand, while the poor servant stood by in silent wonder.

Thirteen times he returned with a 20-franc piece. Then, after a long search, he came back empty, with a grunt that seemed to say: "There are no more."

"We are yet lacking one piece," said the stranger. "Are you sure there were just 300 francs?"

"Sure as sure can be, sir," the servant replied.

"Then look in the bag again. There must be one left there."

The man looked and sure enough found the last gold piece there.

"Oh, sir!" he exclaimed, as the stranger sprang into his saddle, "you are my deliverer. Tell me your name that my master may know who has done him such a service."

"I have done nothing," said the stranger. "Tell your master that the one who helped you was a very good and intelligent dog by the name of Joie."

It was some years afterward, when France had seen troubled times and the royal family was no more, that the master was telling the incident to a party of friends, one of whom had been employed in the palace.

"Joie! Joie!" he exclaimed. "There never was but one dog of that name and there never was a more remarkable and faithful dog than he. He always accompanied his master when he went in disguise about the city."

"Who was his master?" they all asked.

The reply was brief: "The Emperor Napoleon."

Retrospective.

"George, dear, I don't see how you ever found courage to ask me to be your wife."

"It was a pretty hard thing for me to do, wasn't it? Did I make a fool of myself, Nellie?"

The young man shifted her weight on the other knee as he asked the question.

"Not any more than usual, George. You always acted confused and bashful, you know."

"M—yes, I suppose I was a good deal of a dunderhead," candidly admitted the youth; "but I was pretty far gone," he added in extenuation. "I was hooked in both gills."

"Now confess, George," said the maiden, toying with his watch chain, "didn't your heart fly right up into your throat when you—when you asked me the—the question, you know?"

"It tried to, Nellie," replied George, shifting her weight again, but your head, you remember, was kind o' holding it down."

And Nellie didn't say anything more for a long, long time.—*Chicago Tribune*.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors.

Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

H. WACHHORST

Leading Jeweler of Sacramento

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,

No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.



SACRAMENTO, CAL.

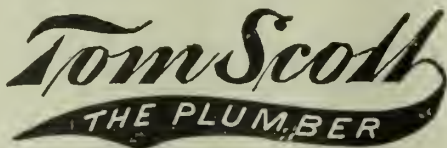
San Francisco Branch, 305 Battery St.

Peters & Ray

APOTHECARIES

Odd Fellows' Temple, Ninth & K Sts.

Telephone 175. Three Bells.



303 J STREET,

Near the Northeast Corner of Third,

SACRAMENTO.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, cor. Fifth

FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!

JAS. G. DAVIS, Furniture and Bedding

Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

411 and 413 K Street,

Of Every Description.

BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH, SACRAMENTO.

This is one of the Oldest Established Furniture Houses on the Coast.

Klune & Floberg, WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS

Agents for Rockford Watch Co.

NO. 428 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.



B. JOHNSON.

CHAS. ROOD.

State House Hotel,

ROOD & JOHNSON, Proprietors.

Corner Tenth and K Sts., - Sacramento.

The best second-class hotel on the coast, outside of San Francisco.
Excellent family accommodations.
Reading room attached.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE PRESIDENT.....FRED K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.

Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK,

S. W. Corner Fourth and J Streets, Sacramento, Cal.
GUARANTEED CAPITAL, \$500,000.

Loans made on Real Estate, Interest paid semi-annually on Term and Ordinary Deposits.

PRESIDENT.....B. U. STEINMAN
VICE-PRESIDENT.....EDWIN K. ALSIP
CASHIER.....D. D. WHITBECK
SECRETARY.....C. H. CUMMINGS
SURVEYOR.....JAS. M. STEVENSON

DIRECTORS:

B. U. Steinman, Edwin K. Alsip, C. H. Cummings,
W. E. Terry, Sol. Runyon, Jas. McNasser,
Jas. M. Stevenson.

THE OFFICE.

No. 1008 Fourth Street,

Billiard and Club Rooms. The Finest Wines and Liquors in the city. Drinks or Cigars 10 cents.

Call and see me.

ED. S. REGO, Proprietor.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

The Popular School of Northern California.

BAINBRIDGE

BUSINESS COLLEGE

—AND—

NORMAL SCHOOL

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT—For the practical education of young men for business.

NORMAL DEPARTMENT—Grammar School and High School studies; also, for those who wish to obtain teacher's certificates.

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING DEPARTMENT In which we prepare students for amanuensis work and court reporting in 3 to 6 months.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT—Well fitted with a corps of artists in their profession. MRS. F. C. BAINBRIDGE, Director.

Students can enter at any time and receive individual attention until prepared to enter upon the desired course.

Send for one of our new Catalogues. Address

J. C. BAINBRIDGE,

Principal Bainbridge College,

No. 1017 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

Geo. Sermonet's

—IS THE—

CHEAPEST GROCERY STORE

In the City, Quality Considered.

Depot for California Wines

Cor. Eighth and G Streets.

R. DAVIS, NOTARY PUBLIC, Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J Street, Sacramento.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.

R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

THE PIONEER

No. 292 J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS constantly on file.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMANN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMANN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER,

BAVARIA PILSENER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

THE LEMERS

CALIFORNIA
STATE
LIBRARY

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1891.

No. 5.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by J. H. MILLER & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
J. H. MILLER, Managing Editor.

We esteem that from the standpoint of Americans there can be but one view taken of the tragedy that occurred in New Orleans on Saturday. It concerns little if the victims were citizens of the United States, native or naturalized, or if they were foreigners unnaturalized. Upon the soil of the United States it has been proved, and doubtless will continue to be proved, there is no foothold for lawlessness against our established system of government and the administration of the laws. Particularly can it be expected that stern vengeance will be visited upon those who band together in secret in antagonism to our popular government. Anarchy, and such organizations as the Mafia association, have no place with us; that those concerned in assassination and governmental disruption meet with violent ends creates nothing of sympathy. There has been an endeavor to characterize the proceedings at New Orleans as an attack upon the members of a particular nationality—the Italians—and a portion of the Italian press has been disposed to so regard it. There is, however, nothing in that; and we cannot conceive why intelligent men, of foreign or American birth, should for a moment degrade their manhood by defending criminals for the reason, simply, that they happen to have been born in the country of their nativity. Certain it is, if a band of Americans were to organize in Italy, or any other foreign country, for unlawful purposes, they would receive little sympathy if the severest of punishment were visited upon them—perhaps less sympathy than if they committed similar acts at home, for if they are not satisfied with the system of government abroad their business would have been to have stayed at home. The situation of New Orleans is peculiar, in that its geographical position and its early population attracts to it an element undesirable. The very fact that a secret society exists there that has gone to the extremity of shooting down upon the public streets the Chief of Police, that thereafter a jury was impaneled so weak as to acquit in some cases and to disagree in others, was sufficient to justify a resort to popular retribution. There can be no justification for mob violence save in extraordinary cases; it is a dangerous expedient, particularly in this age, where the courts are presumed to be effective to punish crime. In countries with newly established governments, and peopled by adventurous classes, it has been a necessity. In California, twice, in the metropolis, the Committee of Vigilance held full sway—in 1851 and in 1856. Men were hanged, some banished; the city was purged of the undesirable element. In a lesser degree in the early days was the power of the people demonstrated in Sacramento and other interior cities. The effects were salutary, and for a time following each outbreak of popular indignation, security to person and property was assured. The visitations of punishment were upon people of American birth, mostly. Conspicuous among the victims were James P. Casey, who shot and killed the editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, and Charles Cora, who had killed the United States Marshal.

The time for the selection of a police force for the city is approaching. We believe the present Board of Police Commissioners will view differently the matter of the organization and selection of the force than

have some of their predecessors. The Act of March 6, 1872, establishing a Police Department is very explicit. It contemplates, in language that cannot be misunderstood, that the police force shall be permanent, and that no policeman shall be removed except on written charges and after a public trial and conviction by the Commissioners. There is a provision that in addition to the usual oath of office the Commissioners shall take the further oath: "That in every appointment or removal to be by them made, to or from the police force created and to be organized by them under this Act, they will in no case and under no pretext, appoint or remove any policeman for or on account of the political opinion of such policeman, or for any other cause or reason than the fitness or unfitness of such person, in the best judgment of said Commissioners, for the place to which he shall be appointed, or from which he shall be removed." All that the people desire is a strict observance of the law, and in our judgment it would be a matter of wisdom if the Commissioners would disregard politics, select men with regard to their fitness only, and appoint them permanently. The annual scrambles for positions on the police force have resulted in demoralization, and it has been that men with good records have been displaced without cause. It is manifest from the temper of the people that there is a disposition to bring about a more efficient and modernized system of government, and to weed out the evils consequent upon the domination of political powers over our municipal government. We have confidence that the Board of Police Commissioners will be in earnest; that their endeavor will be to act with wisdom and discretion, and we feel that from the circumstances surrounding the selection of each of them, they will act with entire independence, except so far as the interests of the city will be consulted. An officer with a good record should be retained; if in the judgment of the Commissioners new men should be appointed, let the appointments be discreetly made, and when the force is selected let there be the guarantee to its members that they will remain undisturbed so long as they perform faithful and efficient service. In this way only can we obtain a force that will properly attend to the public service; its members will not be constantly cowed by those who assume to possess political influence.

Gertrude Atherton made a very bold statement when she wrote, "a virtuous woman has no respect for a virtuous man." It is very severe on her sex, but in a somewhat modified form there is much truth in the sentiment. A woman full of life and ambition will take more kindly to the dashing reprobate than to the quiet, temperate, good young man. This does not detract from her virtue, however, but is the natural impulse of woman. We can observe this illustrated in all our social relations. The bold, rollicking fellow can at all times secure the attention and favor of the girls, while the sedate, modest, good young man remains a wall flower, the admiration of aged spinsters. But on the contrary, the wild and reckless man has the deepest veneration for the modest, virtuous woman. A true woman never admires an empty-headed dandy; and while she likes the dash and vim of the brilliant, though mayhap dissolute fellow, she still looks up to the man of brains and learning. A lady writer in the *New York World* thus takes Gertrude to task for her assault on women's lack of modesty: "Granting there is much immodesty in these days—immodesty in dress, manners, conversation, the drama, and in literature—does it follow that

you should ruthlessly arraign your sex as a race of indecent beings, denuding themselves before mankind, and thriving on the lascivious homage of roués and fools?" Gertrude Atherton, being the authoress of one of the most erotic novels in print, is not a fair judge of women's modesty.

Speaking of a new society organized in Boston, called the Anti-Superfluity Society, the *New York World* humorously urges that this is directed against the superfluity of women in Massachusetts: "A careful reading of their programme of purposes indicates that the 'thralldom' from which they seek release, is that of women. For two or three generations now the 'superfluous women' of Massachusetts have been a source of perplexity and apprehension in that State. These men say they 'propose to fight the campaign on the plain principle that the individual [mark the term as not inclusive of the individual's wife] is happier, more comfortable, and in every way better off without the superfluities than with them.' Now, what can 'the superfluities' mean, in such connection and in Massachusetts mouths, but women? Again, they describe 'the superfluities' as 'tyrannical luxuries,' which is precisely what the misogynist soul holds women preëminently to be. They speak of 'thralldom,' too, which means, of course, that most of them are rebellious married men, weary of being told that they must wipe their feet, and denied the use of a latch-key, and closely questioned as to their personal expenditures, and all the rest of it. Finally, they protest especially against the thralldom of 'respectability.' As sure as back hair grows, those fellows are up to mischief. They want to drink beer and eat Welsh rabbits late at night, and smoke in bed, and swear when they lose their collar buttons, and do all those other delightfully unconventional things which women and respectability combine to forbid; and as a first step they have set themselves to abolish 'the superfluities,' meaning thereby the good women of Massachusetts."

The amicable relations which have so long existed between this country and Great Britain are likely to be interrupted in the near future. In fact, we see no honorable way of avoiding war with the English nation. It is reported that General Lord Wolseley, or Lord General Wolseley, as one may choose to call him, is coming over to British Columbia with the intention of staying there until the Behring sea question is settled, and if that dispute be not adjusted to his entire satisfaction, he intends to declare war against us. It is reported that he has sealed orders to that effect. It is further reported that another English General, who is not a lord, is coming to Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, on a like mission. This General, who is not a Lord, is commissioned to attack us all along the Atlantic seaboard in case the controversy about codfish be not brought to a satisfactory settlement in a short time. No reliance should be placed on these rumors, so far, at least, as the causes which are to bring these military gentlemen to the western side of the Atlantic ocean are concerned. It may be that General Lord Wolseley, and the other military person will come over, but it will not be on the fur seal or the codfish business. Those disputes are moving rapidly to the point of adjustment. Lord Salisbury has just submitted a proposal to arbitrate the fur seal question, and it is understood that Secretary Blaine and Sir Julian Pauncefote have about come to an agreement as to how the codfish shall be divided. It is stated that Old England will get one codfish out of every five, and that New England will get the remainder—at least, Blaine thinks that this

would be an equitable division. We are not positive that this arrangement will be ratified, but we do know that under no circumstances will England be allowed more than two codfish out of every seven.

Neither the codfish dispute nor the Behring sea question will have anything to do with the war that will arise between this country and England. What English women have said about American girls will be the true cause of hostilities. Marriageable English women have said ugly things about our girls, and have proclaimed a boycott against them, and this is why General Lord Wolsley, and the other General, who is not a lord, are coming to the American side of the Atlantic ocean. They are in "cohoots" with the English women, and want to get and underhold on us. The English women say that our girls have no right to marry English husbands—that they are intruders when they do so. They say that the American girl is scrawny; that she fades early; doesn't make a good wife, and that she is cold-blooded. So, they have proclaimed a boycott against her. Here is a cause of war, for a fact, as English women will find out to their sorrow. A few American girls are lank, but the most of them are as plump as any English woman. They may fade a little prematurely; that is, some of them may, but they are just glorious while they last. But these are minor matters, and have nothing to do with the true cause of the war that is sure to come. The English women have stated that the American girl is a cold-blooded animal, and if this doesn't call for war, we have misinterpreted the nature of the American girl, and the nature of the Native Daughter of the Golden West in particular.

The American men are not going into the war except to look out for General Lord Wolsley and the other General, who is not a lord. If they misbehave in the least, or attempt any underhand work, the men will attend to their cases. In all other respects the war will be conducted from a female base. And won't the fur—we mean words—won't the words fly? The American girl is a better hand with the pen than her English sister, and when she squares herself for work, the boycotters across the water will think her a red-hot furnace. There is fun ahead, and no mistake. The American girl will soon be to the fore, when statesman Blaine and Lord Salisbury may learn a lesson in diplomacy greatly to their enlightenment.

Now then. THEMIS' wishes to lift up her voice, and make a few remarks: Democratic Senator Seawell, of Mendocino county, nominated Assemblyman Shannahan for the office of Federal Senator the other day. There was nothing improper in this, for one may nominate another person for Senator, whether the other person gets any votes or not. But Senator Seawell made a speech, in doing which, he said certain things which mark him as an unsafe statesman. The Mendocino legislator allowed his tongue to run a mile or two ahead of his judgment, and if there are any more nominating speeches to be made, the Democratic leaders would do well to assign the duty of making them to some one else. Senator Seawell opened his discourse by stating that the Democrats have a majority of 130 in the Congress which was elected last November, and that everything tends to show that the party will have full control of all the departments of the government in a short time. A good deal of this is prophecy, and inasmuch as the country has not produced but one real seer since Daniel Webster died, namely: Charles Sumner, we will be pardoned if we do not give it serious attention. One ought, however, to be able by this time to state with reasonable accuracy the political composition of the House of Representatives of the fifty-second Congress. Clerk McPherson, of the House, has sent out a list of the members, from which it appears that there are 87 Republicans, 236 Democrats, 8 Farmer's Alliance men, with the Second Rhode Island District to be filled. Thus, it appears, counting the Rhode Island man against them, the Democrats have a clear majority of 136. This is so dangerous a majority, that the Democratic party may well look forward to the results of the next two sessions of Congress with grave apprehension. But this is not the matter that we set out to write about, still it is a matter that statesman Seawell should consider thoroughly before he takes upon himself the responsibilities of a

prophet. The feature of Senator Seawell's address which should receive special attention is this: Taking it for granted that the Democrats will get control of all the departments of the government in a short time, he insists that if we expect to get anything in the way of appropriations for coast defenses, navy yards, public buildings, and the like, we must send a Senator to Washington who will be in harmony with the dominant party. "Send Shannahan," exclaims statesman Seawell, "and we can claim the treasury as our own." What new doctrine is this? Since when has it become the policy of any party to make the granting of appropriations of money for public purposes a matter of favor? The largest single appropriation that was made for any locality by the last Congress, was for Galveston, Texas, to create a deep ship channel in the harbor. Assemblyman Shannahan is a person of clever abilities, and, if we should send him to Washington, he would probably do as little harm as any Democrat that we might send. But how is it that Democratic leaders have changed their views as to the need or policy of spending the public money? Statesman Seawell seems to think that we actually need forts to defend our seaports, and navy yards, or at least one for the construction and repair of war ships, and suitable buildings wherein to transact the public business. How long has Senator Seawell been of this mind? As long as there was a Republican majority in the lower House of Congress, if a person talked about fortifying exposed cities, or the need of navy yards or public buildings, he was rebuked by a multitude of seven-league mouths as being a treasury looter. Now, however, seeing that they will have it all their own way in the House, the Democrats want to loot a little themselves.

MARINE DISASTERS.

Loss of the Steamer Pearl near the City of Sacramento.

PART II.

One of the most frightful calamities that ever occurred on the inland waters of this State, was the explosion of the river steamer Pearl, about one o'clock, on Saturday, January 27th, 1891. The high pressure steamer Pearl, Davis, Master, left Marysville at 7 o'clock, with an unusual crowd of passengers, numbering as nearly as could be ascertained about 130, of whom 35 were Chinamen.

The steamer had almost reached Sacramento, and was just below the mouth of the American river, when an explosion occurred which lifted the forward deck, and threw it directly over the bows. Fifty or sixty lives were lost by this dreadful disaster—nearly a dozen were blown into the air, and one or two to a height of sixty or seventy feet, and nearly to the opposite shore of the Sacramento.

The wheel-house was blown overboard, and the pilot wheel broken into five or six pieces, but strange to say, the pilot was not killed, although considerably injured. The upper deck was blown completely off, and the passengers clung in crowds to it, as the confused mass floated down the river. Immediately after the explosion every available boat along the river was brought into requisition and many lives saved. The steamer Yolo, a small ferry boat, also rendered valuable assistance. The Pearl was a new boat, having been in service but nine months, and was a general favorite with the traveling public.

In an editorial, on Monday, January 29th, the Sacramento Union says: Yesterday was a solemn Sabbath in Sacramento. Its counterpart has not been witnessed since the city had an existence—God grant that we may never again be a participant in the mournful scenes through which we have just passed. The hours of holy time were ushered in calm and peaceful. The sun dawned bright and beautiful on this valley, and his genial rays were cast upon the silvery bosom of the Sacramento, whose waters were as tranquil as an infant's sleep. At that early morning hour, naught was there save the shattered wreck moored to the shore, to indicate that but a brief period before fifty immortal souls were instantly summoned to their Maker's presence. The engulfing waters were at rest, although many of the victims of the dire catastrophe slumbered in the river's bed.

The day had far advanced, however, ere there were unmistakable tokens of the dreadful disaster. Processions of pedestrians poured down our thoroughfares toward the levee, wending their way to the scene of the accident. Numerous boats, manned by strong arms and provided with grapnels, pushed from the shore and repaired to the spot where the ill-fated Pearl had exploded. The banks of the Sacramento and American were covered with men, women and children, sadly and silently watching the boatmen in their mournful search, or conversing in groups almost inaudibly about the terrible calamity. The flags on the

various boats and public buildings drooped sullenly at half mast, and every thing save the bright sun wore an aspect of gloom.

By and by the bodies of the dead began to be discovered, and at little intervals were drawn to the surface on the hooks of the diligent boatmen. All day long were they thus employed, and the friends of the deceased have the satisfaction of knowing that to their exertions are they in a great measure indebted for the recovery of the remains, which otherwise probably would never have been restored to them.

The Sabbath waned, and yet the solemn labors of the surgeon, the undertaker and the searcher went on. The station house was transferred into a morgue; and throughout the day, sorrowful faces might have been seen bending over the disfigured corpses, to trace, if possible, the lineaments of the countenance of their friends.

The coffin maker, the grave digger, and the hearse driver were busy. There were many dead bodies to be entombed, and the services of these must be put in requisition. From the station house, from the hospital and from the private dwelling did the solemn cortege move to the city of the dead.

At three o'clock the bodies of Col. Anderson, Capt. Davis and Capt. Randall were borne to their last resting place. The coffins containing their mortal remains were placed side by side in a grave provided by a friend. Their countenances were exposed, and with the exception of that of the commander of the lost boat, appeared as life-like and natural as if they were but in temporary repose. The procession was a long one, and as it wound slowly to the place of sepulture, sadness was depicted in every face. The funeral rites at the grave were exceedingly affecting. Rev. Mr. Benton officiated, first reading appropriate scriptural selections, and concluding by offering up a prayer, in which he alluded particularly to the persons of the deceased, and the domestic relations of each. A single relative only was present of any of the dead—a striking evidence, truly, that they had indeed died far from home and the scenes of their earlier years.

But the appalling tragedy was not ended with the interment of these. As the somber shades of evening fell upon the city, the tidings that another, and another, and still another of the victims of the Pearl had been found were quickly borne throughout the city. Upward of forty dead bodies have been recovered, and it is estimated that fully twenty more sleep on the bottom of the river.

In the annals of California disasters there is none comparable to that which now shrouds this entire community in sorrow. Fires and floods we have experienced, but these have ruined property only, and the losses are by no means irreparable. Accidents similar to the misfortune which now afflicts this people have occurred within our borders, but never attended with the horrible results of this. The explosions of the Secretary, Jenny Lind, American Eagle, Page, Ranger, Sagamore and San Joaquin were indeed deplorable, but not so awful as that we mourn to-day.

The darkest day in the history of California inland navigation, we sincerely hope, has passed. A recurrence of the scenes of the Sabbath and preceding day is, we trust, never to be witnessed by either ourselves or those who are to come after us.

On Monday, January 29th, twenty-nine bodies were taken to the city cemetery. The procession consisted of over 3,000 persons, and was made up as follows:

- Grand Marshal and Aids.
- Music.
- Sacramento Pioneer Association.
- Five hearses.
- Citizens in carriages.
- The Mayor, Common Council, and City Officers.
- Governor and State Officers.
- Senate and Assembly.
- Chief and Assistant Engineers of the Fire Department.
- Knickerbocker Engine Co. No. 5.
- Eureka Engine Co. No. 4.
- Sacramento Engine Co. No. 3.
- Protection Engine Co. No. 2.
- Alert Hook and Ladder Co. No. 2.
- Mutual Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1.
- Confidence Engine Co. No. 1.
- Hebrew Benevolent Society.
- Golden Horizon Temple of Honor No. 1.
- Temperance Organizations.
- Odd Fellows.
- Masonic Fraternity.
- Citizens in carriages.
- Draymen mounted.
- Chinese Marshal.
- Eight hearses.
- Chinese in carriages.
- Chinese music.
- Chinese in wagons.
- Chinese mounted.
- Chinese on foot with scarf on left arm.

It was a rare sight, and at once flattering to the liberality of our institutions, to see there assembled on common ground, the Christian and the Pagan, each acknowledging the sacred character of the departed, and manifesting, according to their peculiar tenets, respect for their memory and worth. This unusual circumstance, together with the large number of new-made graves and coffined bodies, and the immense crowd of persons in attendance, contributed to render the occasion one of sad and singular interest.

PIONEER WOMEN.

Brief Sketches Written by a Daughter of the Golden West.

PART I.

"Men's dire deserts each reader may recite,
For men of men do make a goodly show;
But women's works can seldom come to light,
No mortal man their famous acts may know;
Few writers will a little time bestow,
The worthy acts of women to repeat,
Though their renown and the deserts be great."

The poet's complaint might be made with peculiar justice in the case of American women who followed the earliest adventurers into the unknown forests of the West. One of their own number often said: "A good Providence sent such men and women into the world together. They were made to match."

Such a race will probably never again live in this country. The progress of improvement, art, and luxury has a tendency to change the female character, so that even a return of the perils of war or the necessity for exertion would hardly develop in it the strength which belonged to the matrons who nursed the infancy of the republic.

They were formed by early training in habits of energetic industry, and familiarity with privation and danger, to take their part in subduing the wilderness for the advance of civilization. Though their descendants cannot emulate their heroic deeds, it will be a pleasing task to call up recollections of them; to observe their patient endurance of hardships, and to compare their homely but honest exterior with the accomplishment and graces of the sex in modern days.

In the rural cemetery near Frankfort, upon a hill overlooking the river, under the shadow of protecting trees, are two green mounds, unmarked by slab or stone informing the stranger that the remains of two honored pioneers—Daniel Boone and his wife—rest beneath. Mrs. Boone's maiden name was Rebecca Bryan. Her father was one of the pioneers of North Carolina and had his home in the midst of a forest on the borders of the Yadkin, at no great distance from the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, then a frontier country, and the greater part of it unbroken forest. Boone met Miss Bryan at her home and was introduced to her by her father. Daniel was twenty and Rebecca sixteen. Both were young, beautiful, and at the period when the affections exercise their most energetic influence. All reasonable time and space were granted to the claims of maidenly modesty. As for Boone, he was remarkable for the backwood attribute of never being beaten out of his track, and he ceased not to woo until he gained the heart of Rebecca Bryan. In a word, he courted her successfully, and they were married.

Boone's first step after marriage was to find a suitable place where he might cultivate his farm, and hunt to the greatest advantage. His wife remained at home while he went to explore the unsettled regions of North Carolina. When he had selected a locality near the headwaters of the Yadkin, Rebecca, with the same resolute spirit of enterprise which afterwards led her to the wilds of Kentucky, bade farewell to her friends, and followed her adventurous husband. In a few months her home had assumed a pleasant aspect; a neat cabin stood on a pleasant eminence near the river, surrounded by an enclosed field; the farm was well stocked, and with the abundance of game in the woods, the settlers had no lack of means for comfort and enjoyment.

The rude dwelling frequently offered the traveler shelter; and by a cheerful fire, and table loaded with the finest game, with the enhancing blessing of a hospitable welcome, was many a tale of adventure narrated, while as yet the surrounding forest was untouched by an axe. For some years the young couple lived in this sylvan retirement, till the fields of other emigrants opened wide clearings, and dwellings rose so thickly in the neighborhood as to form villages; when Boone made up his mind to remove to some wilder spot.

In 1760, a man by the name of Finley struck into the pathless forests, crossed the Cumberland mountains and explored the wilderness. As the wanderer penetrated into what is now Kentucky, the luxuriant beauty of its plains, its rich cane-brakes and flower-covered forests promised every thing desirable in a new home. The forest abounded with deer, elk, and buffaloes, while white pheasants, partridges, wild turkeys, etc., were as plentiful as domestic fowls in a farm yard.

On the first of May, 1769, Daniel Boone, and five other adventurous spirits started on an expedition for Kentucky. They crossed the Alleghany mountains, and explored the valley of the Ohio, where the buffaloes roamed like herds of cattle. Boone and one of his companions, Stewart, were captured by the Indians, but made their escape. Two of the party were killed by the Indians.

Boone, after locating a farm and building a log-cabin, returned across the mountains for his family. He undertook to get up an expedition, but was two years in doing so. The party commenced its march in September, 1773, and were about eighty in number. While passing through a narrow defile, the party was attacked

by savages, and six men killed, the stock scattered and considerable of it lost. The party decided to give up the attempt at making a settlement in Kentucky, and returned about forty miles to Church river. It may be supposed that Mrs. Boone, whose eldest son had been slain in the encounter, had lost all spirit for the enterprise, and her husband was obliged to submit to the decision of the rest.

Boone built a fort at Boonesborough, in 1775, and when he finished it, he returned for his family. Mrs. Boone and her daughter were the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky river. Mrs. Boone's little daughter, with two other little girls were out gathering flowers on the banks of the river, when they were seized by Indians and carried into captivity. Boone and a party went in pursuit, four of the five Indians were killed, and the little captives returned to their parents.

Daniel Boone was for many months in captivity. He was absent from home so long that his wife gave him up for dead, and went into deep mourning. She took her children and returned to the home of her father in North Carolina. When Boone escaped and returned to Boonesborough he was surprised to learn of his wife's movements. He immediately went to them, and the following spring found them all safe in Kentucky again.

Mrs. Boone died in March, 1813. A most faithful and efficient helpmate had she proved to the pioneer, possessing the same energy, heroism, and firmness which he had shown in all the vicissitudes of his eventful career, with the gentler qualities by which woman, as the center of the domestic system diffuses happiness, and trains her children to become useful and honored in after life. Having shared willingly in the hardships, labors, and dangers of those adventurers whose names live in grateful remembrance, she is entitled to some portion of the renown that has embalmed them.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

"Rounds of applause" help an actor to the top of the ladder of fame.

The latest Chicago comic opera, *Maid Marian*, is to be translated into German. Then it is sure to be funny.

"English millionaire dudes," according to a recent edict, "have been debarred from the greenrooms of London and French Theatres."

There is now advertised *A Parlor Match—with More Sulphur*. The stage has to do something to keep up with the ministers' meetings.

Next season Sol Smith Russell will be seen in Mark Twain's *Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, which is being dramatized for him by a well-known playwright.

A Missouri weekly paper recently indulged in some critical remarks about Shakespeare, and a farmer named John Shakespeare, thinking the family insulted, came to town and gave the editor a thrashing.

James Owen O'Connor, the gifted tragedian, is said to have joined the medical profession, with the intention, perhaps, to wreak upon the public that terrible "r-revenge-e" which he has so often told us about.

Edith Murilla's singing of the song "I'm a Dashing, Gay Soubrette," is one of the most pleasing features of *Ship Ahoy*. Miss Murilla also has the reputation of being one of the cleverest dancers on the stage.

Miss Mary Anderson has advertised her stage wardrobe for sale. This confirms the rumor that she intends to retire from professional life. As she is no longer "Our Mary," having jilted Uncle Sam for one John Bull several years ago, she will not be exactly missed, though she will still be mourned on this side of the pond.

The number of girls who promise to succeed Patti is necessarily limited. The names of those mentioned at present are Esther Palliser, a Philadelphia girl; Mary Howe, of Vermont; Emma Eames, of Boston; Emma Nevada, born in Virginia City; Sybil Sanderson, of San Francisco, and Marie Decca, an Ohio girl. Still, as Patti promises to retain her youthfulness as long as Queen Victoria, it is a question hardly worth considering for the next fifty or sixty years.

Book Chat.

The Chinese have a myth that the soul of a poet passes into the body of a grasshopper, as the latter sings until it starves.

Lord Tennyson's latest poem contains but nine lines, yet in this brief space it gives promise of being much worse if it had been longer.

Probably the largest price ever paid for a bible, was that put down by J. W. Ellsworth, of Chicago, at the Brayton Ives sale of rare books in progress in New York—\$14,800.

Giving a definition of anything is difficult enough, but fixing the exact meaning of such an evanescent

and spiritual art as that of poetry is something quite as far beyond human power as is the translation into articulate speech of the inspiration of the stars on a frosty night when their glories are at their best.

Brentanos have just published what is claimed to be a fac simile reproduction of Columbus' log-book kept by him on his first voyage of discovery in 1492. It is said that this log-book has recently been found on the English coast, enclosed in a water-tight casket, together with the royal warrant given to the great navigator by Isabella of Castilla.

The London *Times* is rejoicing over the triumph of honesty in this country in the passage of an international copyright law. Well, British publishers have been stealing up to this moment. Some of them have grown rich on pirated American works. And there is no evidence that they intend to reform. May our honest example do them some good.

Two of the most singular things I remember about Father Ryan, the "poet priest of the South," whom I knew well when a lad in Mobile, says a Galveston *News* writer, were his eccentric beliefs on the subject of spiritualism and the location of the human soul. He told me one day that there was no doubt in his mind about the genuineness of certain manifestations of spiritualism, and he cited instances in his own experience. During the same conversation he declared his belief in the old Greek theory that the soul was not inside, but outside the body, covering it with an imperceptible film. Great as his fame as a poet, his genius shone strongest in oratory, of which he was an accomplished master. His death in a hospital at Louisville furnishes a sad commentary on the earthly rewards that wait on famous men.

Requiescat! Let him rest,
Murmuring myrtles o'er his breast—
Let him rest—his journey ended.
Sprinkle the grave and cast the sod
On the child-like priest of God—
Dust with parent dust is blended.

Professional Chat.

Dr. Fraser Halle has discovered the means by which a man may see his own brains, but a man does not need to see his own brains if he can only make them apparent to other people.

"What was your lawyer's fee in that case, Dimling?" "It wasn't a fee, Totling; it was an honorarium." "What's the difference?" "Well, an honorarium is about ten times as much as a fee."

Senator Manderson, the new President pro tem. of the United States Senate, is fifty-three years old. He served through the war in the Union armies, reaching the rank of brevet Brigadier-General of volunteers in 1865.

All over the world physicians are doing their best to discredit Koch's lymph by proposing empirical remedies for tuberculosis, to be applied in a similar way. There is no more science in that kind of doctoring than there is in the work of the most ignorant "yarb" doctor.

Senator-elect Kyle's "cleverness" is thus vouched for by a responsible gentleman of Mitchell, S. D.: "I attended the jollification at Pierre just after Mr. Kyle's election, and when the boys wanted to take something with him, he said: 'Boys, I can't drink myself, but I will pay for the beer and pull the corks,' and he did."

Squire Kelly, a Pennsylvania Justice, who is wiser than Solomon, juster than Aristides, and a more astute law-giver than Solon, should not be allowed to waste his fragrance on the desert air of the Second Ward of Huntingdon, Pa. His decision in the case of a man who fustigated his wife for flirting with another man, that the wife should return to her usual place of abode and lock the doors so that no strangers can be admitted for a period of six days, that the husband for the same length of time board with his best neighbor and sleep in the barn, and that each party pay half the costs and stand committed until the sentence is complied with, is a classic which should go into the records of jurisprudence with the most learned findings of the country's greatest jurists.

Gen. Hickenlooper, of Ohio, tells a story illustrating Sherman's dry wit, rather at the expense of Gen. Corse. In the fight at Altoona, a rifle-ball took Corse alongside the head, making a slight wound that at the time was thought to be a great deal more dangerous than it really was. When the word reached Sherman it had been greatly magnified and he was informed that Corse's ear and cheek were gone, but that he would still hold his position and fight it out. Meanwhile Corse had tied up his head and gone on with the business he had been sent there to do. As soon as possible Sherman hurried over, full of anxiety as to the damage done his officer. Nothing would do but the bandage must come off, so that he might judge of the damage himself. The surgeons carefully took off the cloths and revealed a slight gash across the face and a hole through the ear. Sherman looked for a moment, and then dryly said: "Why, Corse, they came blank near missing you, didn't they?"

NOTES.

The departing legislator can now exclaim: "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."

An amusement manager advertises a man with an elastic epidermis. If he had advertised a legislator with an elastic conscience he would have created no surprise.

A Parisian doctor alleges that he has succeeded in conveying, by electric currents, to diseased internal organs of the human body, the constituents of medicines suitable for cure.

The latest fad with ladies is to make a watch pocket by leaving the top button of her shoe unfastened. It might require some sleight of hand to ascertain the time of day in a crowd.

The scandals that have been afloat connected with the late senatorial election intensify the arguments in favor of electing United States Senators by a direct vote of the people.

The good, kind soul who wishes to reform something or somebody rarely ever knows how or where to start; and nine times in ten, by unproportioned benevolence, retards the very cause intended to be served.

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your own mind and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.

The following is a sample of a phonetic reformer's spelling: The fakt that millionz speak the Inglish langwage who kanot read or reit it iz diu tu this disregard ov a true orthografi, and a kousekwent difikulti ov akweiring a korekt nolej ov speleng and pronunsiashon.

A bright little tot was looking over some photographs with his auntie of some of her friends, and coming upon one whose evening dress was quite décolleté, he looked at it closely for a moment, then observed, as if it were wholly settled in his mind: "Goin' to take a barf."

If the decision of a Missouri judge, that a rejected lover is entitled to have all his gifts returned, should become the rule of law, then it might be in order to ask what shall be done with the kisses given. An enforcement of the rule to the letter might create an epidemic in kissing.

If you cannot sleep the probability is that it is because your stomach is empty. Get up and eat a cracker or two and drink a glass of milk and go back to bed again; then you will sleep. The rule with all the animal kingdom is to sleep on a full stomach. Man has not yet ceased to be an animal.

Some men have tact in different degrees, while others are wanting in it altogether. It is the outcome of intellectual and of temperamental qualifications, and implies the possession of clear perceptions, quick imagination and delicate sensibilities. It is these that give the tactful person his subtle intuition of another's mental processes and modes of feeling, and in the same moment show exactly the right method of action.

The Danish navigator after whom the Behring sea is called, used the signature "Vitus Bering." Some journalistic purists are willing to admit that he knew how to spell his own name; but the great majority of American papers do not recognize him as an authority. Even the English, who are so in the habit of dropping their h's, adhere to "Behring." Let us hope there will be no controversy over the matter. As the *Pull Mall Gazette* says, it would be dreadful indeed to have another open question in connection with this much vexed sea.

There is every likelihood that more boycotts will be set on foot against American girls. Seeing that Lawyer Caudert's daughter, Claire, has captured a French count, and that ex-Secretary Bayard's youngest daughter, Nannie, has got a Swedish nobleman on a string, or a hook, or something else, we may look for lively proceedings among the young women of France and Sweden. The American girl has a hard time of it, but she stays at the front just the same. What sort of a thing is a female boycott, any way?

We are so used to hearing Englishmen criticise Americans for their uncouth manners that we don't always realize that something of the same kind might be said of Englishmen. And yet more than thirty-five years ago, when, presumably, the standard of deportment in this country was not as high as it is now, Nathaniel Hawthorne, after a visit to England, said: "I had been struck by the very rough aspect of these John Bulls in their morning garb, their coarse frock coats, gray hats, check trousers and stout shoes; at dinner table it was not at first easy to recognize the same individuals. * * But after awhile you see through

all the finery, and become sensible that John Bull cannot make himself fine, whatever he may put on. He is a rough animal and his female is well adapted to him."

The Minnesota Legislature has made it a misdemeanor for an actress to show in tights, and now sober old Massachusetts makes it a misdemeanor to offer or to eat a dinner if the person eating be a member of the Legislature and if the dinner be offered or paid for by any person or corporation having pecuniary interests liable to be affected by legislation. Of the making of misdemeanors there is no end.

It is somewhat strange that the wives of many of the political magnates of both the great parties differ so much in their feelings about their husband's ambition. There is Gen. Russell A. Alger's wife, who is so thoroughly wrapped up in her husband and children that she is strongly opposed to his mingling in public affairs at all. Everybody knows how differently Mrs. John A. Logan felt in the days when her husband was alive, and it is an open secret that Mrs. Cleveland is far more ambitious for another four years at the head of Washington society than her spouse is to go back to the White House routine.

There is no end to new interpretations of old problems. The Bible contains what may be said to be an authoritative account of how Adam and Mother Eve came into the world, but there has never been an authentic and at the same time popular explanation of the origin of "kids." In fact, the common mind is woefully, or, as one might say, marvelously obfuscated on the subject. A Texas poet—long may he live—has put forth the following effort with the view of enlightening the public mind on this singularly obscure proposition:

A winter's day and a muddy street,
A lucky man and a maiden sweet.
She hesitates, he tips his hat—
A bow, a "Thank you," and after that
A call; another; a parson's fee;
A journey; a year; and again we see
A winter's day and a muddy street,
A manly form and a woman sweet—
We see them half in a carriage hid,
He carries a cane, she carries a kid.
—Found Floating.

"I have given up all interest," said an intelligent woman in the *Providence Journal*, "in the movement for the so-called physical culture of women. It is not that I do not believe most heartily in the full and sympathetic development of the body powers, but the whole cult is being devoted to sensualism. The beauty teachers are devoting themselves, not to wholesome training for health, but to making 'visions of loveliness,' with direct regard to their effect on the other sex, and after as frank methods as could ever have been employed in fitting Circassians for the harem. A woman's first interest in physical culture is to fill out her neck so that she may look better in a décolleté gown. It's all in a line with the manicure business, which is making very ornamental but worse than useless hands. It all goes with our heaps of cushions and shaded lights and refinements of perfumes. It's the development of curves and the study of poses and the absolute deification of dainty sensualism. It would be a good plan to let in on the business a little wholesome sunshine and air.

The Romany Tongue

It is because Gypsies of all lands wherever they go, are Romanies, as they call themselves, and not Frenchmen, or Hungarians, or Englishmen, or Americans, that they have always seemed a mysterious race. They were looked upon in old times as sorcerers and magicians. Many a poor Gypsy has been accused of magic for no better reason than was Esmeralda, in Victor Hugo's novel, "Notre Dame de Paris," the Gypsy girl who was killed because she had a trained goat that could dance and play tricks. Even nowadays there lingers a mystery about the Gypsies in their tents.

It is this difference, this mystery, that has set not a few scholars to the study of the Romany, and his manner of life. It fascinated George Borrow, who went to wander with the wanderers and pitch his tent by theirs, in the quiet dingle or by the roadside; and Charles G. Leland, who in all his travels in England or Egypt, America or Russia, has given his first thoughts to the Romanies of the country; Francis Groome spends days and hours "In Gypsy Tents;" Hubert Smith married a Gypsy. It is not merely the Romany himself that interests these men; it is his language, or jargon—for language it really is no longer. But the strange words the Gypsies use, stringing them together with English phrases and expressions, are the surest proof of their Hindoo origin, says *Wide Awake*. Some, constantly in the mouths of these shabby, shiftless wanderers, are to be found in the Vedas, the oldest sacred hymns in existence. Others are in common use to-day in India. A friend of mine once told me she was learning Romany as a beginning to the study of Sanscrit and Hindiostanee.

Innocent Men Convicted—Pat Rice's Story.

"Many a man has been convicted innocently," said Pat Rice the other day, while discussing the unfortunate case wherein Geo. Nelson was sent to the State Prison, and who was afterward shown to have been innocent. Pat Rice is an old time officer from "way back in the fifties." "I'll tell you of a case," said Rice, "illustrative of the uncertainty of human testimony. It was in the early days of Folsom. A Frenchman had been murdered near the town, and there was considerable excitement. An old German was the only eye witness, and the murderers escaped. Word was sent to Sacramento police department to send up some officers to ferret out the culprits. Well, Officer Len Harris and myself were detailed for the work. We both disguised ourselves and proceeded to the scene of the murder. Our disguise was complete, and we looked like two old '49' miners. Folsom had two Constables at the time, who were very actively engaged in working up the case. We arrived at the scene of the murder the next day. Sometime in the afternoon, while drifting around to see if we could get a clue, we noticed the Constables eyeing us closely. Both Constables knew us well when in our proper persons. We did not wish those worthies to ascertain who we were, or what mission engaged upon. Presently we overheard conversations between these officers which developed the fact that they took us for the murderers. Of course, we smiled in our sleeves. So earnest became these country Vidocqs that they finally arrested us on the charge of murder, and brought us before the Justice of the Peace and the old German who it was claimed saw the murderers run away. Well, as sure as the world, that old fellow positively identified me as one of them. He was not positive about Harris, and thought he was not one of the persons. Harris was discharged, and I was arraigned and placed on my examination for the murder. When searched my fine revolver, which I always carried on such missions, and one which was presented to me by the force, was taken from me, and declared to have been the pistol which was used in the murder. The Justice of the Peace, desiring to give me a fair chance, appointed a noted character in that time, O. C. Lewis, to defend me. The examination proceeded, and the testimony was positive against me. I was held to answer for murder. The joke was getting a little serious by this time, and just about the time I was to be placed on the cars for this city, I turned to Hugh Curran, who was the senior Constable, and laughingly discarded a portion of my facial disguise, and showed him that we were the detectives sent to "work up the case." As soon as this fact was disclosed I was at once released. But the funny part of the affair was when old Lewis, who acted as my lawyer, wanted to claim my fine pistol for defending me.

"Thus you see," said Mr. Rice, "how easy it might be, and often is, to convict an innocent man."

"By the way," continued the veteran officer, "I have the clue to the perpetrators of one of the most cowardly assassinations that ever occurred in this State. Many years ago a rich miner was assassinated and the assassin escaped. I may be able to give you a genuine sensation some of these fine days."

Boodle Legislators.

There is a singular fatality about the private office of the State Library so far as members of the Assembly are concerned. First, Assemblyman Bruner, it is alleged, was trapped there, and then his colleagues, Marion and Dibble, some days later were accused of having been bartering for votes.

This truly has been a Legislature long to be remembered as one of investigations. Never before was so much corruption charged openly on the floor in both houses. The only redeeming feature of the whole business is, that they did finally pass a ballot reform bill, and were forced by the populace to elect a United States Senator, Charles N. Felton, who is a credit to the State. If the Republican party ever "points with pride" to anything, it will not be to the present Legislature. The sooner they adjourn sine die, and return to their constituents, the better will it be for the State. It would not be fair to call them all boodlers, because there are some honorable men among them, but it will go into history as the "boodle session."

Opportunity.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if festing, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not; and I return no more!

FLASHES.

Better trust and be deceived than to lose faith in our fellows.

There is no return coupon on the ticket for the journey of life.

There are no dull times with truckmen, they always do a driving business.

When you try to cheat a fellow, and he cheats you, that is retributive justice.

A sharp man is like a tack—no one ever attempts to sit down on him a second time.

A gerrymander may be accurately defined as the redistributing the State by the opposition party.

Some men are like blotting-paper; they may bear the impress of a hundred good things and yet they are worthless.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, though many men seem to have a pretty good time without either.

A jackass never kicks while braying. It is only in his silent moods there is danger in his heels. The braggart is never dangerous.

Self-denial consists in being able to say no to one's self—a lesson which Socrates meant to inculcate when he said to the Athenians: "No thyself."

Sage Advice.

Dr. Wm. E. Hall, of New York, advises young men to get married. In the course of a lecture on this subject, he says: Marriage is natural. In the long ago the Creator made a beautiful garden and planted therein the first bachelor. The garden was full of loveliness and beauty, but all was not enough to make that solitary bachelor happy. And the Creator took pity on him and gave him a companion to fill the aching void in his heart. Since that all men have loved—poor and rich, men of every clime and of every time. God intended the human heart for love. Marriage is natural. The true philosophy of happiness in married life is that in giving love and sympathy mutual happiness is promoted. Marriage is beautiful. See the husband at home. Outside all perchance is cold and stormy, but inside all is warmth and comfort. In confidence and trust, in the sweet confidence of harmonious natures, is the sweetest music and greatest happiness on earth. Marriage is divine. When I was a pastor I could always tell when a man called on me, if he wanted to get married, and I would often tell him so before he had said a word about it.

I never saw a young man about to be married that wasn't frightened. I know I was, terribly. My wife wasn't then, but she has been ever since. In parts of the West where women are scarce the sight of a woman is good for sore eyes. Every bachelor in Oakland ought to have it painted on his back, "One-fourth of a man." The bone of which woman was made was not taken out of the man's hand or foot, but out of his side, that she might ever walk by his side and be near his heart.

Marry, and marry young. Don't overdo it. I see some very young men over there smacking their lips. Don't marry too young.

Did you ever notice the expression of a man's face, when he is dead in love?

The lecturer gave a comical sample of it, which caused roars of laughter. It was lackadaisical in the extreme.

Marry once, and twice if necessary. I believe second marriages are all right. Yes, marry twice if necessary—but when you are married stay married, and I'll tell you how to do it. Marry to suit yourself; don't marry the kinsfolk. Don't marry an invalid; don't marry a man to get rid of him; don't marry a man just because you're engaged to him, even if you are under the marriage bell, if you're sick of your bargain.

Emotion isn't love. Marriage isn't a mere picnic for one day. If you marry that girl you have a passing fancy for, you'll have to live with her twenty years. Be sure you are in love before you marry. When it's love, its love forever. When you're in love, young man, tell your father. When you're in love, young woman, tell your mother.

Don't drink, young man, if you want to stay married. Don't do it.

Young ladies, when the question is popped, don't say yes on the spot. Tell him he must give you time for reflection. The longer mourners are kept on the anxious seat the more likely are they to be converted. If a man talks glibly to you, and quotes poetry, and fires off old chestnuts at you, he is not in earnest. Stand him off; draw the dead line on him. Girls, don't marry a man just for money. Marry a man, if you marry him, for his character, his manhood. If he has the money in addition, don't refuse him just on that account.

Finally, girls, don't flirt. Don't hang your heads out on the front door. It's a mistake. Young men don't flirt. The best time for popping a question is on a buggy ride, and don't do it when the girl has got the toothache. The lecturer gave a highly colored account of his own experience under these circumstances, only she popped the question and he said yes. Don't have your honeymoon all in a lump. Distribute it along through life.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

The most virtuous man in the Legislature is Senator Campbell, of Solano. He is a Solon among boodlers, so he says.

La Grippe is visiting Sacramento. He has called upon almost every family. It is hoped that his stay in our midst will be short.

The Assessor is abroad, and every one so fortunate as to own anything is unfortunate enough to have to pay for the privilege.

Some of the local mining stock operators are in high glee. Con. Virginia has taken a "spurt," and a "big deal" is in prospect.

The Capitol grounds are not only the pride of Sacramento, but of the State as well. It is safe to say that no park of equal size in the State looks so well at this season of the year. The new gardener keeps his men a moving, and old Sol keeps the flowers a blooming.

Hard times, is what every one says. Money is scarce and hard to get, yet all manage to live and are happy. Several failures have been reported in this city during the past week. All were due to the fact that they did not heed the old maxim "too many irons in the fire some are bound to burn."

The Legislature will do an act of injustice if it does not pass the bill for the relief of F. Marion Wells, for \$1,700. Mr. Wells lost that amount in constructing the Marshall Monument. It bankrupted him. He owes it for labor, and it goes to poor people in Amador and El Dorado counties. Every native son, every pioneer, every friend of labor in the Legislature should vote for it.

An intelligent Chinaman, in conversation with a reporter yesterday, said that there was a constant emigration of the Chinese from this State to the Atlantic seaboard, the objective points being New York and Massachusetts. Mott street, in New York city, is more populous to-day than Chinatown in San Francisco. It is estimated that Sacramento county has lost 1,000 of its Chinese population in the past year. "So mote it be."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

There has been a dearth of amusements this week. The Stanley lecture was the sole attraction at the theaters.

On Monday and Tuesday *All the Comforts of Home* will be given at the Metropolitan. It is said to be running over in fun and musical excellence.

Rev. O. C. Wheeler.

Very many of the old-time residents of this city will regret to learn of the serious illness of Rev. O. C. Wheeler. It is stated by the press that his death is expected. Rev. Wheeler started in life on his own account, with a capital of but three shillings, earned the money by which he was educated, and entered the ministry. In 1848 he was called to go to California as a missionary, and with his family reached San Francisco early in 1849. He established a church, the building being sided and floored with lumber and roofed with old sails. Part of the mechanical work he performed with his own hands. He labored earnestly and soon after organized his church. Another of the pioneer ministers was Rev. Albert Williams, now a resident of West Orange, New Jersey. We have an interesting communication from him in criticism of the California papers now being published in the *Century* magazine, and it will be published in the next number of THEMIS. Rev. Wheeler on September 9, 1850, came to Sacramento and organized the First Baptist church, at the residence of Judge E. J. Willis, on H street, between Sixth and Seventh. On the following day the first public services were held in the court-house. In the spring of 1851 a house of worship, costing \$4,000, was erected on the corner of L and Seventh streets. This building was destroyed in the great fire of 1852. In 1854 a church building was erected on Fourth street, between K and L, and it was occupied there till 1877, when it was sold and removed to Fourteenth and K streets. It is now occupied by the United Brethren of Christ. Rev. Wheeler was the Baptist pastor here until 1854, when he was succeeded by Rev. J. L. Shuck, and was for many years thereafter connected with the State Agricultural Society. Later on he was appointed General Baggage Agent of the railroad company.

A Premature Disagreement.

"What was the basis of Mr. and Mrs. Futill's separation?"

"Well, you know their baby—the one that was born last month?"

"Yes."

"Futill said he should go to Yale, and Mrs. F., who is from Boston, insisted on Harvard."—*Philadelphia Press*.

It is encouraging to note the fact that the religious world is awakening to the need of missionary work in the large cities. A Musselman is collecting money in India to build a Mohammedan mosque in Liverpool.

Weeping Willows.

On Wednesday last, March 18th, the Angel of Death beckoned to him, and Abraham Sites crossed the dark river into that unknown country from which no traveler returns. Few men were better acquainted in Sacramento, and none had more friends than the deceased. He was born in Ohio, seventy-five years ago; had lived out more than the three score years and ten allotted to man, and only a week prior to his death his friends looked upon him as one who would live to be a centenarian. His illness was only a few days, and his death was a surprise to all. Mr. Sites came to California with the pioneers of this State, and for the past forty-one years has been a resident of this city. From the time the Golden Eagle Hotel was built until he died, he was almost continuously connected with it either as clerk or manager. No man in the State was better acquainted with the traveling public, none more obliging and none more thoroughly appreciated. Affable, pleasant, honest, ever obliging, he counted every one he met a friend, and an enemy, to him, was an unknown quantity. His end was a quiet and peaceful one, surrounded by those he loved. Kind and loving hands smoothed his dying pillow. His remains were laid away yesterday in the City Cemetery, by the side of his wife, who died some years ago. The remains in a beautiful casket, ornamented with the most costly trimmings, were life-like. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful. One, by the employees of the hotel where he had been employed for nearly half a century, was the representation of the "Gates Ajar." It stood several feet in height, and at the base, worked in immortal, were the words "Our Chief." The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. John F. von Herlich, and were very impressive. The singing was by a special choir, composed of Mrs. Coppersmith, Miss Sheehan, Joseph Genshlea and Richard T. Cohu. The pall bearers were Col. James McNassar, Senator Wm. Johnston, S. S. Nixon, A. B. Guthrie, Mayor W. D. Comstock and Wm. Beckman. Deceased leaves a son, Corwin K. Sites, a resident of Rapid City, Dakota, and a niece, Mrs. William Lane, at Georgetown, in El Dorado county.

An Unexpected Result.

An analysis of the Canadian elections discloses some unexpected results. It was thought that the outside provinces, Newfoundland, British Columbia, Manitoba, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edwards Island, were likely to give majorities in favor of the liberal policy, and closer relations with the United States, and that Sir John McDonald would have his majorities in Ontario and Quebec. The *New York Tribune* thus describes the situation: Sir John went into the election with fifty-six Ontario supporters. He came out with forty-four, having lost the delegation by one vote. He went in with thirty-six Quebec supporters, and issued with only thirty, leaving the delegation in the control of the Opposition by four majority. These results were all that the most sanguine of Liberals could have expected. Had there been the same percentage of change in the other provinces—and there, if change was at all probable, was where it might be most confidently looked for—the Liberal triumph would have been overwhelming. It was certainly fair to presume that the Liberal policy held public favor in each of these provinces, except, possibly, British Columbia. Only eight months before they had elected Liberal Provincial Governments. Their exports went into the United States in immense bulk already, and when the additional privilege of free fish had been granted by the Americans, their entire surplus would be shipped to Boston and New York. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were but extensions of the coast line, and in closer communion every day in the week with New England than with the St. Lawrence country. Manitoba was similarly placed, being only an extension of North Dakota, and dealing in dollars at St. Paul where it dealt in dimes at Toronto.

Felton our Senator.

In the selection of Chas. N. Felton to represent the State of California in the United States Senate, the Republican Legislature is to be congratulated. There is no doubt that if the election had been left to the Republican voters of this State, that Charles N. Felton would have been their choice. Although a man of great wealth, no one has the hardihood to accuse him of buying his election. Chas. N. Felton is a man of brains, of large business and political experience; a gentleman who has a standing in Washington, and one who will command the respect of all his colleagues. The Republican party had several candidates, all good men, but Felton had the call. We would have been safe with Estee; Blanchard would have been a credit to the State; Perkins is any man's peer; De Young would have made his mark, being a man of brains and influence, while our own Wm. Johnston would have suited all the people. The election is over, boodle was not in it, Felton is our Senator, and we are all satisfied.

Maidens in Russia.

The daughter is a great pet in Russian families, perhaps because there are generally sons more than daughters. Take the younger members of the imperial family as an example, and we find 22 grand dukes and only 7 grand duchesses; and this may be stated as about the average proportion in most families. The necessity for men in the rural districts as assistants in the agricultural labors of their fathers has given rise to the saying, "One son is no son; two sons are half a son; but three are a whole son." Notwithstanding the pride and satisfaction with which the birth of a boy is hailed, the little girl is the darling, the object of the tenderest affection and care of parents and brothers, not to speak of other relatives.

Much is not expected of her in the way of assistance in the family; she is indulged as far as their means and circumstances permit, and she takes it quietly and as her due, but it is rarely that she does not voluntarily and tacitly contribute her share in helping her mother. Her occupations are much about the same as those of all European girls, but parish work in Russia existeth not for her. She cannot have classes at Sunday schools, as religion is taught by priests or deacons. It would be thought quite extraordinary and improper were a young unmarried girl to visit the sick or poor in towns, but in villages it is sometimes done under the direction of mamma or grandmamma. She is undoubtedly fond of pleasures, likes to be well dressed, and generally adores dancing. Music is not the Russian girl's forte, nor is solo singing. Most of the institutkas, though they thoroughly know the theory of music, play like a child of 12; of course there are exceptions, but it is seldom you find a girl able to play a quadrille or polka off hand.

Girls marry very young in Russia, and there are very few of those most estimable individuals called old maids. There are no colonies for the Russian to run away to, and statistics show that the births of boys much exceed those of girls.

Long engagements are not approved of; they seldom last longer than a few months, during which time the fiancé is the mistress of the house. Her girl friends assemble to help to sew the dowry, the sewing afternoon generally ending in a dance after tea, when the bridegroom drops in with a few bachelor friends. Another wedding is thus often arranged; and so on, little by little, till, like the 51 cards in the game of "old maid," they pair off, and one, generally of the sterner sex, is left forlorn.—*The English Magazine*.

An Erroneous Idea.

The idea is prevalent in some communities that young men are fit neither for generals nor statesmen, and that they must be kept in the back ground until their physical strength is impaired by age, and their intellectual faculties become blunted by the weight of years. Let us look to the history of the past, and from the long list of heroes and statesmen select some who have distinguished themselves, and we shall find that they were young men when they performed those acts which have won for them an imperishable meed of fame, and placed their names high on the page of history. Alexander, the conqueror of the then whole civilized world, viz: Greece, Egypt and Asia, died at 33. Bonaparte was crowned Emperor of France when 33 years of age. Pitt, the younger, was about 20 years of age when, in Britain's Parliament, he boldly advocated the cause of the American colonies, and but 22 when made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Edmund Burke at the age of 25 was first Lord of the Treasury. Our own Washington was but 25 when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat, and was appointed to the command-in-chief of all the Virginian forces. Alexander Hamilton, at 20, was a Lieutenant-Colonel and aid to Washington; at 25, a member of Congress; at 33, Secretary of the Treasury. Thomas Jefferson was but 32 when he drafted the ever memorable declaration of independence. At the age of 30 years, Sir Isaac Newton occupied the mathematical chair at Cambridge college, England, having by his scientific discoveries rendered his name immortal. We might continue the list to a greater length, but enough has been said already to show that the idea that young men are not capable of performing great and ennobling actions, or of taking a high position in the councils of a nation, is chimerical and visionary. And what has been said may well serve to encourage the young to set up a high standard and press towards it with ardor, suffering nothing to discourage them from soaring onward and upward in the paths of fame, or in the pursuits of literature and science.

Before a girl becomes a wife she cannot help planning sometimes how she may spend her allowance from her husband to the best advantage; afterward she often spends a good deal of time planning how she may get an allowance to spend.

MARTIN DEVINE,
NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office at Court House.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

S. TRYON,

Merchant Tailor,

822 J STREET,

Between Eighth and Ninth, SACRAMENTO.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

First-class Stock of Imported Suitings

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED IN EVERY CASE.

BELL & Co., Auctioneers.

REGULAR SALES DAYS, WEDNESDAY AND Saturday at 10 o'clock.

Highest Price Paid for all Kinds of Household Goods.

Consignments solicited. Particular attention paid to sales of Real Estate, House Sales and Sales of Farms, Stock, etc.

SALESROOM:

1009 and 1011 J St. } Between Tenth and Eleventh
SACRAMENTO - - - - - CAL.

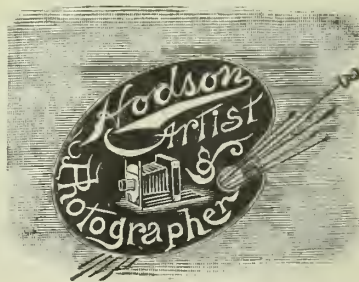
OLD RELIABLE

C. A. FISK

Guarantees All Work.

Telephone and Electrical Supplies
of All Kinds.

408 J STREET.



SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTTENBERGER, Proprietor.

W. J. O'BRIEN.

ONE OF THE LARGEST EXPENSES IN A FAMILY is that of foot wear. Economy is wealth, and the head of a family who buys his shoes at

O'Brien's, 607 J Street.

Is on the road to fortune. The best stock at the lowest possible prices.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO.

The Way it is Done in Maine.

There is a brotherly feeling of good-fellowship and generosity among men who are so situated that some luxuries are practically unattainable, says the New York *Tribune*. It was at a certain convention in a town in Maine that a well-known man of that State went to his room after several hours of hard work late at night. He found acquaintances there smoking cigars and chatting. "Thank goodness you've come," said one of them, "we are dyin' for a drink and haven't been able to get a drop. Got any?" But the owner of the room had not a drop either. He sat down and stroked his chin thoughtfully. "I think a little night-cap would do me good," he said; "I have been working pretty hard. But how shall we get it?" Then an idea occurred to him. "I'll bet," he went on, "that H— has a flask in his room, but he won't be up there. Now, if we could only get his key." He rang the bell, and when a boy appeared he sent him down to the clerk for a lot of keys. The boy returned with a string of about 200 jangling keys. "Now, B—," said the owner of the room, "go up to H—'s room, unlock the door with one of these keys, and if there's a flask there bring it down. B—, armed with the keys, started on his mission. He found the room and, after working with the lock for five or ten minutes, succeeded in unlocking the door. When he got inside and struck a match he saw a demijohn on a table. Picking it up he started to go out, when a man in his nightshirt came out of an adjoining room. "Well," he said, "this is cool. What are you doing with my demijohn?" B— began to stammer out his apologies. "I thought this was H—'s room," he explained, "and I came up here to get some of his whisky. S— sent me up." The man in the nightshirt began to laugh. "S— sent you, did he?" he asked. "Well, this isn't H—'s room, and I never met S—; we are on the opposite side of the fence politically. But I guess you men can't be allowed to suffer for a drink just because your politics is wrong." Thereupon he took a water-pitcher—one of these heavy hotel-pitchers—emptied the water out of it, and filled it from the demijohn. "Give my compliments to S—," he said, "and I won't lock the door; you may want to fill the pitcher again. Good-night," and he went to bed.

The Seven Wise Men.

It is said that seven famous mottoes were inscribed in the Temple of Apollo, at Delphi, as follows: Solon of Athens—"Know thyself." Chilo of Sparta—"Consider the end." Thales of Miletus—"Suretyship is the precursor of ruin." Bias of Priene—"Most men are bad." Cleobulus of Lindus—"Avoid excess." Pittacus of Mitylene—"Know thy opportunity." Periander of Corinth—"Nothing is impossible to industry." But there are many variations of these proverbial expressions, as the ancients do not agree in their accounts of these sages (who lived five or six hundred years before Christ), their lives or their sayings. Those given above have the best authority. The following translation of a Grecian doggerel gives one version:

I'll tell the names and sayings, and the places of their birth,
Of the seven great ancient sages, so renowned
on Grecian earth:
The Lidian Cleobulus said, "The man was still the best;"
The Spartan Chilo, "Know thyself," a heaven-born phrase confessed;
Corinthian Periander taught "Our anger to command;"
"Too much of nothing," Pittacus, from Mitylene's strand;
Athenian Solon thus advised, "Look to the end of life;"
And Bias from Priene showed, "Bad men are the most ripe;"
Milesian Thales urged that "None should e'er a surety be."
Few were these words, but if you'll look you'll much in little see.

Geological Time Divisions.

The divisions of time established by geologists are based upon the formations of rock strata and the advents of different forms of life. The grand divisions are five in number, and are named Archæan or Ezoic era, Paleozoic era, Mesozoic era, Cenozoic era, and Psychozoic era. There are seven "ages" belonging to the eras, respectively, as follows: Archæan age, subdivided into Huronian and Laurentian periods; Salurian age, or age of invertebrates or mollusks; Devonian age, or age of fishes; and Carboniferous age, or age of acrozoans and amphibians; Age of Reptiles, subdivided into the Triassic, Jurassic and Cretaceous periods; Age of Mammals subdivided into Tertiary period, embracing the Eocene, Miocene and Pliocene epochs, and Quarternary period, embracing the Terrace, Champlain and Glacial epochs. Age of Man, Human period and Recent epoch. The names of the eras are all derived from the Greek, and signify: Ezoic, life of the dawn; Paleozoic, ancient life; Mesozoic, middle life; Cenozoic, recent life; and Psychozoic, life of the soul and mind.

If we were judged by one another, no sinner would ever reach heaven, and it would go harder even with the saints.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.



It must be plain to any who will give the matter a thought that our store would not be thronged from early in the morning until we closed at 8 o'clock at night if its patrons did not realize the decided advantages from

Low Prices, Reliable Goods, Superior Service.

Call or send for Price List.

AMERICAN CASH STORE

801 K Street.

DR. H. H. PIERSON,



511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

THE LOUVRE,

526 J Street, Sacramento.

Bar-----and-----Billiards.

EL DORADO SALOON,

O. F. BERGMAN, Proprietor,

826 J Street, - - - - - Sacramento.

The most popular resort in the city.

ANOTHER NEW ARRIVAL

AT THE

CAPITAL ALE VAULTS,

303 J St. and 1005 Third St., Sacramento.

Ten Barrels of the Famous

Sour Mash Copper Distilled Kentucky Whisky

Direct from Covington, Ky., via Cape Horn.

NAGELE & SVENSSON, Proprietors.

C. E. BAINBRIDGE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office
Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to
8:30 P. M.

Huntington

Hopkins

Company,

HARDWARE

Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

Daily Evening News.

WELLS DRURY, PROPRIETOR.

309 J Street, - - - Sacramento.

LATEST DESPATCHES

From all parts of the world, furnished by the United Press Association, over the lines of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS,

Presented in an attractive form.

EDITORIAL NOTES

On current topics of interest.

FIRST CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Columbus

Brewing

COMPANY.

W. GUTENBERGER.....PRESIDENT.
C. WAHL.....SUPERINTENDENT.
O. A. LOVDALL.....SECRETARY.

CORNER SIXTEENTH AND K STS.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

American Steam Laundry

NINETEENTH AND I STS.—WHITE LABOR only. Linen polished in the neatest manner. We guarantee satisfaction. All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Washing called for and delivered to any part of the city. Main Office at Sawtelle's Book Store, 708 and 710 J street. Branch offices at all the Hotels.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES

CALL AT THE

Sacramento Stove House,

813 and 815 J STREET,

—And You Will Save Money.—

H. K. WALLACE & CO.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

A. L. HART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON. ALBERT M. JOHNSON.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,

LAWYERS.

504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 604 J Street,

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS,
Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

G. GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER,
Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

G. GEORGE G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 26 Postoffice Building.

P. PHILIP S. DRIVER, LAWYER,
920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, upstairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

I. ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
N. W. corner Sixth and K.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of Edwin C. Barclay, an insolvent debtor. Edwin C. Barclay having filed in this Court, his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Edwin C. Barclay is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the county of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said Edwin C. Barclay, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, on the 10th day of April, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M., of that day to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in *THEMIS* a newspaper of general circulation published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, February 25th, 1891.

A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.
FRANK D. RYAN, Attorney for Petitioner. f25-6t

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to DAVID KIZER, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 29th day of January, 1891, in which action, Annie Kizer is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of said Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant on the grounds of desertion and failure to provide; also, for the care, custody and control of the minor children, the issue of said marriage, viz: Nettie and Edna, aged 5 years, and 15 months respectively, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint. In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do herewith set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 29th day of January A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.
W. A. GETT, Jr., Attorney for Plaintiff. ja31-9t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF SARAH MORRIS, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Sarah Morris, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to Thomas Lewis, administrator of the estate of said deceased, at the office of S. Solon Holl, 628½ J street, in the City of Sacramento.

THOMAS LEWIS,
Administrator of the Estate of Sarah Morris, Dec'd.
S. SOLON HOLL, Attorney for Administrator. m10-4

The Stranger's Field.

A stranger traveling in Africa with only two or three attendants can go about without much fear of molestation. A great armed body like the Stanley expedition will be obliged to fight at times, of course, but I never had any use at all for a weapon of any kind in Africa, says Bishop Taylor.

There are some things that a solitary traveler can find out about Africa which a large expedition will never learn. I observed one custom that I never saw mentioned in any traveler's accounts. I noticed that every village had set apart a field for the use of strangers. The chief wife of the tribal king cultivated this field and stored away the product in the upper half of her hut. No man of the tribe was permitted to touch of the food thus stored. The king's wife had her share of this and made her living out of it, but all over and above the amount actually consumed must be set apart and preserved. This field is known as the "Stranger" field.

Whenever a stranger comes to the village he makes known his want to the king, and he is immediately relieved. The best hut in the village is set apart for him, he eats of the food of the stranger's field and the best wife of the king prepares the food for him with her own hand. He remains a week or a month, or any reasonable length of time, and his time is never hastened. Sometimes he stays long enough to become a member of the tribe, and he marries into the king's family.

An amusing feature of this custom is the fact that indigent members of the tribe sometimes leave their village and go to other villages and become strangers, so that very often when a familiar face has been missed from a certain village, and I have asked where So-and-so went or what became of him, some one has gravely informed me that So-and-so was poor and became a stranger. Subsequently I have run across lazy So-and-so in a distant village, living on the fat of the land as a stranger, and being treated to royal hospitality. There are no beggars in Africa. When a man or woman becomes too poor to get along comfortably, he or she makes the circuit of the adjacent villages as a stranger.

The path from me to you that led,
Untrodden long, with grass is grown;
Mute carpet that his lieges spread
Before the Prince Oblivion,
When he goes visiting the dead.

And who are they but who forget?
You, who my coming could surmise
Ere any hint of me as yet
Warned other ears and other eyes,
See the path blurred without regret.

But when I trace its windings sweet
With saddened steps, at every spot
That feels the memory in my feet,
Each grass blade turns forget me not,
Where murmuring bees your name repeat.
—James Russell Lowell.

**A HORSE WHO CAN TALK!**

Everybody has heard of a "horse laugh," but who has ever seen an equine gifted with the power of speech? Such an animal would be pronounced a miracle; but so would the telegraph and the telephone a hundred years ago. Why, even very recently a cure for consumption, which is universally acknowledged to be scrofula affecting the lungs, would have been looked upon as miraculous, but now people are beginning to realize that the disease is not incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure it, if taken in time and given a fair trial. This world-renowned remedy will not make new lungs, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy state when other means have failed. Thousands gratefully testify to this. It is the most potent tonic, or strength restorer, alternative, or blood-cleanser and nutritive, or flesh-builder, known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh in the Head, and all Lingular Coughs, it is an unequalled remedy. In derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels, as Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Chronic Diarrhea, and kindred ailments, it is a sovereign remedy.

GUARANTEED.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine of its class, sold by druggists, under a printed guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will benefit or cure in every case of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

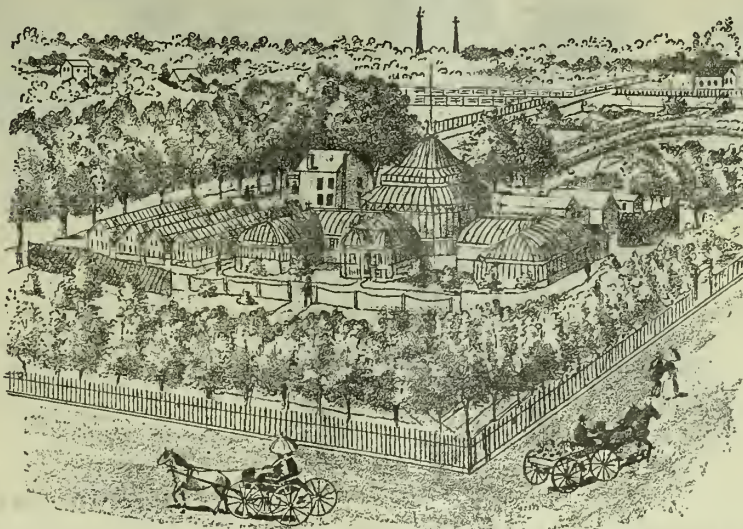
\$500 OFFERED
by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head.

M. J. DILLMAN.

EUGENE GEISEITER.

THE BELL CONSERVATORY CO.

Nurserymen & Florists.



Growers of Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Garden, Greenhouse and Bedding Plants.

FLORAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY.

Our Roses and Chrysanthemums include the latest and choicest varieties.

The Nonpareil,

Corner Fifth and J Streets,

JUST OPENED,

A LARGE LINE OF

Ladies' Spring Jackets

From \$3.00 Upward.

BAKER & HAMILTON,
San Francisco and Sacramento,
Importers and Jobbers of
Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,
MACHINERY
And Agricultural Implements.
Send for Catalogue.

OSBORN & FOLGER
FUEL DEPOT,
806 I Street.

ICE, HAY, GRAIN and STORAGE
501 I Street. Telephone 69.

H. C. MUDDOX. F. A. FEE.
MUDDOX & FEE,
No. 606 I Street, Sacramento.
REAL ESTATE,
Mortgage Loans, Insurance,
Collections and Conveyancing.

Capital Hotel,
Southwest Corner Seventh and K Streets, Sacramento.
STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.
Free bus to and from all trains. Best Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers of any house in the city.
B. B. BROWN,
Formerly of the State House Hotel, Proprietor.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.**Southern Pacific Company**

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

January 19, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.15 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.40 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8.40 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	5.55 A
4.30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7.00 P
7.30 P	Knight's Landing	7.10 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9.35 A
12.05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2.25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8.15 A
	Ogden and East	
3.00 P	Oroville	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.40 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
2.25 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.40 A
6.15 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12.35 A
8.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8.40 P
*10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26.00 A
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	2.50 P
4.30 P	Santa Barbara	9.35 A
6.15 A	Santa Rosa	11.40 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8.40 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt	7.00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	9.35 A
12.05 P	Truckee and Reno	2.25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	8.15 A
12.05 P	Colfax	8.15 A
6.15 A	Vallejo	11.40 A
3.05 P	Vallejo	18.40 P
*6.35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2.40 P
*3.10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11.35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

HOWE'S**High School and Normal Institute**

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

DYEING & CLEANING WORKS

909 and 911 K St. SACRAMENTO.

We Dye and Clean Silk, Cashmere, Velvet, Woolen
AND MIXED GOODS, KID GLOVES, ETC.

Blankets and Lace Curtains cleaned in a superior manner. Feathers cleaned, curled and dyed by a new method.
A SPECIALTY—Gentlemen's and Boys' Clothing cleaned, dyed and repaired. All shades are fast. Goods called for and delivered free of charge. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders from country promptly attended to.

JACOB LANG, - Prop'r.
(ESTABLISHED IN 1870.)

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

PEERLESS.

(FIRST CLASS.)

Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars.

809 K STREET - - - - - Sacramento.

M. S. BRACE, Manager.

The Sapphire.

The sapphire is described as a gem excelled in value by no precious stone except the diamond, and is regarded as a variety of corundum, highly transparent and brilliant. It is sometimes colorless, and the colorless kind, called white sapphire, is sometimes sold as diamond. It more frequently exhibits exquisite color, generally a bright red or a beautiful blue; more rarely, gray, white or green. The red variety is the oriental ruby of lapidaries; the blue is that commonly called sapphire, and which has received its name from ancient times. It is found crystallized, usually in six-sided prisms, terminated by six-sided pyramids, and is sometimes found imbedded in gneiss; but it more frequently occurs in alluvial soils. It occurs at Biliu, in Bohemia, and Expailly, in Auvergne, but more abundantly in some parts of the East. Ceylon is famous both for its rubies and its sapphires, the latter being more abundant. They occur with garnets and other minerals in a stratum of water-worn pebbles firmly imbedded in clay, in which there are occasional lumps of granite and gneiss. A piece of sapphire, dug out of the alluvium within a few miles of Ratnapoor, in 1853, was valued at upward of \$20,000. The sapphire was one of the stones in the breastplate of the Jewish high priest. Among the Greeks it was sacred to Jupiter. The name Girasol sapphire is given to a beautiful variety with a pinkish or bluish opalescence, and a peculiar play of light. The Chatoyant sapphire has more pearly reflections. The Astoria sapphire has in the midst of it a star of six bright rays resulting from its crystalline structure.

The Laughing Plant.

There appears to be a "laughing plant," which grows in Arabia. It has received its name from the effects produced by eating its seeds. The plant is of moderate size, with bright yellow flowers and soft velvety seed pods, each of which contains two or three seeds resembling small black beans. The natives of the district where the plant grows dry these seeds and reduce them to powder. A small dose of this powder has similar effects to those arising from the inhalation of laughing gas. It causes the most sober person to dance, shout and laugh with the boisterous excitement of a lunatic, and to rush about cutting the most ridiculous antics for about an hour. At the expiration of this time exhaustion sets in and the excited person falls asleep, to wake after several hours with no recollection whatever of what he has been doing.

There was a boy in our town,
All loaded down with sin;
He came across a slot machine
With "Drop a nickle in."

He tied a nickle on a string
And dropped it deftly through;
He worked the thing, got a cigar,
And saved his nickle, too.

Time after time he dropped his coin
Thus deftly through the slot,
And filled his pockets with cigars
Until he had the lot.

The judge, in passing on the case,
Said that this boy of sin
Was guiltless, as he was not told
To leave the nickle in.

The Gila monster is a lizard found in the desert portion of Arizona. It is about fifteen inches long, and has been supposed to be dangerously poisonous; but it appears that its bite, although inconvenient, has proved to be, at least, less poisonous than at first presumed. Its name is derived from Gila, a river which rises in the Sierra Madre in southwest New Mexico and flows first southwest and then west through South Arizona into the Colorado of the West.

"What ailed you last night; were you sick?" "Had an awful nightmare. Dreamt I opened a jack pot with four aces pat, and no one came in."

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers
and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors.

Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

H. WACHHORST Leading Jeweler of Sacramento

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,
No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.



SACRAMENTO, CAL.

San Francisco Branch, 305 Battery St.

Peters & Ray APOTHECARIES

Odd Fellows' Temple, Ninth & K Sts.
Telephone 175. Three Bells.



303 J STREET,

Near the Northeast Corner of Third,
SACRAMENTO.

W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!

JAS. G. DAVIS, Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Furniture and Bedding
411 and 413 K Street,
BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH, SACRAMENTO.

This is one of the Oldest Established Furniture Houses on the Coast.

Klune & Floberg, WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS
Agents for Rockford Watch Co.
No. 428 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.



B. JOHNSON, CHAS. ROOD,
State House Hotel,
ROOD & JOHNSON, Proprietors.
Corner Tenth and K Sts., - Sacramento.

The best second-class hotel on the coast, outside of San Francisco.
Excellent family accommodations.
Reading room attached.

California State Bank
DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities of the World.

OFFICERS:
PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:
C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - \$4,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.

Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.
WM. BECKMAN, President.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS'
SAVINGS BANK,

S. W. Corner Fourth and J Streets, Sacramento, Cal.
GUARANTEED CAPITAL, \$500,000.

Loans made on Real Estate, interest paid semi-annually on Term and Ordinary Deposits.

PRESIDENT.....B. U. STEINMAN
VICE-PRESIDENT.....EDWIN K. ALSIP
CASHIER.....D. D. WHITEBECK
SECRETARY.....C. H. CUMMINGS
SURVEYOR.....JAS. M. STEVENSON

DIRECTORS:
B. U. Steinman, Edwin K. Alsip, C. H. Cummings,
W. E. Terry, Sol. Rinyon, Jas. McNasser,
Jas. M. Stevenson.

THE OFFICE.

No. 1008 Fourth Street,

Billiard and Club Rooms. The Finest Wines and Liquors in the city. Drinks or Cigars 10 cents.

Call and see me. ED. S. REGO, Proprietor.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

The Popular School of Northern California.

BAINBRIDGE
BUSINESS COLLEGE
—AND—
NORMAL SCHOOL.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT—For the practical education of young men for business.

NORMAL DEPARTMENT—Grammar School and High School studies; also, for those who wish to obtain teacher's certificates.

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING DEPARTMENT
In which we prepare students for amanuensis work and court reporting in 3 to 6 months.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT—Well fitted with a corps of artists in their profession. Mrs. F. C. BAINBRIDGE, Director.

Students can enter at any time and receive individual attention until prepared to enter upon the desired course.

Send for one of our new Catalogues. Address

J. C. BAINBRIDGE,

Principal Bainbridge College.

No. 1017 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

Geo. Sermonet's
—IS THE—

CHEAPEST GROCERY STORE

In the City, Quality Considered.

Depot for California Wines

Cor. Eighth and G Streets.

R. DAVIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J Street, Sacramento.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.
R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road
AND BE SURE AND STOP AT
BILLY GROENVELD'S
Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.
M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Grubler's Saloon

THE PIONEER
No. 292 J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMANN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMANN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER.

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars.
ROBERT ALLEN,
Formerly of Agricultural Park.

THE EMERSON



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1891.

No. 6.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by J. H. MILLER & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
J. H. MILLER, Managing Editor.

Last week we made editorial allusion to the machinations of marriageable English women against the American girl. In view, however, of what has happened since that account was written, it is necessary to refer to the subject again. From certain proceedings that are going forward in Canada, there is no room to doubt that the American girl, the friend and hope of all future census enumerators, is in danger. It is as plain as anything can be that the marriageable women of England have enlisted the diplomats and military leaders among their own countrymen in their campaign against the American girl. It is an underhand and scandalous piece of business, in which Salisbury and General Lord Wolseley are to be the principal actors. The English woman finds herself overmatched by the American girl, so she does not hesitate to resort to stratagems and tricks, such as are common among men. Schemes, the most secret and plausible, are being devised with an eye single to getting an underhold on the American girl. Just look at what is going on in Canada. Under pretense of prosecuting one Edward Farrar for high treason, ten regiments of British troops are to be thrown into British America to become a menace to the American girl, and a rankling thorn in her side, as it were. The prosecution of Farrar is a sham, the sole object of which is to get a little nearer the American girl's lines of defense. By the way, the prosecution of Farrar is a highly amusing proceeding. Edward Farrar is a politician of some note, and was a candidate for a seat in the Canadian Parliament at the recent election. Whether he was elected or not, we do not remember, nor is it a matter of present importance. His political policy embraces two propositions: First, unrestricted trade with the United States, and second, the annexation of British America to the American Union. If Mr. Farrar could secure the adoption of his first proposition—that is, if he could secure the right to dump the products of the farms, forests, and coal mines of British America on the American market, he would be satisfied to abandon the second division of his policy. But inasmuch as the free trade policy was defeated at the recent election for members of Parliament, Mr. Farrar is now an out-and-out annexationist. But the course that he advises should be taken is the very opposite of violence. He asks his people to consider their situation from the commercial or material point of view, and determine for themselves whether it would not be better to renounce their allegiance to the British crown, and cast in their lot with the people of the United States. So Mr. Farrar's conduct cannot be said to amount to levying war against his own government, and, therefore, cannot be said to constitute treason, in the sense that he has used, or has advised the use of force. He is equally innocent under the second definition of treason, which consists in adhering to the enemy of one's country, and giving him aid and comfort in time of peace.

The United States is at peace with Britain, and all her dependencies—unless marriageable English women be regarded as dependencies—so it would be impossible for Mr. Farrar to succor us as an enemy. Nevertheless, a firm of Toronto lawyers have advised the

government that Mr. Farrar has committed high treason, and may be punished accordingly. Such nonsense was never exploited before since the English speaking race began to govern themselves. Statesman Ben Butterworth, of Ohio, is just as much of a high traitor, or high treasoner, or whatever the proper name for this new sort of criminal might be, as is Mr. Edward Farrar. The meanest thing the Democratic party has done in the last forty years, except when it attempted to overthrow the government, was to so gerrymander the First Ohio District as to shut Butterworth out of Congress. The American people do not desire the adoption of either branch of Mr. Farrar's policy. We would be perfectly willing to trade with the Canadians on an equal footing, but we have no use whatever for British America as a part of our political system. Nevertheless, statesman Ben Butterworth, although a sound protectionist in a general way, has been advocating free trade with Canada, and the annexation of that division of the British Empire for the last ten years. Now, what would be thought of a firm of American lawyers, such as the one to which Joseph Choate belongs, or the one to which ex-President Cleveland belongs, if they should set forth to the American public that statesman Ben Butterworth is a high traitor or a high treasoner, as they might choose to designate his crime.

This high treason business is nothing but a diabolical scheme against the rightful supremacy of the American girl, and if that pink and model of womanhood is wise she will take instant measures to protect herself on the flank and in all other directions. The high treason proceedings against Mr. Farrar are merely a pretext for establishing a standing army along the Canadian border. It is pretended that the soldiers are to be used to put down the annexationists—but this is not true. They are intended to intimidate the American girl whenever she feels like making an incursion into Canada in search of a husband. But the American girl will be equal to the emergency—you'll see if she isn't. The Tory government of Canada is courting downfall. It is laying a foundation for the invasion of Canada by the American girl. If the English woman has to give way before the American girl, when she goes forth in search of a husband, what might be expected in the case of Canada? If Sir John Macdonald knows what is best for him, he will keep the English soldiery out of Canada, and moderate his policy in the high treason business. If he forces matters to such a crisis as to compel the American girl to declare open war, he may as well bid farewell to power.

Commoner Charles Stewart Parnell is among the later examples of how a man of good mental powers and wide and varied experience may become so dulled morally, that he falls into the habit of looking at the world as if it were in a state of hopeless ethical obfuscation. It was not a clash of opinions as to the policy of the Irish National party that led to the rupture which now exists in that organization. The Liberal party, of which Gladstone is the head, and of which the National party is a mere adjunct, has not shifted its course in the least.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding the gains which the Liberals have made, if a Parliamentary election were to be held in the near future, in all probability the Tories would carry the day. The home rule agitation is simply one phase of the movement toward local self-government, a tendency which embraces the whole

world in its sweep. There did not appear to be anything in the way to prevent the success of the policy of the Liberal party within the next few years—possibly at the next Parliamentary election—until Parnell made up his mind that Mrs. O'Shea was a more important factor in the government of the United Kingdom than an Irish Parliament.

Religious thought, which is a great force in England, was turning a more willing ear to the appeals of the Irish people for a more direct participation in their own political affairs. Within the last few years, notably by the Reform Act of 1885, over two and a half millions of voters have been added to the rolls, a majority of whom have become favorable to the Liberal policy. No Ministry has ever been more sagacious than that of Salisbury, to avoid a vote in the Commons on any issue that might result in a defeat to the government, and thereby make an appeal to the country unavoidable. The situation was such that the result of a night might put the Tory party out of power.

Just at this juncture, Parnell came along with the O'Shea woman. And, with the O'Shea woman as his chief of staff, he wants to lead the Irish National party, and appeals to Irish Americans for money to help him carry on business. This appeal for more money is the most exasperating and brazen affront that was ever flaunted in the faces of Irish Americans. Parnell tells us that malcontent office seekers, and envious persons have crept into the party, and are endeavoring to destroy it. This is not true, and every well-informed person knows that it is not true. The Irish National party was working in harmony, and the Liberal policy was making good headway, until Commoner Charles Stewart Parnell crept into Captain O'Shea's bed. Ireland has 103 members in the House of Commons, of whom 73 are Home Rulers, and of these Parnell has the sympathy of but six. With these six, he expects to suppress the other sixty-six Home Rule members, and restore order, provided Irish Americans supply him with enough money. Parnell sits for the city of Cork, and he couldn't be re-elected from that division under any circumstances. While the Chancellor of the Exchequer was asking the government the other evening for a credit of \$105,000, to keep the famine out of Ireland, Parnell was off having a good time with Mrs. O'Shea. We are not unmindful of the services that Parnell has rendered to the Irish nation. He is a greater statesman than O'Connell, because he is more practical. It is quite clear, however, that he is more in need of a moral doctor than he is of money.

The solicitude for our High School pupils, regarding their health and the hours of study, seems to have aroused the youngsters. In these days, the rising generation feel that there is little left for their elders to know. While it is true that our youth are not given to such ills as those which affect the appetite, and generally can digest with ease anything from unripe apples to rubber-hose, still it becomes the duty of those in authority to regulate our public school system, and fix appropriate hours for study. The attempted sarcasm disclosed by the communication of the High School class, directed against the Board of Education and advisers, is decidedly out of place. One of the first lessons which our youth should be taught is respect to their seniors, particularly those in authority, and those who have given a life study to the subject under inquiry. There is a proper degree of independent thought that is deserving of consideration from the

young, but the very bad taste and worse judgment which allowed our young friends to drift into this feeble irony is perfectly apparent. The schools, like all other public institutions, are the subject of government, and it illy becomes, either teacher or pupil, to attempt ridicule when proper regulations are suggested by those competent to direct and advise. However, under our present system, there is little danger of the students being either starved or broken down by over-study. Even if they should be required to devote a portion of the afternoon in the class-rooms, no dire apprehensions need follow. The hours now arranged seem to please the teachers and the pupils, and for that reason, should be the subject of consideration by the Board of Education, in order to determine whether it is best for the students and the public. If, upon a due investigation, it appears that the teacher and students should be allowed the whole afternoon in the summer months, and that this will be conducive to the advancement of their education and training, rather than to have afternoon hours for class study, then we say allow it to be so. But certainly we do not feel like permitting the teacher and students to fix the hours for their convenience alone. The public, who has to pay for the education of our youth, requires that a due consideration be given by the teachers. To our young student friends, let us say, that you may imagine you know about all that it is necessary to know at this time, but in a few years, after you have taken upon yourselves the responsibilities of life and of government, you will then realize how very little you in fact knew when students.

"EUREKA."

Two Well-Known Pioneers Take Issue With John S. Hittell.

BROOKLYN, February 26, 1891.

Francis D. Clark, Esq., *President California Pioneer Society, New York City*—DEAR SIR: The *Century* for this month contains a paper by John S. Hittell, in which he says that the gold of California was discovered on the 24th of January, 1848, and that he was the first to ascertain and announce that fact, thirty-seven years afterwards. Now, James W. Marshall, the man that discovered the gold, says that it was on the 19th. He always said so. He did not wait thirty-seven years before he said it. Contemporaneous history, written and unwritten, agrees with Marshall. Old pioneers have adopted that as the true date. On that day they hold their annual banquets and reunions. Fortunately, Mr. Hittell gives us the evidence on which he bases his claim, and we can, therefore, judge for ourselves. That evidence consists of an extract from the journal of our old friend, John Bigler, who was at Sutter's Mill when you arrived there. A little investigation will, I think, show that this journal fails to substantiate Mr. Hittell's claim. In his endeavor to disparage Marshall he has allowed himself to take too much for granted. Now, I am not a partisan of Marshall. My acquaintance with him did not lead to any close friendship, but I can see no reason for wishing to contradict him on this point, and to weaken the respect which we may have for the old man's memory. The "truth of history" does not require it. No other motive should prompt it. But to the proof. Bigler's journal under date of the 24th of January, says: "This day some kind of metal was found in the tail race, that looks like gold." Now, what does that prove. Does it prove anything more than it says. Is the truth of Marshall's statement, that he picked up gold on the 19th, at all impaired by it. Are not the two statements entirely in harmony with each other. Are they not wholly reconcilable with truth, and if they are, then what right have I to impeach the one and adopt the other? And yet Mr. Hittell regards this as conclusive evidence that Marshall did not know or could not tell on what day he first found the gold. Well, the old man is dead now. He is not here to answer for himself, but we can get along without him. We are not recounting our many proofs that Mr. Marshall was right; we are only trying to show that Mr. Hittell is wrong. But, perhaps, some one may say that the discovery of the gold was of so much importance, and would create such an excitement in the camp, that Bigler would surely enter it on his journal immediately; and that, therefore, this entry must denote the first discovery of the gold. All very well if it was only true, but it is only an inference. Mr. Hittell has drawn that inference, and that is where he has made a mistake, as we shall show. In the first place, Bigler did not make entries in his journal at the time of each occurrence, as any one can see by examining it. We that attempted to keep a journal in those times, can understand how it was whenever we found the leisure and had a good opportunity to write it up, how often it was we had to go back a few days and recall what had transpired. In the second place, the discovery of gold

by Marshall created no excitement in the camp at all. History agrees that when Marshall first announced to his men that he had discovered the gold there was but little importance attached to his statements. It made no excitement in the camp. It was treated with derision. The men continued on with their work on the mill, which they had undertaken to build. All remained quiet. Bigler, as you well know, was not much given to sensation. No one will suppose that he was just then very anxious to enter on his journal what all hands were treating with derision. The next entry is on the 30th, wherein he speaks of the weather and afterwards of the gold, very briefly, and without excitement. The next entry is February 6th. He remarks about the weather, but says nothing at all about the gold. It would thus appear that there was no excitement in the camp whatever, along about this time. Under these circumstances it could not be expected that Bigler would make any note of the discovery. When, on the 24th, he did make that entry about some metal being found in the tail race, he did not mean to be understood that gold was discovered on that day for the first time. Just observe how he makes the entry. The *Century* gives a fac-simile of it. It is singular, but Bigler makes a marked difference between "discovering" and "finding" the gold. He first uses the word "discovered" in describing the metal to which he referred under date of May 24th, and then, as it were, remembering that Marshall had discovered the gold a few days before, he draws his pen across the word "discovered" and writes the words "was found." Now, why should he do this. Why should he strike out the word "discovered" and insert the words "was found," unless he saw it would convey a different meaning. Generally the terms or phrases can be used synonymously, but Bigler did not choose to do so. He chose to make a difference, and he did so, deliberately. As he looked upon it at that moment, there was in his mind a difference between *discovering* the gold and *finding* some metal in the tail-race, and he wished to give the credit for the founder where it belonged, and he did so by changing the language he had used. His expressions were fitted to his ideas. But this is not all. We have come down as far as February 6th in Mr. Bigler's journal. He had no sinister purpose to serve, no foolish ambition to gratify. He was for "the truth of history." In reading over his journal he saw that on the 24th he had written these words, "this day some kind of metal was found in the tail-race that looks like gold." He saw that this might be misleading; that some one might think it meant the *first* discovery of gold. He knew that Marshall had brought in specimens of the gold before that; that they had then regarded it as of no importance, not even worth noticing. So he takes his pen, and in extra black ink, as his journal shows, he inserts, "First discovered by James W. Marshall, the boss of the mill." Now, what does this mean? What does he refer to? Does he refer to the gold that was first discovered by Marshall on the 19th, or to the metal that was found in the tail-race on the 24th? Clearly, to the former. Had he meant the latter he would not have used the word "first." The use of that word "first" in qualifying the word "discovered" relates to priority of time. "First discovered," as used by Bigler, meant something besides present discovery. It was not to be mixed up with the discovery of to-day, with the finding in the tail-race. Had Bigler left out the word "first" then it might have been reasonably said he was referring to the metal found in the tail-race; to the findings of that day. But he did not leave it out. It was put there by him for some good reason of his own. It was his purpose to refer to the prior discovery by Marshall, on the 19th. In no other way can the use of that word "first" be harmonized with the facts or with good sense. Again, he does not say that the metal to which he referred on the 24th was found by Marshall; it probably was not found by him. Marshall's men had already begun to turn their attention to it. Several of them had found specimens and had brought them into camp. It was now no longer a matter of derision. The gold had been tested at Sutter's Fort and found to be pure. It was after all this had taken place when Bigler made the entry that Marshall was the first to discover the gold. He did not say so on the 24th. It was after the 30th that he said so; after he had written up his journal for the 30th. Look at the journal and see for yourself. It was probably as late as after the 6th of February. On that day he was using a different shade of ink, unusually dark, and it was in this ink that he made this entry, by *interlining* it on the journal of the 24th, thus going back at least thirteen days. Bigler nowhere says that the gold was first discovered on the 24th. His journal entries, properly and logically interpreted, says that on the 24th some metal, that looks like gold, was found in the tail-race. He does not dignify this as a discovery at all, but is particular to call it a finding. Gold was first discovered by Marshall, he says. True, he does not say on what day Marshall first discovered it, but Marshall himself has supplied that date. He said it was the 19th. He said so from the start. You made an examination of this question before you adopted that day for your annual reunion. I do not think that

you will have to change the day; at least, not on such evidence as Mr. Hittell has offered. Besides, there is Sutter's journal, which says that on the 28th Marshall arrived at the Fort on important business. Marshall tells Gillespie that about a week after the first discovery of the gold he started for the Fort; that to gain what information he could respecting the value of the gold, he took all they had collected, and showed it to Sutter. Those who knew Marshall can understand that if he arrived at the Fort on the 28th, then he probably started on the 27th. From the 19th to the 27th, would be reasonably "about a week," while from the 24th to the 27th, would be but two or three days. Bigler says that in a week's time they had picked up more than a hundred dollars' worth. That is what Marshall took along with him. He took what he and they had picked up. He took what he had first discovered on the 19th, and also what had been found in the tail-race on the 24th, as well as all the rest. I have, as you and others know, always taken an interest in the early days of California. I know that as early as April, 1849, at Sutter's Mill, an inquiry was instituted, and a record was made as to the date on which gold was first discovered by Marshall, and that we agreed it was the 19th. I have never yet seen anything to justify me in changing my mind. Marshall was not a weak, vacillating man. He had his methods as well as any other man, and his memory of dates was regarded as good by those with whom he was associated. At this late date I can see no use in trying to impeach the record. The present attempt to do is certainly a failure. Bigler's journal, instead of impeaching the record, serves to sustain it; and, if possible, more firmly establishes the fact that Marshall first discovered the gold on the 19th. Yours truly,

DEMAS STRONG.

FRANCIS D. CLARK, ESQ., *President Territorial Pioneers of California, New York:*

MY DEAR SIR: You have doubtless read in the February number of the *Century* the article of our friend, Mr. John S. Hittell, in which he fixes the date of the great gold discovery on the 24th of January, 1848, a change from the 19th of that month hitherto accepted. The basis of Mr. Hittell's argument is an extract from the diary of Henry W. Bigler, one of the workmen in building the Coloma saw-mill. This is a transcript verbatim of the entry: "Monday, 24th this day some kind of metal was found in the tail-race that looks like gold first discovered by James Marshall, the Boss of the mill. Sunday, 30th, clear, and has been all the last week; our metal has been tried and proves to be gold. It is thought to be rich, we have picked up more than a hundred dollars worth last week."

The letter of this entry makes not for, but against Mr. Hittell's conclusion. See the fac-simile in the *Century*. Bigler began to write discovered, erased it, and wrote "found." Whoever the party, he was not a discoverer. Then comes another afterthought in the interlining, and this in different ink, as Mr. Hittell explains (written later, probably) of the words "first discovered by James Marshall, the Boss of the mill." So the finding of gold mentioned by Bigler was not the "discovery." He refers that event to a different time, earlier, evidently, and the 24th of January as the date of the original discovery is entirely wanting in substantial support. I am reminded here of the fourteenth reason of the Russian Commandant of a fort, for not firing a salute on the arrival of his Admiral, that he "had no powder."

The best authority for fixing the date, I know is that of Marshall. Yet he said he did not at the time note the day of the month. He was sure, however, it was not earlier than the 18th, nor later than the 19th of January. Assuming that date as correct, and the 28th of the same month of Marshall's visit to Sutter's Fort, according to the entry in the great Pioneer's journal, "on very important business," that is, to report the discovery, the interval of time is easily accounted for, and not too long to include all the known intermediate events. When Marshall told his discovery, and showed the pieces, only a slight impression was made upon the men employed at the mill. Work went forward, lively as usual. Spare time alone, at first, was utilized in looking for gold in the vicinity of the mill. A test of the quality of the mineral was made by Marshall, which led him to believe, from its malleability that it was gold. Afterward he went to the boarding house, and showing his find to the housekeeper, Mrs. Wimmer, asked, "Is not this gold?" The Wimmers were from a gold-bearing region, in North Carolina, and Mrs. W. at once became interested in the matter. She was at the time engaged in making soap, and taking a small nugget, value about five dollars, she dropped it in the boiling mass, with a ring from her finger, supposed to be gold. Here an interval, Marshall says, of two or three days occurred, and he bethought himself of the soap test, and going to the house, he said to Mrs. Wimmer, "Well, Jennie, what has become of our gold?" The boiling of the soap was finished, and the kettle and contents set aside. The nugget and ring were cut out of the solidified mass, and upon examination the ring was tarnished, an alloy, while the nugget was bright as when picked up in the tail-race. Marshall, in his pub-

lished life, says, "In about a week's time after the discovery, I had to take another trip to the fort." This, doubtless, was the visit "on very important business," mentioned by Captain Sutter. The account of the scene at the fort, so well known, I need not repeat.

I am constrained to regard the fixing of the 24th of January, 1848, as the date of the gold discovery, from the record of Bigler's diary, a manifest *non sequitur*.

ALBERT WILLIAMS.

West Orange, N. J., 28th February, 1891.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

De Wolf Hopper's next opera is called *Wang*.

The woman who wears a sun-bonnet narrows her own view of life, but the woman who wears a high hat cuts off that of the people behind her.

There must be considerable genuine sympathy felt for Mme. Sara Bernhardt, who has had the misfortune to meet with the enthusiastic approval of the Boston audiences. In justice to Sara it should be remembered that she is not to blame for this manifestation and ought not to be made to suffer for it.

The sudden death of Lawrence Barrett, one of the great actors of the age, leaves a void on the stage that cannot be soon filled. Mr. Barrett, at the time of his untimely death, was the partner of Edwin Booth, and engaged in presenting Shakespearean plays. He was the moving spirit of that grand combination, and whose keen business qualifications added to his art, made the enterprise a splendid success both in an artistic point of view, as well as financial. It is probable that the demise of Lawrence Barrett will cause the retirement of Edwin Booth from the stage.

From the same theater where Barrymore is just now depicting the agonies of a disgraced husband, comes Mrs. Schoeffel, better known as Agnes Booth. The actress, in all her splendid paraphernalia and fine sentiments of the stage, is quite another person from the plump and hungry lady who takes a seat opposite her manager husband and amiably bullies the waiter while she orders enough supper for six instead of two. As she eats she talks volubly, munching impartially off cold slaw, broiled lobster, steak and potatoes, and, winding up with an ice and champagne, goes off to sleep the sleep of the just and to a brisk rehearsal on the morrow.

Book Chat.

A Chicago poet has dedicated a poem to Rudyard Kipling. That is one way of getting even.

An English publisher announces a new work entitled "He Always Pleased His Wife." It is fiction.

The rejection of most of the poems sent to the magazines is one sort of poetic justice, although most poets do not look at it in that light.

Carruthers—Poets are born. Waite—Yes, I suppose so. Still, it would be pretty hard work to establish a case against their parents.

King Humbert of Italy has often said: "I should wish to be a journalist were I not a king." Some men never are satisfied. A Kansas journalist sold his paper last week and bought a grocery store.

The present race of novel writers in this country, and to a lesser extent in England, are divided into two schools, or camps, which, in theory, if not in practice, are as violently opposed to one another as were the classicists and romanticists of the French theater some sixty years ago, when the dramas of Dumas and the melodramas of Hugo were beginning to undermine the frigid propriety of the tragedies of Racine and Corneille.

"The Great Taboo," by Grant Allen. In the days of King Charles the Second, an English sailor was cast ashore on an island in the Pacific—the only survivor of a shipwreck. He was forced to kill, in self-defense, the incarnation of the Sun-God, a vicious old barbarian, whose secret he had discovered. He became Sun-God himself, and taught the secret of his power to a parrot, which is still living two hundred years later, when a young Englishman and English woman are equally shipwrecked. Polly tells his tale with great volubility and saves their lives. The story is full of interesting particulars about the mysterious Taboo of Polynesia.

A certain brilliant woman who had come into a fortune on the death of her husband, found the bacillus of literary ambition pervading her system. Lacking originality, she employed her acquirements as a linguist to the task of building up a translator's reputation. Much to her disgust, all her efforts in this line were unavailing. Manuscript after manuscript was rejected by newspapers, book publishers and syndicates. She kept on, however, until her mind became unbalanced, and she was taken to an insane asylum. Among her papers the physician in charge of the case found

an English rendition of one of Guy de Maupassant's stories. He sent the manuscript to a syndicate. It was accepted. The doctor thereupon presented a printed copy of her translation to his patient. The effect was magical. Her old ambition returned, her mind resumed its normal condition and she has been discharged from the asylum—cured. Once in a while publishers do a good deed.

Professional Chat.

"Hell is out of fashion," says Archdeacon Farrar, but if various other eminent clergymen are well informed, it will be a long time before fashion is out of hell.

"Hate him?" exclaimed the doctor; "I think I'll shoot him some day." "Don't do that," suggested his friend; "that's dangerous. Why don't you prescribe for him?"

Jerry Simpson should not feel indignant at the continued repetition of the charge that he does not wear socks. Horace Greeley was discharged from the composing room of the newspaper that he afterwards owned for not wearing socks. If Jerry's head is all right his socks may well pass out of sight.

Now and then Senator Leland Stanford tells a joke and smiles wearily as if he almost regretted it was so humorous. Here is an amusing skit of the variety order that he occasionally relates: "One day I was riding in a street car in San Francisco, when I overheard a conversation between two men that struck me as peculiarly funny. They may have been comedians rehearsing. One of them said: 'Well, Bob, I've got a job down town.' 'Yes? What doing?' 'Mixing lather.' 'That's queer: I've got a job up town in a barber shop lathering micks.'"

In some parts of Canada it is customary to call a Justice of the Peace or local magistrate "The Squire." One of these worthies, a very estimable man, who always enjoyed a good story, even if it was at his own expense, used to be fond of relating an experience he once had with an uneducated English farmer. After transacting some business the Squire and the Englishman sat down to enjoy a smoke together. When they had lighted their pipes the stolid Britisher started the conversation by remarking: "Hi notice as 'ow volks calls you 'The Squire.'?" "That's because I am a Justice of the Peace," replied the Canadian. "Things is so different hat 'ome." "Indeed?" "Yes. In Hingland a squire—w'y bless your 'eart, a squire; 'e's a gen'l'man!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

Given a man whose life is devoted to a professional pursuit and who draws chiefly on his mental energies, how shall he get the most and best out of himself and reach his maximum limit of longevity? There are two seemingly opposite methods now on trial. The one is hearty food with plenty of athletics; the other is moderate diet, avoidance of excitement, and good air. The athletic type of health-seeker eats hearty food and brings his digestive and alimentary organs into the fullest activity. In order to absorb it and dispose of the surplus of waste matter in the system, he takes active physical exercise every day. In short, he keeps the physical mill hard at work constantly. The seeker of health through abstinence eats moderately, his purpose being to tax his alimentary organs no more than is necessary. If he can keep his organs healthy he does not need so much exercise, since there is less matter in the system to be assimilated and disposed of. He keeps himself as calm as possible and avoids friction, but insists upon fresh air and takes moderate out-of-door exercise. Which of these two health-seekers is pursuing the best course, which will do in the aggregate most work, and which will wear out soonest? Immense attention is devoted to athletics, but far less is said of abstinence and the avoidance of useless friction.

The highest and most appreciated, because the rarest, form of wit is the ironical, which has the subtlest flavor; with an air of simplicity or apparent agreement, with a disguised, sarcastic tone. We have, unhappily, but few of these originals—Swift, Sterne, and, above all, Elia. Maule, the eminent judicial humorist—not "joker"—had this ironical gift; and the wit-amateur ever takes special delight in Maule's delicious jests, which are, unhappily, but too few. The most memorable and often quoted of his utterances is the famous one delivered at the Warwick Assizes on the trial of a prisoner for bigamy. The first wife had taken to drinking, pawned all his property, and finally gone off with her paramour. After the lapse of many years the prisoner had married, and was now indicted at the instigation, it was said, of the first wife's seducer. This hard case moved the Judge to express himself in the matchless piece of irony, which has excited such admiration. "Prisoner, you have been convicted upon clear evidence; you have intermarried with another woman, your wife being still alive. You have committed the crime of bigamy. You tell me, and, indeed, the evidence has shown, that your first wife left her home and her young children to live in adultery with another man. You say this prosecution is an instru-

ment of extortion on the part of the adulterer. Be it so. I am bound to tell you that these are circumstances which the law does not, in your case, take the least notice of. You had no right to take the law into your own hands. Every Englishman is bound to know that when a wrong is done, the law, or perhaps I should say the Constitution, affords a remedy. Now listen to me and I will tell you what you ought to have done. Immediately you heard of your wife's adultery you should have gone to an attorney and directed him to bring an action against the seducer of your wife. You should have prepared your evidence, instructed counsel, and proved the case in court, and, recollect, it was imperative that you should recover, I do not say actually obtain, substantial damages. Having proceeded thus far, you should have employed a proctor and instituted a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court for a divorce *a menso et thoro*. Your case is a very clear one, and I doubt not you would have obtained your divorce. After this step your course was quite plain. You had only to obtain a private Act of Parliament to dissolve your marriage. This you would get, as a matter of course, upon payment of fees and part of the facts. You might then have lawfully married again. I perceive, prisoner, that you scarcely appear to understand what I am saying to you; but let me assure you that these steps are constantly taken by persons who are desirous to dissolve an unhappy marriage. It is true, for the one man has said it, 'a hated woman when she is married is a thing which the earth cannot bear,' and 'a bad wife is to her husband as rottenness to his bones.' You, however, must bear this great evil, or must adopt the remedy prescribed by the Constitution of your country. I see you would tell me that these proceedings would cost you £1,000, and that all your small stock in trade is not worth £100. Perhaps it may be so. The law has nothing to say to that. If you had taken these proceedings you would have been free from your present wife, and the woman whom you have recently married would have been a respectable matron. As you have not done so, you stand there a convicted culprit, and it is my duty to pass sentence upon you. You will be imprisoned for one day." It has been often repeated that this most original appeal helped more than anything else to bring about a reform in the marriage laws. But the calm, unaffected style of the speaker was half of the battle.

The Origin of Chess.

The origin of chess is covered with considerable mystery, yet there is little doubt its birthplace was in India, and that it is an offspring of a game called *chaturanga*, which is mentioned in Oriental literature as in use fully 2,000 years before the Christian era. From India chess spread into Persia, and thence into Arabia, and ultimately the Arabs took it to Spain and the rest of Western Europe. The game was in all probability invented for the purpose of illustrating the art of war. The Arab legend upon this point is that it was devised for the instruction of a young despot by his father, a learned Brahmin, to teach him that a king, notwithstanding his power, was dependent for his safety upon his subjects. The Greek historians credit the invention of the game to Palamedes, who, they claim, devised it to beguile the tedium of the siege of Troy during the Trojan war.

Benedict Arnold.

After the revolution Benedict Arnold resided principally in England, but was in Nova Scotia and afterward in the West Indies, where he was taken prisoner by the French, but made his escape. He died in Gloucester Place, London, June 14, 1801. Washington Irving, in the "Sketch Book," gives an account of a stately white wood tree near Tarrytown, N. Y., under whose shadow the captors of Major Andre obliged him to strip, when they discovered papers in his boots implicating Arnold. "This tree," says Irving, "the trunk of which was 26 feet in circumference and 41 feet high, was struck by lightning on the same day that intelligence of Arnold's death arrived at Tarrytown, a coincidence which many thought remarkable.

The Swiftest Runner.

As to the rate of speed, the ostrich is the swiftest runner on the face of the earth. The pace at which a strong ostrich can run is estimated to exceed sixty miles an hour, but this rate of progress is seldom kept up for more than a mile or so. When an ostrich is running at full speed its legs move so rapidly that the feet do not appear to touch the ground, and, according to Dr. Livingstone, the eye can no more follow them than it can follow the spokes of a carriage wheel in rapid motion. No race-horse can overtake the ostrich, and it would be impossible to catch it but for the habit it has of running in a circle. The hare is another very swift runner, going at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. The fleetness of the antelope tribe is proverbial. The swiftest dogs and horses are left far behind in the pursuit of these animals, and it is only by stratagem that they can be hunted with success.

NOTES.

The South believes in home industries. It has vendettas enough of its own and will not tolerate any imported articles from Sicily.

The liar may prosper on his credit capital for a time, but truth and fair dealing make an investment which is decidedly more substantial in the long run.

The German Bundesrath is now considering the proposition to repeal the prohibition placed on the American hog. It does not matter a great deal whether our German neighbors remove the prohibition on our pork or not, as we have an abundant market for the same elsewhere.

J. Charles Jones has resigned the office of Deputy County Clerk in Judge Van Fleet's department, and has removed to San Francisco, where he will engage in the practice of law. Mr. Jones made a most efficient court clerk, and won the esteem of the members of the bar and his fellow officers. Their best wishes for his future success accompany him.

In wandering through the legislative halls looking at the seats of our departed statesmen, the following was suggested:

What mysteries may these desks conceal,
Of private snags and public weal,
A damage suit, a hoodie deal,
And various forms of public steal.
If these could say just what they feel,
'Twould make the average "heeler" heel.

Envious people can never reach the goal of true happiness. Success is also beyond their reach. We have practical illustrations of these sentiments during the last session of the Legislature in this State. Envy and jealous feelings towards their fellows caused the cloud of oblivion to fall upon some of our hitherto distinguished citizens. Generous impulses are the safest capital for public men. Wealth does not at all times serve as the lever to foist men into exalted positions.

A man never outgrows the ability of making a fool of himself. Some of our public men are living examples of this fact. When he imagines himself the sharpest and smartest, is the time he is realizing the sentiments here expressed: There are people who had a great deal rather be the whistle or the bell on a steam engine than to be one of the driving-wheels. A man cannot always tell what is the right thing to do, but he can come near telling every time what is the wrong thing.

Hon. John B. Reddick, President of the Senate of California, has made a most excellent presiding officer. There is nothing of a haughty nature about him, yet possessed of firmness and decision in his composition. Mr. Reddick is a man of the people, social and genial, with a smile and kind word for all; yet firm in his adherence to duty, knew neither friends nor enemies, when called upon to decide the important questions that arose before him in the Senate. The most ultra of the opposition partisan, as well as his party associates, join in their praise of President Reddick.

The Act repealing Section 337 of the Penal Code has passed, and is now in the hands of the Governor. This was a useless as well as absolutely inconsistent provision of the codes. Indeed, its inconsistency is apparent when it made the attempt to license the games prohibited in Section 330, a felony, while the original Act is only a misdemeanor. The gaming prohibitions are the same as before, except that the last Legislature amended Section 330 so as to confer jurisdiction on police and justices' courts, in place of making this class of offenses examination cases. We trust Governor Markham will not hesitate in approving the repeal of Section 337.

The members of the bar of this city are careless of the respect due departed brothers of the profession. There is no class of men who should be closer in their friendship. We have observed for a number of years past that on the demise of a brother lawyer, a few members of the bar meet and adopt some cold and formal resolutions, and at the funeral obsequies rarely more than half a dozen attorneys are present to pay the last tribute of respect to the deceased brother. The fact that an attorney has grown old, weary and worn with service prior to passing away, should be an additional reason for marked respect to his memory. Simply because member of the bar has been less successful in acquiring an abundance of the world's goods than his more fortunate fellow, ought not to deter the profession as a body, from devoting a brief moment in attending the last sad rites. It seems cold and heartless to allow a brother attorney to be borne to his last resting place without the presence of his former associates in the honored and honorable circle. We give this gentle reminder and admonition, hoping that in the future there will be something more of brotherly feeling and action.

When a rich man sits down to draft his will it behooves him to give heed to the solemn reflection that, although he was never suspected of insanity during his life, there is no telling what may happen after he is dead.

News arrives from Paris that the French vintners have resolved to advance the price of champagne 12½ francs per dozen. The reason assigned for the advance is that they apprehend considerable damage to the future vintages from the ravages of the phylloxera. The true cause is probably to be found in the failure of the New Jersey apple crop.

That was an amusing procession we saw yesterday going down J street. It was headed by a youngster about seven years old, playing a march, with variations, on his harmonica. The procession consisted of Ed. F. Smith, Secretary of the State Agricultural Society. Mr. Smith marched along, keeping step to the music of the youthful solo band, perfectly oblivious to surroundings until accosted by a friend at Second and J streets. When the spell was broken, Mr. Smith remarked: "Well, that youngster is a marvel, I have followed him five blocks, wondering how such a little elf could master time to such a degree."

A Louisiana planter, one of the first families, went out to Arkansas hunting "niggers" to do his work. He came across a colored man with his family, and insisted that he was under contract to work for him. The negro disclaimed any such contract, and the right of any one to control his actions in this free country. This declaration was too much for the southern blood, whereupon the alleged "first family" man shot the "damned nigger" through the head, killing him instantly. After this act, this "first family" man jocosely remarked, "this is the only way to stop the nigger stampede to other places." No arrests were made, as it was only a nigger killing.

Judge Cravens has sent a communication to the Board of City Trustees stating that his office is without many needed law books, and asking that the city furnish the Court a set of the California Reports and the Codes. The request is eminently proper. This is rather a large city; it is growing larger yearly; the business of the Municipal Court is important; it cannot be properly transacted with justice to the people if there be not at hand the books at least which are found necessary in the office of every lawyer. It should not be expected that a Court in a city of the size of Sacramento can be properly conducted if there are not at hand legal books that are constantly referred to. Judge Cravens' administration is excellent, and he should be accorded all needed aids by the city. His decisions and judgments are carefully considered, and in no case have been disturbed by the higher Courts; that he is regarded as a terror by the criminal element concerns not the law abiding citizen, save that it is for public benefit, and he should be encouraged.

The Rev. J. H. Willey, of Syracuse, gave the manuscript of a recent sermon of his to a reporter of the *Standard* newspaper of that city for the purpose of making an abstract of the discourse for publication. The manuscript said of John Wesley that "though only a Presbyter, he himself ordained Thomas Coke to the office of the Episcopacy." Willey's penmanship was so bad, however, that the reporter made out this statement to mean and read "though only a Presbyterian he himself ordained his cook to the office of the Episcopacy." Mr. Willey rightly thinks the *Standard* man was suffering from a bad spell. He is especially of this impression when he finds that the expression "storied urn or animated bust" was made "ornamated hust," while "facial upheavals" was given for "social upheavals;" "bells of the horses" was made to read "heels of the horses," and other little things of that kind. Some manuscript of Dr. Talmage's came to a newspaper office at one time in which occurred the words: "My text finds our Lord;" words which the intelligent compositor, to whom the dominie's manuscript looked like a journey which an inebriated fly had made across the surface of a gridiron struck by lightning, rendered: "My tall friend, our Lord." Proof reading was fortunately trustworthy. Horace Greeley was frequently annoyed by errors which did not get corrected. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true," was once written by him, only to become printed as "'Tis two, 'tis fifty; yes, 'tis fifty-two," while "William H. Seward" was made "Richard the Third" and "reconstruction" got twisted into "recrudescence." Things are not always what they seem.

It is not generally known that Henry VIII of England hanged no fewer than 72,000 robbers, thieves and vagabonds, and that "Good Queen Bess" was, in the latter part of her reign, responsible for the slaughter of 360 or 400 criminals yearly. Turning to the year 1566, for example, we find that in the county of Somerset alone 40 persons were executed, 35 burned in the hand, and 37 severely whipped.

California Legislatures.

The twenty-ninth session of the Legislature has reached its close. Its history is but a repetition of that of its predecessors. Since the beginning of the State government the retiring Legislature has been considered the worst, and it has always been that at the opening of a session the Press complimented the personnel of the bodies, and predicted advantageous results from their deliberations. Such favorable comment is naturally expected, for, in the early stage, measures of importance, as a rule, do not arise, and the members who are prone to be vicious have no opportunity to lay their wires. It is unjust to condemn bodies composed of 120 men as an entirety, because there happen to be among them a few who are dishonest, and a slight sprinkling of unmitigated fools—men who lose sight of important State measures and waste their energies to accomplish reforms extremely petty in their nature. It seems, however, that the people are disposed that every element of society shall in some way be represented, and as a rule the association of cranks have their delegates. We generally have a man with the hobby of "Woman's Suffrage," about whose desk the oppressed women gather. Then there is the dyspeptic member with whom "beer" does not set well, and his mission is to down the "well" and prevent the robust members from getting a "toddy" in the Capitol building. Then again there is one who believes that a woman should not be employed as a clerk and should not be afforded the opportunity to make a living. He is willing to compromise, however, on perhaps so broad a ground as that the woman shall not have red hair or addicted to chewing gum.

Various Legislatures have been facetiously characterized. The first one was called "The Legislature of a thousand drinks." That they earned that appellation is doubtless correct, but they did better work than any of their successors. They elected two Federal Senators without the taint of "hoodie," and if it can be said any undue influence was exercised, it was through the lavish dispensation of wine, whisky and cigars. Subsequently the element of deceit figured largely in senatorial elections. We had the scandals of the Gwin-Broderick contests; the subsequent betrayal of Broderick by Gwin, and the lamentable killing of Broderick. Later on occurred the historical wardrobe episode in the Golden Eagle hotel. Afterward much was said concerning the events surrounding the election of Senator Casserly. Notwithstanding all these circumstances, California has been more than fairly represented in the upper House of Congress, and with none of the many scandals at Washington has a California Senator been implicated or even suspected. It is regrettable that the selection to fill the Hearst vacancy could not have been made until after a disgraceful exhibition of deceit and treachery, and a shading of corruption. However, it is gratifying that no taint is possible to be attached to Senator Felton. The position of Mr. Estee does not strike us with favor. For a gentleman aspiring to an office of such dignity, it looks bad that he should have been so conveniently present in the State Library and have made the sensational discovery of the paper scraps in the waste basket. The members of the Legislature doubtless viewed the matter as we do, for the final vote was very significant. There were matters connected with the Bruner investigation that were exceedingly discreditable. The course of the *Examiner* throughout was hardly what could have been expected from a journal of its assumed standing, and the publicity given the majority report in advance of its presentation, cannot be justified as being a matter of duty; it evidenced a malignity that illy became a member of the State Assembly, and we regard it but just that the minority report was adopted. The general work of the Legislature, however, is satisfactory, and several very important measures have become laws.

Electric Railroad.

Notice—M-street cars will carry red flags and red headlights. Color of cars will not indicate which street they run on. Time cards can be had at store of L. L. Lewis & Co., or at office, Twenty-eighth and J streets. L. L. Lewis, Manager.

Passing Away.

During the past week three of the pioneers of Sacramento crossed the dark river to join the millions that have gone before. Dr. W. S. Manlove died at his home near Brighton, Judge John Heard at his residence in this city, and D. W. Welty in the State of Washington. They were all representative men, and each had held high and honorable political positions in Sacramento county.

'Tis beauty doth oft make woman proud; 'tis virtue that doth make them most admired; 'tis modesty that makes them seem divine.—*Shakespeare*.

FLASHES.

The less we find fault, the more happiness.

A man in the wrong is the first to get angry.

The man who has never felt anger is certainly fit for a saint.

The surest cure for melancholy is to do a kindly act for somebody.

The fellow who does a lot of red painting, is himself blue afterwards.

Those who pay the debt of nature, often refuse to pay any other debts.

Dead heat—the one that ends the race where humans are concerned—but must be run over in cases of horses.

Neither wisdom, honor, nor virtue were ever achieved by chance. Riches often come by chance to the most unworthy.

Landlords are accommodating—when a poor fellow can't pay his rent, the landlord raises it for him—and generally raises the fellow.

Little drops of whiskey,
Little sips of beer,
Make the mighty jim-jams,
If you persevere.

The poet says:—"They who forgive the most shall be most forgiven." The Sacramento public must be booked for a reserved seat in Paradise. We have forgiven much in the past, and will have to do so in the future.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE,

228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD,
C. A. VIEMEISTER.

EINTRACHT * SALOON,

HART & STEWART, Proprietors.

724 K Street, bet. Seventh and Eighth,

SACRAMENTO.

FINEST BRANDS OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers

and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors.

Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO

MARTIN DEVINE,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office at Court House.

A Prosperous City.

We feel a pride in the present conduct of the municipal affairs of Sacramento. The past year has been one of prosperity, and when we look back at what has been accomplished within the past year there is much for congratulation. We have a modern electric line of street railway, over which each car travels daily 120 miles. Electric motors are in operation. That we will constantly have improvements in this line of power can reasonably be expected. Enough has been manifested to warrant the belief that the managements of these enterprises will keep full pace with the times.

Since the rainy season of 1889-90 many miles of streets have been graveled and permanently improved. This work will be prosecuted until no fault can be found with our highways. The era of unsightly awnings is fast passing away, and our business streets are assuming a look of "business." It will not be long before the sidewalks will all be of substantial cement. It is true, the burden to property-holders has been onerous, but it has been borne without complaint, and there has been manifested a disposition to abandon the road of apathy we have traveled in the past.

Since the last election the members of the Board of Trustees have discarded the unseemly Monday matinees that did not reflect credit to the good taste and dignity of members of that body. It is but a suggestion on our part, but we do hope when important matters arise the Board will settle them in caucus, and amicably, and not in a wordy warfare in public.

There has been some talk concerning the election of the City Treasurer, and from some quarters it would seem there was a disposition to make a change, not because of the matter of the fitness of the present incumbent, or the fact that the depositing of the public funds may be of advantage to a bank, but because the issue of the selection of the Treasurer has entered too largely into city and county politics. The intrusion of this matter into local politics is to be deprecated, and we hope there will be no repetition of it in future. However, that apparent abuses have resulted in the past does not justify a change from which the people only will suffer. True it is, the Constitution prohibits the use of public funds save for the purposes for which they are raised, and contemplates they shall be kept intact and separate from other usages; yet in this city the funds have been deposited in banks and have been in circulation. So long as they are secure, there is benefit in there being so placed, as the people have the advantage, in a measure, of their use as a circulating medium. So far as the present Treasurer, Mr. Gerber, is concerned, we would regard it as a matter of folly to displace him. We are not aware of any man in the city better or as well qualified to fill the office. His administration of the office of Auditor and Recorder of the county was eminently satisfactory. The opportunities he has had as City Treasurer to familiarize himself with the finances of the city, and particularly the status of the funded debt, renders his counsel invaluable. We feel assured the Trustees will regard our public concerns upon strictly business principles, and that in cases where officers have satisfactorily and efficiently performed their duties changes will not be made. They are in a position to act regardless of unsatisfactory political influence. Let them so act, and we are satisfied the people will heartily sustain them.

Trustee McLaughlin deserves great credit for the street, sidewalk and other work done under his supervision. From a statement published the amounts that have been expended on street contracts aggregate \$125,097.86, and for street repairs, crosswalks, sprinkling, the drainage, public squares, the levee, etc., \$72,430.23. The cost of the improved sidewalk has been about \$30,000. It is estimated that about 140,000 square feet of cement sidewalk has been laid in the outer walks, and that there have been placed about 60,000 feet in coping on the inner edge of the sidewalks and in inside walks. In addition to the street work covered by the report published in the daily papers, there are now in course of improvement the following work, which will be completed during the summer: I street, from Thirteenth to Thirty-first; P, from Froht to Thirty-first; J, from Fourteenth to Thirty-first; Fourteenth, from G to L; Teuth, from G to I; Third, from P to R.

An interesting story was recently published about a Milwaukee man who saw a woman fall down in the street and helped her up. She was so grateful that she sent him a deed for a house worth \$5,000. A Peoria man, who had read the story, started to help a woman who had slipped on a banana peel, but the result was not the same. The woman yelled to her husband, who was standing near, and he rushed up and broke the would-be helper's nose. In regard to a woman you can't always most generally tell.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Uncle Tom's Cabin will never lose favor in the public. On Monday night, at the Clunie Opera House, a fine rendition of this famous drama will be given, by the strongest company on the road.

The concert for the benefit of Congregation B'nai Israel, on Thursday evening, at the Metropolitan, was a success artistically and financially. While several of the leading numbers had to be omitted on account of illness of the artists, the programme was plenty long enough, and very entertaining.

The *Little Tycoon* drew a splendid audience last night. There were some changes since the last presentation in this city. It is an amusing production, and the several roles are in excellent hands. The music is catchy and the dramatic and comedy parts are full of wit and sentiment. The *Little Tycoon* to night.

All the Comforts of a Home filled the Metropolitan to its capacity for two nights. While the idea is novel and the situations amusing, there is really nothing to give the production the prominence it has attained. It is not a meritorious farce comedy, nor is the company up to the average comedy combinations. With the exception of Kate Denin Wilson and Joseph Humphreys, there was not a standard artist in the company. Splendid opportunities are open for fine musical and specialty artists, but none such appeared. First-class prices should not be exacted for mediocrity shows of this class, even though heralded by the praise of newspapers in advance. While we all laugh heartily at the absurdities, few went away satisfied with the performance.

The Peri has vanished from the gates of Paradise, as portrayed on the drop curtain at the Metropolitan. We have so often "poked fun" at the lame and halting Peri, that the owner of the theater at length obliterated the blemish. The artist has replaced the Peri by a flock of doves approaching a couple of cooing doves sitting on the branch of a tree. Just what idea this is intended to convey we are not advised. In place of "Paradise and the Peri," we have Paradise with its swans, birds of Paradise, humming birds, doves, tropical foliage, flowers, lake, etc. It is not entirely certain whether the view presented by the drop curtain is the real Paradise or only the scene immediately outside the gates. Perhaps the real Paradise is left for the spectators' imagination, and is concealed behind the pictured gate. Anyway, the eye is relieved of the moustrosity that did service as the Peri.

The Delsarte System.

Francois Delsarte was born at Solesmes, France, November 11, 1811. His father, a physician, died, leaving his family poor. The young Delsarte was sent to Paris in 1822, to study with a painter on china, but his tastes carried him into other channels. In 1825 he became a pupil of the conservatory, a government institution for instruction in dramatic art, music and the ballet. Here, for the want of proper guidance, he lost his voice. Finding himself thus incapacitated for the stage, he resigned that career for that of a teacher in singing and the dramatic art. Realizing that he had been shipwrecked for want of a compass and pilot, he determined to save others from his fate by seeking and formulating the laws of an art hitherto left to the caprice of mediocrity or the inspiration of genius. After years of unremitting labor and study—study which took him by turns to hospitals, morgues, asylums, prisons, art galleries, etc., patiently unearthing the secrets and methods of past genius—study which kept him enchained by the hour watching the children at play in the great public gardens, weighing humanity everywhere and everyhow, he succeeded in discovering and formulating the laws of aesthetic science. He died without arranging his life work for publication, July 20, 1871.

A Remarkable Family.

In the Harlein MSS., Nos. 980 and 78, in the British Museum, there is an extraordinary fact mentioned, viz.: that a weaver in Scotland had by one wife, a Scotch woman, sixty two children; but only four daughters of these lived to women. Forty-six sons, however, attained their majority. Most of the sons were living in the year 1630 at Newcastle on Tyne, and it was recorded in the old histories of Newcastle that a wealthy gentleman rode thirty miles beyond Edinburgh in order to prove the matter. It is said that Sir J. Bowes adopted ten of the sons, and three other gentlemen also took ten each. The rest were brought up by their parents.

Clerk (in the gas company's office)—"This bill of Wisplet's is entirely too large; he couldn't have consumed so much gas last month."

Bookkeeper—"How do you know?"

Clerk—"Er-um, I ought to know, I am paying my addresses to his daughter."

Shaving Customs, and English American.

There is one rule which Englishmen practice that it would be well for us to adopt when possible. They abhor a barber-shop, and every man makes it a practice to shave before breakfast, which is as much a part of his toilet as washing his hands or combing his hair after rising in the morning. The majority of Englishmen would as soon think of going to breakfast with their hair tousled and untouched by comb or brush as appearing unshaven. Americans, on the contrary, are more or less addicted to barber-shops. Undoubtedly there is good reason for this, for we have the best barbers in the world and the most beautifully appointed shops. But it is incorrect to assume that because a man goes to a barber shop he saves time. To begin with, there is always the danger of not being able to get shaved at all. I know a number of men who make it a point to get down to business early, open their mail, and then go out to get shaved about 10 o'clock. The business of the day has been started, and they feel that they can steal the necessary time to get shaved, but very often a day comes along when a rush of matters demanding attention keeps the business man in his chair until luncheon time, and he puts off the ordeal of shaving until he has barely time to get home to dinner. Hence the type of the unshaven, hurried American. Julien Gordon's reflections are accurate in a way, but she has neglected to take into consideration the great difference in external conditions between this country and England. While the American business man makes it a point to get in his office at 8:45, his English contemporary, of the same business and social position, begins his office work at 10 o'clock. This gives the Englishman an advantage of an extra hour or more in the morning, and as business in England closes much earlier than it does here, there is additional time at the end of the day for further attention to the details of personal attire.—*Blakely Hall in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Some Enemies We All Prefer.

There are some enemies to be preferred to some friends.

I prefer the open enemy to the friend who considers it a jest to discuss my weaknesses before people who are strangers to me.

I prefer the open enemy to the friend who, because I believe in friendship, uses me as long as it is convenient, and then laughs to other people about how easily I am fooled.

I prefer the open enemy to the friend who comes to me when I'm in my sorrow, hears of my woes, and recounts them to a lot of idle listeners.

I prefer the open enemy to the friend who makes friendship a worry and a trouble rather than a rest and a refreshment.

I prefer the open enemy to the friend who exploits ill temper, ugly words and dissatisfaction upon me, counting that friendship gives these privileges.

I prefer an open enemy always. Then there is honest warfare, not innuendoes, not backbiting, not lying or slandering, but clear, honest war, where you strike out from the shoulder, either mentally or physically, straight. Like you, a good friend or a good enemy may be found in BAB.

I think there are some persons who imagine that there is a sacred quality in a family Bible lying on the center table, and who have the same sort of regard for the book that lies there that some other people have for the value of a horse shoe nailed over the door; and the one is as good as the other. The Bible that is unopened is at best of value only as a respectful profession that you are not exactly an infidel. The Bible that is to lay on you is a Bible that you may lay hold upon.

Two New Jersey young men, enamored of the same girl, have fought a duel. They stood in the middle of one of the mosquito state's highways and pelted each other with handfuls of rich, red New Jersey mud until "satisfaction" was obtained. In some respects the New Jersey code of the duello is far ahead of any others. It is at all events unique and original, and not the least advantage is the inexpensiveness of the weapons, which always lie close at foot and require no trouble in loading.

A genuine case of a man dying from a broken heart was before Dr. Brennan, at the St. Louis morgue, recently. Just before Patrick Connelly, aged thirty-five, died, he exclaimed: "Oh! my mother! my dear mother!" When the heart of Connelly was examined it was found that the apex was elongated and burst. No cause is assigned except grief due to the death of the aged mother of the deceased. The verdict was death caused by a ruptured heart.

Texas has a Hogg for Governor, a Pig for Judge, a Lamb for Senator, a Durham, for Representative, and a Buffalo for Sheriff.

The Two Great Mysteries.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still—
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may try
and call:
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain—
The dread to take our daily way and walk in it again.
We know not to what sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wander still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know—our loved and lost, if they should come this day,
Should come and ask us, What is life? not one of us could say.

Life is a mystery, as deep as death can ever be,
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say, those vanished ones—and blessed is the thought—
So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell you naught
We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death;
Ye may not tell it if ye would, the mystery of breath.

The child that enters life, comes not with knowledge or intent;
So those who enter death must go as little children
Nothing is known, but I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

S. TRYON,
Merchant Tailor,

822 J STREET,

Between Eighth and Ninth, SACRAMENTO.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

First-class Stock of Imported Suitings

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED IN EVERY CASE.

BELL & Co., Auctioneers.

REGULAR SALES DAYS, WEDNESDAY AND Saturday at 10 o'clock.

Highest Price Paid for all Kinds of Household Goods.

Consignments solicited. Particular attention paid to sales of Real Estate, House Sales and Sales of Farms, Stock, etc.

SALESROOM:

1009 and 1011 J St. } Between Tenth and Eleventh
SACRAMENTO - - - - - CAL.

OLD RELIABLE

C. A. FISK

Guarantees All Work.

Telephone and Electrical Supplies of All Kinds.

408 J STREET.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

DIFFICULTIES.

"Yes, Tom, you heard the rights of the story; some one did cry out, 'I forbid the banus!'"

"That was a nice fix to be in, I can tell you, at that late hour. Bessy and I in church, with Miss Spicer, the old General's daughter, for bridesmaid, and John Charles, a particular nobby fellow, who stood up as best man. There was Bessy, as pretty as a picture, dressed in as handsome a bridal outfit as ever you saw—white satin and lace and flowers and veil. I'm not much at description about a woman's rig, but I vow and declare, though I've seen many of 'em since, I've never come across a bride as all-fired pretty as she was, and I never shall."

"I didn't want to be married in church—it looked sort of conspicuous—but Bessy wouldn't be married any other way, and I wanted Bessy."

"Well, the minister, a very tall, grave-looking man, standing on the other side of the rail, had just begun the service, and says he, 'if any man has any reasons why,' and so forth—you know what it is—'let him now speak, or forever after hold his tongue,' when up jumps somebody in the back of the house and cries out:

"I forbid the banus!"

"Well, that was a pretty kettle of fish to begin with. I felt Bessy tremble, and I grew hot all over. If the old man, her father, a queer old codger, had taken it into his head that Bessy was too good for me—and, indeed, I don't deny she was—I was done for. But then that couldn't be. The minister he turned red, and the people who had come to see were in a state of restlessness, you may be sure."

"For what reason do you forbid the banus?" asked he of the white gown. All this passed much quicker than I can write it."

"Because she is already my wife."

"Says I, 'That's a lie!' and her father repeated it with an amendment that was not exactly appropriate to the place—and in a moment there was a pretty how d'ye do. I had made my way to the back of the church, and if I had laid hands on that fellow he'd never see the outside of his skin again. I'd have torn him in pieces. But there was a crowd; some pointed out one and some another; and one man gravely told me the villain had gone home to get the proofs. Then Bessy, frightened out of her wits on missing me, screamed, and fainted away, and of course the minister couldn't have gone on anyhow. Bessy's mother began scolding me, and Bessy's father ripped round there, all but swearing in the very face of the parson, till I surely thought that the last day come and we all had gone crazy together. So we had to go back, everybody mad, Bessy in hysterics, and the old folks storming at her, at me, and each other. Upon my word, Tom, you'd have pitied me, or any other man, for what was I to do? A shur had been cast upon Bessy, poor, innocent child, and even I, who had been her lover less than six months, didn't know what to think of the statement so boldly made before all Israel and the sun."

"Well, of course, it got into the papers, and all manner of comments were made, which nearly drove me distracted. What to do we didn't know. Bessy's aunt, a regular old Tabby, declared it was the worst of bad luck to have a marriage put off, and abused me like a pickpocket. The wedding breakfast stayed for two days untasted, while Bessy's father and myself went tearing round the city to find the man who had set all the trouble going; it was like hunting for a needle in a haystack."

"Meantime, poor little Bessy was sick with low, nervous fever. I went there every day to inquire about her and muse upon the uncertainty of mundane affairs generally, when one morning the door was opened before I had reached the top step, a big, red hand pulled me inside, and the whole household began an Indian dance, including everything but scalps and the warwhoops."

"Bulger, my glorious fellow, we're all right!" shouted the old gentleman, giving me such a slap between the shoulders that I lost my breath."

"My dear boy, our sorrows are at an end," sniffed the almost mother-in-law."

"I hope it won't be put off again, for then we should have a funeral," remarked the Tabby aunt, looking at me from under her spectacles with her usual severity of expression."

"What! you haven't found—' cried I, utterly unable to finish from sheer bewilderment."

"Yes, we've found him!" said the paternal."

"The poor, miserable wretch!" ejaculated the maternal."

"Ought to be roasted alive," muttered Tabby, glaring at me."

"Jo," cried a weak voice at the head of the stairs, 'come up here.'"

"You may guess how those stairs disappeared from under my feet. Poor Bessy, pale little thing, fell into my arms without any fuss, and cried—and cried—and cried. Then, after all this commotion was over—and it didn't kill me—my beaming father-in-law that should have been at that time,

handed me a paper, with the brief remark, 'Read!' And this is what I read:

"A lunatic, from G., in the county of M—, has been at large for a month, but was last night tracked to his hiding place in this city and taken back to the asylum. It seems, from the accounts we can gather, that he has been leading an eventful life since his escape, having personated successfully, a Member of Congress, the Governor of a State and a bank president. He is evidently a genius; and is highly delighted with his tour. One exploit of which he boasts—for, singularly enough, he remembers his pranks—was that of spoiling a wedding. The circumstances will be remembered, and we are most happy to make matters smooth again for our esteemed fellow-citizens, J. B. — and C. L. —, also the charming bride, whose maiden meditations were so ruthlessly and painfully broken in upon. We congratulate them as heartily as if the wedding were consummated, and when it is may be there to see."

"Well, you better believe it wasn't long before that wedding came off, but we didn't risk it in a church again. And we might have admitted the traditional 500 friends, for we had become celebrities; but Bessy wanted a quiet wedding, averring as a reason that among 500 people there must of necessity be one or more lunatics. Miss Spicer was gracious and stood up with us again, but John Charles had taken his departure to realms unknown, so we had to put up with an ordinary man. The wedding came off this time without an interruption; and don't fail to look in on us, Tom, and wish us joy."

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street SACRAMENTO, CAL.



It must be plain to any who will give the matter a thought that our store would not be thronged from early in the morning until we closed at 8 o'clock at night if its patrons did not realize the decided advantages from

Low Prices, Reliable Goods, Superior Service.

Call or send for Price List.

AMERICAN CASH STORE 801 K Street.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware, SACRAMENTO.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

W. J. O'BRIEN.

ONE OF THE LARGEST EXPENSES IN A FAMILY is that of foot wear. Economy is wealth, and the head of a family who buys his shoes at

O'Brien's, 607 J Street,

is on the road to fortune. The best stock at the lowest possible prices.

Huntington Hopkins Company, HARDWARE Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

Daily Evening News.

WELLS DRURY, PROPRIETOR.

309 J Street, - - Sacramento.

LATEST DESPATCHES

From all parts of the world, furnished by the United Press Association, over the lines of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS,

Presented in an attractive form.

EDITORIAL NOTES

On current topics of interest.

FIRST CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Columbus Brewing COMPANY.

W. GUTENBERGER.....PRESIDENT.
C. WAHL.....SUPERINTENDENT.
O. A. LOVDALL.....SECRETARY.

CORNER SIXTEENTH AND K STS. SACRAMENTO, CAL.

American Steam Laundry

NINETEENTH AND I STS.—WHITE LABOR only. Linen polished in the neatest manner. We guarantee satisfaction. All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Washing called for and delivered to any part of the city. Main Office at Sawtelle's Book Store, 708 and 710 J street. Branch offices at all the Hotels.

B. Ruhl Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and Blank Book Manufacturer. Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK, UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES

CALL AT THE

Sacramento Stove House,

813 and 815 J STREET,

—And You Will Save Money.—

H. K. WALLACE & CO.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

A. L. HART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON, HIRAM W. JOHNSON, JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, LAWYERS, 504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER, Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, LAWYER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, 630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Court House, Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of Edwin C. Barclay, an insolvent debtor. Edwin C. Barclay having filed in this Court, his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Edwin C. Barclay is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the county of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said Edwin C. Barclay, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, on the 10th day of April, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M., of that day to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS a newspaper of general circulation published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, February 25th, 1891.

A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court. FRANK D. RYAN, Attorney for Petitioner. f28-6t

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to DAVID KIZER, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 29th day of January, 1891, in which action, Annie Kizer is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of said Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant on the grounds of desertion and failure to provide; also, for the care, custody and control of the minor children, the issue of said marriage, viz: Nettie and Edna, aged 5 years, and 15 months respectively, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 29th day of January A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHODS, Clerk. By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk. W. A. GETT, Jr., Attorney for Plaintiff. ja31-9t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF SARAH MORRIS, DECEASED.— Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Sarah Morris, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to Thomas Lewis, administrator of the estate of said deceased, at the office of S. Solon Holl, 628½ J street, in the City of Sacramento.

THOMAS LEWIS, Administrator of the Estate of Sarah Morris, Dec'd. S. SOLON HOLL, Attorney for Administrator. m10-4

A newly-married young farmer living at Greenbush, near Sheboygan, has hit upon a novel and effective scheme for getting his wife out of bed in the morning. He fills the stove with damp shavings, lights them and then shuts the damper in the pipe. By the time he reaches the barn she is effectually smoked out.

Women who want their husbands to care for them should never cry. A homely woman looks pretty and attractive when she laughs at a man's faults; a pretty woman looks homely when she cries over them. This is selfish, no doubt, but look among any of your married acquaintances, and you will find that the woman whose husband thinks the most of her is the one who laughs where other women would cry.

Most persons in this country pronounce phthisis "tee-sis"; yet among eight lexicographical authorities quoted by Webster not one gives this pronunciation, the predominant one being "this-sis." Only one authority (Smart) calls it "tisis," a pronunciation prevalent in Boston. Our esteemed leguminophagous colleagues cannot, therefore, put on any airs, other than those legitimately resulting from their strong east winds.



IF A BODY MEET A BODY

the result is a collision, whether "coming thro' the rye," or not. Life is full of collisions. We are constantly colliding with somebody or something. If it isn't with our neighbors it is with some dread diseases that "knocks us off the track" and perhaps disables us for life. Women especially it seems, have to bear the brunt of more collisions and afflictions than mankind. In all cases of nervousness, bearing-down sensations, tenderness, periodical pains, sick headache, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration and all "female irregularities" and "weaknesses," Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to the rescue of women as no other medicine does. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a **positive guarantee**, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. See **guarantee** on bottle-wrapper.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

Dr. PIERCE'S PELLETS

regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. **One a Dose.** Sold by druggists. 25 cents a vial.

DR. H. H. PIERSON,



511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

C. E. BAINBRIDGE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to 8:30 P. M.

THE LOUVRE,
526 J Street, Sacramento.

Bar and Billiards.

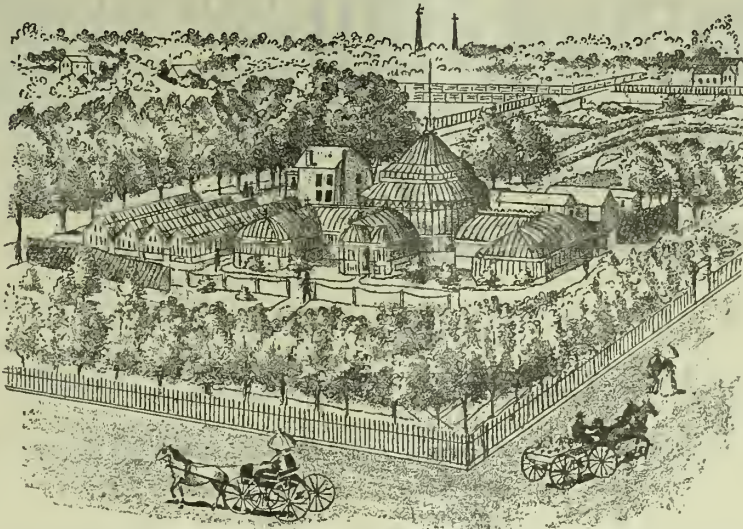
EL DORADO SALOON,
O. F. BERGMAN, Proprietor,
826 J Street, Sacramento.
The most popular resort in the city.

ANOTHER NEW ARRIVAL
AT THE
CAPITAL ALE VAULTS,
302 J St. and 1005 Third St., Sacramento.
Ten Barrels of the Famous
Sour Mash Copper Distilled Kentucky Whisky
Direct from Covington, Ky., via Cape Horn.
NAGELE & SVENSSON, Proprietors.

M. J. DILLMAN,

EUGENE GEI SEITER.

THE BELL CONSERVATORY CO.
Nurserymen & Florists.



Growers of Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Garden, Greenhouse and Bedding Plants.

FLORAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY.

Our Roses and Chrysanthemums include the latest and choicest varieties.

The Nonpareil,

Corner Fifth and J Streets,

JUST OPENED,

A LARGE LINE OF

Ladies' Spring Jackets

From \$3.00 Upward.

BAKER & HAMILTON,
San Francisco and Sacramento,
Importers and Jobbers of
Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,
MACHINERY
And Agricultural Implements.
Send for Catalogue.

OSBORN & FOLGER
FUEL DEPOT,
806 I Street.

ICE, HAY, GRAIN and STORAGE
501 I Street. Telephone 69.

H. C. MUDDOX. F. A. FEE.
MUDDOX & FEE,
No. 606 I Street, Sacramento.
REAL ESTATE,
Mortgage Loans, Insurance,
Collections and Conveyancing.

Capital Hotel,
Southwest Corner Seventh and K Streets, Sacramento.
STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.
Free 'bus to and from all trains. Best Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers of any house in the city.
B. B. BROWN,
Formerly of the State House Hotel, Proprietor.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.
Southern Pacific Company
PACIFIC SYSTEM.
January 19, 1891.
Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6-15 A	Calistoga and Napa	11-40 A
3-05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8-40 P
12-50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	5-55 A
4-30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7-00 P
7-30 P	Knight's Landing	7-10 A
10-50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9-35 A
12-05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2-25 A
11-00 P	Central Atlantic Express	
	Ogden and East	8-15 A
3-00 P	Oroville	10-30 A
3-00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10-30 A
10-40 A	Redding via Willows	4-00 P
2-25 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11-40 A
6-15 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12-35 A
8-40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10-40 P
3-05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8-40 P
*10-00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26-00 A
10-50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2-50 P
10-50 A	San Jose	2-50 P
4-30 P	Santa Barbara	9-35 A
6-15 A	Santa Rosa	11-40 A
3-05 P	Santa Rosa	8-40 P
8-50 A	Stockton and Galt	7-00 P
4-30 P	Stockton and Galt	9-35 A
12-05 P	Truckee and Reno	2-25 A
11-00 P	Truckee and Reno	8-15 A
12-05 P	Colfax	8-15 A
6-15 A	Vallejo	11-40 A
3-05 P	Vallejo	18-40 P
*6-35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2-40 P
*3-10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11-35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

HOWE'S
High School and Normal Institute
SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO
DYEING & CLEANING
WORKS

909 and 911 K St. SACRAMENTO.

We Dye and Clean Silk, Cashmere, Velvet, Woolen
AND MIXED GOODS, KID GLOVES, ETC.

Blankets and Lace Curtains cleaned in a superior manner. Feathers cleaned, curled and dyed by a new method.
A SPECIALTY—Gentlemen's and Boys' Clothing cleaned, dyed and repaired. All shades are fast. Goods called for and delivered free of charge. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders from country promptly attended to.

IACOB LANG, - Prop'r.
(ESTABLISHED IN 1870.)

Gregory Bros. Co
Established 1852.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,
126 and 128 J STREET,

Sau Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

CELEBRATED
WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY
LOUIS NICOLAUS,
Corner Twelfth and I Streets
SACRAMENTO.

PEERLESS.
(FIRST CLASS.)

Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars.
309 K STREET - - - Sacramento.
M. S. BRACE, Manager.

How the Participants Talk it Over.

A singular pair were chatting together last night in the corridor of the Hoffman House, says the New York *Continental*. One was Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee and the other Gen. W. W. Averill, the gallant trooper of the Federal forces in the late war. While the Confederate officer has gone into public life since the conflict, the Federal General has turned to business affairs. As they met last night both were in exceeding good humor, and started in to talk of their combats during the unpleasantness.

"Let me see," said Averill, it is twenty-eight years ago the 17th of this month since we had a slight misunderstanding at Kelley's Ford, when the battle bearing that name was fought on the Rapidan. You were mighty vigorous in those days, and kept well to the front. Things have changed with both of us since those days; but how the old times do come back to me."

Gen. Lee smiled, and said: "Yes, General, I remember those busy and eventful days, and I love to talk them over, especially with my opponents. There is much in them of which all of us may feel proud, serious as were the consequences of war, and strangely as its edicts separated the men whose lives had for years run in the same direction."

"Yes, General," continued Averill, "there is much to be proud of, as well as to make us sad. Do you remember, about twenty-eight years ago to night, you swooped down on my picket lines, broke up my rest and captured 80 or too of my men? It was an impolite proceeding which we would hardly relish in these days. We were young then, and a disturbance at night or in the day did not bother us much. I could not help remembering, however, that this is the anniversary of our contentions."

These two commanders of cavalry divisions that were almost constantly opposed to each other during the war, laughed heartily as they recalled the memorable incidents. Both Lee and Averill were in the same class at West Point. Both were stationed at Carlisle as young officers when the war broke out, and both were from the same State, Virginia.

Interesting About the Planets.

There has been a great deal said and astronomers especially have made efforts to fathom the mysteries surrounding the planets. Arguments have been advanced for and against the adaptability of life to the conditions of other worlds, but nothing has been determined. As there is no positive proof, we are at liberty to suppose the planets are inhabited and that the other worlds are more or less like our own. Moons and suns were once supposed to be nebulae—a mass of incandescence or glowing gas floating in space, endowed with a kind of whirlpool motion. The planets were formed by condensation of rings of matter successively thrown off by the central mass and the satellites by the condensation of matter thrown off in like manner by their primaries, the central mass (sun) remaining, acting not unlike a magnet, holding the planets in place and forming what is known as the solar system. Hence their similarity. The planets being much smaller, comparatively insignificant in size to the sun, evidently have gone through the process of creation, excepting probably the larger ones—for instance Jupiter, which exceeds the earth in bulk 1400 times, and is supposed to be still in the process of creation. At present the greatest interest is directed toward Mars, being one of the inferior planets nearest to us and presenting an excellent view. Scientific research, with the aid of the telescope, can trace out land and water, and having an atmosphere like the earth the conditions are favorable for both animal and vegetable life to exist. The extraordinary lights seen at intervals may be electric storms similar to those that occur on the earth. If the remarkable process in science continues in the future as it has in the past (as yet astronomy is but in its infancy) time alone will reveal to us astonishing results, incomprehensible to the ignorant, but gratifying to the intelligent.

Golden Thoughts.

Mind and character are acted upon in proportion as they act from within. They are gainers just so far as they are givers. They receive in proportion to their outlay. In the realm of knowledge and of character, passive reception is no reception. Only as a learner becomes a teacher does he really learn. Only as he who is within the range of influence begins to influence others, is he himself truly influenced. It is by a man's arousing himself to tell of what he has heard or read that he makes the information thus available to him his permanent possession. Not he who has had best opportunities of learning, or of being rightly influenced, but he who has been most active and persistent in making available to others the good which has come to him, is the man who is the truest gainer from instruction and influence. Not only is it more blessed to give than to receive, but there is no other way so sure of receiving as by giving. Income in mind and character is measured by outgoing; and that which is imparted is the measure of that which is retained.

H. WACHHORST

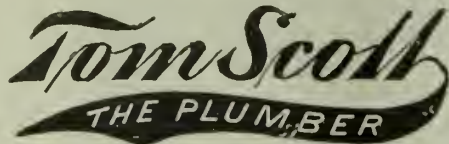
Leading Jeweler of Sacramento

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,
No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Peters & Ray

APOTHECARIES

Odd Fellows' Temple, Ninth & K Sts.
Telephone 175. Three Bells.



303 J STREET,
Near the Northeast Corner of Third,
SACRAMENTO.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, cor. Fifth

FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA
Studio, 521 J Street.

JAS. G. DAVIS, Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Furniture and Bedding
Of Every Description.
411 and 413 K Street,
BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH, SACRAMENTO.

This is one of the Oldest Established Furniture Houses on the Coast.

Klune & Floberg, WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS
Agents for, Rockford Watch Co.
No. 428 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.



B. JOHNSON. CHAS. ROOD.
State House Hotel,
ROOD & JOHNSON, Proprietors.
Corner Tenth and K Sts., - Sacramento.

The best second-class hotel on the coast, outside of San Francisco.
Excellent family accommodations.
Reading room attached.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS'

SAVINGS BANK,

S. W. Corner Fourth and J Streets, Sacramento, Cal.
GUARANTEED CAPITAL, \$500,000.

Loans made on Real Estate, Interest paid semi-annually on Term and Ordinary Deposits.

PRESIDENT.....B. U. STEINMAN
VICE-PRESIDENT.....EDWIN K. ALSIP
CASHIER.....D. D. WHITEBECK
SECRETARY.....C. H. CUMMINGS
SURVEYOR.....JAS. M. STEVENSON

DIRECTORS:
B. U. Steinman, Edwin K. Alsip, C. H. Cummings,
W. E. Terry, Sol. Runyon, Jas. McNasser,
Jas. M. Stevenson.

THE OFFICE.

No. 1008 Fourth Street,
Billiard and Club Rooms. The Finest Wines and
Liquors in the city. Drinks or Cigars 10 cents.
Call and see me. ED. S. REGO, Proprietor.

E. JAY SWANSON,
Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.
The most wonderful cures performed.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities
of the World.

OFFICERS:
PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:
C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.
WM. BECKMAN, President.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

The Popular School of Northern California.

BAINBRIDGE

BUSINESS COLLEGE

—AND—

NORMAL SCHOOL,

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT—For the practical education of young men for business.

NORMAL DEPARTMENT—Grammar School and High School studies; also, for those who wish to obtain teacher's certificates.

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING DEPARTMENT
In which we prepare students for amanuensis work and court reporting in 3 to 6 months.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT—Well fitted with a corps of artists in their profession. Mrs. F. C. BAINBRIDGE, Director.

Students can enter at any time and receive individual attention until prepared to enter upon the desired course.

Send for one of our new Catalogues. Address

J. C. BAINBRIDGE,

Principal Bainbridge College.

No. 1017 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

Geo. Sermonet's

—IS THE—

CHEAPEST GROCERY STORE

In the City, Quality Considered.

Depot for California Wines

Cor. Eighth and G Streets.

R. DAVIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J Street, Sacramento.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.

R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars.
ROBERT ALLEN,
Formerly of Agricultural Park.

THE EVENING NEWS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1891.

No. 7.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.

We resolved sometime ago to desist from saying anything further concerning our city debt, or mentioning the facts which have brought such dire distress upon our tax-ridden people. We were actuated in this course because it appeared impossible to dispel the illusions thrown upon the alleged "leading citizens" by the President of the Funded Debt Commission. His sophistries are so powerful, that reason had no place in their minds or councils. But this "great financier" is not content to rest upon the power he has wielded, and the destructions that has followed his visionary scheme, he must, perforce, persist in abusing all who have independence of thought and reason, even after he has convinced committees of the Board of Trade that his plans have worked wonders towards ameliorating the financial straits of the city. It might be a charity to suggest that this subject has become an absolute mania—a mild, though not harmless form of mental aberration, with the author of the great financial scheme. Several articles from his pen have appeared recently in the *Evening News*, which are so glaringly absurd, that a brief reply is necessary to remind the thinking and reasoning public of some of the true facts concerning the operations of his disastrous scheme.

We will be pardoned if it becomes necessary to refer briefly to a little ancient history relating to our "Old Man of the Sea." As to the funding plan, it was founded on the old exploded William Pitt law of over a hundred years ago, which was opposed by Charles James Fox, and when put in operation came near bankrupting the Bank of England. But in 1872, this "financier" caused the experiment to be tried by this city. Now, prior to that time, the bonded debt was in round figures about \$1,600,000, and was worth in the market from 15 to 20 cents on the dollar. In other words, the value of the debt in cash was something over \$300,000. As positive evidence of this fact, Governor Stanford, the late Henry Miller, and the late Mark Hopkins formed a trust fund of \$300,000 with which was contemplated the purchase of the entire debt, and to hold it for the benefit of the city. Unfortunately, before this worthy plan was consummated, Mr Miller died, and the plan was abandoned. We refer to this circumstance for the purpose of showing what was the real value of our outstanding obligations in the judgment of such men of financial abilities.

It was known by the holders of these bonds that they were greatly in excess of any real indebtedness, and that the scrip upon which the bonds were issued was given for four or five times the true value of the services performed and supplies furnished the city. That is to say, when a man worked on the streets or levees for \$5 per day, so uncertain was his pay, that scrip was issued for \$20 for that day. These facts rendered the market price of the city bonds at the figures given above. Thus, in 1872, when the Funded Debt plan was inaugurated, the whole debt could have been liquidated for less than \$400,000, interest and all. Now, for the workings of this great scheme. As soon as the bond holders found out the true inwardness of this plan, the price of bonds advanced to 35 cents on the dollar, making the cash value of the debt about \$600,000.

As time advanced, and as this Commission bought up bonds and coupons with the people's money, the debt increased accordingly. At this time the city has paid over one million dollars in interest, not including what has been paid to the Funded Debt Commission otherwise, and the debt is now about \$1,500,000. Thus, for what could have been purchased for less than \$400,000 prior to the adoption of the Funding Act of 1872, is now at the par value of over a million and a half, not including over a million cash paid out by the city.

Our theory at that time and at this, was to depreciate the value of the bonds, in place of advancing the same. The practical effect of this funding plan has been to advance our obligations to par. The plausible sophistries used by the author of the plan, and which seems to have taken deep root in the minds of our "leading citizens," are based on the fact that for a comparative small sum of money this Commission secured a large amount of bonds and coupons, and was thereby enabled to speculate upon the remaining obligations at a discount. This itself proves that if there had never been any such plan, the commercial value of the bonds would have remained at a very low figure. The very act of creating a speculative fund made the bonds a marketable commodity, and which has at this time raised them to par value. But since this state of affairs has been accomplished there would be no particular objection to the Commission continuing in its little discount brokerage business, was it not for the fact that the President of that Board is constantly meddling with the governmental affairs of the city, and insisting upon foisting his peculiar and doubtful schemes upon the public. As a matter of fact, it makes very little difference to the taxpayers whether the money is paid to the Funded Debt Commission on coupons or directly to the other bond holders. The city has to pay it any way. When paid to the Funded Debt Commission it is discounted a few cents, and ultimately goes to the bondholders; the difference to the city being perhaps 5 or 6 per cent.

But, as said before, this can do no harm if confined to that department alone. We are confronted, however, at all times by this "great financier" when any attempt is made to lessen the burden of taxation, or to relieve ourselves from the weight of the debt. Indeed, the first formidable litigation was virtually instigated by the President of the Commission, to enforce the levy of the full one per cent taxes under the Act of 1858. Then he caused suits to be instituted against the city on behalf of the Funded Debt Commission, for payment of coupons, and also to enforce the levy of an additional tax, for the use of the Commission. When the litigation concerning the payment of coupons, barred by the statute of limitations, had been decided adversely by our Supreme Court, directly antagonistic to a long line of decisions by the Federal Supreme Court, he influenced Mayor John Q. Brown, who was then a member of the Funded Debt Commission, to abandon the appeal to the Federal Supreme Court on the theory that the Commission would be deprived of a few thousand dollars in barred coupons held by it.

After the city paid out \$400,000 on barred coupons, which furnished our creditors with funds to fight the city more easily, the light dawned on Mayor Brown that there was something wrong in our "great financier's" methods, which resulted in a break between them and the resignation of the Mayor from the Com-

mission. It was at this time that Mayor Brown changed his tactics, and resolved to fight the bondholders and their great ally, the Funded Debt Commission. It was too late, however, to accomplish much before the power of the bonded creditors was felt in the defeat of Mayor Brown and the writer in the control of the official power of the city. The silent yet siren influence of the bond creditors was all powerful in political circles, as was evidenced by this fact. At all stages of this city litigation, the President of the Funded Debt Commission has been active in impressing upon the courts that the people of Sacramento were repudiators; which had the effect of prejudicing the courts against us, and very many of the adverse decisions were doubtless prompted by these representations. The great error of Mayor Brown was in listening to this "great financier," and in not pressing our meritorious appeals to the Federal Supreme Court; and which he would have done had the breach between himself and this gentleman occurred sooner.

When the needs of the city demanded a new organic law, and the people urged the adoption of a new charter, the power of the "great financier" was exercised in gaining an adverse decision from those self-constituted guardians of our welfare, the Board of Trade, because it might happen that the people, who understood the situation, would not continue the Funded Debt Commission as part of the political government of the city. Then came that disastrous decision of a bare majority of the Supreme Court, taking 55 per cent of the gross receipts from water rents for the benefit of the creditors. Here again we found the hand of the President of the Funded Debt Commission raised against the city. All attempts to relieve us from the effects of this great disaster are antagonized by his influence. A few thousand dollars more are placed in the hands of that Commission, which is the only excuse for this action. The welfare of the taxpayer is not considered; the bondholders' demands must be first complied with. In fact, every act and thought of this man seems to be for the creditors, although he has the temerity to pose as the friend of the people, and has successfully imbued "leading citizens" with his peculiar ideas. He is not content with these disastrous results, but must, perforce, accuse all who entertain independent ideas not in accord with his, as dishonest repudiators.

We ask, in this light of the facts, "Who has cost the city a million of dollars?" Echo answers, "The evil policy pursued by this 'great financier.'" Much has been said and written about the costs of our bonded litigation. This has ever been held up as a great "bugbear" to prevent those in authority from defending the people's rights against the unjust demands of the creditors. It is true there was a perfect avalanche of suits instituted in several counties of this State, including Yuba, San Mateo, Alameda, Santa Clara, San Francisco and Sacramento. The writer, who was the attorney for the city in each and all of them, defended many alone, and was assisted by able counsel in others. Without going into details, a round estimate of the entire cost of all this litigation in the past ten years did not amount to \$5000. Some are dreadfully alarmed at the possible cost of a renewal of the litigation concerning the unjust appropriation of 55 per cent of the gross revenue from water rents. What would a few hundred dollars' costs amount to, considering the benefits that would accrue in the event of a reversal of this absurd decision. It is a mistaken policy to submit to the dic-

tation of the President of the Funded Debt Commission if he did succeed in defeating friendly legislation this winter. The law as it stands, in the light of the interpretation put upon it by such splendid legal minds as Justices McFarland and Patterson, is sufficient to warrant a retrial of the issue. We say once for all, throw off the spell that this "great financier" has put upon the city.

Written for THEMIS.]

How the World Treats Its Benefactors.

The uncompromising opposition which the mass of mankind have exhibited to the march of improvement and reform, in moral, mental, and physical science, forms a curious subject for speculation. Inveterate prejudice and narrow-minded intolerance have dogged the steps of genius at every turn, frowning on the simple product of inventive skill, and often compelling the student of nature to renounce his own glorious discoveries to escape a violent death. Even when science has allied itself with philanthropy, and sought only to elevate and bless the race, the result has been scarcely more favorable. Old habits and deep-rooted prejudices are the most discouraging of all obstacles. They resist alike the claims of justice and the importunities of mercy. The difficulties which nature places in the pathway of human progress, often taxing to the utmost powers of genius, are, after all, surmounted with greater ease than the barriers thrown in the way of science by ignorance and its gloomy sister, bigotry. The world has always hated new truths, new discoveries, new inventions. Sighing "for the good old days of Adam and Eve," it has persecuted with inquisitorial cruelty those who were seeking new light; or, at best, left them to toil on in obscurity, their services unappreciated till after they have smoldered in the grave. What folios might be filled with illustrations of this remark! We have collected a few facts from history to show what the character of such a work would be; but in an article like the present we can enter only upon the threshold of the subject.

The histories of many of the greatest discoveries that have burst upon the world are but a record of fear and sufferings on the one side, and persecution on the other. When Nicholas Copernicus, after twenty years of intense study, was able to demonstrate to his own mind the fallacies of the Ptolemaic system of the universe, he concealed his work through fear, and was imprisoned by the Pope for the purpose of compelling a recantation of his "absurd dogmas." Galileo was twice brought before the Inquisition for upholding the doctrines of Copernicus, and twice compelled to abjure them. When Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, it is said that not a physician in England over forty years of age would believe it; and no ridicule was too great for the propounder of such an absurdity. Harvey himself, when he had grown old, refused to admit the discovery of the absorbents by Vesalius.

Great advancements have been made in medical science within a few centuries, but every step forward has been stoutly resisted by ignorance and prejudice. When Jenner attempted to introduce vaccination, he was opposed in the bitterest manner, even by physicians. Cases were published in which vaccinated persons became covered with hair, and exhibited horns and a tail; and that of a child was cited, whose natural disposition was so brutified that it ran on all fours, bellowing like a bull. Jenner was ridiculed in various publications; squibs and satires were resorted to in order to prejudice the public mind against vaccination. He was caricatured riding on a cow. When Ambrose Pare, some three hundred years ago, proposed to shut up the bleeding vessels, in cases of amputation, by tying them with slender ligatures, he was bitterly decried and denounced for attempting an innovation upon the old and cruel practice of cutting limbs with red-hot knives, or scorching over the raw wound with a heated iron, or plunging it into boiling pitch, by which the same end had previously been secured. "The College of Physicians of Paris," says Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, "attacked Pare for his proposed new practice. They attempted, by the authority of the French Parliament, to suppress the publication and dissemination of his observations; and for nearly a century afterward, some of the hospital surgeons of Paris continued, with the characteristic obstinacy of the profession, to prefer cauterizing bleeding arteries, rather than simply tie them after the manner of a few ignorant and presumptuous moderns." "Without" writes Mr. John Bell, "without reading the books of these old surgeons, it is not possible to imagine the horrors of the cautery, nor how much reason Pare had for upbraiding the surgeons of his own time with their cruelties. The horrors of the patient, and his ungovernable cries, the hurry of the operators and assistants, the sparkling of the (heated) irons, and the hissing of the blood against them, *must* have made terrible scenes, and surgery *must* in those days have been a horrid trade."

The same is true of many of the moral reforms of

the last century. When Wilberforce began to work and pray daily for the abolition of the slave trade, he was looked upon somewhat as a good-natured fool; but he pressed the measure with a perseverance which knew no discouragement; he was met by argument, eloquence and ridicule. One member of Parliament declared that, "so far from abolishing the slave trade, it ought to be increased; and that if slavery had never before existed in the world, it ought to be begun now." One gentleman, Sir W. Young, defended slavery on the ground that it had produced some of the greatest men among the ancients. So, also, when the institutions of the Magdalen was first proposed in England, the scheme was met—will it be credited?—by this grave objection: "That the institution would at length totally prevent a vice which every wise government had thought fit to tolerate for the prevention of greater evils." When attention was directed to the barbarous English law against high treason in 1813, the principal argument against abrogation was that it "had been established for centuries; had existed from time immemorial." And what shall we say of Gibbon, the first of English historians, who, in his later years, evinced his intense hatred of innovations by arguing in favor of retaining the Inquisition, with its tortures and its tyranny, because it was an *ancient* institution! His opposition to Christianity, it has been asserted, sprang from the same roof. "The Christian faith was a bold and successful innovation, and Gibbon hated all innovations."

We might, perhaps, properly include writers and artists among the inventors and discoverers of the world; for the inventive genius may expend itself on the intellectual and ideal, as well as the material. It is well known that poverty and obscurity have been the common fate of authorship in all ages. Not a few of the men whose names now adorn the highest niches in the temple of literature, were literally starved out of the world. They ended their days in obscure garrets, and it was left for posterity to build their tombs and garnish their sepulchres. Little better did it fare with the fathers of painting and sculpture, though the *ruse* of Rembrandt here occurs to us as a happy relief to the sombre shades of our page. It is recorded that this great artist left Amsterdam in disgust at the poor requital of his labors, and directed his wife to assert that he had died abroad. Crowds flocked to the inconsolable widow, and speculators overbid each other in the purchase of every painting, drawing and sketch by Rembrandt's master hand. The fraud succeeded beyond hope. After little more than a month's absence, the painter returned, and laughed at those who had been duped by his stratagem.

But it is improvement in domestic affairs, and to mechanical and labor-saving inventions, that the world has evinced the fiercest opposition. Illustrations are to be met with on almost every page of history; let us turn a few leaves at a venture. When Dr. Faustus had the temerity to offer for sale in the learned city of Paris a *printed book*, he was suspected of being in league with the devil, though that book was the Bible, and was obliged to flee the city. To come down to our own day, when in 1814, Mr. Walter, of the *London Times*, proposed to introduce steam printing, his pressmen threatened destruction to any one whose inventions might suspend their employment—"destruction to him and his traps." When the steam press was first used, Nov. 29, 1814, a police force was in readiness for an outbreak. The journeymen printers of Paris, about the same time, entered into a combination for the purpose of breaking the power presses then lately introduced. In 1830, a paper was issued by nearly five hundred bookbinders of London and Westminster, calling upon their employers to give up the use of the machine for printing books, which relieved the workmen from the only portion of their labor which was sheer drudgery. In 1580, the farmers and maltsters attempted to break down the banks of the river Lea, England, which had been made navigable for a short distance, because their business of land carriage could not compete with the water carriage. Then nearly a century after, when the enormous number of six stage coaches had been put on the road, and turnpikes began to come into use, evils which would necessarily result from this great facility of conveyance, were at once spread broadcast by opposing parties.

When steamboats were first started to Margate, the coach proprietors along the road memorialized Parliament on the subject, showing that their occupation was on the point of being ruined. Then railroads were proposed, and the proposition was received with a perfect storm of opposition and ridicule by the steamboats, and their allies, the canals. The turnpikes and stage coaches also joined in the hue and cry; they were certain of ruin, they thought, if this new scheme should succeed. Treaties were written to demonstrate the danger of traveling faster than nine or ten miles an hour, and it was advised that Parliament should restrict the speed to that rate. Some philosophers argued that a speed of forty miles an hour would cause great difficulty in breathing. The *Quarterly Review* of 1824, alluding to a proposed railway, says: "But with all these assurances we should as soon expect the people of Woolwick to suffer themselves to

be fired off upon one of Congreve's rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwick railway for any sum." When a Dutchman established a saw-mill in England, in 1663, the public outcry against the new fangled machine was so violent that the proprietor was forced to decamp with more expedition than ever did a Dutchman before. The evil was thus kept out of England for many years, but in 1768, an unlucky timber merchant, hoping that after a long time the public would be less watchful of its own interests, made a rash attempt to construct another mill. The guardians of the public welfare, however, were on the alert, and a *conscientious* mob at once collected and pulled the mill to pieces. When the first turnpike road was constructed in England, the mob broke the tollgates, on account of the tax. When Rev. William Lea, in 1589, invented a stocking machine, he could get no encouragement for introduction, though none but the very rich were able to wear stockings, their hose being sewed together by the tailor, or their legs covered with bandages of cloth. Lea met with no better success in France, and died at last of a broken heart. In 1753, a machine was invented to spin and reel cotton at one operation, which the inventor showed to his neighbors and then destroyed, through the generous apprehension that it might prove injurious to the poor. When spinning machinery was introduced in Europe, the mills were destroyed in many places, and the manufacture put down for a time. How strikingly in contrast with this ruthless spirit was the conduct of the New Zealander, who burst into tears on witnessing a rope-walk, and perceiving the superiority which Englishmen possessed over his countrymen, in the art of spinning; and of another native who carried back to his country a small hand-mill for grinding corn, which he prized as the greatest of all earthly possessions. The introduction of gas, for the purpose of lighting the streets of London, was resolutely opposed, on the ground that it would exert a deleterious influence on the atmosphere, and the bursting of pipes would be productive of danger. Not more than forty years ago the destruction of farming machinery by agricultural laborers gave rise to serious trouble in Great Britain. And to adduce an illustration from our own history, who has forgotten the incredulity and contempt with which Fulton's first attempt to navigate the Hudson by steam was regarded? But time would fail us to repeat a tithe of what stands charged on the book of human life to the account of this blind passion for the "beaten track." This astonishing dread of innovations and improvements which have been "tabooed by the consecrating hand of time." But, while we wonder and smile at the follies of former generations, may we not, with truth, ask, is there not something of the same spirit in our dispositions and conduct? Are there no persecuted Galileos, no ridiculed Harveys, no caricatured Jenners, no abused Pares, no insane Pestalozzis in our day? Are there no despised benefactors, no ill-requited laborers for the improvement of mankind, no martyrs to science and human kindness? Are there no sticklers for the old paths, who care infinitely less for the interest of science than for the preservation of some favorite antiquated notion? Was it not conclusively demonstrated by scientific men that it would be utterly impossible to cross the Atlantic by steam? Only a few years ago did we not hear serious objections urged to etherization as a relief from pain in cases of parturition—objections founded on mistaken religious scruples? Was there not opposition to the introduction of the magnetic telegraph in Germany, on the ground that the wires would prove injurious to the lives and property, and pernicious to the crops of farmers? Let us, then, learn a lesson from the experience of the past, rather than ridicule the weakness and follies we have glanced at. The world may be growing wiser—we believe it is—but the time has not yet come for us to boast a perfect reformation from all the faults which we are so prompt to condemn in our predecessors.

Creole Women.

A Creole, strictly speaking, is one born of foreign parents (principally French or Spanish), though in its loose sense the word is also sometimes applied to any native-born New Orleans person. A Creole, however, according to the proper acceptance of the word, does not necessarily imply that the individual is born in the Crescent city. There are many of them in the West Indies and Mexico.

The popular impression that Creole women are handsome is certainly correct, however much strangers may err in their other inferences concerning them. As a general thing they are not large—in fact, rather petite—but have very pretty, graceful figures and the tiniest of hands and feet. Their eyes are dark and dreamy. From the serpentine glances I cast at them I imagine it is as hard to keep from loving these Creoles as it is to abstain from investing in the Louisiana lottery. Those among the higher classes are also very cultivated, speaking English, French and Spanish, and being skilful musicians and conversationalists. At least I found those whom I met to be possessed of these accomplishments.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Billy Birch is to have a benefit at the Standard Theatre, New York, on April 15th.

The Prohibitionists can justly claim the honor of inaugurating the crusade against tights.

George Wessells is looking forward to his return to California with a good deal of pleasure.

The *Nabobs* is said to be one of the brightest and funniest of all the musical farce-comedies.

Al. Hayman has booked Lydia Thompson next summer at the California Theatre, San Francisco.

Carroll Johnson is very enthusiastic about *The Gossoon*, the new play he is to star in next season. He is an intelligent and popular actor.

Sol Smith Russell once swallowed a bottle of varnish on the stage in a drinking scene, and since then he smells the property wine before he drinks.

When the devil has succeeded in filling a young girl's head with the idea that she is a natural born actress, he just lays off a day or two and laughs.

When for the stage the ballet girls prepare,
It surely seems of language a reversal
To wear such clothes as other mortals wear
And call the function an "undress" rehearsal.

The Japanese very seldom go out between the acts at the theater. The only way to account for this shortcoming is that Japan is as yet one of the few countries where the American bar is not a flourishing institution.

Thomas W. Keene is getting quite strong and hearty again after his late illness, and is anxious to get into harness, but will not take the road till the end of August. It is quite probable that he will put on a new piece for the coming season.

The waltz had its beginning in Germany, and thence was taken to France, shortly after which it was introduced into England. Hungary was the birthplace of the galopade, or galop, and from Poland came the stately polonaise, or polacca and mazourka.

Mark Murphy is working hard on his new comedy, *O'Dowd's Neighbors*. He has engaged a very strong company. Helen Rainsley, a fine soprano, Hattie Delaro Barnes and Jennie Reynolds are three of the principal members of the O'Dowd organization.

Influence, or True Love Never Runs Smooth, is a new comic opera under the management of Warner and Manning. Beatrice Goldie, Carrie Tutein, Eva Donette, W. J. Henshaw, Harry Wright and Thomas J. Johnston are among those engaged for the cast.

"I see by the paper," says Annie Lewis, Hallen and Hart's soubrette, "that Mrs. Brown Potter is going to play *Cleopatra* in Rome." "Do you think she will make a success of it?" asked Amy Busby, of Mr. Robson's company. "I don't see how she can," was the reply; "*Cleopatra* didn't."

People have become so accustomed to the big adjective that go with the circus bill that a moderate statement of all the wonders so be seen within the big tent would not attract attention. They are an important part of the show, but it is very exhausting work this year finding adjectives enough.

The five-dollar bill that Uncle Joshua hands to Happy Jack, the tramp, in the first act of *The Old Homestead* is the real article, and is the first piece of money handed in at the box-office at the Academy when Denman Thompson and his company took possession of the playhouse nearly four years ago. Mr. Thompson is somewhat superstitious, and regards the bill, which happens to be one of the initial series issued on fibre paper in the early sixties, as a mascot.

A well-known English actor, traveling to Birmingham by the Great Western Railway the other day, on approaching Banbury began to feel hungry, says the *Jester*, and determined to indulge in one of the buns for which the town is famous. The train having pulled up, he hailed a boy, handed him sixpence, and commissioned him to get "two Banburys"—one of the two being promised him for his trouble. Just as the train was about to start that boy came rushing up to the carriage in which the now impatient actor was seated, and holding out threepence change exclaimed, with mouth half full: "Here's your change, sir." "Bother the change; where's the cake?" roared the hungry Thespian. "They had only one left," replied the boy, "and I'm eating that." And then the train moved off.

Book Chat.

Better be cowardly in the face of knowledge than brave through ignorance.

"That man has wonderful intellectual strength," said Bimble. "He is a literary Sampson." "Which," rejoined Bumble, "is probably why he doesn't get his hair cut."

An English publisher announces a new work entitled "He Always Pleased his Wife." It is fiction.

"How may a poet gain the affections of the reading public?" asks a correspondent. By tearing up his MSS. unpublished.

Zole is suffering a great deal from rheumatism, but keeps busy on his book, "La Guerre," which will contain an extended account of the battle of Sedan.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, is soon to bring out a collection of short stories contributed by him to English periodicals, the title of which is to be "A Group of Noble Ladies."

"Gid Granger" is the story of an energetic country boy, who develops from a shiftless lad to a plucky, practical business man. Mr. William O. Stoddard tells it with humor and considerable interest.

M. Renan says that the dead Prince Jerome could have written a better history of the Second Empire than any one else, and that if he had eschewed politics, he would have made a great place for himself in France.

Emperor William is "writing" a history of William I, in two volumes, assisted by his former tutor, Professor Hinzpeter. Two hundred copies only will be printed, to be given to the sovereigns of Europe, the Hohenzollern family, and the most important national libraries.

The Marquis of Lorne has written a novel which is soon to be published. It is to be entitled "From Shadow to Sunlight," and peculiar interest attaches to it for the reason that the heroine thereof is a lifelike sketch of an American girl whom the Marquis once met and vastly admired.

It is now claimed that Andre Theuriet and not Marie Bashkirtseff is the author of the celebrated diary. If that is the case the imposture is the cleverest thing ever done by Theuriet. The probabilities are, however, that this is an attempt upon the part of Marie's friends to shoulder the responsibility upon somebody else.

Gertie Holtzmeier, the novelist and writer of short stories, is the wife of Sydney Rosenfeld, the dramatist. She is an English woman by birth, but an enthusiastic Yankee by adoption. Mrs. Rosenfeld is a noble-looking woman with soft, merry blue eyes, a mischievous smile and an exceedingly sweet voice. The Rosenfelds, surrounded by flowers and dogs, live in a charming old-fashioned house at Yonkers. The visitor is greeted by a chorus of delightful yelps, for these eight or nine dogs are the most hospitable creatures in the world. Hither of a Sunday afternoon flock many members of "the profession," and here usually are also seen languid-aired, blaise Clay Greene and priestly shaven, animated Gus Thomas, the collaborateurs of Mr. Rosenfeld.

That there is no end of the curiosities of literature in England is more and more evident to those who keep the run of the auction sales of this kind of *curio*, a late disposal of which contained a number of the proof-sheets of Lord Tennyson's poems, with autograph corrections; a series of eighty-three drawings by Thackeray, including seven in water colors, which never left the possession of their first owner, and which, therefore, are probably authentic; a copy of the first edition of Walton and Cotton's "Compleate Angler," and a set of Byron-ana, amounting to 263 volumes. Most of these "lots" have found, or will probably find, their way to America, no doubt to the western portion of it, where bacon and money are equally abundant.

Professional Chat.

The family lawyer will take care of his faithful clients when he gets to Congress.

There is a Justice in Islip, Long Island, of the name of Clock. His principal business is to give time to the prisoners.

The sweetest things that have been said about Chauncey M. Depew have all been wasted. He says he never reads editorials.

Senator Palmer once worked for 25 cents a day on an Illinois farm, and afterward learned the trade of cooper. He paid his own way through college.

A preacher who was rejected by one of his fair parishioners, preached on this subject the following Sunday: "You ask and receive not, because you ask a-miss."

An eminent surgeon says that with four cuts and a few stitches he can alter a man's face so his own mother would not know him. Any newspaper can do that with only one cut.

Nearly all of the most famous of the Senators from Illinois have been Kentucikans by birth. Among them are Palmer, Browning, Oglesby, Cullom, and Yates. Douglas was born in Vermont and Logan was a native of southern Illinois. Lincoln was a Kentuckian, and Grant an Ohio man.

"I have just heard that my family physician is dead. Just think! he was scarcely 30 years old." "Then I must say that I don't see how you can have any confidence in a physician who dies so early."

A man was recently brought to trial before a Judge in one of the French provinces for murdering his wife, when the following droll dialogue ensued: Judge—What prompted you to commit such a horrible crime? Prisoner—Well, your Honor, we were not compatible. Judge—But why kill her—why didn't you get a divorce? Prisoner—A divorce? Ah! I have religious scruples.

A South Carolina physician, asked why he located at Monelova, said: "It is a first-rate place for a doctor. If a man is sick, all you have to do is to tell his friends (no matter whether the affair is serious or not) to go to a priest and have him confess and prepare for death. If he dies they will say, 'What a good doctor he is. He knew he must die and so he had his spiritual interests attended to.' If he recovers they will say, 'What a capital physician he must be. The man was in the last extremity and prepared for death and he cured him.' So in either event it is a first-rate place in which to achieve a medical reputation."

The "Orphic" Element in Poetry.

Among the happiest tributes ever paid by one son of song to another was that bestowed on Wordsworth by Matthew Arnold, in the memorable lines where he says of him—

He was a priest to us all
Of the wonder and bloom of the world,
Which we saw with his eyes and were glad.

And truly this is not only happy as an ascription of homage to the individual poet, but as a description, it is the most felicitous we know, of what constitutes, in the true sense, the poet by pre-eminence. It is a crystallizing in words of the supreme quality distinguishing the "Dii Majores" of the lyre—that quality, without which other endowments, such as wealth of fresh imagery, music of expression, and power to seize and portray characters and feelings, although most precious as auxiliaries, will yet fail, apart from a diviner gift, to reach the true aureole of the Muse. In the case of the great Pan of the Lakes it was this power, frequently yet only fitfully manifested even by him, of what we are inclined to call "Orphic song," that has made the name of Wordsworth the greatest in English literature since Milton, and one of the Three Mighties in the field of English as distinguished from Scotch poetry. In conversation on one occasion with H. Crabb Robinson, Wordsworth came nearest to a revelation of the secret of this mystic power—the occasion, namely, when he let fall the observation as to how common things can be glorified, in the words, "The imagination must irradiate an object with that infinity without which there is no poetry." This, when interpreted, must mean that only when an object is linked on to, and lit up in the light of, the infinite and the eternal, is there any radiance on the horizon, or any vista of hope or joy encircling it beyond this visible diurnal sphere. It is this "Orphic" element, characterizing the great Hierophant of Nature in his higher moods, that has been transfused, as is now well known, from him and his twin-brother Coleridge, though Keats and Shelley and Tennyson, into the main stream of our English verse during the present century; and wherever this element can not be found, there we may feel sure there is no true title to the supreme dignity of poetry, and we look in vain for the inspiration and the poet's dream—

The light that never was on sea or land.

Through the might of this mystic power Wordsworth was enabled to irradiate the common sights and sounds of nature so largely with the light of eternal beauty, and to reveal to us, as none ever did before him with such potency, the glory of the visible world as the symbol of a divine and invisible omnipresence. Hence to him the radiance of mystery surrounding the meanest flower that blows, and the inscrutable depths of feeling in the human heart, which is dowered to be the interpreter of that mystery. All this vision, as Arnold expresses it, of "the wonder and bloom of the world," he taught us to see with his eyes as a fresh revelation, for the world was through this new Orpheus touched with a new emotion, the most fruitful and potential in the domain of poesy known to this latter age and time. Perhaps the most notable trophy of this Orphic spell as exerted by Wordsworth is the titanic muse of Lord Byron. That proud and strong spirit long resisted, but in the end succumbed, while snorting scorn and indignation, to drink deep finally of the love of nature as distilled from Wordsworth, and imbibed through the medium of Shelley, so that in the later cantos of "Childe Harold" he too has learned the mystic mood, and, as he elsewhere expresses it, can find it joy.

To bend upon the mountains high
The quiet of a loving eye.

Thus Byron, the Titanic, has grown Orphic, and become a priest of "the wonder and bloom of the world."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

NOTES.

It was a woman, the Princess Rowena, who introduced the kiss into England. Since that time the custom has been steadily growing by what it feeds upon.

"The man who is anxious to do right has friends in Heaven who want to help him." This is probably reliable. They are usually not anywhere within reach.

"Idioms are not universally applicable."

"Which, for instance?"

"Well, a farmer can go to seed and a cow to grass and not be any the worse for it."

A man who wanted some "genuine, home-made and unadulterated Bavarian beer," sent over to Bavaria and got two barrels. He was bragging of its purity, when a chemist analyzed the beer and found the adulteration 7 per cent. greater than in the average American-brewed.

The Socialist colony established by Count Leo Tolstoi on the estate of a wealthy man in the neighborhood of Charkoff, Russia, has been broken up. The owner of the estate gave the colonists every opportunity to fulfill their Utopian dreams, but the continued quarrels prevented it.

In an old geography printed in 1812, California is described as a wild and almost unknown land. Throughout the year it is covered by dense fogs, damp and unhealthy. In the interior are active volcanos and vast plains of shifting snow, which sometimes shoots up columns to a great height. It is wonderful how such a description of this country could have been credited.

A little girl, struggling with her arithmetic the other day, put down her book and looking out of the window said, with a deep sigh: "Oh, dear, mamma, I wish I were an Australian rabbit!" "What on earth do you say such an absurd thing for, Ethel! Why would you like to be an Australian rabbit?" "Because, mamma, I read in the newspapers that they multiplied with wonderful rapidity."

The man who does not laugh—laugh heartily and enjoy it—lacks something in nature. The cold, matter of fact man, who is made up of facts, and void of the sunny imaginations and humors of life, must have been created by contract, and nature made a bungling job of it. We know a few such men in this community, whom it seems to hurt to laugh, or even be amused. Such creatures can only find pleasure in misery.

Queer appetites some creatures have. A butcher, of Seymour, Ind., is said to have found in the stomach of a slaughtered cow a silver half dollar, several small bones, a lot of needles and pins and a quarter of a pound of iron nails. But a more remarkable discovery was that made by a servant in a St. Louis restaurant. While he was opening clams the other day there dropped from one of the bivalves a gold ring inscribed, "S. S. to R. S." The clams had been purchased from a New York house, and were gathered from the ocean bed near Fire Island.

Suppose some one who is familiar with the social as well as the general history of the people of this city, should lift with the magic wand of memory the curtain of the past, and throw the light of day upon some of those people who are now posing as leaders of fashion, and the *creme de la creme* of society. It is positively painful to witness the efforts of those who a few years ago were ignorant kitchen servants, or the wives of poor shop keepers, trying now to look and act supernaturally grand. We do not envy the ambitious and deserving, but we pity the poor creatures who are trying to act a part which nature in all her liberality has unfitted them. There are a few in this city whom by some inscrutable act of Providence have become well-to-do in this world's goods, who now strive to ape the culture and social standing of those to the manner born. As we have said, such antics are painful in the extreme to those who know the history of the past.

When an alien becomes a citizen of the United States he is required to subscribe to a solemn oath, that he will entirely and forever renounce and abjure all allegiance to every foreign prince, potentate and sovereignty. It seems, however, that this oath is taken with much mental reservation by our Italian fellow citizens, judging from the manner in which they address their native country. There is no good faith to American institutions by people who hold so lightly their oaths of allegiance. No dependence could be placed in them in the hour of trial. We have often said that our loose manner of admitting citizens is dangerous to the country. Few of this class of foreigners have the slightest conception of the obligation taken, or are in accord with our free and liberal institutions. These people are granted the rights of citizenship simply for political party purposes, and not for the welfare of the country.

The United States has 139 war vessels. Among these are some of the finest war ships on the globe—such as the Charleston, Baltimore, San Francisco, Newark, Maine, Vesuvius, Chicago, Boston, Atlanta, and many others. Italy has three of the finest war ships on the sea, Lepanto, Duilio and Dandolo. Italy's entire armament is 67 vessels.

The memoirs of Talleyrand do not disclose the slightest reference to his private life. Not even his marriage is mentioned, and no allusion to that beautiful, yet stupid blonde woman who occupied such a conspicuous place in the halls of the State Department. His memoirs are entirely political in character, with the absolute omission of private affairs. He has dealt with great events, and establishes the fact that under all the trials, he never betrayed France. It is certain from a review of his diplomatic relations France never suffered at his hands. The people of France can forgive much in Talleyrand when his wonderful services are considered.

Would it not show like a little more equality in justice to seize some of the more prominent offenders against lottery laws. We notice that the only prosecutions for an infraction of these laws is directed against some poor unfortunate Mongolian, who perchance is caught selling a ten cent lottery ticket. The large wholesale dealers in the Louisiana, Juarez and Mexican lotteries are not disturbed. Within the past two months a number of Chinamen have been arrested and prosecuted to conviction for their small schemes, while all others are undisturbed. This is not justice. All should be on a line before the laws.

Secretary Blaine is decidedly cool and deliberate amid the flurry and bluster of our Italian cousins. "Just hold your temper, Mr. Italy," says Mr. Blaine. "Uncle Sam will not make any undue haste in the New Orleans matter. You must wait until we can look into the case. Your bluster counts for nothing." The proposition to force Uncle Sam to hang all the parties connected with the affair, without giving the question deliberate investigation, is not at all in tone with our notions of justice, or compliance with treaty obligations. Some of our English newspapers suggest that Italy will send over the Lepanto or Duilio to annihilate our navy; but there might be such a thing as some damned Yankee going out and sinking both those great war ships before they got within a hundred miles of the mouth of the Mississippi. In sober reason, Italy and her cabinet officers are making asses of themselves.

The action of the Italian government in recalling its minister from Washington strikes us as being supremely ridiculous. It hardly seems a government of the dignity of Italy, would take cognizance of the killing of persons belonging to so despicable a society as the Mafia association—a banditti that has been a menace in their native country—and from the action of the populace of New Orleans, it should be understood that the American people are not disposed to mince matters when it comes to dealing with that class. If Italy expects there will be tolerated here, an element which it is disposed to rid itself of; that the American people will not resort to primary and severe punishment, the expectation will not be realized. We only hope that the recall of the Italian minister will result in a reformation of the treaty with Italy, and that hereafter the immigration from that country will be of a desirable element, and of those who, when naturalized, will respect our laws and the rules of action that govern civilized men. The majority of the Italian people among us are good citizens. They are thrifty, and are respected. Among all nationalities, however, there are black sheep; and when they receive punishment for their misdeeds, it seems hardly the part of dignity the matter should be made one provocative of disturbance between nations. It seems to us, the least Italy should have done would have been to remain quiet, and to have silently congratulated itself that a people more determined had stricken a blow at as base an institution as the Mafia. Particularly what comfort will be drawn by the Italian government from the letter of Mr. Secretary Blaine we cannot see, and the government of Italy should have the sense to know that in the attitude it has taken it is but one of disadvantage. We have regarded with but indifference the opinions that have been published of the consequences of a war with Italy. In the first place, foolish as the governmental heads of that nation seem to be, it is not at all likely they will be disposed to precipitate a contest that will inevitably result in injury to themselves only. It has been said that the naval power of Italy is superior to that of the American government, but within the his-

tory of this nation, while not having maintained a standing army, or a naval fleet of consequence, we have been abundantly able to take care of ourselves. Particularly is that the case now, in that the administration is especially strong. We take little stock in the inflammatory articles published in the American press, and realize that they in no degree are a reflex of the sentiment of the people. So far as the people are concerned we believe they endorse the action of the citizens of New Orleans. We are of opinion the affair will be a benefit to us in that measures will be enacted that will prevent the immigration of bandits and paupers. This country would not pretend to abolish diplomatic intercourse should the people of another nation visit the death penalty upon the lawless, and the plea they were American citizens would not avail. William Walker, in 1853, organized an expedition for the conquest of Sonora, a Mexican State. Afterward he took possession of Lower California and the United States government forced his capitulation. In 1855 and 1856 he and his followers took possession of Nicaragua, and our government sent a sloop of war to quiet him. Later on he projected another filibustering expedition into the same country, and with his party was captured and shot. The United States government sensibly recognized the fact that Walker deserved the fate he received; that he had gone into a foreign country to create trouble, and that he was in no sense entitled to commiseration from those who had remained at home and attended to their legitimate concerns. It was not then thought that indemnity should be asked on our part, nor was it demanded in the matter of the Crabbe massacre in Mexico. It seems to us that the less said about this affair by the Italian nation the better. It illy comports with the dignity of a power to waste its energies to avenge the killing of men whom it was, perhaps, more willing should leave its shores than we were to receive them.

Sicilian Cruelty and Secrecy.

The last British Consular report from Sicily remarks that there are dark shades in the Sicilian character which contrast with the simplicity by which one might imagine the people to be wholly possessed. They can be deceitful, reticent, malicious and vindictive; petty thefts and robberies are not uncommon; it is said also in gratitude they are wholly deficient. It is significant that to be "scalatro" (cunningly clever) is with them a meritorious quality, and that advantageous lying is regarded with favor even in children.

Owing to the spirit of "mafia" and "omerta," which pervades all Sicily, they combine to hide each other's misdeeds, and in the case of robbery, and even assassination, it is generally impossible to get evidence against the wrong-doers, even from the victims themselves. There is a secret understanding among all that no one shall assist the legal authorities in their efforts to bring criminals to justice, and the Sicilian as a rule relies on himself and all his friends for obtaining retribution for private wrongs, and every one who transgresses this unwritten law has to fear the vendetta of his neighbors.

One of the most disagreeable traits in their character is excessive cruelty to animals, of which travelers in Sicily frequently have seen revolting instances. When remonstrated with on account of this they simply shrug their shoulders and say: "What matters? They are not baptized." They cannot comprehend that any creature has any claim to consideration outside pale of the church. Frightful raws in horses and donkeys go unnoticed, and are fed on by flies; deep holes are plugged with tow, and lame animals are made to work with heavy loads as though nothing was the matter with them.

As for relieving a horse or donkey of a heavy burden going up hill, such a thing never enters their heads. To see a country cart crammed with people behind a horse which can scarcely stagger under the heavy load, and to observe that no one ever endeavors to relieve the poor animal in the most difficult passages, is a common occurrence. Live poultry is carried to the market slung from pack saddles, or by pedestrians from the hand, by the legs. The birds keep their heads up as long as strength endures, till at last they can do so no longer, and die a painful death by a rush of blood to the head. Children are, it is said, taught cruelty to animals from infancy, for one of the commonest sights in town and country is to see children playing with newly caught robin redbreasts and goldfinches, which they hold tied by the leg with a string, and pull back when the poor bird attempts to fly.

Another defect in the character and habits of the Sicilian peasant is lack of cleanliness. But in spite of all these general demeanor and habits of the Sicilian are so pleasing that one feels inclined to regard his deficiencies with much leniency.—*London Times*.

FLASHES.

The naked truth often shows deformities.

Too many good men have gone wrong recently.

There are too many "ladies" and too few genuine women.

The fashionable clergyman fears to reprimand his flock.

It is something of a paradox, but there are no feathers in a "cocktail."

Society is a sham, and insincere in everything, even to its members.

It is only a foolish person that takes his servant into his confidence.

A flirtation is a smile to-day, a cry to-morrow, and a blush every day thereafter.

We sit and bewail the fact that we are not rich, when we might be earning the dollars.

Only a lock of auburn hair
Caught on the front of his vest;
He thoughtlessly touched the button.
His wife—she did the rest!

It is a pitiable sight to see the wife of some poor mechanic trying to ape the latest fashions.

Dry goods clerks say that the most troublesome customers purchase the least, and find the most fault.

That wealth and cares unequally

Divided are, 'tis true,
For the man who lacks the wealth for one
Has cares enough for two.

• A Way out of the Difficulty.

A little child was leaning against its step-mother's knee.

"Mamma," said she, "who was Mary."

"Mary was the wife of Joseph and the mother of Christ," replied the mother.

"But, mamma, I thought that Christ was the son of God."

"So he was, my darling."

"But, mamma, how could Joseph have been Mary's husband?" and then, as light dawned upon the little one, she exclaimed: "Oh, I understand, mamma, dear. Joseph was Mary's second husband—just as papa is yours."

And so it was all explained.

CLUNIE OPERA HOUSE.

One Week, Two Matinees, commencing
Monday, April 6th.

Matinees, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

POPULAR PRICES, 10, 20, 30 and 50 cents.

JOHNSTON & McBURNE

Comedy and Dramatic Co.

Supported by a First-class Company of Artists,
in the following repertoire of
successful plays:

PLANTER'S WIFE. HAZEL KIRKE,
MY PARTNER, THE DANITES,
OUR BOARDING HOUSE. TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

Seats on sale Saturday, April 4th, at the Box Office.
Our Prices: 10, 20, 30 and 50 cents.

McMahon's Hippodrome

— AND —

ALLIED ATTRACTIONS

WILL EXHIBIT



Fifteenth and M Sts.

3 — DAYS — 3

COMMENCING

Wednesday, APRIL 8th.

Introducing more absolutely new, high class

EQUESTRIAN,
ACROBATIC and
GYMNASTIC

Feats than any other exhibition in America. Many
novelties and features impossible
in the past.

JO-JO THE GENUINE. JO-JO

TWO GRAND EXHIBITIONS DAILY.

Usual hours.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

To night the Ovide Musin Concert Company will give an entertainment at the Congregational church.

"Me an' Jumpsey went to see one o' dem plays by Shakespeare last night," said Swipesy, the newsboy. "Any good?" asked Petie. "Not much. Pooty good. Shake ain't Harrigan."

Next week, E. A. Kilday has made arrangements for the presentation of those ever popular dramas, *My Partner*, *The Planter's Wife*, *Hazel Kirke*, *The Danites*, *Our Boarding House* and *Ticket-of-Leave Man*, running the entire week. The company is said to be excellent, and under the best management.

Last night Sprague's comedians rendered their famous comedy, *A Social Session*, at the Metropolitan to a full house. The company is substantially the same who presented the farce comedy here about a year ago. There is some catchy music and mirth in the play. *A Social Session* to-night.

On Thursday night, as was expected, there was a very large audience to greet Billy Emerson and the strong Cleveland combination consisting, in addition, of Barney Fagan, Hughy Dougherty, Luke Schoolcraft, Benedetto, Fields, Hansen, Griffin, Marks, Shaw, Denton Tilla, Noble, Winans, Van Reville, Whitmore, Ormsby, Taylor and Haines. The performance was everything announced by the management.

McMahon's hippodrome and allied attractions commences a season of three days at Fifteenth and M streets, on April 8th. There will be two exhibitions daily, afternoon and evening. The company includes some excellent equestrians, acrobats and gymnasts. We witnessed a performance recently at San Francisco, and can assure our circus-loving people that there are many novelties in the show. The genuine Jo-Jo is one of the attractions.

General Sherman was a constant theatergoer, an ardent admirer of the play, and a staunch defender and upholder of the theatrical profession. He was always saying good words for it. First night audiences at important productions were accustomed to see the General, as he keenly and critically watched the performance. He never missed a first night at Daly's; and Miss Rehan, of the Daly company, had in him an admirer lavish of sincere praise. The General was an intimate friend of most of the best known players, especially of Booth, Barrett, Jefferson and Florence. He was one of the first members of the Players' Club, and made a memorable speech at the supper given at Delmonico's in honor of Edwin Booth by Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer. The last theatrical performance that he attended was at the Casino; and it was on that night that he caught the cold which developed the fatal attack of erysipelas.

Before Henry Aveling, an actor of *Jim the Penman* company, took cyanide of potassium and committed suicide, he wrote two letters. They indicated that there were two women in his tale of woe. One of the letters was dashed off in this easy-going fashion: "To the carcass who shall find my shell, greeting: First, I wish William Sheldon, of *Jim the Penman* company, to do as he likes with my remains; and I hereby constitute him sole owner of every cent I may die possessed of, no matter in what shape my property may be. And I ask William (aforesaid) to be good enough to prevent Miss Mittens Willett from appearing in any of my obsequies." The other letter, to Miss Clara Thompson, said, addressing her as "Clara Dear": "We could not live as we wish, and now I go into the great futurity. Find me there, my darling, if you can." The "Miss Mittens Willett," to whom the actor referred, was his wife (separated from him for a year), an actress, the daughter of a New York journalist. Among the effects of the deceased was also found an old letter from Marguerite Benison, an actress whom he brought with him as his wife from England several years ago, and who threatened him with prosecution for bigamy unless he should pay toward her support all she required of him. Clara Thompson was an actress of the *Paul Kaurzar* company.

Ingersoll on Shakespeare.

In his panegyric upon Shakespeare, Col. Ingersoll said many pithy things. Here are some of them:

Most great men have had great mothers. Most great women have had great fathers.

Most of the great are like mountains, with the valley of ancestors on one side and the depression of posterity on the other. Shakespeare knew little of kings. He makes them say great things—talk as they should, not as they do. That is proof sufficient to me that he did not know them.

When men are prosperous they are in love with life. Famine and faith go together. In disaster and want the eye of man is fixed upon another world.

The real sustains to the ideal the same relation that a stone does to a statue.

According to the realist, the wax that takes the impression is an artist.

Is it possible that Bacon left the best children of his brain on Shakespeare's doorstep, and kept the deformed ones at home? The fact that Bacon did not claim to be the author of the plays proves that he was not. Suppose a man had left this epitaph for his tombstone in his will:

"Here lies John Smith, inventor of the dog churn."

It is possible that he could have been the inventor of both the dog churn and the locomotive.

Shakespeare's best rises above Bacon's best as a palace rises above a beggar's hut.

All art is of the same parentage.

It is not enough to say great things; dramatic things must be done.

The greatest compliment man ever paid to woman: "Eyes that do mislead the morn."

There is the same difference between talent and genius as between a stone mason and a sculptor.

There is the difference between types and characters that there is between springs and water works.

Shakespeare has done more for woman than all the other writers in the world.

Evening Dress in London Theatres.

I could not help thinking while looking about the house between the acts at Mr. Irving's performance the other night, how deeply shocked those eminent moralists who have so vigorously denounced the ladies of New York for wearing low-cut dresses to the opera would be if they could glance over that billowy sea of décolleté costumes and realize that every theatre in London presented the same picture at the same moment. We Americans still are Puritans, certainly, and probably this strikes the stranger as the sharpest contrast observable between the people of the two countries. Even when she has removed her hat, as she is compelled to do, an American lady feels conspicuous in a London theatre if she is dressed in the fashion prevailing in New York. She utterly lacks the splendor of the women about her, no matter how elaborate her own attire may be. They, with their ornamental coiffures, and with their handsome cloaks spread on the chairs behind them, are, according to the American notion, dressed for a fashionable and formal fete, not for a casual evening at the play.

There is, however, nothing strange, even to the humblest resident of London, in the sight of women in full evening dress, for the reason that, among the very same class of people seen in New York theatres every night dressed in modest street garments, it is an unbreakable rule that evening dress must be put on for dinner, and a lady is guilty of nothing less than exceedingly bad taste if she appears in a high-necked gown. To the American pride—heard so often in the crusade against the décolleté dress—this must appear like a national failing, indicative of a degradation equal to anything known during the Roman decadence. As a matter of fact, it lends a beauty and brilliancy to a London night that the dark city very much needs.—*Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Are Women Good Orators.

Should it be argued that many of the speakers (at the recent Women's Convention) were unprofessional, and therefore not to be criticised, I reply that, by appearing publicly on the platform with experienced women, they have renounced the right to plead for mercy, especially when they stand in their own light. Let them go home and learn not only how to write English in a way to command attention, but how to pronounce it purely, and let them cultivate their poor, neglected voices, too often weak and quite as often horribly nasal. It is a pity that the higher education of women does not include the acquisition of melodious speech. When clever women pronounce system, system, the, ther, Massachusetts, Massachusetts, God, Gawd, institution, institution, and so on ad infinitum, and the excellent President talks about an "arousement," a word not found in the dictionary, the best friends of women regret shortcomings which ought not to exist in a republic boasting of colleges and public schools. I have heard many recitations in these much-vaunted schools, but have yet to hear one where the slightest attention is paid to proper production of the voice or to correct pronunciation. Normal schools are no exception to the rule. The very women who take pains to learn to sing are absolutely unendurable in their speaking voices—too fastidious ears at least. This ought not to be.—*Kate Field.*

Grant and Washburne.

The one man whom Gen. Grant would not talk about during the later years of his life was Elihu Benjamin Washburne.

The two had been warm friends for many years, and Grant had proved his friendship in one way and another, the crowning act being the nomination of Washburne to the French Mission. Yet, after it all, when in 1880 Gen. Grant returned from his trip around the world, and was a candidate for renomi-

nation to the Presidency, the very friend upon whom he most depended for assistance was his most malignant opponent. Washburne's opposition to Grant in 1880 was malignant because it involved treachery. Washburne pretended to favor the Grant movement, and when Grant sent for him and confided to him all the secrets of his campaign, Washburne gave no intimation of disapproval, yet all the time he was secretly conspiring to secure the Presidential nomination for himself—a notable illustration of the turpitude to which political ambition is capable of degrading man.

Gen. Grant was warned against Washburne, but he scouted the suggestion that his old friend could possibly be false to him. Grant loved, believed in and trusted those whom he once took into his friendship. He reposed a blind confidence in all such. He could not understand how Washburne could be a traitor.

But when the convention was held, Washburne's treachery became all too apparent. It was the severest blow Grant had received in all his political career. It struck him straight in the heart, producing a shock and a grief that only those acquainted with the peculiar sincerity of Grant's nature can appreciate.

Yet, after it all, Washburne had the monumental temerity on one occasion—and only once—to approach Grant with a view to effecting a reconciliation. It was in the rotunda of the Palmer house. Grant stood there conversing with several gentlemen, when up came Elihu Benjamin Washburne with outstretched hand, a friendly smile and cheery words.

Grant's rebuff was terrible, but it was fully merited. Calmly putting his hands behind him he looked for several moments at Washburne with a steadfast expression, in which no suspicion of recognition was to be detected. Then he deliberately turned his back upon his old friend. Not a word was spoken. Washburne very probably made no further effort to press his attentions, but with a crestfallen air stole away. When Gen. Grant turned around and faced the little party of visitors once more, it was observed that there were tears in his eyes, but he made no reference nor allusion to the painful scene that had just been enacted.

He Clapped His Man on the Back.

It was not a kind thing to do, but he was a young newspaper reporter and was, whether justly or unjustly, regarded as "fresh." His city editor sent him up to a meeting, and he started out a little too eagerly, for he got the address wrong. He was not so familiar with New York as reporters generally are, and by the time he got the address straightened out and found the correct one, the meeting was over and he looked only upon closed doors.

On the elevated train he met three other reporters going down to their offices, and he told them his dilemma.

"Oh, its lucky you got on this train," said one brother newsgatherer. "The very man you want to see is on this train. There he sits down there on the cross seat—the old man with the umbrella and the gray beard."

"And he's a peculiar old chap," said a second man. "You have to know how to treat him. He's the president of the society, you know."

"You want to be diplomatic," put in the third conspirator. "You've got to let him see that you know him. You want to come up behind him, clap him on the back—a good, rousing whack, you know—and say, 'Hello, Jenkins, old boy, how did the little shindy come off to-night?' Then he'll think he knows you and will tell you the whole story."

"Be sure you crack him on the back," was repeated.

"Oh, trust me," said the young reporter, with a confident smile. Down the aisle he went and reaching the "president" he gave him a terrific thump on the back. For one second there was an awful calm. Then "Jenkins, old boy," raised his umbrella and started for the offender. It was a chase for the door, the young man yelling out his apologies, the old man frantically brandishing his umbrella and making violent whacks at the head of his assailant. The younger man reached the door in advance, however, and darting through it slammed it in the old man's face. As the wrathful old gentleman was returning to his seat, red and panting, three young men without consciences were letting out howls of laughter.

A Lesson in Astronomy.

They were young and romantic, and, although the minute hand was pointing to 12 o'clock, they stood upon the porch gazing at the stars.

"That's Jupiter, dear, isn't it?" she murmured.

"Yes, pet, and that is Sirius," he replied, pointing to another star.

"Are you serious?" she cooed.

He kissed her several times. Then he pointed upwards and said:

"That's Mars, dove."

"And that's Pa's," she whispered, as a footstep sounded inside, and if the young man hadn't scooted he would have seen more stars than he ever dreamed of. Her pa wears a 12½ with a brass toe.

"Lloyd," the Standard of Ships.

In the early years of the reign of Charles II, English colonies were beginning to prosper; her commerce, notwithstanding oppressive fiscal laws, was on the increase, and the business of the underwriter naturally followed. London was then the headquarters of the marine insurance business of England, and the city coffee houses, then but of recent origin, were the common meeting places of all connected with the shipping interest; it is the name of the proprietor of one of these establishments that now lives in that of the great corporation of Lloyd's. Edward Lloyd is one of those men of whose history little is known, but of his personality apart from his work we know practically nothing, even his proper name having been lost until recovered by the researches of a recent writer. Finding his house in Tower street regularly frequented by underwriters, Lloyd, who must have been a man of great ability and foresight, appears to have formed the resolution of making it the headquarters of the business, and to this end gave facilities for meetings, arranged for sales of vessels and cargoes, started a newspaper, and practically identified his interests with those of his patrons. The newspaper was short-lived, being suppressed by the government; but his labors were rewarded by his seeing his establishment—latterly removed to Lombard street—the center of marine insurance business, not only for London, but for the kingdom. Three generations of underwriters met at the Lombard street coffee house, and when, in 1770, having formed an association, they removed to premises of their own, and shortly after to the Royal exchange, they took the name of their old headquarters with them; and thus it has come about that the greatest marine insurance corporation the world has seen owes its name and, to a certain extent, its origin, to a London coffee-house keeper at the time of the restoration, to whose memory the foreign ship owning companies' titles of Austrian Lloyds, North German Lloyds, Argentine Lloyds, etc., are additional tributes. The classified list of shipping already referred to as the oldest extant is dated 1704, but is, unfortunately, somewhat mutilated. The work is arranged in a form very similar to that of the register books of to-day, giving in parallel columns the name of the vessel, tonnage, date of building, owner, etc.; and also what is evidently intended for a character or class, one or other of the vowels A, E, etc., in conjunction with the letters G, M or B.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the **ECLIPSE** CHAMPAGNE, 530 Washington St. SAN FRANCISCO.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court and for said county. The People of the State of California to Helen A. Grant, Allen D. Grant, Edward N. Grant, Catherine Matzen, Mary M. Miller, John Doe, and Richard Roe, greeting.

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 20th day of January, 1891, in which action EDWARD DIETERLE is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: The said action is brought for the purpose of quieting the title to that certain piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and described according to the plan of said city, as the south twenty (20) feet of the west sixty-eight (68) feet of lot number one, in the block bounded by J and K, and 5th and 6th streets; for the purpose, also, of determining all adverse claims of the said defendants to said property; and for a decree of said Court, declaring and adjudging that the title of plaintiff to said premises is good and valid, and that neither the said defendants have, nor any of them has, any estate or interest in the same; and forever enjoining and debarring the said defendants, and each of them, from asserting any claim to said land adverse to plaintiff, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 20th day of February, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
A. L. HART, Attorney for Plaintiff. ap4-9t

ABOUT AMBER.

A Valuable Substance which is Growing Scarcer Each Year.

Amber has so long been identified with the luxury of perfect enjoyment behind a pipe or cigar that it is not pleasant to be reminded that the supply is gradually diminishing, and unless new deposits are found it will eventually be exhausted.

Familiar as most people are with the substance, few realize as they touch to their lips the pretty bit of color, that it is a product of nature dating so far back in the ages that no record of its origin is attainable. For all we know to the contrary, it was contemporaneous with Adam and Eve. The prophet Ezekiel speaks of a great cloud, with a fire infolding it and a brightness about it of the color of amber. The classic writers of old compared it with the yellow tresses of the celestial divinities.

Sophocles sang of amber as "the congealed tear drops of the birds that mourned the death of Meleager." As tradition hath it, "the sisters of Meleager wept unceasingly after his death, until Diana changed them into guinea hens, which were transferred to the island of Leros." A still older fable, coeval with Hesiod himself (who lived about 735 B. C.), and wrote an account of the birth of the world and the origin of the gods, relates how Phæthon paid the penalty of his drive across the heavens in the chapter of the sun, Zeus having killed him with a flash of lightning and hurled him down into the river Eridanus. His sisters, the Heliades, daughters of Helios (the sun), who had yoked the horses to the chariot, bewailed the death of their brother so bitterly that the gods, in compassion, changed them into poplar trees that "shed tears of amber." In later times the Eridanus was supposed to be the same as the river Po, because amber was found on its banks; hence, the Electrides insule, or "amber islands," are placed at its mouth.

The philosophers showed themselves scarcely less imaginative than the poets. With them amber was a liquid produced by the rays of the setting sun, or an excretion of the ocean thrown up by its waves in the spring, or the gum of certain trees growing on some of the inaccessible islands in the Adriatic, which exuded from their branches on the rising of the dog star. Thales, the first to observe its electrical properties, was so struck with its power of attracting other substances that he did not hesitate to endow the amber with the possession of a soul. Absurd as were the deductions, they constitute the germ of the modern science of electricity, which takes its name from elektron, the Greek word for amber.

Pliny arrived much nearer the truth than any of his predecessors, when he alleged it to be a resinous juice oozing from old pines and firs and discharged into the sea, where taking lodgment, it was gradually hardened by the influence of heat or cold, or the action of the sun. The origin of amber has also been a matter of dispute among naturalists, some describing it as an animal substance resembling beeswax, secreted by an ant inhabiting pine forests; others maintaining it to be a fossil mineral of antediluvian origin. But according to the recent researches of Goppert, amber is nothing more than an indurated resin derived from various trees of the gum family, which resin is found in a similar condition in all zones, because its usual original depositories, namely, beds of brown coal, have been formed almost everywhere under similar circumstances.

A convincing proof that amber was once fluid is afforded by the fact that insects, leaves, drops of clear water, or portions of metal, sand and other articles are sometimes found enclosed in it. Occasionally the insects are entire, and in a fine state of preservation, but frequently their detached legs and wings indicate a hard struggle to escape from the viscid mass. Bees, wasps, gnats, spiders and beetles have been observed in specimens, and because they were imbedded ages ago in the soft tree gum they are in demand by collectors and by college museums; there the enclosures are subjects of careful study by naturalists. The discovery of such a bit of amber is a bit of good fortune, for unusual value is attached to the unlucky prisoner.

Very beautiful specimens containing insects ages old may be seen in the establishment of an amber expert and merchant in New York City. If he takes the fancy he will lead you into a queer looking little workshop. The walls look as if they were afflicted with an eruption of carving tools. Odd looking lathes and polishing machines, racks and cabinets full of the raw and half completed material, are all around you. Pulling out a nest of drawers he will show you a great quantity of dull looking, irregularly shaped lumps, and explains that no product is more variable in price. One lot may be purchased for \$1 a pound, while another, that appears to the unpracticed eye not a whit more valuable, may be worth \$50.

The amber is found in different sizes, varying from that of a nut to a man's hand. A piece weighing one pound might be worth \$50, but a piece weighing twelve or thirteen pounds would be thought cheap at \$5,000. In the time of the Romans, Nero used an

amber drinking cup, and an amber dish represented the countenance and history of Alexander. The historian Gibbon tells us that among the Greeks the material was so greatly appreciated that the amphitheatres were adorned with either silver, gold or amber.

In modern times amber is chiefly obtained on sea coasts after storms, when it is either picked up on the beach or sought after by men who walk up to their necks in the waves, with long poles to which nets are attached; or it is gathered from precipitous cliffs by men in boats, who go armed with poles and iron hooks, and loosen fragments of rocks in exploring them. The latter methods are not without danger to the amber seekers. Amber occurs in beds in Greenland, Prussia, France and Switzerland, but the greater portion of it comes from the southern coasts of the Baltic Sea, where it is thrown up between Koenigsberg and Memel. It is also obtained by mining at a distance of 200 feet or more from the sea, and has been met with in gravel beds near London. Not many years ago specimens were found on Cape Sable, in Maryland.

In 1884 the amber gathering on the shores of the Baltic was more abundant than ever before known at the same spot. In the village of Kahlberg alone, where the product was "farmed," it is estimated that twenty thousand thalers worth of amber was picked up in the course of a few weeks. It is supposed that this increased quantity resulted from the violent storms that prevailed on the coasts of the Baltic during the preceding winter, by which the treasure was thrown up from the bottom of the sea. One of the largest pieces of amber at present known is in the royal cabinet at Berlin, its weight being about eighteen pounds.

It is a mistake to suppose that amber is only used to tip pipes, or give additional glory to a choice cigar; for, being full of electricity, the smaller fragments are made into beads, and worn by many people as a preventive of sore throat and croup. Children find relief in chewing upon the polished surface while cutting teeth. The Chinese wear bracelets made of amber, and use large quantities of it in the construction of idols.

Amber is designated as clear, cloudy or milky. The eastern nations prefer the milky variety, but Americans as a rule choose the cloudy variety because it is less easily imitated by gum copal. The material is worked with a chisel and turning wheel, the former having a razor-like edge, and the most beautiful objects are produced. Among the collections of an artist, which he preserves as evidence of the kind of apprenticeship he passed through, is an amber skull. It is less than three-quarters of an inch high, but the bones and articulations are distinctly marked. A magnifying glass is necessary to enjoy the marvelous detail of the carving.

Another specimen is a holder, with a hollow head of a monk for the cigar, the old recluse laughing; but you can only see the wrinkles in his face through a glass. There are still other representations in art that will vie in perfection with the most famous statues, and yet there may not be half an inch of substance on which to carve the lines.

Take it all in all, amber in its history and results constitutes one of the most interesting studies in natural history, and to see the deft workman evolve from the crude mass forms of beauty on which the eye loves to linger is a luxury that is enjoyable by every devotee of high art.

S. TRYON,
Merchant Tailor,
822 J STREET,

Between Eighth and Ninth, SACRAMENTO.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

First-class Stock of Imported Suitings

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED IN EVERY CASE.

BELL & Co., Auctioneers.

REGULAR SALES DATES, WEDNESDAY AND Saturday at 10 o'clock.

Highest Price Paid for all Kinds of Household Goods.

Consignments solicited. Particular attention paid to sales of Real Estate, House Sales and Sales of Farms, Stock, etc.

SALESROOM:

1009 and 1011 J st. } Between Tenth and Eleventh
SACRAMENTO - - - - CAL.

MARTIN DEVINE,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office at Court House.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

H. C. MUDDOX.

F. A. FEE.

MUDDOX & FEE,

No. 606 I Street, Sacramento.

REAL ESTATE,

Mortgage Loans, Insurance,

Collections and Conveyancing.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J Street, Sacramento.

OSBORN & FOLGER

FUEL DEPOT,

806 I Street.

ICE, HAY, GRAIN and STORAGE

501 I Street. Telephone 69.

Geo. Sermonet's

—IS THE—

CHEAPEST GROCERY STORE

In the City, Quality Considered.

Depot for California Wines

Cor. Eighth and G Streets.

W. J. O'BRIEN.

ONE OF THE LARGEST EXPENSES IN A FAMILY is that of foot wear. Economy is wealth, and the head of a family who buys his shoes at

O'Brien's, 607 J Street.

Is on the road to fortune. The best stock at the lowest possible prices.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL

HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and original. Those who desire a thorough education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.

R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers

and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

American Steam Laundry

NINETEENTH AND I STS.—WHITE LABOR only. Linen polished in the neatest manner. We guarantee satisfaction. All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Washing called for and delivered to any part of the city. Main Office at Sawtelle's Book Store, 705 and 710 J street. Branch offices at all the Hotels.

B. Ruhl Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

Geo. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of Edwin C. Barclay, an insolvent debtor. Edwin C. Barclay having filed in this Court, his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Edwin C. Barclay is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the county of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said Edwin C. Barclay, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, on the 10th day of April, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M., of that day to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS a newspaper of general circulation published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, February 25th, 1891.

A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court.
FRANK D. RYAN, Attorney for Petitioner. f23-6t

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to DAVID KIZER, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 29th day of January, 1891, in which action, Annie Kizer is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of said Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant on the grounds of desertion and failure to provide; also, for the care, custody and control of the minor children, the issue of said marriage, viz: Nettie and Edna, aged 5 years, and 15 months respectively, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court, this 29th day of January A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By J. F. DOONV, Deputy Clerk.
W. A. GETT, Jr., Attorney for Plaintiff. ja31-9t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF SARAH MORRIS, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Sarah Morris, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits of vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to Thomas Lewis, administrator of the estate of said deceased, at the office of S. Solon Holl, 628 1/2 J street, in the City of Sacramento.

THOMAS LEWIS, Administrator of the Estate of Sarah Morris, Dec'd.
S. SOLON HOLL, Attorney for Administrator. m10-4

HOW HE WON HER.

"Ivy!"

The girl's slender fingers toyed nervously with the sweet clover blossoms that she held, and she looked away over the fields and hills and wished with all her heart that those same grand hills and broad meadows were between herself and the handsome man standing so near her and looking down upon her with a light in his dark eyes that she could not mistake.

Graham Jerome was not a rich man, and, although Ivy loved him as she could never love anyone else, she was not quite sure that she was ready to give up everything for love; and, besides, she was only 19, and he had seen nearly 40 years.

"Ivy!" he said again, and she raised her flushed face, saying respectfully:

"Sir?"

He smiled just a little at her tone, and then abruptly asked:

"How old are you, Ivy?"

"Young enough to be your daughter, Mr. Jerome."

The man's face flushed hotly, for he was very sensitive about the years between them, and after a few moments of silence he put out his hand and taking hers for scarcely a moment in his own hand, he said coldly:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Baker; I forgot you were a child, with a child's feeling. It is not necessary that I should explain why I asked you here for a last walk to-day, for you are too young, I presume, to understand me."

He raised his hat in adieu; but Ivy, hurt and angry at his tone, called after him, saying scornfully:

"If you see any pretty dolls in the city, you will send me one, won't you, Mr. Jerome?"

He did not answer, for he was more hurt at the allusion to the differences in their ages than she knew; but his silence was so provoking that she called again.

"Mr. Jerome!"

He turned with a new hope in his heart; but without looking at him she said, sweetly: "If it is not asking too much, I would like some bonbons with the doll; all children like them."

He was hurt before, but he was angry now, and his eyes flashed ominously as he answered her insolence:

"You will beg my pardon for this before we are friends again, Miss Baker."

"I never will," said Ivy, most decidedly, "unless—"

"Well?" he said, still hoping for some word of encouragement.

"Unless you give me the doll and bonbons."

He turned and strode away without a word. Ivy watched him out of sight, and then listened until she heard the whistle of the train that bore him away to the city to practice as a physician; and she knew that it would be long, weary days before he would come back. She tried to make herself believe that she did not care; but the tears came in the soft, blue eyes, and she gathered up the clover blossoms he had arranged for her and kissed them softly, for she did love the handsome doctor, and would very likely have told him so if he had returned; but Graham Jerome, sitting in the crowded cars was thinking bitterly that he had made a fool of himself, and he bit his lip with vexation as he thought of the doll and bonbons.

Then he thought sadly of his 40 years, and wondered how he could have been so foolish as to imagine that one so young and lovely as Ivy Baker could link her fresh young life with his. And he felt even older than he was, for all his life had been a continued struggle with poverty, and each year had been full of care. He had his young sister and mother to support, and had never thought of a wife until he met Ivy Baker.

But now a physician, an old and valued friend, had died, and in taking this position, with a good practice, the way seemed clearer and brighter, and he had dared to think of Ivy.

The months went slowly by, and when nearly a year had passed Mr. Jerome returned.

One of his sisters was about to be married and insisted upon his being groomsman and Ivy bridesmaid.

He came on the evening train, scarcely an hour before time, and Ivy fastened the bows in her hair with trembling hands, and went down to meet him with a beating heart, wondering what he would say and do.

He was standing in the hall when she came slowly down the stairs, looking more handsome than ever, and Ivy wondered how she had ever dared to tell that dignified, haughty-looking man that he was old enough to be her father.

She need not have feared reproach from him, for he came forward saying with perfect ease, as he quietly took her hand: "How do you do, my daughter?"

She did not answer, and he looked smilingly on the flushed face and downcast eyes. There was no time to say more until after the ceremony had been performed; then he drew her out to the moonlit porch, and turning, said gravely:

"Have you not a kiss for your father, Ivy?"

An angry light gleamed in her eyes; she drew back laughingly, saying:

"You forget yourself, Dr. Jerome; I am not a child!"

He laughed; and said carelessly:

"I am sorry to hear that, Miss Baker, for you will hardly appreciate the lovely doll and bonbons that I have brought for you."

She turned away her face, saying, softly: "I did not know that you were so unforgetting, Mr. Jerome."

"You have not asked my forgiveness," he said, eagerly.

"And I never will," she answered, with her old spirit.

"But you said you would if I brought the doll and bonbons, Ivy. Isn't your word good?"

He held up before her a tiny doll and a beautiful box filled with confectionery, and she laughed in spite of herself.

Dropping on her knees, still laughing, and clasping her hands in mock supplication, she said:

"I beg your pardon, father."

He took the bright face between his hands, detaining her.

"That is not enough, Ivy; you must confess, too."

"I have nothing to confess."

"You must confess that you love me."

"But I don't," she answered, her face crimson with blushes.

But he read a different light in her blue eyes; and, although she is his wife now, he cannot teach her to call him anything but father.



JENKS' DREAM.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize-fighters' ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and deliberately knocked over, one by one, a score or more of big, burly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or tiny Sugar-coated Granules, easily "knock out" and beat all the big pills hollow! They are the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills.

Beware of Imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are Little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. **One a Dose.**



SICK HEADACHE.

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They are gently laxative, or strongly cathartic, according to size of dose. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE.

228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD,

C. A. VIEMEISTER.

EL DORADO SALOON,

O. F. BERGMAN, Proprietor,

826 J Street, - - - Sacramento.

The most popular resort in the city.

Capital Hotel,

Southwest Corner Seventh and K Streets, Sacramento.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

Free 'bus to and from all trains. Best Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers of any house in the city. B. B. BROWN, Formerly of the State House Hotel, Proprietor.

RHODS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

WINDSOR HOTEL.

NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors.

Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

THE OFFICE.

No. 1008 Fourth Street,

Billiard and Club Rooms. The Finest Wines and Liquors in the city. Drinks or Cigars 10 cents.

Call and see me.

ED. S. REGO, Proprietor.

Columbus

Brewing COMPANY.

W. GUTENBERGER, PRESIDENT.
C. WAHL, SUPERINTENDENT.
O. A. LOVDALL, SECRETARY.

CORNER SIXTEENTH AND K STS.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

EINTRACHT * SALOON,

HART & STEWART, Proprietors.

724 K Street, bet. Seventh and Eighth,

SACRAMENTO.

FINEST BRANDS OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars.

ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Grubler's Saloon

THE PIONEER No. 522 J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

A. L. HART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, LAWYERS.

504 J street. Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

G. GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 418 J street. up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER, Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

G. GEORGE G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, LAWYER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, 630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Greenland Ice as a Highway.

For more than 150 years the inland ice of Greenland has been a source of increasing interest and speculation to travelers and scientists, and especially to students of the physical history of the earth. For how much longer it has been an object of superstitious horror to the scattered Eskimos who inhabit the narrow strip of barren mountains intervening between it and the Arctic seas, there is not even a legend to say. The results of the various attempts to explore it leave little or no room to doubt that the interior of Greenland is entirely submerged beneath the accumulated frozen precipitation of ages. This great congealed reservoir has an area of some 600,000 square miles, equal to about three times the area of France or the German Empire, and twelve times the area of New York State. Its frozen surface in the center is 9,000 to 10,000 feet above sea level. Mount Blanc buried in it would lose two-thirds its height, and two Mount Marcy's piled one upon the other, would scarcely break its surface. From every point along its circumference, where gaps in the Titan dam of mountains that holds it in check permit, issue resistless glacier streams, some of which are larger than the entire glacier system of the Alps. This unique phenomenon is extremely interesting both per se and in its relations to the glacial epoch in this country and in Europe; and further efforts for its exploration and study will continue to be made, and will yield valuable results; but to me its great charm is that to the proper party, properly equipped, it is an imperial highway, the like of which exists nowhere else under the sun.

The Charm of the Cuckoo.

The habits and mannerisms of the cuckoo have been more accurately observed than perhaps those of any other bird. For thousands of years naturalists have been trying to understand and explain its mysterious ways, but have not fully succeeded.

There yet remain many impenetrable and seemingly never to be understood mysteries connected with it. Enough about it has, however, been found out to prove that it is the bird of the strangest habits known.

A native of this continent can hardly realize the charm of the notes of the cuckoo. From a musical point of view there is not much in them, but the name of the bird is evidently onomatopoeic; that is, formed from the sounds emitted by it, and this name is the same, or nearly the same, in the languages of all the countries it frequents.

OLD RELIABLE

C. A. FISK

Guarantees All Work.

Telephone and Electrical Supplies of All Kinds.

408 J STREET.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES
CALL AT THE

Sacramento Stove House,

813 and 815 J STREET,

—And You Will Save Money.—

H. K. WALLACE & CO.

DR. H. H. PIERSON.



511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th. SACRAMENTO.

C. E. BAINBRIDGE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to 9 P. M.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

H. WACHHORST *Leading Jeweler of Sacramento*SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,
No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

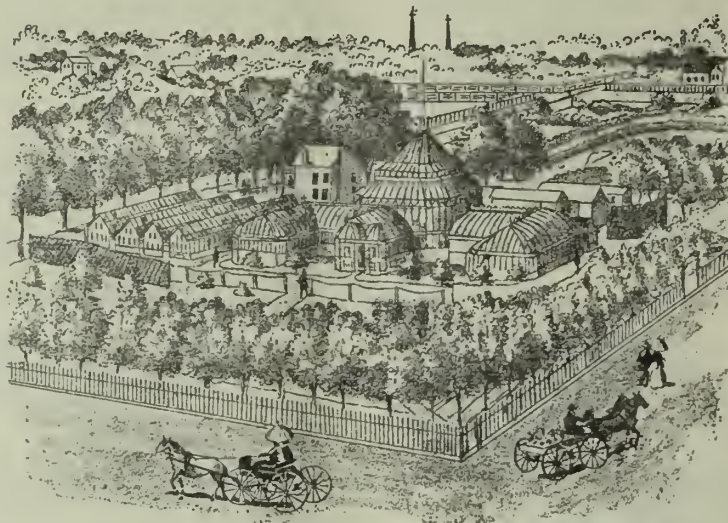
Tom Scott
THE PLUMBER

303 J STREET,

Near the Northeast Corner of Third,
SACRAMENTO.

M. J. DILLMAN.

EUGENE GEISEITER.

THE BELL CONSERVATORY CO.
Nurserymen & Florists.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA
Studio, 521 J Street.

JAS. G. DAVIS, Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Furniture and Bedding

411 and 413 K Street,

Of Every Description.

BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH, SACRAMENTO.

This is one of the Oldest Established Furniture Houses on the Coast.



B. JOHNSON.

CHAS. ROOD.

State House Hotel,

ROOD & JOHNSON, Proprietors.

Corner Tenth and K Sts., - Sacramento.

The best second-class hotel on the coast, outside of San Francisco.
Excellent family accommodations.
Reading room attached.

Klune & Floberg, WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS
Agents for Rockford Watch Co.
No. 428 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

January 19, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6:15 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8:40 P
12:50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	5:55 A
4:30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7:00 P
7:30 P	Knight's Landing	7:10 A
10:50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9:35 A
12:05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2:25 A
11:00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8:15 A
3:00 P	Ogden and East	10:30 A
3:00 P	Oroville	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:40 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
2:25 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A
6:15 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12:35 A
8:40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10:40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8:40 P
10:00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	2:00 P
10:50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2:50 P
10:50 A	San Jose	2:50 P
4:30 P	Santa Barbara	9:35 A
6:15 A	Santa Rosa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	8:40 P
8:50 A	Stockton and Galt	7:00 P
4:30 P	Stockton and Galt	9:35 A
12:05 P	Truckee and Reno	2:25 A
11:00 P	Truckee and Reno	8:15 A
12:05 P	Colfax	8:15 A
6:15 A	Vallejo	11:40 A
3:05 P	Vallejo	11:40 P
*6:35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2:40 P
*3:10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11:35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities
of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.

Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS'
SAVINGS BANK,

S. W. Corner Fourth and J Streets, Sacramento, Cal.

GUARANTEED CAPITAL, \$500 000.

Loans made on Real Estate. Interest paid semi-annually on Term and Ordinary Deposits.

PRESIDENT.....B. U. STEINMAN
VICE-PRESIDENT.....EDWIN K. ALSIP
CASHIER.....D. D. WHITBECK
SECRETARY.....C. H. CUMMINGS
SURVEYOR.....JAS. M. STEVENSON

DIRECTORS:

B. U. Steinman, Edwin K. Alsip, C. H. Cummings,
W. E. Terry, Sol Runyon, Jas. McNasser,
Jas. M. Stevenson.

Huntington
Hopkins

Company,

HARDWARE

Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE LEMERS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1891.

No. 8.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

Several months ago we wrote on unrequited genius. Some of the brightest lights the world ever knew were poor, poverty-stricken beings, who actually starved amid their flights of genius. In many instances poverty and genius are kindred spirits. A recent writer has advanced the idea of the heredity of genius; or, rather, the actual fact that there is no such thing as heredity of genius. The broadest minds and brightest geniuses often spring from the most obscure sources. The great artist, Giotto, was the son of a narrow-lived, simple herdsman, without culture. Da Vinci, the great historian, inventor, logician, artist, musician and poet, sprang from an obscure origin. The prince of Scotland poets, Robert Burns, was the son of a gardener. Ruben's father was a silversmith. The father of the great sculptor, Canova, who could almost put life and blood into marble, was an ignorant quarry-man. Rollin, the famous historian, was the son of a Parisian cutler. Boccaccio, so distinguished in the literary world, was the son of a Florentine tradesman, and was in his early youth a clerk in a store. Pope's father, like Southey's, was a linen draper. Oliver Cromwell's father was a brewer. The noted Englishman, who has cut such a figure in tariff discussions, Richard Cobden, is a farmer's son, and who spent his younger life herding sheep. Benjamin Franklin's father was a tallow chandler. Hiram Powers was the son of a Vermont farmer. The father of the great Cardinal Wolsey was a butcher. Horne Tooke, the wit and priest, was the son of a poultry dealer, and as his witty son spoke of his father to his aristocratic Eton associates, "He was a turkey merchant." The great German astronomer, Kepler, was the son of a poor inn-keeper. Richard Wagner's father was the son of a Police Court Dogberry. The above are some of the instances where great minds received nothing from ancestry. The "Study of Genius," however, discloses the fact that in some cases there has been, and is, an identity of mental similarity transmitted from parent to child. We give some taken from the "Study of Genius:"

James Watt's early love of tools and his mechanical dexterity may very readily be traced to his father, who was a carpenter and a builder. The father of Pallissy, the noted Huguenot potter and naturalist, was a tilemaker and worker in clay. Edmund Burke's father was an attorney of some prominence in Dublin. Alexander's father was Philip, king of Macedonia, a successful general and ruler, and the originator of the famous Macedonian phalanx. Both the father and brother of Hannibal were noted generals. Solon was descended from Codrus. The father of Pericles, Xanthippus, was a successful Greek general, and his mother was a niece of Clisthenes, an Athenian statesman. Charlemagne was grandson of the illustrious Charles Martel. Not only were Bach's father and brothers musicians, but his ancestor's for generations back were of the same turn of mind. Mozart's father was a professor of music. Weber's father was a man of musical taste and of some skill in the same direction. No little part of Mendelssohn's peculiar bent, and all the merit of his earlier musical training, must be accredited to his highly cultivated mother. Raphael's father was a painter of considerable reputation in his day. John Wesley's ancestors for four generations back had been scholarly churchmen. Van Dyck, the master of portrait painters, was particularly fortunate in his parents, his father having been a painter on glass and his mother a painter of landscapes, from whom, also, he received his earliest art in-

structions. The father of Bichat, the skilled anatomist and physician, was himself a physician of no mean repute. Alfred, the Great, was a grandson of the great Egbert. Plato declared himself to be descended in direct line from the gods.

Scientific men are the most credulous creatures in the world. For a rich and rare exhibition of this credulity, a writer in April *Atlantic Monthly* discusses "prehistoric man," and seeks to substantiate the genuineness of the Calaveras skull, made celebrated by Bret Harte, and alleged to have been found in a gravel pit, near Angels Camp. After reciting the find of stone implements, as an evidence of man's antiquity, the learned scientist gravely says: "From the remains of animals found associated with man in deposits beneath Table Mountain, we find that he was then familiar with the unwieldy form and long-curved tusk of the mammoth and mastadon, cart-loads of their fossil bones having been collected from the gold-bearing gravels, as may be inferred from Truthful James' account of the 'Row upon the Stanislaw.'"

Here is, indeed, a rich scientific discovery—Truthful James quoted as authority on prehistoric man. This is science run mad. The poetic fancy of the pliocene skull gravely given as authority. This is enough to make us laugh out in meetin'. Next we will have Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" quoted in scientific works. Sam Davis' famous Carson "Foot-prints" have already done service for the credulous scientist.

The prominent actors in the Civil War have mostly passed away. Within the last few months death has claimed Generals Sherman and Johnston and Admiral Porter. The names and memories of the military leaders on both sides in the great contest yet remain fresh in the public mind; yet, in the cases of many of them, but a few years will elapse when they will become almost unknown to fame and history. The death roll is of men who deserve to be longer remembered than they will be, save with few exceptions. It embraces, with others, Generals Geo. B. McClellan, George H. Thomas, George G. Meade, Albert Sydney Johnston, P. H. Sheridan, U. S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Francis P. Blair, Braxton Bragg, John C. Breckenridge, E. R. S. Canby, John B. Floyd, John C. Fremont, James A. Garfield, Thomas J. Jackson, Philip Kearney, F. W. Lander, John A. Logan, Nathaniel Lyon, George A. McCall, Benj. McCulloch, Irvin McDowell, J. B. McPherson, J. K. F. Mansfield, T. F. Meagher, O. M. Mitchell, Leonidas Polk, Stirling Price, John A. Quitman, John A. Rawlins, John F. Reynolds, I. B. Richardson, L. H. Rosseau, D. A. Russell, Winfield Scott, John Sedgwick, J. E. B. Stuart, E. V. Sumner, David E. Twiggs, Henry A. Wise, John E. Wood, George Crook, Henry W. Halleck, Isaac I. Stevens, J. B. Magruder, Robert Anderson, Richard S. Ewell, John A. Dix, James Shields, John B. Hood, Joseph Hooker, A. E. Burnside, W. S. Hancock, and Robert Toombs. The list is, of course, but partial. Among the dead naval commanders are, David G. Farragut, John A. Dahlgren, John A. Winslow, J. L. Worden, J. R. Sands, Chas. B. Preble, A. H. Foote, Charles Wilkes, Charles A. Davis, and C. S. Boggs. The short life of military fame is strikingly illustrated by the history of the Mexican War. Subtracting Generals Scott and Taylor, few of the names of the prominent participants are now remembered; yet there were many who deserved more lasting recognition. One very distinguished was Gen. William J. Worth, who had served

with credit in the War of 1812, and remained in the army until his death, in 1849. In the war with Mexico he rose to the rank of Major General, and his distinguished services won for him the approval of Congress and of State Legislatures. John E. Wool also served in the War of 1812, and in 1841 was promoted to be Brigadier General, maintained that rank during the Mexican War, and in the Civil War became a Major General. William O. Butler was a Major in the War of 1812, served in Congress, became a Major General in the Mexican War, and succeeded to the command of General Scott. Afterward he ran for Vice-President, unsuccessfully, but filled distinguished civil offices. Major General Edmund P. Gaines entered the army in 1799, and received his high commission in 1813. In reward for his services, Congress voted him a gold medal. He died in New Orleans in June, 1849. Of those who subsequently figured in the Civil War, their rank in the Mexican War was as follows: Gideon J. Pillow was a Major General, U. S. Grant a Lieutenant, Benjamin McCulloch (afterward Sheriff of this county) a Captain, Braxton Bragg a Lieutenant-Colonel, Thos. W. Sherman a Captain, Jefferson Davis a Colonel, John A. Quitman a Major General, David E. Twiggs and James Shields Brigadier Generals, W. S. Harney a Colonel, John C. Fremont a Lieutenant-Colonel, George G. Meade a Lieutenant, George H. Thomas a Major, Joseph Hooker a Lieutenant-Colonel, George B. McClellan and George Stoneman Captains, Robert E. Lee a Colonel, and H. W. Halleck a brevet Captain. Among others who were distinguished in the war of 1846 were Brigadier General Franklin Pierce, who was elected President in 1852; Generals Bennet, Riley, Persifer F. Smith and Stephen W. Kearney, who later on figured prominently in California; Commodore R. F. Stockton, afterward Governor of and Senator from New Jersey; Lieutenant Kit Carson, the noted pathfinder; Brigadier General Joseph Lane, afterward a nominee for Vice President, Governor of and Senator from Oregon; Colonel Jack Hays, of the Texas Rangers, afterward the first Sheriff of San Francisco.

The New York *World*, in commenting on the American dress coat, is decidedly opposed to abolishing our distinctive article of gentleman's wear. The tailor wants to abolish the dress coat and substitute a yearly changing fashion in its stead, because he wants to make more coats than now. But what are the tailor's profits—even when his bills are paid—in comparison with the freedom of men from the thralldom of capricious fashions, and their exemption from the expense of new clothes? The dude wants the dress coat abolished in order that he may exhibit what he mistakes for his skill and inventiveness in dress; but what is, in fact, his tailor's command. But the less the dude is considered in human affairs, the better for human affairs. And there is the broad consideration of men's incapacity to dress becomingly. Women have that gift, and their exercise of it is a delight. They make pictures of themselves which are so charming that to look at them is the sensible man's chief inducement to go into society at all. No gallery of paintings on earth is one-half so well worth looking at as a drawing-room full of well-dressed dames and damsels. But men could accomplish nothing of this kind. They would make guys instead of pictures of themselves if left free by convention to decorate their persons at will. Granted that a full-dress suit is not beautiful; at least, it is not grotesque or ridiculous, and being a uniform it never attracts attention. It is an observed fact, that the less attention most

men attract the better for their own and others comfort. The dress coat is an institution conceived in wisdom, brought forth in kindness, and preserved in masculine self defense. *Esto perpetuo!* which means that it must never "go," or words to that effect."

RELICS OF WASHINGTON.

Lawrence Washington's Collection of Family Heirlooms Described. Some Very Remarkable Manuscripts.

The Philadelphia *Times*, of a recent date, contains the following, which, be it true or otherwise, furnishes interesting reading:

Washington's account book, kept from March 4, 1793, to March 25, 1797, by his secretary, Mr. Danridge, is interesting, as it is the only account book in existence containing Washington's expenses during the second term of his Presidency, and the only one relating to his official career, not owned by the government. In it we find the various credits for his compensation as President of the United States, together with many items of a private nature, including all the entries of his household and personal expenses, some of which I quote:

March 27—Paid for striking off 30 handbills of Knights of Malta, \$1.

April 6—Paid Mr. Winstanley for two paintings of views on the North river, 30 guineas.

April 23—Paid Dr. Collins one-fourth part of the President's subscription towards enabling M. Micheau to explore the Western country to the South sea, \$25.

April 24—Paid for eight tickets to the circus, \$8.

April 25—Contingent expenses delivered to G. S. Washington to buy tickets in the Home Lottery, \$30.

July 17—Paid S. Sayre, Esq., for 485 bottles champagne and Burgundy wine at 8-6 per bottle, \$355.67.

November 20—Paid for putting a lock on the President's room at Germantown, 13c.

November 22—Paid William Brinhurst, sent by Mr. Randolph, express to Colonel Franks at Nazareth, with a letter relative to renting his house in Germantown for the President, \$15.67.

January 6, 1794—Paid in full for twenty tickets purchased by the President in the Fitchburg Lottery, \$188.

July 10—Paid for fleecy shirts and drawers for the President, \$39.

November 17—Gave a man who had a very sagacious dog, for the family to see his performances, \$3.

August 25—Paid for the President to see the elephant, \$1.75.

November 24—Gave by order of the President toward building a Catholic church in Philadelphia, \$50.

In my article of last Sunday, I attempted to attract the reader's attention to the character of Washington as a boy. Some interest will, therefore, be manifested in what may be considered one of the leading items of value in this collection—Washington's memorandum cash account, kept from September 10, 1747, to October 14, 1749, and January 1, to March 8, 1760. This is one of the most interesting writings of Washington's extant, on account of its early date and extreme rarity, and as it exhibits the first President's wonderful business tact at the tender age of fifteen. His boyish accounts were kept principally with the members of the Washington family. The items are mostly shillings and pence. It is to be presumed that at that age a pound was seldom in his possession. Another fine specimen of Washington's chirography, at the age of twenty-four, is his account with the estate of Lawrence Washington, his half-brother, recorded July 21, 1756.

Among the relics of Washington stands paramount in this collection, a book of the greatest value, composed of twenty-four small duodecimo pages, all in the handwriting of Washington when about twenty years of age. It is Washington's MSS. prayer book, entitled the "Daily Sacrifice," and intended for use "Sunday morning, Sunday evening, Monday morning, Monday evening, Tuesday morning, Tuesday evening, Wednesday morning, Wednesday evening, Thursday morning." This little book may be considered the most hallowed of all the writings in existence attributed to Washington. It shows the fervent religious nature of the great man, and cannot but be of the greatest interest to all church people. I quote the prayer for Sunday morning:

Almighty God, and most merciful Father, who didst command the children of Israel to offer a daily sacrifice to Thee, that thereby they might glorify and praise Thee for Thy protection both night and day, receive, O Lord, my morning sacrifice which I now offer to Thee, I yield Thee humble and hearty thanks that Thou hast preserved me from the dangers of the night passed, and brought me the light of this day, and the comforts thereof, a day which is consecrated to Thine own service and for Thine honor. Let my heart, therefore, gracious God, be so affected with the glory and majesty of it, that I may not do mine own works, but wait on Thee, and discharge those weighty duties Thou requirest of me; and since Thou art a God of pure eyes, and wilt be sanctified in all who draw near unto Thee, who dost not regard the sacrifice of fools, nor hear sinners who tread in Thy courts, pardon, I beseech Thee, my sins, remove them from Thy presence, as far as the east is from the west, and accept of me for the Merits of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, that when I come into Thy temple and compass Thine altar my prayer may come before Thee as incense, and as I desire Thou wouldst hear me calling upon Thee in my prayers, so give me grace to hear Thee calling on me in Thy word, that it may be wisdom, righteousness, reconciliation and peace for the saving of my soul on the day of the Lord Jesus. Grant that I may hear it

with reverence, receive it with meekness, mingle it with faith, and that it may accomplish in me, Gracious Lord, the good work for which Thou hast sent it. Bless my family, kindred, friends and country. Be our Lord and guide this day and forever, for His sake who laid down in the grave and rose again for us, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The next object of our inspection was Washington's receipt book, interesting as many of the receipts were paid out by Samuel Faunce, who kept the well-known Faunce's tavern, at Broad and Wall streets, New York. He was one of Washington's stewards during the second term of his Presidency, and the receipts are acknowledgments for money he expended to purchase sundries for the President's household.

"I wish to show you now," said Mr. Washington, "a very curious mourning ring that my distinguished relative had made at the time of the death of his half-brother, Lawrence Washington; before his death he gave it to Lawrence Washington's widow, and from her it descended to its present owner, a member of the Fairfax family." He handed to the writer for inspection a small engraved gold band, with a setting in silver of one large diamond, surrounded with six smaller ones. Around the gold band is engraved the name of Lawrence Washington, which, during the course of many years of wearing, has been nearly rubbed off.

No doubt those readers, who have seen this collection at the National Museum at Washington, will remember Washington's mantel mirror which was on exhibition there. This handsome relic hung for many years in the parlor at Mount Vernon. It is encased in a gilt frame, decorated with an American eagle with outspread wings, and a scroll bearing the coat of arms of the Washington family.

Mr. Washington apparently took great pride in displaying a beautiful bust of Necker, Minister of Finance to Louis XVI. It was presented to Washington by Count D'Estaing in 1790. The bust is made of Parian and mounted on a white pedestal with gray marble top. On the pedestal are two brass plates. Upon the upper plate are the words:

Qui Nobis Restitute Rem.

And upon the lower plate:

Presented to

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

President of the United States of America, by his most dutiful, most obedient and most humble servant, ESTAING, a citizen of the State of Georgia, by an Act of the 22d February, 1785, and a citizen of France in 1786.

Count D'Estaing, who presented this bust to Washington, twice commanded the French fleet on our coast in co-operation with the American army on land. He became a member of the Assembly of Notables in the early part of the French Revolution and, being suspected of unfriendly feelings towards the Terrorists, he was destroyed by the guillotine on the 29th of April, 1793.

For some time my curiosity had been considerably excited about the contents of a large wooden case which rested on the table to my right. When this case was opened by Mr. Washington and he drew forth a violin, upon which he proceeded to play a lively air, I was astonished. He assured me that the instrument belonged to Washington and was frequently used by him. It was a remarkably fine-toned instrument, with the name of the maker inside:

Jacobus Stainer, in Absam prope Oenipontum, 1675.

A portrait of Louis XVI, king of France, presented to Washington by Louis, in a magnificent gilt frame, Lawrence Washington considers to be one of the most valuable items in this remarkable collection; and it is certainly a most interesting relic of Washington and America's best friend, Louis XVI. It is a copy of the celebrated portrait of Louis after Callet, engraved by Charles Clement Bervic in 1790. Mr. Lossing, the historian, who received this picture at Mount Vernon, writes as follows regarding it.

Mr. Humphrey brought with him from France, at the special request of the king, a token of his most Christian majesty's regard for Washington. It was an engraving of a full length portrait of the King Louis XVI in his state robes, enclosed in a superb gilt frame, made expressly for the occasion. At the top, surrounded by appropriate emblems, are the royal arms of France, and at the bottom the arms of the Washington family. In the corners are the monograms of the king and Washington, "L. L. XVI and G. W." These, the arms and emblematic ornaments are in relief.

Another gift to Washington from a distinguished Frenchman, which we looked at, was an original India ink drawing of the destruction of the Bastille, presented to Washington by Lafayette. In Lafayette's letter to Washington regarding this drawing, he says: "Give me leave, my dear General, to present you with a picture of the Bastille just as it looked a few days after I ordered its demolition, with the main key of the fortress of despotism. It is a tribute which I owe as a son to my adopted father, as an aid-de-camp to my general, as a missionary of liberty to its patriarch." This picture was inherited by Lawrence Washington from his father, Col. John Augustine Washington, who presented the key of the Bastille (mentioned in Lafayette's letter of presentation) to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, although in that institution there is nothing to show the fact.

"Washington's sword," said Lawrence Washington,

as he placed in my hand an antiquated weapon. This most valuable relic, I was further informed, was bequeathed by the General to Judge Bushrod Washington. During the late Civil War this sword, with a lot of other valuables, was hid in a pigeon house, where it was so injured by exposure that the scabbard was destroyed, and the blade so rusted that the inscription upon it was obliterated.

There are many books in the collection from Washington's library, and a very rare gathering of broadsides. A book that is worthy of mention is a copy of Homer, printed in London in 1742. This volume was one of Washington's school books, and contains the following Latin inscription written on the fly leaf:

Hunc mihi quaeso (bone vir) Libellum Redde, si forsan tenues repertum ut scias qui sum sine fraude scriptum.

Est mihi nomen,

Georgio Washington,
Fredericksburg,
Virginia.

Written on the inside of the cover is the following:

Bushrod Washington's book, given him by G. Washington.

The last relic which was resurrected from the miscellaneous heap of treasures scattered about the room, was an original pitcher portrait of Washington. The portrait is an excellent likeness of Washington after Stuart, on a china pitcher. These pitchers were made by a Liverpool pottery for Mr. Edward A. Newton, a nephew of Stuart, who, when the pitchers were distributed, sent a dozen to the United States. Several specimens are in the possession of Philadelphians. One is in the Philadelphia library. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania has another, and Elliston Perot Morris, of Germantown, also owns one. The one in the possession of Mr. Washington is merely the portrait, which has been broken with care from the pitcher and hung in a gilt frame. It hung for some time at Mount Vernon, and one day an unknown visitor took it down from the wall and wrote on its back an eloquent eulogy on Washington, in a neat, small, but distinct hand. For many years this poem was allowed to remain on the picture, but one day some vandal cut out the center portion of it. The first part, which reads as follows, can still be deciphered:

WASHINGTON:

The Defender of His Country: the Founder of Liberty.

The friend of man.

History and Tradition are explored in vain

For a Parallel to his Character.

In the annals of modern greatness

He Stands Alone;

And the noblest names of antiquity

Lose their lustre in his presence.

Rich Men on Riches.

The wideawake *Morning Journal*, of New York, has been interviewing some rich Americans on the question, "Does wealth bring happiness?"

GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

George M. Pullman, of palace car fame, replied, in substance: "I am not one iota happier now than I was in the days when I had not a dollar that I could call my own, save that for which I worked from sunny morn to dewy eve. Now that my circumstances have improved, I can only wear one suit of clothes at a time, and that suit is no better than the one I wore then. I ate three square meals daily at that time, and I cannot eat any more now. Then I had no responsibility and no cares. Now that I have the weight of vast interests and business cares constantly resting upon me, both in and out of working hours, I do not sleep so well as then. All things considered, I believe I was much happier when I was poor."

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

Mr. Rockefeller, who greased his way to wealth with oceans of kerosene, replied: "Money is like strawberries and cream. It is impossible for anybody even to have enough. A man making money is like a little girl being fed with ice-cream by her aunt in Punch's picture. 'Don't you think you have had enough, Ethel?' asks the aunt. 'I may think so, auntie, but I don't feel so.' As most men grow richer their ambitions, tastes and desires expand largely, even to an extent wholly disproportionate to their acquisitions, and many men have felt much poorer when they had accumulated a fortune of \$5,000,000 than they did when they had but \$1,000,000. For this reason, as well as for many others I might name, wealth is more likely to bring unhappiness than happiness."

JOHN W. MACKAY.

John W. Mackay's idea is thus expressed: "I marvel that any one should think happiness depends upon wealth. During my earlier struggles I was happier than I have been since. I enjoyed fighting poverty and hardships to win wealth. When a laborer in a New York shipyard, when swinging a pick and shovel as a miner, I was as happy as I can ever be. I had faith in, and hope for, the future, and when I began to realize that hope by working hard, saving my money and watching my opportunities, what a happiness I experienced—such a happiness as the possession of my subsequent fortune has failed to give me."

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

When some actors play a part we are often impelled to wish they would play apart from public observation.

Joe Hart, of Hallen and Hart, has almost rewritten *Later On*. He has also introduced in the piece a number of new songs.

There is some talk to the effect that Minna Gale, who for the past ten seasons has been leading lady for the late Lawrence Barrett, will go starring next season.

A well-known dramatist has published anonymously a drama founded upon events indicated as leading up to Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," under the title of *Rosmer of Kosmersholm*.

William Gillette has another new comedy to submit to the public. *Mr. Wilkinson's Widows*, a reconstruction or adaptation from the French of *Feu Toupinel*, by Alexander Bisson.

Pass checks in Japanese theaters consist of impressions made in red ink with a rubber stamp upon the hand of the theater-goer. It is very seldom that a Japanese man goes out between the acts more than once during an evening.

Two plays are to be presented whose appeals are wide apart. One is built upon a cheap book that has had some vogue on account of its suggestive title. It is called *Thou Shalt Not*, and it naturally and purposely has stirred the gossips of cafes and street corners. The other is a French idyll, a simple and beautiful love story, called *The Betrothed*, in which a mother, to save her son from the fear of insanity, invents a lie involving her own character. So far as these plays are known to us one appeals to an itching curiosity, the other to a universal and admirable sentiment.

Richard III, who figures so ungraciously in dramatic literature, was, oddly enough, the first practical patron of the stage. He was the first prince to have a troupe of players of his own, and he treated these servants with much generosity, permitting them to travel about when he had no need of their services, playing safely under the sanction of his name. Until that time actors had been considered little better than vagabonds, but Richard's patronage set the fashion, which was quickly followed by the nobility. Richard dignified the profession.

It is not generally known that originators of spectacular productions and inventors of novel ballet groupings, like Italian opera tenors, have become less and fine by degrees. Halanzier, the potentate of the Grand Opera House, Paris, once ruled the European spectacular stage, but he has retired and there are none in France to take his place. Italy has the greatest and only creator of dramatic pageants in Europe in Sig. Manzotti. The chief organizer of scenic productions in England is Augustus Harris. Berlin and Vienna cannot boast of a single creator of this type of theatrical entertainment. In this country Imre Kiralfy is the recognized head of the pictorial and ballet guild.

"The infatuation of women and young girls for any kind of a stage celebrity fairly passes my comprehension," said a prominent theatrical manager the other day. "It is a popular impression," he continued, "that only men known to the profession as stage beauties were the objects of these misplaced affections. It is by no means true. There are plenty of instances within my knowledge where women have fairly gone crazy over the most insignificant specimens of humanity that ever walked the boards. Their silly exhibitions of sentimentalities are usually made the sport of these worthies, who compare notes in self-flattery. There is scarcely a freak in a dime museum anywhere in the country who is not the object of adoration of some woman or dozens of women.

One thing you notice at a Chinese drama is the extraordinary absence of gesture. If facial play will not express the simulated emotion, then the actor leaves it to the imagination of the audience. The interpreter tells you that the piece is several hundred years old. The principal actor furbishes it up. Ah Lum puts in a song or two. And it lasts for a week. The audience resembles the play. It comes when it pleases and goes when it pleases. It knows that it can take up the thread of the story on any day at any point. It is aware that the viceroy has to conquer his enemies and that the play will not end till he has conquered them all. When they have all surrendered or are all slain, Ah Lum packs up his cymbals and departs. There are Chinamen who have seen the entire play. They chew opium as its scenes progress. That fortifies them.

E. S. Willard, the eminent English actor, thus speaks of the question, "Does an actor really taste the poison which he takes?" "When I was playing *Jim the Penman*, for one hundred nights in London, I developed on the fourth or fifth night a decided pain in the region of my heart. You remember that Jim the Penman dies of heart disease and throughout the play

is conscious that he may be suddenly carried off at any moment by this remorseless affection. There can be no doubt that a man in such a position would develop a morbid mental sensitiveness to the existence or even the imagined existence of any symptom apparently foretelling a crisis. This might reveal itself in an apprehensive cast of the eye or twitch of the muscles of the face, and to a conscientious actor would unquestionably afford one of the most important and difficult subjects of study. The relations between imagined heart disease, as in such a case, and the real disease which not impossibly, it seems to me, might actually be developed from excess of apprehension, form a curious and interesting field of study into which the actor can scarcely avoid following the specialist to some extent.

An amusing incident occurred in Pottsville recently, while Rose Coghlan was playing *Peg Woffington* there. Miss Coghlan, it will be remembered, during the play dances a jig in Triplet's poor garret to amuse the children and to cheer the poet painter. As she said the lines, "Peggy has not forgotten how to cover the buckle," a deep voice was heard to say, "No, begor; and indade I haven't aither. On looking around, somewhat annoyed by the interruption, she discovered an old Irishman who had been intently watching the play, struggling with two men in the wings, endeavoring to make an entrance upon the stage. He was forcibly detained. When he had quieted down Miss Coghlan sent for him and asked why he desired to ruin the play by such a demonstration. "Arrah, cushla ma cree," he replied, "whin I heard ye sayin' cuvver the buckle, me min'ry brought me back to me ould home in Enniscorthy, in the county Wexford, an' I thought to meself how the devil could yez cuvver the buckle alone, and I was jist comin' up to lind yez a fut whin these spalpeens laid howld iv me. Arrah, but it's all the same, me darlin', and yez can dance a jig wid the best iv thim." It is needless to say that the old man's appreciation was happily received.

Book Chat.

A novel written by a Haytian negro has made its appearance in Paris, where it has been highly praised.

It was Bacon who said that "writing makes the exact man." There is a good deal of writing nowadays that makes the exact man very tired.

Diogenes held that as houses well stored with provisions are likely to be full of mice, so the bodies of those that eat much are full of diseases.

Birkbeck Hill is preparing the publication of a new collection of Dr. Johnson's letters, which, it is said, will contain seventy letters which, as yet, have not been published.

Miss Kingsley, daughter of Charles Kingsley, has gained by her writings upon French art a decoration of French academic palms, with the grade of "Officer of the Academy."

Marion Crawford, who had served a legal notice upon the managers of the Grand Opera in Paris, protesting against the production of Richepin's *Le Mage*, on the ground that the story of *Le Mage* is taken bodily from his *Zoroaster*, has withdrawn his charge of plagiarism.

The Duc de Broglie has placed the original manuscript of the Talleyrand memoirs in the hands of Calmann Levy, in order to show the public that they were written by M. de Bacourt himself, and not by "Gyp," the novelist and journalist, otherwise known as the Comtesse de Martel de Janville.

While in time past it has been the function of the preacher, the moralist and the poet to inculcate virtue and present the claims of religion, just now this duty seems to have been specially devolved upon the storyteller and the novelist. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" probably did more than scores of anti-slavery arguments and speeches to change the current of public opinion at the North, respecting slavery. Judge Tourgee, in "Mervale Eastman," has attempted to do for some form of Christian socialism in this country what Charles Reade has sought to do for social reform in England.

It is sometimes said that conversation is one of the lost arts; that people nowadays gossip, but do not talk. The same criticism might with truth be passed upon much of the so-called discussion of the day, in and out of Congress; that it is mere loud-voiced assertion, not legitimate and logical argument. To correct this evil tendency, it may well be questioned whether any better means could be suggested for our age than a course of reading of some of the old masters of thought, notably these presentations by Plato of the methods of teaching employed by his great master, Socrates.

Nicknames of authors: Emerson, the Sphinx; Schiller—The Republican Poet. Goethe—The Poet of Pantheism. Shelley—The Eternal Child. Keats—The Resurrectionized Greek. Byron—The Poet of Passion. Moore—The Butterfly. Jeremy Taylor—

The Shakespeare of Divines Coleridge—The Insulated Son of Reverie. Bunyan—Spencer of the People. Shakespeare—The Myriad-Minded. Ben Jonson—The Divine Bully of the Old English Parnassus. Spencer—The Poet's Poet. Chaucer—The Well of English Undeified, or the Morning Star of English Poetry. Caedmon—The Milton of the Forefathers.

Ouida is growing old now, and her works of late lack much of the eloquence and poetic fervor that used to make them so irresistibly attractive. She cannot at present be far from sixty. She never was a beauty, though in her prime she possessed her striking points; her "amber hair" of precisely the shade which she used to describe in her earliest novels, and a pair of exquisite little feet, of whose small size and perfect symmetry she was justly vain. She used to walk down the long dining-room of the Langham Hotel with her golden locks hanging down her back, and with her long skirts held up in one hand so as to show off her pretty feet in the daintiest of Parisian slippers. She immortalized Mr. Sanderson, of New York, who was at the time manager of the hotel, aforesaid, by making him the hero of her novel of "Tricotip." The brilliant novelist was not often given to drawing the portrait of an American in such flattering colors. She dislikes our country people with an intensity of hatred that is altogether surprising, and never misses a chance of caricaturing them and holding them up to ridicule.

Professional Chat.

The Japanese administer the oath by cutting the witness' finger and taking blood to seal the swear.

When Macauley returned from India, he said: "Since I have been where men worship cows, I care very little for your petty denominational differences."

The Chicago doctor who has captured what he thinks is a grip microbe, with seven stripes around its body, may find on closer inspection that he is the fortunate possessor of the first potato bug of spring.

"What did the lawyer say to you, Bridget?" "He axed me did I know there was brass enough in my face to make a good sized kettle; and I told him, sure then, there was sauce enough in his tongue to fill it, the old haythen."

Prisoner—So you think you can get me off? Lawyer—Easily enough. I will prove to the Court that you are a lunatic and you will be sent to an asylum. "But how am I to get out of the asylum?" "I will prove to the Superintendent that you are not a lunatic.

Complainant—Your honor, she struck me in the face with her clenched fist. That gash was cut by her ring. The Court—where did she get the ring? Complainant—I gave it to her; it was our engagement ring. The Court—The prisoner is discharged. This is clearly a case of contributory negligence.

Technicalities of the law are being used to an advantage. A party was charged with the theft of cigars. The County Attorney, in drawing up the complaint, charged the accused with the theft of "nin" cigars. The defendant's lawyer succeeded in having the case thrown out of court because the letter "e" was omitted from the word "nine," and showed that the accused did not appropriate "nin cigars" belonging to some one else to his own use.

Bismarck relates the following anecdote: One day the physicians in attendance on the Czar Nicholas recommended that he have his royal back rubbed. The Emperor had no one about his person whom he saw fit to intrust with the operation. In this dilemma he decided to write to King Frederick William IV, asking him to send to St. Petersburg a few subaltern officers of the Prussian Guards. These administered in turns the prescribed amount of friction; and when the cure was complete were richly rewarded for their pains. "So long as I see my Russians face to face," said the Czar, "everything goes well; but as for letting them rub my back, I won't risk it."

Utopia is found. It is that community in which a lawyer was recently discovered in his office insane from hunger. The learned counsel is said to have been too poor to buy and too proud to beg his daily bread; but it does not follow that he came to this extremity from any virtuous disinclination to unclean fees. Angels do not go to law, as he must have known when making choice of a profession; nor is it true that all fees are unclean. The source of his trouble is clearly that he lived in Utopia, which has no legal business, good, bad or indifferent. There no life-long friend of the family suddenly presents a huge claim, which out of regard for the deceased he did not mention in his lifetime. There no trusted corporate official manages the company's affairs so successfully that, in recognition of his ability, the State presents him with a suit of clothes. There the remarkable medico-legal theory that he who makes an unpleasant will does so when in the last stages of softening of the brain does not obtain. There no wife intent on costly equipage, or husband looking for a younger mate, plots treason, and has a pandering statute help the treason out.

NOTES.

Johu H. Miller has retired from THEMIS. D. Johnston & Co. have succeeded to his interest.

A book is promised in which will be told how some fifty different dishes, most of them new, can be made on a foundation of cheese.

Mushrooms generally consist of 90 per cent water; but in spite of this, the balance of 10 per cent is said to be more nutritious than bread.

From the result of our Mare Island navy yard investigation, it would seem that there is a necessity for a general cleaning out in that quarter.

The quarrel which occurred between two southern gentlemen the other day came to an unusually quiet and speedy termination. Both gentlemen are dead.

Canada is in a little huff just now, because of the failure to agree upon any reciprocity measures. These foreign fellows will pretty soon get tired trying to bluff Jim Blaine.

The telegraph reports Parnell married. Then comes Parnell with a denial. Would it not be just as well for public morals to let Parnell and his scandal drop for a while.

When you see a woman as mad as she can possibly be, you may know what the trouble is. A milliner has sold her a hat, guaranteeing it to be an exclusive style, and then duplicated it.

There are a couple of 15-month old babies in Missouri who sing "Annie Rooney." The fearful moral penalty of being born in Missouri has nowhere received a more remarkable illustration.

Our citizens should leave nothing undone to make the reception of President Harrison an affair worthy of the occasion. It is the President of the greatest nation on earth that we are to entertain.

It takes ninety minutes in Kansas to transform growing wheat into "home-made, salt-raised biscuit." Quick work; but a hail storm has been known to ruin wheat in even shorter time than that.

The military has long been a target for Charley McClatchy's shafts of satire and irony. Three years ago, when the war clouds with Germany appeared in the Samoan affair, our young humorist sounded the bugle call to arms for our local generals and majors; and his description of that meeting, and the speeches, was of a veritable Dixen's order. Last Saturday the "call to arms" was again sounded over the Italian bluff, and responded to according to humor of our local Dixens in a manner that would make a mummy laugh. The speeches of the generals and majors are given with brightest humor.

Our postal system, under the present administration, comes nearer the people than any other department of government. The splendid delivery system, renders our connection with that department as perfect as it is possible for human affairs to attain, with the force now at command. In the principal cities, where there is an adequate force of carriers, the machinery of the department acts like clock-work.

Prince Napoleon, in his will, asked to be buried alongside of the first Napoleon. Such an event would only be noted by contrast. In case his request should be denied, he asks to be entombed in a cave carved out of solid rock on the Isles Sauvages, in the Gulf of Ajaccio, "where my grave may be wave beaten, in image of my stormy life." If there ever was anything of a stormy character to this prince's life, it was not of sufficient import to raise even a ripple on the sea of life.

When it comes to earning one's living, a woman is far and away ahead of a man. If her hands are not available, and her accomplishments are a drug in the market, she will set her brain to work and live where a man would starve. Lately, a brainy woman in New York evolved a new idea in finances, which threatens to become a nuisance to her dear, intimate friends. Having a defined and certain social position, but a small and perhaps uncertain income, she goes to a rich lady friend and persuades her to have her bills made out in the poorer woman's name. The party whose money really pays the bills, makes her own selection of goods and they are sent to her, but the bills are made out in the other woman's name, and she receives 5 per cent commission on the total. Having secured a standing account at a number of leading dry goods and millinery stores and furniture and bric-a-brac shops, she is paid a commission on all goods she is supposed to sell; and so she makes her little pile through the friendly courtesy of an obliging acquaintance. The scheme has worked well in many instances heretofore, but some of the shopkeepers are "taking a tumble" to it, and talk of stopping the little game as a shave on themselves.

The Women's Executive Committee of the World's Fair at Chicago have already commenced fighting among themselves. Women in public matters are a failure; that is, where more than one has a say in general affairs.

"Men can be found who are willing to go to Africa as missionaries who are not willing to take care of a cross baby for half an hour." We are not surprised. If there is anything that could drive a man to Africa, or worse, it is a cross baby.

We learn with regret that Judge H. O. Beatty is lying very ill at his home in this city. While the Judge is an aged man, he is remarkably robust and vigorous, yet he has been suddenly stricken with the prevailing epidemic and its dangerous combinations.

The "Sistine Madonna" presented by Mrs. Leland Stanford to the Cathedral, was received Thursday. It will be unpacked and mounted under the direction of artist W. F. Jackson. It is a magnificent work of art and is said to be the only full-sized copy in existence. It will soon be in place at the Cathedral.

President Harrison does not propose to stand much more foolishness on the Behring sea affairs. He says: "I hereby proclaim all persons found to be or have been engaged in any violation of the laws of the United States in said waters will be arrested and punished as above provided; and that all vessels so employed, their tackle, apparel, furniture and cargoes will be seized and forfeited."

The average normal Greek is a wide-awake, active, shrewd individual. They are proud of their ancestry; and this pride finds expression in the naming of their children. It is a common custom for them to name them after the gods and demi-gods of the heroic period. You hear on the street one ragged, dirty urchin hailing another of kindred appearance with, "Hi, Themistocles," or "Oh, Phidias." You behold Plato, Demosthenes and Theseus indulging in noisy games at the street corners, while mothers come to their doors shouting at youthful Socrates to "stop pulling Aphrodite's hair," or for Athens to "stop making faces at Apollo."

From the numerous depredations that have occurred lately, and the fact that the city is rather too plentifully supplied with healthy street beggars, it would seem judicious arrests should be made for vagrancy. The police can make no mistakes if they gather in suspected characters, and place charges of vagrancy against them. There is little likelihood that the officers will be mistaken in the character of the persons they may arrest, and if it should happen an honest man is among the captured, he will have no difficulty in establishing his integrity. Let us try the new law on, and rid the community of the undesirable element.

Doubtless the receptions of President Harrison on the occasion of his visit to this coast next month will be of a character that will surprise him with our development, and will have a tendency to place California in a more favorable and important light in the East. From our remoteness from the governmental center we have not received the consideration we have deserved. With the exception of Hayes, no President has visited this coast during his term of office, and Hayes and Grant have been the only two who have set foot on Pacific soil—the latter before and after his incumbency of the office.

The resignation of United States Senator George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, announced on the 8th inst., was a surprise. Senator Edmunds has been a conspicuous figure in the National Legislature for many years. He was born at Richmond, Vermont, February 1, 1828, received a private school education and the instruction of a private tutor; was admitted to the bar; was a member of the State Legislature from 1854 to 1859, during three of which years he was Speaker; in 1861-62 he was a State Senator, and its presiding officer *pro tem.*; and since April 5, 1866, filled a seat in the United States Senate. Vermont was admitted as a State March 4, 1791, and has had but twenty two Federal Senators. California has had nineteen in her comparatively brief State career. Edmunds filled the office twenty-five years, and doubtless feels that having entered the body at the early age of 38, at 63 it is of consequence to him to devote a few years to the practice of his profession, and relieve himself of the cares of office.

Frank R. Folger.

Frank R. Folger, a well known old time Sacramentan, died at Santa Rosa on the 6th instant, at the age of 67 years. For many years Mr. Folger was the city editor of the Sacramento Union, later on of the Reporter, and for a long time was a clerk in the railroad freight office. Retiring from that post he removed to Sonoma county, and followed farming. His funeral was held in this city yesterday afternoon. He leaves a number of relatives in Sacramento. Mr. Folger was a genial gentleman and a universal favorite.

Daniel Webster's Clients.

"My family," said a prominent club man, "has lost about a quarter of a million dollars, I believe, as the result of the intemperate habits of one man—no less a man than the great Daniel Webster himself. The United States Government has just ordered the payment of French spoliation claims amounting to \$1,500,000, and \$3,500,000 additional has been scheduled for payment later. This money was originally paid to the United States by the French Government to reimburse the owners of certain American vessels that had been seized by Napoleon. The United States Government used this money in making the Louisiana purchase. Now the Government is paying the claims of the descendants of the original vessel-owners. One of my ancestors owned five vessels that were seized, and his claim was placed in the hands of Daniel Webster. The immortal Daniel looked over all the papers, and seeing that the claim was entirely valid, undertook to secure its payment by Congress. But at that time the United States was not so careful of its financial standing as it now is, and the eloquence of the great orator proved unavailing. One day, after a vain attempt to secure favorable action upon the claim, Mr. Webster went to his room, filled up with liberal potations of old rye, and, under the exhilarating influence of the same, threw all the papers of the case into an open grate, swearing that the United States Government knew no such words as honor or honesty, and that it would betterly useless to waste any more time in prosecuting the claim. So about \$250,000 worth of hopes went up Mr. Webster's chimney in plain black smoke. Now, these French spoliation claims are being paid off dollar for dollar. Whenever I think of the terrible effect of Daniel's costly debauch, I feel like drowning the memory of it in some way. Will you join me.—Chicago Mail.

Liberty's Face Fades.

The reign of a Philadelphia belle, which has endured for thirteen years, is tottering on the verge of downfall. She is Miss Annie L. Williams, and her face is familiar to every person who has ever owned a dollar. Since the spring of 1878 every silver dollar coined by the United States Mint has borne the imprint of her classic features, but no longer will they be used as emblematic of "Liberty."

After July 1st no more silver dollars will be coined except at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. This is under the Act of August 14, 1890. Until July 1st the usual amount of silver, 2,000,000 ounces per month, will be coined into dollars. New designs will be made for the half dollars, quarters and dimes, but as yet none have been decided on. Edward O. Leach, Director of the Mint, has the matter in charge, and several designs have been submitted to him.

There is an interesting story connected with the way in which Miss Williams' profile came to be used on the Bland dollar. In the winter of 1877-78 George T. Morgan, the designer, was working on sketches for the imprint of the then new silver dollar. Previous to this there had been no dollars coined for five years. Professor Thomas Eakins, then of the Academy of the Fine Arts, advised him to use a life study, and introduced him to Miss Annie L. Williams, a school teacher living at Thirteenth and Spring Garden streets. Miss Williams, who possessed strikingly classical features, consented to sit for the drawing, and her profile was used to complete the design. From an obscure "school marm" she became paradoxically the most widely known and at the same time unknown woman of America.—Record.

The True Irish Shamrock.

In Ireland only one shamrock is known. It is an indigenous species of clover, which trails along the ground among the grass in meadows. The trefoil leaves are not more than one-fourth the size of the smallest clover I have seen in America, and are pure green in color, without any of the brown shading of white and pink clovers. The creeping stem is hard and fibrous, and is difficult to dislodge from the earth. On St. Patrick's day the true shamrock has to be searched out among the grass, for, though comparatively plentiful at that season, it grows close to the ground.

Later it bears a tiny "white brown" blossom. The information that shamrock is the Arabic word for trefoil may be of service to those interested in the origin of the Irish race. The word could have been introduced by the Milesians, or it may furnish an argument in support of the contention that one of the lost ten tribes of Israel settled in Ireland, which has been revived by the publication of a recent book.—American Notes and Queries.

We call attention to the offer of Felter, Son & Co. in their line of superior wines, liquors and cigars, also the celebrated Gold Crown and Delmonico Ky. whiskies. This old established firm is noted for its fair dealing. The trade desiring stock would do well to visit the large store of this firm.

City Taxes--1891.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Assessment Roll of the taxable property of the City of Sacramento (real and personal) for the fiscal year of 1891 has this day been received; that the city taxes for said fiscal year and the Special Tax for the Police Fund are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, Room No. 4, Water Works Building. Said taxes will be delinquent after the

Second Monday in May, 1891,

And unless paid prior thereto, five per cent will be added. Taxes payable in gold coin.

GEO. A. PUTNAM,
City Tax Collector.

Sacramento, April 6, 1891.

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of William Enright, an insolvent debtor.—William Enright having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said William Enright is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said William Enright, insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him, or to any person, firm, corporation or association for his use; and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, in the County of Sacramento, on the 8th day of May, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock, P. M., of that day, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered, that the order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published, before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And it is further ordered, that, in the meantime, all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated April 6th, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,

Judge of the Superior Court.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Attorney for Petitioner. ap11-91

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO.—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California, to Helen A. Grant, Allen D. Grant, Edward N. Grant, Catherine Matzen, Mary M. Miller, John Doe, and Richard Roe, greeting.

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 29th day of January, 1891, in which action EDWARD DIETERLE is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: The said action is brought for the purpose of quieting the title to that certain piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and described according to the plan of said city, as the south twenty (20) feet of the west sixty-eight (68) feet of lot number one, in the block bounded by J and K, and 5th and 6th streets; for the purpose, also, of determining all adverse claims of the said defendants to said property; and for a decree of said Court, declaring and adjudging that the title of plaintiff to said premises is good and valid, and that neither the said defendants have, nor any of them has, any estate or interest in the same; and forever enjoining and debarring the said defendants, and each of them, from asserting any claim to said land adverse to plaintiff, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand (SEAL) and affix the seal of said Court this 20th day of February, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

A. L. HART, Attorney for Plaintiff. ap4-91

FLASHES.

The cheerful giver is a very lonesome man. Just as the Legislature let go the *grippe* took hold.

Most men who make their money in liquor get rid of it in the same way.

There is no man so happy as the one who tries to make others happy.

Too much time and energy is spent in looking for soft snaps.

The devil has a perpetual mortgage on the fellow who is always finding fault.

A fellow may throw the dice for a drink, but the drink generally throws him.

Some people who imagine themselves sharp are like the tack—have a flat head.

The fellow who knows the least is always the loudest in his opinions on any subject.

The average man would rather pay dues at the Athletic Club than saw wood for exercise.

A woman can say and influence more with a few tears than a man can by either argument or power.

There is an old proverb which says that sudden death is sudden glory. Some of our fellows who are little considered while in life and health become great when dead.

As a rule girls don't like to talk on the present topics of the day, but they do just love to discuss those that are not present.

The man who can drink whisky a whole lifetime without being hurt by it, is very apt to not be much account for anything else.

The Italians can get even on this country by continuing to play hand organs. No matter what our offense, this is a severe retribution.

"Time is money" seems a proverb wise, But ne'ertheless the old proverb lies; For he who loafs and has time to spend, Mostly lacks cash to uphold his end.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Last night *The Two Sisters* was given for the first time in Sacramento to a good house. There is much sentiment and emotion in the play. The company is good. *Two Sisters* to-night.

The McMahon Circus has drawn large crowds during its engagement. The circus is thoroughly good. While the combination is not large, it makes up in quality what may be lacking in quantity. Matinee this afternoon, and the usual attraction for to-night.

The Johnston-McBurnie Company has been drawing large houses all week. There are some sterling artists in this company. Indeed, it is far in advance of many of the flaunted "star" combinations that are storming the circuit. To-night will be the last of the engagement.

Barnum, the King of Showmen, died at Bridgeport, Connecticut, last Tuesday. He was, during his lifetime, engaged in the most stupendous enterprises relating to the show business. His name, for many years, has been a household word. There is no man living who can take his place in the enterprises of his life.

For the principal scene in the royal performance of *A Pair of Spectacles*, the Queen allowed the superb Chippendale furniture from the tea-room at Fort Belvedere, the fishing cottage on Virginia Water, to be brought to Windsor Castle; and, indeed, several of the stage accessories belonged to the Queen, and were of unique character.

The Minnesota Legislature passed a bill prohibiting the wearing of tights on the stage. The Senate, for the purposes of ridicule, added the following section to the law: "Whoever shall display any immoral or immodest piece of statuary exhibiting the female form wholly or partially nude, or shall display any figure of Venus without petticoats, shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor."

The following is Robert G. Ingersoll's tribute to Lawrence Barrett: "Lawrence Barrett," said the orator, and he paused impressively. "My heart tells me that on the threshold of my address, it will be appropriate for me to say a few words about the great actor who has just fallen into that sleep. Lawrence Barrett was my friend, and I was his. He was an interpreter of Shakespeare, to whose creations he gave flesh and blood. He was the greatest tragedian of our time next to Edwin Booth. He shunned the questionable, the vulgar and impure. He was a thoughtful 'Hamlet,' an intense 'Othello,' and the best 'Cassius' of the century. One by one the players leave the stage, and others take their places. There is no pause; no one knows what the next scene is to be. Will this drama have an end? Will the curtain fall at last, and will it rise again on some other stage? Reason says perhaps; hope still whispers yes. Sadly I bid my friend farewell. I admire the actor—I love the man. [Great applause]"

When Gus Williams and John T. Kelly presented their alleged comedy, *U and I*, in this city, we took occasion to say that it was a miserable travesty on the drama. We find that the New York *Times*, whose critic is of the best, has the following to say, which is in tone with our comments: "Bad taste can go no further than it does in the motley entertainment entitled *U and I*, now offered at the Standard theater. It is not likely that persons of refined taste will be attracted by the title. For the benefit of any who may be induced to go to the Standard theater this week, however, it may be said that this acrobatic farce is dull, noisy, witless and incoherent. Only one woman employed in the performance, Rose Leighton is a pleasing singer, and she cannot act. The other women are as ill looking as any ever seen in exhibitions of this kind, which is saying a great deal. The men are tedious and vulgar. This is the funniest piece of dialogue in the so-called play: A German has portraits of Schiller, Goethe and Frederick the Great on the walls of his room. An Irishman asks: 'Why don't you have a picture of Emmet?' Says the German: 'I'll not have the portrait of an actor in my house as long as I live.' Nobody laughed at this last night. The boys in the gallery laughed at everything else. They laugh when they go to the morgue. There is no merriment in their laughter. Most of the illustrious 'deadheads' in the house left the theater at the end of the second act. New York taste is pretty low, as the underfed young persons who write for the Boston newspapers frequently remark, but it will not tolerate *U and I*. Mr. Hill would better send it after *Ship A-hoy*—to Boston."

City Affairs.

The new Board of City Trustees have entered upon their work, as we anticipated, harmoniously. So far as is apparent, the differences they may have had were settled in caucus and amicably—an improvement upon the system that had prevailed, of holding Monday morning meetings at which there was much talk but little that was practical accomplished. The sessions of late have been characterized with dignity, and they have been surrounded with an atmosphere of business. There has been some talk of the necessity for an increase of the machinery in the water-works, to meet the present and anticipated requirement for water. True it has been, the mains have been extended and the consumption has increased of late years, in that the population has augmented and the inhabited area much extended since the present pumps were placed, yet the consumption of water, as indicated by the weekly reports of the Chief Engineer of the works, would tend to show that there is a very large margin of wastage. Last week, for instance, he reports 25,577,000 gallons pumped into the city mains. In the summer months, as a matter of course, the amount has been greater. In our judgment, regulations should be adopted and enforced to prevent wastage; reasonable economy in that direction would give the city an ample, yea, a liberal supply, and so relieve the works that they could furnish adequately. We do not believe the necessity has arisen for additional pumping machinery; so long as the necessity can be obviated by a little exercise of regulation, we do not see the propriety of incurring an expense that is unnecessary.

The suggestion that street sprinkling contracts should be let for the year, and that the sprinkling be done when needed, is excellent and should be adopted. The arguments in favor of annual contracts have been strikingly exemplified the last month, during the prevalence of the north wind. The dust was intolerable; it blew into stores and dwellings, and entailed loss to goods and general inconvenience; the surfaces of the newly-graveled streets were pulverized by travel and blown away. These streets particularly should be sprinkled until time has been allowed for the material to become impacted, and that cannot be expected in a single season.

Now that street, sidewalk and sidewalk improvements are well under way, and in a shape that there will be continual progression made, attention should be paid to the levees. During the coming summer permanent improvements upon them should be made. With the same energy our people displayed in what may be termed "internal" improvements, before next winter we can get well under way work that will eventuate in strengthening our defenses to a point that they will be impregnable. A movement in that direction should certainly be made.

Sacramento's Streets.

Editor of THEMIS—SIR: Politics have again relapsed into their normal condition, the selection of a City Treasurer and election of the police officers being the last act in the political arena for some months. The "Bosses," "Wire Pullers," "Heelers" and other members of that ilk are in the meantime so many "Othellos"—their occupations are gone. Politics being quiescent, what is

the next matter for us to consider? Street sprinkling; a very good one for consideration, and one it is pleasing to know is being agitated by many of our prominent citizens, and it is to be hoped success will crown their laudable efforts.

Is not this dust and sprinkling a case of cause and effect? If so, would it not be wise to remove as much of the cause as possible, that a better effect may be obtained? Sprinkling some of our principal streets in the condition that they usually are, will change the dust into mud, a questionable superiority, to say the least. Why not the advisability of sweeping, cleaning and sprinkling the streets be taken up by these gentlemen, and let us have our streets and sidewalks to appear that Sacramento is in the march of progress in this very necessary work.

The first impressions to a stranger visiting a city generally are the conditions of the streets and appearance of the buildings. Unfortunately, in the business portions of Sacramento, neither our streets nor our buildings, with few exceptions, are what we can be proud of, *en passant*, many of the latter could be materially improved in appearance by painting. A clean city must have good streets and side pavements, a plentiful supply of water for flushing, a good system of drainage and an organized street-cleaning department. Sacramento has all the water required, but in drainage, street cleaning and paved streets is very deficient.

The Citizens' Association have done, and are doing, splendid work, and deserve the hearty co-operation of all; and if our municipal authorities would push their work in the same businesslike and systematic manner, good and beneficial results would ensue.

Can our streets be cleaned, sprinkled and kept as they should be, and as desired? Certainly. How? I will give my opinion, which, I admit, is not worth much, but it may set clearer heads thinking.

Let the city purchase a first-class revolving sweeper, to be used on the paved streets, which can be sprinkled with less expense than now, as fewer trips would be required on the paved streets, and more attention could be given to the other portions of the city. A roller for the unpaved streets, some lengths of hose for flushing the surface drains and washing down, dust carts, to be owned by the city or hired by contract, and you have the necessary essentials for work. Now, to use them: Lay the city off into sections, making the paved streets one, as they should be cleaned differently from the unpaved, the remaining parts into convenient sections; all under control of the Street Commissioner.

Work should commence at four o'clock in the morning. On the paved streets, a sprinkling cart, followed by the sweeper, should go the entire length of each street, sweeping the dust and dirt from the center to one side, returning on the other side and doing the same work. A gang with stiff brooms should follow, to sweep the accumulation into convenient heaps for immediate removal by the dust carts, which would remove all house garbage at the same time. Once each week the entire paved streets and side pavements should be washed. This washing should be a thorough one. The hose would be attached to the different fire plugs in each block, commencing at one end of a street and going from block to block. The hoseman going first, and with a coarse nozzle and strong force of water wash away all incrustated dirt; the gang with wire brooms coming after, working in the following style >, which enables them in a short space of time to push the dirt from one to the other into the drain, from where it can be removed by the carts. Side pavements could be washed at the same time. Surface drains should be flushed at least twice a week in all parts of the city. The unpaved streets should be kept well sprinkled each day, and rolled once in every two weeks. Dirt and rubbish to be collected every morning from the drains and sidewalks.

Is it practicable to introduce such a system in Sacramento? Street care is a very simple matter. It only requires system rigidly enforced. The sweeper and the cart should go together, and any honest man of average sense and a little business ability could keep the city clean; but politics would render such a department useless, careless and untidy. Respectable men of all opinions find it difficult to leave their business in obedience to the calls of public duty. Divorce, then, city affairs from State and national; put aside State and national politics when municipal elections are being conducted. Every city should have a municipal party, with which all good elements could combine, who would ignore State matters in local questions. Good Republicans should vote for good Democrats in preference to a corrupt member of their own party. Good Democrats should act in a similar spirit. By such means only can honest and capable men be elected, and such men are necessary if a city is to be well-governed, and a well-governed city means good municipal regulations.

Hoping I have not taken too much of your valuable space. TERRA NOVA.

Knights of Pythias.

The Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias of California will meet in Sacramento on Monday next. This will be an important occasion to all members of the order. About 275 delegates are expected to be in attendance from the various lodges throughout the State. A ball will be given on Wednesday evening next, under the auspices of the Uniform Rank; and on Thursday evening, a banquet will be held in the Assembly Chamber of the Capitol. The local committee have made arrangements to seat 400 on that occasion.

Lines—After Hood.

Who cheered me up when I was sad,
And, sparkling, made me bright and glad,
'Til fellows called me "jolly lad?"

My "Mummi," ah!

Who, when upon that fatal day
I asked her to be mine, did say
She'd love me in another way?

My sister.

Who, when my fortunes turned out bad,
Took all my goods, and seemed right glad,
Yet one "redeeming" feature had?

My uncle.

Who, after twenty years or more
Of practice in the Courts of law,
Believed me truthful without flaw?

Myself.

—Boston Transcript.

"Name and Age."

From Echols' American Celebrities, (just published) we learn the ages of certain persons, to wit:

Thos. Bailey Aldrich.....	55	Stuart Robson.....	54
Mary Anderson.....	32	Rose Coghlan.....	37
Susan B. Anthony.....	71	John A. Cockerill.....	46
Lawrence Barrett.....	53	Anthony Comstock.....	46
Maurice Barrymore.....	37	Lotta Crabtree.....	44
James G. Blaine.....	61	W. H. Crane.....	45
Edwin Booth.....	58	Amos J. Cummings.....	49
Robert J. Burdette.....	46	George Wm. Curtis.....	67
Benjamin F. Butler.....	73	Walter Dausrosch.....	28
Will Carleton.....	45	Charles A. Dana.....	72
George Cayvan.....	32	Fanny Davenport.....	40
George W. Childs.....	62	Chauncey M. Depew.....	57
Mark Twain.....	55	Mary Mapes Dodge.....	52
Kate Field.....	56	Julia Ward Howe.....	72
Marshall Field.....	50	W. D. Howells.....	53
Dan Frohman.....	39	Agnes Huntington.....	31
Richard W. Gilder.....	46	R. G. Ingersoll.....	57
Amelia Glover.....	20	Louis James.....	39
Pauline Hall.....	33	Marie Jansen.....	30
Murat Halstead.....	62	Herbert Kelcey.....	36
Marion Harland.....	56	Belva A. Lockwood.....	71
Joel Chandler Harris.....	63	Mary Logan.....	58
Alice Harrison.....	40	Sadie Martinot.....	30
Frank Hatton.....	44	Brander Matthews.....	39
Bret Harte.....	52	Joseph Medill.....	67
Julian Hawthorne.....	45	Clara Morris.....	44
John Hay.....	52	Joseph Murphy.....	51
Bronson Howard.....	48	Lillian Russell.....	31
Thomas Nast.....	51	Sol Smith Russell.....	43
John C. New.....	60	Edgar Saltus.....	32
Bill Nye.....	41	Harriet B. Stowe.....	80
Tony Pastor.....	56	Emma Thursty.....	34
Annie Pixley.....	35	George A. Townsend.....	50
Joseph Pulitzer.....	44	George Francis Train.....	62
George M. Pullman.....	60	Charles D. Warner.....	61
Matthew S. Quay.....	58	Henry Watterson.....	50
Ada Rehan.....	31	Ella Wheeler Wilcox.....	36
J. Whitcomb Riley.....	38	Francis Wilson.....	37

Chauncey Depew's Latest Yarn.

Dr. Chauncey Depew told of a little conversation he overheard while in the Berkshire Hills the other day. They were all gathered in the parlor to help the widow mourn, when a late-comer, glancing around the darkened room, said to the widow:

"Where did you get that new eight-day clock?"

"We ain't got no new eight-day clock."

"You ain't? Well, what's that in the corner?"

"That ain't no eight-day clock; that's him. We stood him on end to make more room."

—New York Journal.

Mrs. Swann's Hermit Life.

The death of Mrs. Wilson C. Swann, of Philadelphia, has started on its rounds a weird story concerning that lady, who has not left her apartments in her palatial residence for more than forty years. Why she has excluded herself from society during all these years is a mystery. Her friends say she has been an invalid all this time, but it is certain that she was active in mind and body up to within a very short time of her death. She has written letters under recent dates of real literary merit, and in a happy strain, showing that all the brilliant faculties of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William John Bell still clung to her, notwithstanding her 77 years. As Miss Bell she was a reigning belle of Philadelphia. Her husband, the late Dr. Wilson C. Swann, was famed far and wide as an art critic, a philanthropist and a social leader. It was he who first proposed establishing public fountains in the streets, and as a doctor of medicine he stood pre-eminent. It is said that from the time Dr. and Mrs. Swann went away on their wedding tour Mrs. Swann has never been seen by her friends in society. She was brought home and taken to the third floor of her residence, where she remained until the day of her death, seeing no one but her housekeeper. It is said that she never left the suite of rooms she first occupied, and, although the house was often crowded with the gayest of gay assemblies, she never once appeared, and here the story needs must stop, for no one will explain why this once famous beauty sought seclusion. If she was but an invalid, it is certainly queer that none of her former friends were admitted to her presence.—Record.

Man a Destroyer.

It is but a few years ago that a train of cars on the Union Pacific railroad was brought to a standstill by an immense herd of buffaloes that blocked the track. Massed solidly as far as the eye could reach, they constituted a living barrier that not even one of the most powerful forces controlled by man could move. Yet to day the buffalo is comparatively extinct. The herd of millions has dwindled to two or three hundred; while the warm hide, that once could be had almost for the asking, has taken its place among the rare and costly furs of commerce. Men feel well rewarded if from a nucleus of two or three they can propagate even a few of the species. The cupidity and love of destruction that characterize the human race have caused a loss that is incalculable; and it is safe to say that to them may be directly traced one origin of modern Indian troubles, the savage's loss of his former source of food supply.

Next in importance to the buffalo is the seal, now rapidly diminishing in numbers; not by reason of any natural law of destruction, but because killing goes on without sufficient regard to the ultimate interests of trade. Of the millions that abounded along the northern coasts within the memory of many, it is estimated that less than 200,000 remain, the lance and club of the hunter having exterminated the rest.

In the latitude of Behring strait there formerly existed another animal, similar to the seal, commonly known as the sea cow. It attained a length of from nine to sixteen feet—valuable to the northern tribes, especially to the Esquimaux, the flesh being acceptable food, and the skin being used in the manufacture of canoes. Yet the pursuit of these animals has been followed unceasingly, until they are now nothing but a memory. They were distinguished by a bare skin, black in color and wrinkled like the bark of an oak, and a mustache with hairs as thick as the quill of a pigeon's feather.

Like the seal, these harmless animals delighted in herding together. They browsed along the shore like cattle in the fields, and when satisfied came to the beach to rest and bask in the sunshine. All we know of this animal's history has been handed down by the memoir of Steller, the naturalist and physician, who accompanied Behring on his voyage to the northwest of America, and on the wreck of the ship and death of his commander named Behring strait in his honor.

Long continued pursuit has likewise nearly exterminated the whale; which, less than a century ago, was the object of profitable ventures. Whalers, like the sealers, not content with the capture of old cetaceans, took younger ones of little value, and consequently the "visible supply" suffered marked decrease.

The beaver, not only interesting from its habits, but valuable for the products it yielded to commerce and manufactures, was abundant in France and Central Europe down to the middle ages, but its existence in former haunts is almost unknown. In the early part of the century the beaver abounded in North America; and the traces of its industry are yet to be seen along the banks of streams in the West, notably among the Rocky mountains. Like the otter and other of this species, the animal is rapidly disappearing, and flourishing only in the Northwest, where man has not yet begun his ravages.

In early days deer roamed in herds through the American forests. Now they are to be found only in single specimens; and notwithstanding the laws that seek to protect them, they are rapidly falling before the rifle of the huntsman.

Everyone who visits a museum of natural history experiences surprise at the number of animals of enormous size that belong to species now extinct or rare, and yet similar in their general characteristics to forms that exist. Other specimens comprise animals that are familiar to many old men, but are little known to the younger generation, save as they are seen in zoological gardens and menageries. Of these are the moose, the elk and antelope, the panther and the grizzly bear. Horns of the stag have been found with a spread of nine feet, but specimens of the magnificent animal to which they belong are comparatively rare. The chamois and the pretty wild goat of the Alps still exist in European fauna, but their destruction is only a question of time.

It is now conclusively proved that man was already in existence during the epoch in which elephants were clothed with a thick fleece, and the mastodon, rhinoceros, tapirs, huge bisons and a genera of gigantic sloth as large as lions were found in North America. Specimens of their bones have been discovered in New Jersey, and of the camel and horse it has been demonstrated that they reached the highest development on this continent before their passage into Asia.

The great wild ox of Europe has left abundant remains in the bottoms of water-courses, peat bogs and caves. The animal's size surpassed by a third that of the domestic breeds. "They have," said Cæsar, in describing the Hercynian forest (a vast range of wooded mountains in Germany), "a

stature little below that of elephants. In appearance, color and form they are like bulls. Of great swiftness and extremely powerful, they spare neither men nor beasts when seen. Those who kill many of them display their horns publicly in proof and receive applause." The buffalo, classically termed bubalus, is a native of Asia, and long ago was known to the Greeks, being plainly designated in the writings of Seneca and Pliny.

Many birds, remarkable either for great size or exceptional peculiarities in conformation, have disappeared. Incapable of fright and confined to islands, they were unable to escape the attacks of man. Among these is the dodo, which in the early part of the sixteenth century was discovered on the islands of the Indian ocean, and has furnished modern authors a theme for numberless writings. It exceeded the swan in size and presented the most extraordinary appearance. It had a massive body, supported on thick, short legs like pillars, a swollen neck, a round head set off by a fringe of feathers brought forward over the face like a hood, great black eyes ringed with white and a huge bill that has been compared to two spoons laid with the hollow of the bowls against each other. Its wings were rudimentary and could be used for nothing, and its tail was a mere tuft. Buffon, the naturalist, likened it to a turtle muffled in a bird's skin. The Dutch navigators killed the dodo with a club, and the meat furnished a large part of the crew's provisions. A living specimen was exhibited in London about the year 1638, and the last evidence of its existence dates in 1681.

On the shores of the Arctic regions in passages abounded the great auks, fitted for swimming, but unable to fly. They have been annihilated. At a date nearer our own period the auk was found on the banks of Newfoundland and in Lapland and Greenland; but for thirty or forty years not a single one has been seen anywhere, and the few stuffed figures preserved in museums of natural history are regarded as objects of value. The bird is the size of the goose, having the upper part of its body velvet black, its throat shaded with brown and its lower parts white. In former times the great auk furnished the people of the north with a large part of their food, and thousands of the bones are yet found splintered, scratched and gnawed among the refuse heaps of the inhabitants who, like their birds, have passed away.

A Horse-Car Episode.

I hung on one strap and she hung on the next,
For seats were a scarcity there.
The car rattled on in the usual way
With me and this maiden so fair—
This maid with the dignified air.

When, all on a sudden, there came a dull sound,
And something had dropped—that I knew;
I stooped down politely and picked the thing up,
Pray tell me what else I could do?
What else could I possibly do?

I handed it back to the dignified maid,
And great was my longing to fly;
But what could I do? So I bowed and I smiled,
"Is this, Miss, your g-g-garter?" said I—
"This must be your garter," said I.

She took it; but never again in this life,
Although I should linger to be
A hundred or more, shall I ever forget
The look that this girl fixed on me—
The look that she fastened on me.

S. TRYON,

Merchant Tailor,

822 J STREET,

Between Eighth and Ninth, SACRAMENTO.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

First-class Stock of Imported Suitings

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED IN EVERY CASE.

BELL & Co., Auctioneers.

REGULAR SALES DAYS, WEDNESDAY AND Saturday at 10 o'clock.

Highest Price Paid for all Kinds of Household Goods.

Consignments solicited. Particular attention paid to sales of Real Estate, House Sales and Sales of Farms, Stock, etc.

SALESROOM:

1009 and 1011 J st. Between Tenth and Eleventh SACRAMENTO - - - - - CAL.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

H. C. MUDDOX.

F. A. FEE.

MUDDOX & FEE,

No. 606 I Street, Sacramento.

REAL ESTATE,

Mortgage Loans, Insurance,

Collections and Conveyancing.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J Street, Sacramento.

OSBORN & FOLGER

FUEL DEPOT,

806 I Street.

ICE, HAY, GRAIN and STORAGE

501 I Street. Telephone 69.

Geo. Sermonet's

—IS THE—

CHEAPEST GROCERY STORE

In the City, Quality Considered.

Depot for California Wines

Cor. Eighth and G Streets.

W. J. O'BRIEN.

ONE OF THE LARGEST EXPENSES IN A FAMILY is that of foot wear. Economy is wealth, and the head of a family who buys his shoes at

O'Brien's, 607 J Street,

Is on the road to fortune. The best stock at the lowest possible prices.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL

HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a thorough education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.

R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers

and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware.

SACRAMENTO.

American Steam Laundry

NINETEENTH AND I STS.—WHITE LABOR only. Linen polished in the neatest manner. We guarantee satisfaction. All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Washing called for and delivered to any part of the city. Main Office at Sawtelle's Book Store, 708 and 710 J street. Branch offices at all the Hotels.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET. SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

OLD RELIABLE

C. A. FISK

Guarantees All Work.

Telephone and Electrical Supplies of All Kinds.

408 J STREET.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES

CALL AT THE

Sacramento Stove House,

813 and 815 J STREET,

—And You Will Save Money.—

H. K. WALLACE & CO.

DR. H. H. PIERSON,



511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

C. E. BAINBRIDGE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to 10 P. M.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

MARTIN DEVINE,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office at Court House.

A Bunko-Steerer Taken In.

A rather green looking young fellow sauntered into a bar-room up town the other evening and looked around the walls and up at the ceiling and at the ornaments behind the bar in a way that betokened a stranger seeing the sights of the metropolis. He sat down at one of the little tables and ordered a drink, which he sipped in a lonely way.

A keen-eyed, quietly dressed, elderly man had followed the stranger in and now he sat down at the other side of the same table. He too ordered a drink, but seemed to take no notice whatever of his neighbor. As he sat down his glass, however, he awkwardly knocked it over and a little of the dregs of the liquor it had contained ran across the table. Hastily apologizing, the awkward man called the waiter to wipe off the table, and at the same time he expressed a hope that the accident had not annoyed anybody. This remark he addressed so pointedly to the man opposite, that the latter could not but reply.

"Don't mention it," he said, looking for the first time straight into the face of his neighbor. "Accidents will happen."

"By Jove," exclaimed the other, "if you're not young Harold Smith, I'll eat my hat."

"That's my name," replied the stranger, in a surprised voice, "but I don't recognize you."

"Don't remember James Wilson?"

"No."

"Of Wilson & Bangs?"

"No."

"Hardware merchants?"

"No."

"Of Scranton?"

"No."

"Scranton, Pennsylvania?"

"No."

"You're a son of Harold Smith, real estate agent, of Scranton, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"And yet you don't remember me?"

"No."

"Why, I was the senior member of Wilson & Bangs in 1875, and was a close friend and good customer of your worthy father, young fellow, and, though you don't remember me, I remember seeing you many's the time in the old office there near the Court-house, before I left Scranton some years ago."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, indeed, that's so. And if there is anything I can do for the son of my old friend, I'd like to know it."

"That's kind of you, Mr. Wilson," said the young fellow. "Pa's struck it rich since you left Scranton and I have come up to New York for the first time to see the town. The old gentleman is generous with me, you know, and I have plenty of money to do the thing in style, but I don't know any one here, and I'm afraid to make friends with strangers for fear I should meet dishonest people, but now that I've found an old friend of my father's, why it's all right. You'll show me around, won't you?" and he pulled out a big roll of bills to pay for his drink.

"That I will, my boy, right gladly, for my old friend's sake, as well as your own," said the elder man as his eyes snapped at sight of the money.

"Now, that I come to think of it, I remember hearing my father speak of you, Mr. Wilson."

"No doubt."

"Your firm got into temporary embarrassment and made an assignment."

"Yes."

"There's an unpaid balance on our books of \$11 against you yet."

"I don't remember it."

"I'm my father's bookkeeper and there's no doubt about it. Now, if you're an honest man, Mr. Wilson, you'll pay me that \$11 right here and I'll give you a receipt for it. If you won't, I don't want to have anything more to say to you."

Mr. Wilson looked the green young man over slowly from top to toe. He saw nothing but innocent honesty and he thought of that big roll of bills. "Here's the \$11," he said, drawing a ten and a one out of his wallet, and handing them over. "Never mind the receipt, but let's go for a stroll up Broadway."

The young fellow took the \$11, folded them up with his own roll and remarked: "Good night, Mr. Wilson, I have no further use for you."

The older man jumped up, almost livid in the face with rage. He opened his mouth as if to yell a shower of expletives, but the young fellow with a quiet smile raised his finger warningly and said: "Don't make a bigger fool of yourself than you have already, Mr. Wilson. Bunko works both ways. You can't expect to win every time. Tra la, now. Trot along."

The older bunko-steerer hung his head and walked off without a word, dazed by the preternatural effrontery of his younger rival.

Some Ancient Beliefs.

The curious beliefs of the mediæval English as to the cause and cure of various diseases were often even more shocking than absurd, if such could be possible. A ring made of the hinge or handle of a coffin was credited with the power of relieving cramps, which also received a solace when a rusty old sword was hung up by the patient's bed-

side. Nails driven into an oak tree were not a cure, but a preventive of toothache. A halter which had been used in hanging a murderer, when bound around the temples, was said to be an infallible remedy for headache. A dead man's hand could dispel tumors of the glands by stroking the parts nine times with it, but the hand of a man who had been hanged and then cut down from the gallows by a maiden was a remedy infinitely more efficacious. Some of these remedies still exist among the superstitious poor of the provinces, but are not now strictly adhered to. To cure warts, for an instance, the best thing to do is to steal a piece of beef from the butcher, with which the warts are to be rubbed, after which the meat is to be interred in sandy soil; as the process of decomposition goes on the warts will wither and finally disappear.

The chips of a gallows upon which several persons had been hanged was also one of the items in mediæval materia medica; these, when worn in a bag around the neck, were pronounced an infallible cure for ague. The nightmare, supposed, of course, to be the result of something supernatural, was banished by means of a stone with a hole in it, which was every night suspended at the head of the sufferer's bed. This last remedy went by the name of "hag-stone," because it prevented the witches from coming and sitting on the patient's stomach. The witches, which from popular pictures could not have sat upon a horse a moment, were credited with riding them across the moors at break-neck speed at the dead hour of midnight, when better disposed and less frisky persons were asleep. In cases of this kind a "hag-stone" tied to a stable door at once put a stop to these heathenish vagaries.

**"THE KING'S TOUCH."**

In England, two centuries ago, popular superstition credited the "Royal Touch" with curing scrofula. These superstitious practices have now become obsolete, and in their place we have a scientific remedy in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which eliminates the impurities from the blood by the natural channels, thereby cleansing the system from all taints and impurities from whatever cause arising. It is truly a royal remedy, world-famed and the only liver, lung and blood remedy guaranteed to benefit or cure in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. As a regulator of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all bilious attacks, indigestion and dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhea and kindred ailments. As an alternative, or blood-purifier, it manifests its marvelous properties in the cure of the worst Skin and Scalp Diseases, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, and Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, as well as Lung-scurf, commonly known as Pulmonary Consumption, if taken in time and given a fair trial. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter how bad, or of how long standing. Fifty cents, by druggists.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE,

228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD,
C. A. VIEMEISTER.

EL DORADO SALOON,

O. F. BERGMAN, Proprietor,
826 J Street, - - - - Sacramento.
The most popular resort in the city.

Capital Hotel,

Southwest Corner Seventh and K Streets, Sacramento.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

Free bus to and from all trains. Best Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers of any house in the city. B. B. BROWN, Formerly of the State House Hotel, Proprietor.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors.

Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

THE OFFICE.

No. 1008 Fourth Street,

Billiard and Club Rooms. The Finest Wines and Liquors in the city. Drinks or Cigars 10 cents.

Call and see me.

ED. S. REGO, Proprietor.

Columbus**Brewing COMPANY.**

W. GUTENBERGER.....PRESIDENT.
C. WAHL.....SUPERINTENDENT.
O. A. LOVDALL.....SECRETARY.

CORNER SIXTEENTH AND K STS.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CELEBRATED**WEINER LAGER BEER****CAPITAL BREWERY**

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

EINTRACHT * SALOON,

HART & STEWART, Proprietors.

724 K Street, bet. Seventh and Eighth,

SACRAMENTO.

FINEST BRANDS OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER.

BAVARIA BIERBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

THE PIONEER

No. 522 J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

A. L. HART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, LAWYERS.

504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR.,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,

LAWYERS, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,

LAWYER, Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,

LAWYER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, 630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney),

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

My Friends, the Directors.

Some months ago I was requested to act as inspector of elections in behalf of the stockholders of a certain corporation which shall be nameless, for which service I was to be paid two dollars. I was also invited to remain and dine with the Directors, at the expense of the company, afterward. I accepted the office and the invitation with alacrity, and enjoyed myself to the full—especially at the dinner. An unusually rich dinner it was, and wine flowed like soda water. The Directors, no one of whom was under sixty, were genial to the last degree, and full of good advice, taking the opportunity to show me the error of my ways in gastronomy, politics, religion, and other things which go to make of this a happy life. Their gastronomical advice, which I felt bound to accept, was somewhat as follows:

When the oysters were served the President of the company, a delightful old gentleman of seventy-two, observed, with dignity and some severity:

"Oysters! Humpf! No oysters for me. Forty years ago I ate 'em, but I am no such fool as to do it now. Take my advice, my young friend, and leave oysters alone."

I took his advice, and waited for the next course, which was lobster croquettes. The President of the company fell to and devoured his lobster croquette before mine was brought to me, much to the disgust of a Director, aged sixty-eight, who sat at the other end of the table.

"Ye may be no fool about oysters," said he of the other end, "but the man who puts lobster in his stomach puts pizen there. I'm sixty-nine next April, and I'd 'a' been in my grave thirty years if I hadn't dropped lobster ten years ago. Don't you touch 'em, Mr. —" (naming me).

There were obvious inaccuracies in the old gentleman's statement, but it was due to his years that I should decline the lobster.

A few minutes later I was delighted to see a delicious *fillet* smothered in mushrooms brought on the table. Mushrooms are my especial delight, and I was helping myself copiously, when I became conscious of a glare across the table. I glanced up and found myself pinned to the wall, as it were, by the eye of a Director of the vintage of 1828.

"Y' ain't eatin' mushrooms, are you?" said he. I acknowledged the soft impeachment.

"Humpf! Better stop at the undertaker's on your way home and leave your order."

I mutely appealed to my friends, the President and the lobster hater, for indorsement of my course, but they were silent; and worse still, there were no mushrooms before them. I learned afterward that they had eaten their share while I was engaged in conversation with a sixty-six year old Director on my right, who subsequently peremptorily forbade me to touch the Roman punch.

"It's ruin to put that slushy stuff into your stomach," he said of it. "Might as well eat a snowball."

So the mushrooms and the punch left me untouched.

There were but two Directors left. They had pitched in like honorable men, and I admired them; and for once I wished that I were old enough to be able to get along without respect for age, as they were. I comforted myself with the thought, however, that the game course and coffee—for I never touch ice cream myself—would suffice to stay my by this time ravenous appetite.

The bird was brought on—a beautiful luscious red-head duck, cooked to perfection. But—I put it from me untasted.

One of my old stand-byes, a man of seventy-four—old enough, I think, to know better—went back on me. He prophesied every evil thing if I ate that duck; and although the others were brave enough to go on and eat their share, I felt that, having previously accepted their advice, I could not properly ignore that of the present objector. So I succumbed to the inevitable, and waited for the coffee. It came. I was just about to swallow it when the one remaining Director—my pet, my admiration—roared out: "Drinking coffee after one o'clock is suicide." And then, as if indorsing this warning, the clock struck three.

I sadly rose from the table and bade my hosts good afternoon, and departed, a hungry man—hungry to ravenousness; and on my way home I stopped at the club and had a meal served in a private room. It consisted of Welsh rare bit and Charlotte-russe, which were all they had within reach; and I regret to say that, in spite of my abstinence at the dinner, I suffered for the next month from dyspepsia. Whether this was due to disappointed appetite or not, I have never been able to find out.

At all events, this is a true story.

The Thirteen Club of New York, famous for abolishing superstitions of one kind or another, is going to tackle the old-time superstitious notion that clubs are for men only, and do what it can toward abolishing it. For the first time in the history of the club, ladies will be permitted to view the mystic rites with which the organization hails the thirteenth of the month, on May 13th, when a ladies' dinner will be given at Sherry's.

H. WACHHORST

Leading Jeweler of Sacramento

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,

No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Tom Scott
THE PLUMBER

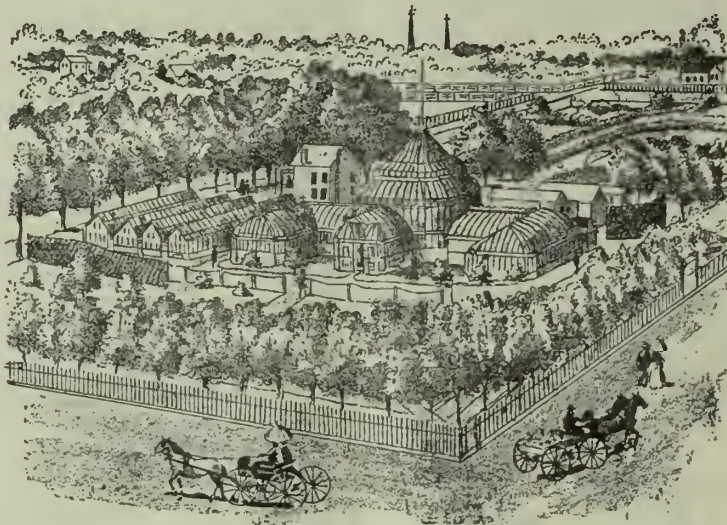
303 J STREET,

Near the Northeast Corner of Third,
SACRAMENTO.

M. J. DILLMAN.

EUGENE GEISEITER.

THE BELL CONSERVATORY CO. Nurserymen & Florists.



W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, cor. Fifth FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK!

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA Studio, 521 J Street.

JAS. G. DAVIS, Furniture and Bedding

Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

411 and 413 K Street,

Of Every Description.

BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH, SACRAMENTO.

This is one of the Oldest Established Furniture Houses on the Coast.



B. JOHNSON.

CHAS. ROOD.

State House Hotel,

ROOD & JOHNSON, Proprietors.

Corner Tenth and K Sts., - Sacramento.

The best second-class hotel on the coast, outside of San Francisco.
Excellent family accommodations.
Reading room attached.

Klune & Floberg, WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS

Agents for Rockford Watch Co.

No. 428 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

January 19, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6-15 A	Calistoga and Napa	11 40 A
3-05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8 40 P
12-50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	5 55 A
4-30 P	Denning, El Paso and East	7 00 P
7-30 P	Knight's Landing	7 10 A
10-50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9 35 A
12-05 P	Second Class Ogden and East	2-25 A
11-00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8 15 A
3-00 P	Oroville	10-30 A
3-00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10 30 A
10-40 A	Redding via Willows	4-00 P
2-25 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 40 A
6-15 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12 35 A
8-40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10 40 P
3-05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8-40 P
*10-00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26 00 A
10-50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2 50 P
10-50 A	San Jose	2 50 P
4-30 P	Santa Barbara	9 35 A
6-15 A	Santa Rosa	11 40 A
3-05 P	Santa Rosa	8-40 P
8-50 A	Stockton and Galt	7 00 P
4-30 P	Stockton and Galt	9 35 A
12-05 P	Truckee and Reno	2 25 A
11-00 P	Truckee and Reno	8-15 A
12-05 P	Colfax	8-15 A
6-15 A	Vallejo	11 40 A
3-05 P	Vallejo	18 40 P
*6-35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2 40 P
*3-10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11 35 A

*Sunday excepted, †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.

RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities
of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK,

S. W. Corner Fourth and J Streets, Sacramento, Cal.
GUARANTEED CAPITAL, \$500,000.

Loans made on Real Estate. Interest paid semi-annually on Term and Ordinary Deposits.

PRESIDENT.....B. U. STEINMAN
VICE-PRESIDENT.....EDWIN K. ALSIP
CASHIER.....D. D. WHITBECK
SECRETARY.....C. H. CUMMINGS
SURVEYOR.....JAS. M. STEVENSON

DIRECTORS:

B. U. Steinman, Edwin K. Alsip, C. H. Cummings,
W. E. Terry, Sol. Runyon, Jas. McNasser,
Jas. M. Stevenson.

Huntington Hopkins

Company,

HARDWARE

Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE TEMPER



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1891.

No. 9.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

The art of not hearing should be taught in every well-regulated family. It is as fully important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things that are painful to hear; many which we ought not to hear, and very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness, that every one must be educated to take in or shut out sounds according to their pleasure. If a man falls into a violent passion and calls you all manner of names, let the first word shut your ears, and hear no more. If, in your quiet voyage of life, you find yourself caught in one of the domestic whirlwinds of scolding, shut your ears as a sailor would furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame your feelings, consider what mischief these fiery sparks may do in the magazine below, where your temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If a gadding, mischief-making fellow begins to inform you what people are saying about you, let the portcullis of your ear drop down, and he can get no further. Does the collector of a neighborhood scandal ask your ear as a warehouse, it should instinctively shut up. Some people seem anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken evil of any one, they set about searching the matter and finding out. If all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. We should as soon think of thanking a man for emptying upon our bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of bees in our chamber, or raising a pungent dust in our house generally, as to bring in upon us all the tattle of careless or spiteful people. If you would be happy, when among good men open your ears; when among bad, shut them. And as the throat has a muscular arrangement by which it takes care of the air passages of its own accord, so the ears should be trained to an automatic dullness of hearing. It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business, your dress or your affairs.

This art of not hearing, though not taught in the schools, is by no means unknown or unpracticed in society. We have noticed that a well bred woman never hears an impertinent or vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation. There should be doors inside our ears, a right-handed door leading to the heart, and a left-handed door, with a broad and steep passage, out into the open air. The last door should receive all ugliness, profanity, vulgarity, mischief-making, which suddenly find themselves outside of us. Judicious teachers and indulgent parents save young urchins a world of trouble by a convenient deafness. Bankers and money-lenders often are extremely hard of hearing, when unsafe borrowers are importunate. We never hear a man who runs after us in the street,

bawling our name at the top of his voice; nor persons who talk evil of those who are absent; nor those who give us unasked advice about our own affairs; nor those who talk largely about things of which they are ignorant. If there are sounds of kindness, of mirth, of love, open should fly our ears! But temper, or harshness, or hatred, or vulgarity, or flattery, should shut them. If you keep your garden gate shut, your flowers and fruit will be safe. If you keep your door closed, no thief will run off with your silver, and if you keep your ears shut, your heart will lose neither its flowers nor its treasures.

There has been a ripple of interest in New York over the action of the tailors in selling their judgments against delinquent customers. There were some surprisingly good names on the list and a few of their owners have come forward with explanations, which are accepted in some quarters and jeered at in others. It seems reasonable enough, however, to accept the statement of a distinguished lawyer that the reason for his refusal to pay a bill of \$120 for a single suit of clothes was the miserable fit of the garments, coupled with a considerable overcharge. The tailor obtained judgment against the lawyer for the full amount claimed, but the highest bid for the judgment was \$2, and it was sold at that price. Nevertheless the lawyer's name was printed in the papers among dozens of swindlers and was telegraphed all over the country. It is doubtful if his explanation will receive anything like as much publicity as this. The practical result, however, was that the tailors lost many of their customers, and from accounts the movement was ludicrously futile in its effect. Our tailors pursue a safer plan, of requiring deposits in doubtful cases. As a rule they are eloquent enough to convince a doubting patron that the fit is absolutely perfect, and that but for the professional skill of the tailor he would not be in it when it came to a dress parade.

Judge Cravens is but doing his simple duty in declaring that he will strictly enforce the law making it a misdemeanor to sell, give or deliver to any minor child under the age of 18 years, any intoxicating drink, or who permits any such minor to visit any saloon or public house where liquors are sold, for the purpose of gambling, playing cards, billiards, pool, or any game of chance. The law is a salutary one, and its rigid enforcement will have the effect to seriously cripple some establishments that deserve to be closed up. It is to be regretted that our laws are not broad enough to close up the many saloons that are the breeding places of crime and that are resorted to by elements that menace the good order of the community. As in all other classes of business, there are grades in saloons. A few do little or no harm as they are conducted, but if it could be the doors of many could be closed, the community would be the better for it. The police department can accomplish much good by placing objectionable places under strict surveillance, and making judicious arrests of suspected hangers-on for vagrancy.

In this State within the past few years there have occurred a number of instances of clandestine and secret marriages by alleged contract. While this contract marriage is authorized by the Codes, it in effect warrants a license for deceit and fraud. In all such cases, it is the woman who suffers in the end. A marriage which has to be concealed is a marriage that ought never to have been. It is scarcely possible to conceive

of a rule that is subject to fewer exceptions than this. An elopement is usually as foolish as it is supposed to be romantic, but whether an affair of that kind be regarded as an error or a triumph, a prompt acknowledgment of the contract of marriage generally secures the future of the parties from the results of a concealed marriage. The woman who is persuaded to conceal the fact that she is a wife almost to a certainty has a scoundrel for a husband. It is she who has nothing to gain and everything to lose by secrecy, and her interest in having the truth known constantly increases; whereas if the man is prepared, as he invariably is, to cheat her, time is the most valuable element in his calculations. We have seen too much of this secret marriage business in this State.

There have been some genuine philanthropists—there are some now. It is a strange fact, however, that the vast majority of the wealthy who desire to help their fellow beings by contributions to establish institutions or in founding such as they deem to be desirable, they leave their worthy purpose to be consummated by others after they are dead. In such cases it is a proverbial fact that their designs are rarely carried out, and often fail altogether. It is the experience of these behests that many of the devises have been overthrown by the technical construction of the will. This could all be avoided if our philanthropically inclined would act during life and put their generous purposes into execution. We have one notable instance of this class of philanthropy on this coast, where the donor is making personal execution of his desires.

The announcement of the death of ex-Governor Waterman, at San Diego, on the 12th inst., struck the people with surprise. Mr. Waterman was 64 years of age, but was remarkably robust, and bid fair to live for many years. It would seem there was a fatality connected with the State campaign of 1886. Then it was that on the Republican ticket John F. Swift ran for Governor, and Mr. Waterman for Lieutenant-Governor. Swift died at Yokohama last month. Washington Bartlett, the Democratic nominee, who was elected Governor, died in office. Ex-Congressman P. D. Wiggington, who ran on the American ticket, and Joel Russell, the Prohibition nominee for the Chief Executive office, are dead. The only Gubernatorial nominee of that campaign now living is C. C. O'Donnell, who ran independently. When it is considered that these men figured prominently less than five years ago, it is hard to realize that death has made such ravages. The first American Governor of California—Peter H. Burnett—is still living at San Francisco, and though 83 years of age is actively engaged in business. He was elected November 13, 1849, over Winfield S. Sherwood, John A. Sutter, John W. Geary and W. M. Stewart—all of whom are dead. Burnett resigned his office because of the inadequacy of the salary, and was succeeded by John McDougal, the Lieutenant-Governor, and a brother of Admiral McDougal. McDougal met with the embarrassments that seem to be inevitable to "accidental" Executives, and from his many pardons was dubbed "I, John McDougal." However, his administration was able, and considering the troubles of the times, was creditable. "Honest" John Bigler made two successful runs for Governor—in 1851 and 1853, but was defeated in 1855 by J. Neely Johnson, the Know Nothing nominee. In 1851 Bigler beat Pierson B. Reading, and in 1853 Wm. Waldo. All of the parties so far named, except Burnett, are dead. In 1857 John B. Weller, the Democratic can-

didate, defeated Edward Stanly, Republican, and George W. Bowie, American. Weller and Stanly are dead. In 1859 Milton S. Latham was elected over John Curry and Leland Stanford. Latham is dead. In 1861 Stanford defeated John R. McConnell and John Conness. McConnell is dead, and Conness, who was afterwards Senator, resides in the East. In 1863 Frederick F. Low was elected over John G. Downey, who had served as Governor on the resignation of Latham. Low and Downey are living. In 1867 occurred the triangular fight between Henry H. Haight, George C. Gorham and Caleb T. Fay. There was the first serious split in the Republican party in State politics, and the first time the Chinese and railroad issues were seriously interjected. Of the contestants Gorham alone survives. In 1871 Newton Booth defeated Haight, and resigning to become United States Senator, Romualdo Pacheco became Governor. In 1875 Wm. Irwin was elected over Timothy G. Phelps and John Bidwell. Irwin is dead. In 1879 George C. Perkins defeated Hugh J. Glenn and William F. White. Glenn was killed by Hiram Miller in Colusa county, and White died several years ago. The candidates who ran in 1882 are all living: George Stoneman, Morris M. Estee, R. H. McDonald and T. J. McQuiddy.

Governor Waterman was much abused. Such errors as he made, however, were due to poor judgment and were not prompted by dishonest motives. That he realized he accepted a position he was not fully capable of filling was very evident; that he acted under bad advice is manifest. However, it is too early to pass judgment upon his official acts, particularly at a time when the administration of his successor affords so striking a contrast. It is sufficient to say Mr. Waterman's death is sincerely regretted, particularly by the citizens of Sacramento, among whom he lived for three years.

Russia has put a severe test to the Turkish government. A warship with "military workmen" has been allowed by the Porte to pass the Dardanelles. The pretext of the Russian government was that the ship was loaded with railroad iron, and came under the commercial character. It is plain to an observer of events that Russia is fortifying herself for a master stroke at some future day. The treaty between the five great Powers and Turkey, made in 1841, provided that no ships of war of any nation other than Turkey should pass the Dardanelles, except with the consent of Turkey. Here then is a direct violation of the treaty on the part of Russia. The war cloud in Europe is getting larger and blacker.

Some of the English papers seem to think that the latitude given to married women under English laws, is conducive to retard the matrimonial relation. Since it has been declared not to be the prerogative of the husband to whip his wife whenever he deemed it necessary to restrain or correct her, and that a wife could not be forced to live with her husband if she did not desire so to do, the matrimonial philanthropists claim that this fact has become a great bar to matrimony. When the old Judges of England used to decide that a husband had a full right to chastise his wife, provided he used a stick no thicker than his little finger, it was urged there was better matrimonial government. Now that this right is denied by the advanced idea of civilization, the Britisher claims that there is not so great a desire to enter the matrimonial state.

During the slavery days one of the favorite themes for political party capital was the miscegenation which would result from the granting the rights of freemen to the colored people of the South. It is now over twenty-five years since the great emancipation edict was pronounced and rendered effectual, and the consequences are different from the speculations indulged, and justies the wisdom of the act, so far as miscegenation is concerned, at least. Travelers who are observant of events, who have spent much time in the old slave States, are general in their belief that the condition of the negro has been improved. The most impressive fact is the general disappearance of the mulattoes. They are still to be found, but in greatly diminished numbers. The mass of the black population are no longer a mixed race.

The white taint which prevailed during the slavery days has nearly disappeared. All in all, the southern negro is gaining in intelligence and industrial skill. It is true that in some localities there is a degree of subjection exercised by the whites which retards the advancement of the negro, but this is much more limited than it was a few years ago.

Our contemporaries are very much exercised that a law has been passed providing for sealers of weights and measures; it has been discovered to be a bad law, since enacted by the Legislature and approved by the Governor. The alarm seems to come that there may be appointed an army of "sealers" who will prey on our retail merchants. We are not disposed to argue the matter, for two reasons: The sealers have not been appointed; and there is no earthly likelihood they will be, save in proper cases. We esteem this as many other laws that have been enacted, and that exist—a dead letter.

AN INTERESTING STRANGER.

Norton's Beach, on the south side of Long Island, and within an hour's railroad ride of New York, is well known as a summer resort of the most exclusive kind.

Year in and year out the same people are to be found at Norton's Beach, and even the Norton House gives shelter to but few strangers.

It was mid-August, 1889, and Florence Maynard—"the belle of the Beach," her many admirers called her—was walking along the sand in company with Hiram Kellogg, the son of a rich brewer, and, if rumor was to be credited, the accepted lover of the young lady.

As the young people strolled on, talking airy nothing, in which Florence did not seem particularly interested, though she complimented her escort by laughing at what he was pleased to think his own wit, a young man of soldierly bearing, well formed and above the average height, passed them without seeming to see them.

"Rather a distinguished-looking man and evidently a newcomer to the Beach," said Florence, when the military-looking stranger had passed out of hearing.

"The fellah has been at the hotel for four or five days," drawled Hiram Kellogg, as he adjusted his single eye-glass and glanced back over his shoulder.

"Has he a name?" asked Florence.

"Yaas—that is, I suppose so. Most people have names, don'tcherknow?" said Hiram Kellogg, with a laugh at what he thought his own humor.

Florence Maynard did not even smile; the pretty lips looked more firm for the instant, as she asked:

"Do you know his name?"

"He has registered 'Clarence Talbot, late Captain in her Majesty's Eleventh Hussars.' But nobody knows him and he does not seem to be communicative. He'll come out though, after a bit, and announce himself as a 'sir,' or a 'lord,' or a 'jook.' That's what all these adventurers do, don'tcherknow?"

A few days after this, Florence began to think that Hiram Kellogg, while not particularly brilliant in other things and a fool in many, was something of a prophet, for the rumor spread through Norton's Beach that there was veritable noblemen at the hotel.

A letter had come for him from Texas, addressed to "Lord Talbot, Captain in Her Majesty's 11th Hussars." The chamber-maid had picked up in his room some torn note-paper with a crest on the head, and she also found a card bearing the same title as that written on the letter.

"Those are the dodges all these fellows adopt," said Hiram Kellogg, when discussing the now great sensation with Mr. and Mrs. Maynard and their lovely daughter. "You may remember, Miss Florence, that I told you the other evening that it would happen just so."

"Yes," replied Florence, "I remember that distinctly. And I also recall the fact that I thought it rather uncharitable to judge a stranger so harshly in advance of some suspicious act. He may be all that the letter and the card would indicate."

"Oh, but he can't be," said Hiram Kellogg in a tone of impatience. "All the fellahs up at the hotel have been talking the matter oval, and we've all agreed to snub him. It's a trick, depend on that."

"I cannot see what the man's purpose could be in planning this matter—as you say he has done," said Mrs. Maynard, quietly.

"Why, there isn't a place of the size in the country," Hiram Kellogg hastened to explain, "that has in it so many rich and pretty girls as Norton Beach."

"Which reminds me," laughed Mr. Maynard, "that we must keep a watch on Florence till this dangerous adventurer takes his departure."

"An entirely useless precaution," said Florence, "as I have already made up my mind to marry no man who is not an American, and who does not think

his own country and his own countrymen the best in the world."

Had Hiram Kellogg been thinner skinned, he would have winced under this shot; but as it was, he pretended to be immensely delighted with the beautiful girl's decision.

The next afternoon, Florence—who had decided talent in painting water-colors—went down to the end of a wooden pier or boat landing on the South Bay side of the beach, to make a study of the white-winged yachts skimming over the blue expanse like mighty swans.

She adjusted her tent-like sunshade, set up her little portable easel, and was soon so absorbed in her work that all thought of the interesting stranger and of uninteresting Hiram Kellogg was banished from her mind.

A rising wind and a rising tide forced her to abandon her painting before she had finished what promised to be an excellent piece of work.

She bundled up her easel and shade and was about to turn back, when her hat blew off and caught on the end of a projecting plank.

All unthoughtful of the danger, she walked out, but had gone only a few paces when the plank began to rise.

She gave a cry of alarm, and to save herself let her bundle fall.

On the instant she felt a strong hand on her arm, and strong voice call out:

"Pardon me! I will get your things."

The man's weight on the plank balanced it, and obeying her own instinct and his command, Florence sprang back.

As she did so she saw the interesting stranger falling headlong into the water.

She repeated her cry, and looked at the place where he had vanished.

On the instant Clarence Talbot came to the surface, and spouting the salt water from his mouth, he said, with the hearty laugh of a man engaged in a practical joke:

"Do not be alarmed. There is not the slightest danger, I assure you. And as for the traps, I'll get them for you."

And then, without waiting for any command, he struck out, recovered the bundle and hat, and swimming back, climbed up the pier.

"I—I am sure I cannot find words to thank you, but really you should not have plunged in there," stammered Florence.

"Fools rush in where angels dare not tread," laughed the young man. "And as for the ducking, I assure you I do not mind it. By-the-way, you are not injured, I hope?"

With a heightened color she looked at him, but not daring to trust her voice, she shook her head.

At that instant a fisherman passed, and Clarence Talbot engaged him to take Miss Maynard's dripping hat and bundle to her cottage.

This done, the interesting stranger bowed, smiled and hurried off at a double-quick to the hotel.

The adventure was soon noised abroad, and Hiram Kellogg had the audacity to tell his friends that the whole affair was planned by the designing adventurer.

That evening Mr. Maynard called on Capt. Talbot to thank him for saving his daughter's life. But the young man treated the whole affair like one not at all eager to pose as a hero.

He was invited to the Maynard cottage, and called the next evening. His simple, frank and manly manner, in addition to his fine but unostentatious acquirements, made him a most charming companion, and he left a good impression behind him, and took away with him an invitation to call again, in which Florence, more interested than ever, heartily joined.

Captain Talbot, to the horror and chagrin of Hiram Kellogg, now became a constant visitor at the Maynard cottage, and was received by the best people in the place. Nor did he keep his business a secret. He had left the English army and had come to Norton's Beach to meet a friend and countryman with whom he was going to start a large cattle ranch in Texas.

The friend appeared in good time; but Captain Talbot remained at the Beach till the season was over, and till every one was satisfied that he was the younger son of the Earl of Islington—a fact which he had never pushed forward himself.

Many a pretty girl at Norton's Beach envied Florence Maynard her adventure with the interesting stranger, and Hiram Kellogg, who soon went abroad again, cursed it.

Florence kept her vow as to marrying an American, for to-day the captain, her husband, is a citizen of the great republic, and he has sensibly refused to use himself or have others use, in addressing him, that title of nobility which, in his case, certainly belonged to a nobleman.

Jerry Simpson was once a sailor on the unsalted sea which lashes the shores of Duluth. He was then known as "Barefoot Jerry," but didn't like the name, and really left the fore-castle on account of it. He does not seem to have bettered it greatly by getting into political waters.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

The ballet girl should not include adi-pose in her list of graceful revelations.

Sarah Bernhardt looks to be twenty-five years old. She is really forty-seven, but she acts like sixty.

Phuniman—"Why is the theatrical profession like a strawberry basket?" Knowall—"Because the good ones always get to the top."

Jerome K. Jerome says of the stage sailor: "He does suffer so with his trousers. One of those days an accident will happen to those trousers and then he will be sorry that he didn't get a pair of braces before it was everlastingly too late."

"I have withdrawn from ouah amateur acting club," said Willie Washington. "Why?" "I couldn't stand it any longah, you know. I was cawst for the villain and Miss Pepperton was the heroine, and she was to say, 'Villain, do youah worst.'" "That was easy." "Ya-a-s; but Miss Pepperton wouldn't repeat the words. She said I had already done as badly as any one could reasonably expect."

The New York *Dramatic Mirror* has the following concerning farce-comedies: We will venture a prediction, in this connection, which one year will serve to fulfil. By next April the farce-comedy will be as dead as a door nail—a thing of the past. The fact that scores of new ventures of this description are preparing to enter the field next season serves to strengthen our conviction, for they will hasten the reaction that is setting in.

The present conditions of the stage are not favorable to the development of great actors. The traveling "combination," even when it has a repertory, cannot be a good school for giving scope and versatility to dramatic talent. They may make "smooth" and "easy" actors, but men and women long accustomed to fitting themselves into certain places and to travel in ruts must inevitably become mechanical, the effect of which in most cases is to destroy ambition for higher and broader effort, and when this is not the case, to make loftier attainment more difficult. There is no inspiration or incentive in acting of this sort, and the actor who has been long confined to it must be greatly gifted if the result does not unfit him for the higher walks of his art.

Every now and then some wild-eyed clergyman or evangelist in the cause of Christianly love for one's self and blue flame for everybody else, comes to the front with a proposition that the theater is the gateway to Hades, and that the men and women of the stage are a lot of ruffians and harlots. Generally, these assaults are based upon no knowledge whatever of the facts. At best they are the product of an exceedingly limited knowledge of the players and their lives. Once in awhile a parson has heard enough of the stage to know there are some men and women connected with it who would disgrace any circle into which they might be thrown. But, even in these rare instances, the accusers proceed on the theory that one swallow makes a summer; that because a few are sinful, all the rest must also be lost and abandoned creatures.—*N. Y. Dramatic News*.

"McCullough had a valet named Bob Pritchard, who was a curious fellow," said Jos. Haworth, recently. "He was a thrifty Scotchman, and to save money he always made his bed in McCullough's dressing-room in the theater. Once John missed a handsome robe which he wore in *Richard III*. It couldn't be found. Finally, several months later, when playing in New York, two little Pritchards came to the theater and the dresses which they wore were cut from McCullough's handsome robe."

"Pritchard expressed his sympathy curiously the day the poor guv'nor was buried."

"'He was a great man,' Mr. Haworth," he sobbed, "a good man. Many a dressing-room floor through the country has he wiped with me, sir.'"

Book Chat.

Mrs. Robert Elsmere Humphrey Ward's coming novel is named "David."

A symposium of gifted authors has set forth what the novel of the future is likely to be, but some fellow not in the symposium will most likely have to write it.

An Italian authoress, Mathilde Serrao, is said to have applied much of the power and perception of Dickens to the middle and lower ranks of Italian life, through her novel, "Fantasy."

"The Superfluous Man" is the title of a recently published essay. This is the first time that the man who goes shopping with his wife has figured in serious literature, we believe.

Coleridge says: "Readers may be divided into four classes: 1. Sponges, who absorb all they read, and return it early in the same state, only a little dirty. 2. Sand-glasses, who retain nothing, and are content

to get through a book for the sake of getting through the time. 3. Strain bags, who retain merely the dregs of what they read. 4. Mogul diamonds, equally rare and valuable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also."

Not long ago Thomas Wentworth Higginson emphasized the Boston twang by rhyming "morning" with "dawning." Now, Dr. J. R. Parke puts the Philadelphia pronunciation on record in the *Call* by rhyming "talks" with "sock," and his poem is not on Jerry Simpson, either.

From 1550 to 1650, during the lapse of which 100 years the poet was born (1554) and died (1617), there was great freedom taken in spelling the name, as the following table clearly shows:

Shakspeare,	Shackespeare,	Shaxpear,
Shaksper,	Shackespear,	Shaxpeere,
Shakspear,	Shackespere,	Shaxspeer,
Shakspeare,	Shackesper,	Shakxsper,
Shakspeer,	Shackispere,	Shakxper,
Shakspeyre,	Shakisper,	Shakxper,
Shakspeyr,	Shakyspere,	Shakxper,
Shakspear,	Shaxpere,	Shaxepere,
Shacksper,	Shaxspere,	Shaxkespere,
Shackspeare,	Shaxper,	Shagspere,
Shackspire,	Shaxsper,	Shaxeper,
Shakespere,	Saxpere,	Shaxkesper,
Shakesper,	Saxspere,	Sackesper,
Shakespere,	Saxsper,	Shakxper,
Shakespeer,	Shaxpeare,	Shakuspeare.

In the deed under which Shakspeare purchased for the sum of £440 the unexpired term in the titles of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcomb, Shakespeare is found once, Shakespear once; once there is a simple initial, and in the remaining ten cases the name appears with the second h, viz: Shackesphere, three; Shakesphere, five times; Shacksphare, once, and Shakesphere, once. In the registers of Smithfield, 1596-7, record is made of the burial of "Margaret Saxpere, widow, being times the wyff of Henry Shakspere." Here are variations enough from which to choose a spelling for the name, but it may as well be added that the best authorities have fixed as a standard upon Shakspeare.

Professional Chat.

At the present rate of legal fees none but a wealthy man can "keep his own counsel."

"I liked your sermon so much to-day," said the old lady to the clergyman. "Indeed?" said he, evidently pleased. "Yes," she went on, "it reminded me so much of one I read when I was a girl."

It is said that Senator Peffer calls a certain necessary article of men's apparel "galluses." But that is not the question; does he wear them? If he does he is no true reformer, and may as well surrender the track to Simpson.

A Chinese medical practitioner has been discoursing in a Shanghai native paper on the treatment of cholera. Among other medicants he is wont to prescribe "pig's liver mixed with brick dust from the inside of a furnace." This is said to "soothe the extraordinary derangement of the system," and perhaps it does.

One of Hartford's prominent ministers was pacing a hotel corridor not long ago, when a colporteur approached him with this question: "Are you a Christian?" "I hope so," replied the clergyman, modestly. "Hope so! Don't you know so?" persisted his interlocuter. No response from the minister. "Well, now," said the stranger, "if a man should strike you on the right cheek, would you turn him the other, also?" "No, I wouldn't, if he had as much cheek as you have." The interview was not prolonged.

An old pastor in Connecticut, a prudent, spiritual and faithful man, was damaged by a report from a neighboring community that he had brought politics into his preaching. A friend visited the place where the minister was reported to have done so, and asked a brother in the church, "Did Dr. Ely preach politics when here?" "Yes," was the response, "he did." "What did he say?" "Well, sir," said the interrogated witness more dubiously, "if he didn't preach politics, he anyhow prayed politics." "But what did he say?" still urged his friend. "Say!" echoed the respondent, "he said, 'Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not go unpunished.'"

A sick man sent for the nearest spiritual adviser. It so happened that the minister was a new fledgling just emerging from the seminary. He was dudish in the extreme. His coat was cut in true clerical style, and his face bore the expression of affected literary culture. Going to the poor man's house, he sat on the edge of a chair, toying with his hat and stroking his downy mustache. Said he to the dying man, after a long spell of silence painful to all: "What induced you to send for me?" "You will have to speak louder," faintly replied the sufferer; "I'm dull of hearing." "What induced you to send for me?" reiterated the clergyman. "No use, can't hear. What does he say, Mary?" turning to his wife. And then in a loud, shrill and stentorian voice the woman replied: "He says what in the deuce did you send for him for."

Some years ago a lively and amusing controversy arose in an English court of justice. The question was as to the meaning of the word *team*, as used by writers generally and in a particular document. Quotations from poets, citations from dictionary-makers, and chatty remarks on what the poets and lexicographers really meant, diversified the otherwise dull proceedings of John Doe and Richard Roe. It was fun for the lawyers, for the public, for everybody save the litigants. Here are the facts of the case. A certain noble duke made an agreement with one of his tenants in Oxfordshire concerning the occupancy of a farm. One portion of the agreement ran in this way: "The tenant to perform each year for the Duke of —, at the rate of one day's team work, with two horses and one proper person, for every £50 of rent, when required (except at hay or corn harvest), without being paid for the same." In other words, rent was to be paid in two ways. The larger was to be a money payment; the lesser, a certain amount of farm service. Everything went smoothly until one day when the duke's agent summoned the farmer to send a cart to fetch coals from the railway station to the ducal residence. "No such thing!" said the farmer; "I'll send the horses and a man, but you must find the cart." "Pooh, my good man; what do you mean? Does not your agreement bind you to do team-work occasionally for his grace?" "Well, here's the team; two horses, and a careful man to drive them." "But the horses and cart together form a team." "Oh, no! The horses are the team." And so they went at it tooth and nail, hammer and tongs.

Genius and Personality in Writing.

The tendency shown by some thinkers and writers in recent days to exclude all supernatural or even mysterious elements from the problem of life manifests itself in an occasional doubt of the existence of that subtle quality of soul which we call genius. For it is to be noted that genius is a quality of soul, and not a mind only; that it involves something more than clear perception and keen mental action. There is something in it which makes its possessor master of the secrets and hearts of his fellows; a deep and beautiful sympathy, at the approach of which all doors are unlocked and all barriers thrown down. By no possibility could Shakespeare have known by observation all that he wrote about life and character; a large part of it he divined. He himself could have given no account of it. And this is true of all great works of art; there is something mysterious and inexplicable about them. In the nature of every great artist there is something incommunicable and hidden; something which eludes all search and analysis. The definition which has behind it the authority of an indefatigable observer, that genius is only very great labor, falls to the ground the moment it is brought face to face with a great work of art. Between genius and labor, however strenuous and noble, there is a great gulf fixed; genius wings its highest flights by the aid of labor, but labor of itself has no power of flight. A work of talent, of skill, can be analyzed and resolved into its parts; a work of genius is an indivisible whole which betrays no signs of mechanical adaptation and adjustment. There is in every great work of literature a quality which comes from the personality of the writer, and which is, for that reason, inexplicable. What we call genius is the highest manifestation of personality, the complete and beautiful expression of that which is distinctive and characteristic of the man. Upon personality we can no more lay our hand than on any other vital principle. We see its manifestations clearly enough, but we never see it. Personality is evidently one of the primary things in this world, and is, therefore, unremovable; it is vital, and therefore not to be traced or detected or comprehended. Wherever we touch vitality—the principle of life—we touch a mystery which baffles the deepest science and hides its secret from the keenest scrutiny; and in a human soul this mystery confronts us. There is something in us that cometh not by observation; something sacred and inaccessible; and the expression of this sacred and inaccessible thing is what we call genius. It is written that no man can see God and live, and there is something divine in us upon which we are not suffered to look; a holy of holies from which the veil is never lifted. It is through this mysterious quality of personality that great truths come, and by it they are expressed. In every age there are powerful and controlling ideas which appear in many minds and in many works without agreement or even intimation from one to another; for there is something behind life which is being revealed through it, and this revelation is made to and through great natures. In this sense it is strictly true that great men are inspired; that is, breathed into by something not themselves. Call that something what we may, it is clear that it exists and communicates with men through those who, by reason of depth, range, and sensitiveness of nature, comprehend and express it. No labor can establish that subtle, inexplicable intercourse with the truth and beauty which invisibly surround us; we can only say that it exists and that it is an affair of soul.—*Hamilton Wright Mabie*.

NOTES.

When Great Britain and the United States go to fighting about seals, no doubt the fur will fly.

Premier Rudini appears to be in need of some level-headed person to help him keep his shirt on.

The farmer who undertakes to earn his bread by the sweat of a hired man's brow had better make up his mind to do without pie.

People who always tell their dreams to other people in the morning never seem to get over their surprise because the other people are not as much interested in them as they are themselves.

"As blind as a mole" must henceforth take its place in the waste heap of shattered similes. A German naturalist has demonstrated that moles have eyes, and that they can see as well as other animals.

From latest accounts Secretary Blaine has grown weary of the perverse behavior of Italy's representatives. It is not probable that Mr. Blaine will submit to much from Rudini or the Italian cabinet.

A German doctor declares that he finds by exhaustive experiments that exercise has no influence upon digestion. But the distressing fact remains that the average man must exercise in order to obtain something to digest.

All Hohenzollern princes are baptized with water from the Jordan. A great porcelain jug of this water is kept in the shop of the castle apothecary, and after every baptism the water left in the font is carefully returned to this receptacle.

It appears from recent occurrences that the King of Italy has just heard of the discovery of America; as a matter of fact we are about to celebrate the 400th anniversary of that event. It is time European monarchs understood its significance.

"What office are you a candidate for?" inquired the reporter, who was making his hasty rounds of the polling-places. "Me?" exclaimed the man leaning up against the door frame. "Thunder! I ain't running for anything. I was born in this country."

Now comes a scientist who disputes the established theory in relation to the moon, and claims that the lights and shadows of the moon are inconsistent with the theory that it is spherical in shape. All astronomers heretofore maintain the spherical shape of all the heavenly bodies.

Bismark has undoubtedly been elected a member of the German Reichstag. This will be a direct blow at the government under William. The German people are devoted to Bismark and do not take kindly to the Emperor's treatment of the old chief. Bismark always claimed great friendship for America and American institutions.

A needle after a devious experience of thirty-six years in the body of a Missouri woman made its exit through her side. It is said that the needle lost its temper and is very pliable. We doubt not that the Missouri woman lost her temper many times during the thirty-six years, yet, being a Missourian, she still has an abundance of temper left.

"Do you know why so many people go deaf as they grow older?" said a doctor. "It is because they sleep with their mouths open. Any man or woman who does this persistently for years will finally grow deaf. But that is not the only disadvantage of so sleeping. It is the cause of a score of affections of the throat and lungs, not to speak of snoring."

Let as much sunlight as possible into your rooms; it is the deadly enemy of disease-breeding germs. A learned doctor's experiments prove that hardy bacilli were killed by thirty-five days' exposure to an autumnal sun, while microbes of the same sort survived for three years in the dark. Therefore, even at the risk of taking the color out of your carpets, let in the light and air.

Do you believe that every good act is rewarded here on earth and that every bad act brings its own punishment during life? If we think every time a man gives a dollar in charity the Lord will send him one dollar and fifty cents, and that every time a man is guilty of injustice to his fellow-being he will break his leg—if this is what we think, we are sadly in need of religious instruction.

We like the expression of our Southern brethren who are receiving President Harrison so royally. There is something like a true brotherly feeling in the South at the receptions of the President. The Governor of Alabama was particularly happy in his warm welcome. When the President complimented the militia of Alabama, and remarked that he could safely rely on the State

soldiers in case of need, Governor Jones promptly said: "In case of need, you will find all Alabama at your back, sir." We trust the visit of the President to the South will serve to harmonize any discordant spirit that may yet remain in the South, and bring us nearer together as one people than we have been for many years. The sentiments expressed on this journey seem to indicate this result.

Of all the tributes to the memory of the late Gov. Waterman, that paid by the *Atta* was the sincerest and best. Coming from a Democratic journal that in his life had had occasion to deal the unfortunate Governor some trenchant blows, the obituary on his death was not alone magnanimous but above all else said on the subject drew nearer to the eloquent in conception and composition.

Complaint has been made that a street contractor in San Francisco used mud instead of concrete to pave a street. We do not see why the newspapers should make a fuss about this little matter at this time. Give the Board of Supervisors an opportunity to give the contractor the usual coating of whitewash, and then let the criticism come, if there will then be opportunity for criticism.

Secretary Blaine's reply to the Italian minister is a masterly effort—dignified, firm and unmistakable in its purport. The reference to Daniel Webster's treatment of the great diplomatic question, which arose during President Fillmore's administration, regarding the Spanish riots, and the application of the principles to the present situation are grand. The Italian minister is floundering in his errors.

We saw a regular, old-fashioned ten-mule prairie schooner a few days ago preparing for duty in the interior where the iron horse has not yet arrived. The prairie schooner retains the romantic and picturesque elements which have always appealed strongly to the fancy of the poet, the novelist and painter. It is the emblem of the old pioneer, and the pioneer always has been and always will be a hero in the popular imagination.

General Ben Butler has run counter to a Federal Judge, and was practically disbarred from that Court because of remarks made out of Court ridiculing the rulings of the Judge. From the intemperate utterances that are so characteristic of the General, it can readily be believed his observations were calculated to arouse the judicial resentment, yet it is rarely that a Judge notices that which is said concerning him out of Court.

Premier Rudini has seized a picturesque opportunity for calling a halt in Italian emigration to this country, and, if he can get along without a Minister at Washington, we can. If he should wish Minister Porter to be recalled from Rome, we can recall him without any loss of national dignity or prosperity, and quietly wait thirty or forty years if used be for the petulant Italians to get over their madness, and invite a reinstitution of diplomatic relations.

The man who deserts in the army is held to be a traitor and is shot. The man who deserts the ballot—the substitute for the bayonet—should be punished by civil law as a criminal. The crime committed is precisely the same in degree as that of the deserter. And when one remembers that nearly all the abuses with which our political system is blamed are directly attributable to the men who ought to vote and don't, he appreciates the force of the comparison.

Boer courtships are carried on in this wise: The swain rides up to the house of his chosen fair, dressed in his best toggery, and well mounted; and, having obtained permission from her parents, when the family retires to rest—often in the same apartment—sets up (op-sits) with his innamorata. So long as the candle with which he is furnished burns, so long may he his tale of love unfold. When it burns out they must part and retire also. The process is called op-sitting.

From the carefully prepared census bulletin of March 26, relating to the production of granite as a building commodity, we find that California, considering the amount of capital invested, produces more cubic feet of prepared granite than any other State in the Union. Massachusetts and Maine apparently lead in this line, but fall to the second and fourth places when California comes to the front. Our granite industry is not fully appreciated by the people of this State; indeed few realize how important a factor this is in our commercial relations.

Ambrose Bierce is the brightest, yet most pitiless satirist on this coast. With all his astuteness he has been sadly hoaxed by one of Charley McClatchey's satires on our local "generals" and "majors." The latter drew upon his imagination and called a war meeting of the "generals" and "majors," whereat blood-curdling, warlike speeches were reported to have been made. In the *Examiner's* "Prattle" Bierce quotes an extract of

one of these speeches, and seriously comments on the same, assuming, of course, that it is genuine. We said last week that the greatest scientist is the most credulous being on earth. Now we must add that the brightest satirist has shown a disposition to become a victim of satire.

The threatened attack on the validity of the recent election, whereby an additional tax was voted to pay the just claims of our police force, is entirely without merit. Even though technically there may have been some defects in the manner of preparing the tickets, or designating the nature of the special tax, it is certain that every elector understood perfectly what he was voting for. Should the tax levy be declared void, it would only result in an expensive election at some future day, and this would entail this additional expense upon the taxpayers. Wherefore, what benefit could arise by setting aside the present levy?

Students of penology will be interested in the new French penal law. Under a new law which has just been promulgated, certain first offenders in France are hereafter to be afforded ample opportunity to repent, reform and save themselves from becoming habitual offenders, permanent members of the dangerous class. The French criminal courts are empowered by this law to postpone sentences for five years when those who have earned them are shown to be new to crime. If at the end of five years these monuments of mercy appear to have profited by it, to have committed no other offense, the original sentence becomes void. This form of conditioned clemency commends itself to those who hold that the main object of punishment is reformation.

The Emperor William is writing a history of his grandfather, in two volumes, assisted by his tutor, Professor Hinzpeter. If the tumor behind his majesty's ear is playing any such pranks with his intellectuals as our Berlin correspondent says it is, a history of the professor's experiences as assistant historian would prove a much more interesting work. Already among Bismark's friends the belief is current that the dismissal of the iron chancellor was the act of a crazy man. It would be a sorry ending of so promising a career if it should turn out that the enterprise and originality which the young emperor has exhibited were the result of an abnormal condition of the brain. He seems at this distance to possess many of the elements of a great monarch, and all friends of Germany will cling to the hope that there is nothing in the tumor theory.

President Harrison is well received by the people on his trip, and it is peculiarly gratifying that the people of the South manifest a disposition to outdo their Northern brethren in doing honor to the executive head. It is a striking contrast to President Johnson's famous "swing around the circle." Mr. Johnson was, however, unfortunate in that the people of the North were not generally in accord with his reconstruction policy. It was too soon after the war for bitterness to die out, yet time has demonstrated that the President's policy of reconciliation was about correct, and was perhaps that which would have been pursued by President Lincoln had he lived. The humorous letters of Petroleum V. Nasby, descriptive of Mr. Johnson's trip, form a unique contribution to political literature. Then, again, the pencil of Nast did much to surround the trip with an atmosphere of ridicule.

A committee, selected by the citizens' executive committee on the reception of President Harrison, has gone to San Francisco to confer with the citizens' committee of that city to arrange for a reception in this city and fix the time and extent of the visit of the President here. A telegram from the President's Private Secretary indicates that the time allotted to San Francisco and vicinity is to be so apportioned that Sacramento shall have a brief visit by the Presidential party. The conference committee consists of Hon. W. D. Comstock (mayor), Hon. Newton Booth, General W. H. H. Hart, Judge W. C. Van Fleet, Hon. John W. Armstrong, Prof. E. C. Atkinson, General T. W. Sheehan, J. O. Coleman, Major W. A. Anderson, Wells Drury. This committee is to report to the general executive committee at a meeting to be held at the court-room, Monday, at 1:30. There will be a general citizens' meeting at the court-room on Monday evening, to consummate a plan of action.

The spectacle of an English Judge shedding tears on the bench on announcing his resignation from his high station is enough to make Jeffries, Norberry and all the other ancient bloody judges of that cruel kingdom turn in their coffins and groan with chagrin that one of their successors should be so womanly as to be able to assume the lachrymose wood. It can only be conjectured as a cause of Judge Stevens' weeping that his reason must be wavering, else a great error was perpetrated in his selection to the judiciary. If the history of that country has ever recorded the existence of a humane judge then the page on which the fact is written has

been sealed to the ordinary reader. The martyred Emmet told the blood-stained Norberry who condemned him to death that if all the innocent blood that he (Norberry) had shed was gathered in one reservoir, his lordship might swim in it. So, too, with all of the other English bloodhounds of that judiciary; if all the innocent blood they have tearlessly ordered to be judicially shed was housed in one lake the navies of the world might ride at anchor in it. And yet one of them, on resigning, at the present day can drop a tear! Can it be that the poor man has had a horrid nightmare after reading the lives of the Lord Chief Justices, during which the cruel deeds of the past rose in horrid panorama before his startled gaze, and on awakening realized the fact that the avenging Nemesis had stricken terror to his soul, and that a softening brain forced him to surrender the gown and wig ere the madhouse doors closed about him forever?

From the census bulletin issued March 26, upon Mines and Mining—Granite, we gather the following relating to the careful investigation of "Granite for Street Work," which is interesting for Sacramento at this time: Experience has demonstrated that the best and most enduring streets for heavy traffic in large cities are those paved with stone blocks of proper material and size laid upon a specially prepared bed. The very hard and tough rocks frequently used, though capable of withstanding a maximum amount of wear, soon become smooth and glazed under traffic, and are therefore inferior to a stone which, wearing roughly, affords a better foothold for horses. Many of the granite rocks possess the right degree of hardness and brittleness, and are largely used for this purpose. Streets paved with the large sized block used at first were found to be more difficult to keep in repair, worse for horses, and rougher on vehicles than pavements made of the smaller blocks now in general use. There is no uniform standard of size, as specifications of the various cities call for different sizes, but the variations are not great, and blocks $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, 6 to 7 inches deep, and 8 to 12 inches long are generally preferred. In New York city, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia, blocks a trifle longer are more commonly used, while in many of the western and southern cities the length does not exceed 10 inches. New Orleans, owing to the peculiar nature of its streets, takes blocks much larger.

It is said some enterprising genius, anxious to contribute his share to the success of California's exhibit at the World's Columbian Exhibition, is now collecting and arranging in proper shape all the telegrams coming from Chicago in which Director De Young's name appears, with a view to find just how often it occurs in each dispatch. Up to the present time he has quite an exhibit of that august cognomen, and it makes a most sensational and startling show as it bristles alternately with every other word in those dispatches. By the time the exhibition is dedicated in the spring of 1892, the compiler expects to have the first volume in octavo size and by the end of the time for which the great show is to last, the fall of 1893, he will have the name often enough for a second volume. The dedication ceremonies only will occur in 1892, but the formal opening will not be till the following spring, so that the historic name will not be repeated more than often enough up to the opening exercises to justify the hope of compiling one volume, but as affairs connected with the Exposition will be rushing and exciting, it is fondly anticipated that there will be no bother in easily collecting the name into a second book. When completed the work will be known as "D'Uganna," or "The Nameless Name." As a companion curiosity to the foregoing, the same gentleman is already far advanced on another booklet which he calls "What I Looked For and Never Found." It is nothing less than a compilation of the data relating to the offices that M. M. Estee has looked for during the last few years—Federal or State. The gentleman doing this patriotic work is in correspondence with the various departments at Washington, and with private citizens of this State, so that he may not make the mistake of omitting any, as he has only the reports of the papers to guide him and they may not contain notices of all the places to which the self-sacrificing patriot has aspired. When the Chicago World's Fair is over, both works spoken of will be used as corner stones of the national monument that it is proposed to erect in Washington to the memory of our famous finder, Christopher Columbus.

An unfortunate man has obtained access to rich Baron Rapiueau. He depicts his misfortune, his misery in so moving a manner that the baron, with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, calls to his servant: "Jean! Put this poor fellow out into the street! He is breaking my heart."

"The human race must be awfully fast," said St. Peter. "Why do you think so?" queried Gabriel. "They are all out of breath when they get here," returned the gate-keeper.

FLASHES.

The recent Irish elections disclosed much pat-riotism.

The kiss is singular, but lovers always make it plural.

The light of the household is often some gassy old woman. This knocks the poetry out of the sentiment.

Fame these days runs up to a pretty point—some kinds of fame.

A fruit diet clears the complexion; brandy peaches are to be excepted.

There is more snobbery in church going than in extreme society events.

It is a mistaken idea, that a girl who is "engaged" shall forego all society.

The most generous people are usually those who can ill afford generosity.

Some people are like drums—the thinner their heads, the more noise they make.

One does not look for true politeness or chivalry among fashionable people, as a rule.

It is not what a man's calling is, it is what he makes of it that counts for game.

Some place has defied heaven to be an impossible wit where old stories can be told to new hearers.

The greatest, and we might say, most disastrous extravagance comes from those in poor circumstances.

There are men who pride themselves on looking like some one else—the jackass should not feel offended.

The man who succeeds is the man who works

With muscle and nerve and wit—Who hustles and rustles and never shirks; In short, who can "git up and git."

The Knights.

The past week has been an eventful one in the history of the Order of Knights of Pythias in California. The Grand Lodge convened in Castle Hall, corner Ninth and I streets, in this city, at half past 7 o'clock on Monday evening. Mayor Comstock, in a few well-chosen words, welcomed the visitors to the hearts and homes of the people of the Capital City, and the Grand Chancellor responded in his usual happy vein in behalf of the members of the Grand Lodge. This body has been in session every day of the past week since its assemblage on Monday evening, and has transacted a large amount of business that will result in the material improvement of the organization throughout the State. A number of important legal questions have been solved, and there can be no doubt that the delegates and visitors will return to their homes with a better understanding of the principles and aims of the Order with which they are identified. Various measures have been proposed and debated in an able manner, and the discussions will prove of great benefit to all whose privilege it has been to take part in the proceedings.

The social features of the gathering are particularly worthy of mention. On Tuesday evening the Pythian Sisters gave an entertainment to which the Knights were invited. An enjoyable time was had by all who participated. The ball on Wednesday evening, under the direction of the Uniform Rank, was a most successful affair. The hall of the Assembly Chamber was filled with Knights and their ladies fair, who indulged in the pleasures of the dance until a late hour. But the crowning social event of the past week, was the banquet held in the Assembly Chamber on Thursday evening. The local committee, of which Charles J. Fredericks is Chairman, had made arrangements for seating 400, and although the bad state of the weather doubtless tended to some extent to reduce the attendance, there were several hundred members of the Grand Lodge, Past Chancellors and Knights present. A bountiful repast had been prepared to meet the wants of the inner man. Major H. Weinstock filled the position of master of ceremonies with distinguished ability. Past Grand Chancellor Katzenstein made an appropriate address of welcome, after which the first regular toast "Our Guests," was responded to by Junior Past Grand Chancellor Crowley. Supreme Representative Blackmer handled "Our Supreme Lodge" in an able manner, and delegate Schuler, of Chico, emphasized the importance of "Subordinate Lodges." "The Uniform Rank" was next toasted by Brigadier General Schaffner, and "Pythian Laws" found an able exponent in S. L. Carter, of Stockton. Other toasts were offered, and the exercises were not concluded until a late hour. Sacramento people have done all in their power to make the stay of their visitors pleasant, and we have reason to believe that the past week will ever remain a bright spot in the memories of hundreds of Pythian Knights.

He—"I am inclined to think that it is a girl, and not a man, in the moon." She—"And why?" "Because there is often a ring around it."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Bostonians, in *Robin Hood*, drew a splendid house on Tuesday night. It is a pleasure to witness and hear such an excellent company. It has the rare combination of musical and dramatic ability. The effect of a well-trained orchestra was also a marked feature of the performance. Certainly the Bostonians have no cause for complaint against Sacramento for lack of patronage or enthusiasm.

Some of the theater ushers who congregate on the back seats during the performance, would contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of the auditors who are compelled to sit near them, by refraining from loud talking and uncalled for comments on other persons in the audience. During the performance of the Bostonians, the confusion on the back seats was great. Let this be a warning for the future.

Hoyt's *Texas Steer* filled the Clunie Opera House to its capacity last night. This particular creation of Mr. Hoyt is something different from his other popular sketches. The characters of this play are real living beings whom we all at once recognize. The company is remarkably strong and under the direct supervision of Mr. Hoyt. It is not necessary to dwell upon the play, as it is now as familiar as household words. *A Texas Steer* to-night.

The ever popular McNeill Club will give *H. M. S. Pinafore* on next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, at the Metropolitan Theater. This is one of the most celebrated light operas ever written, and has the faculty of never becoming tiresome. There will be no professionals in the cast. The cast will be: "Josephine," Miss Irma Fitch; "Buttercup," Miss Hannah Shields; "Hebe," Miss May Cassidy; "Ralph Rackstraw," Richard Cohn; "Captain," Harry Blair; "Admiral," W. E. Lovdal; "Dick Deadeye," Horace Crocker; "Boatswain," C. M. Phinney; "Boatswain's Mate," H. Phillips. The chorus will be larger than heretofore, but it will be a difficult matter to make it better or stronger. The club chorus is excellent and would do credit to first-class opera. There is little doubt of full houses during the production of *Pinafore*. Albert Hart is the general stage manager, than whom no better lives. W. H. Kinross is musical director. Box office at C. S. Houghton's.

The First of Its Species.

The following is the first claim ever audited against the State of California. We present it as a curiosity.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
To I. S. BRADFORD, DR.

For services as Member of Assembly from District of Sonoma from the 15 day of Dec. 1849 to the 14 day of Feb. 1850 both inclusive—62 days at 16¢ pr day ----- \$992.00
Travelling allowance from Benicia my Place of residence, to San Jose and back 190 miles—@ 16¢ for every 20 miles ----- \$160.00
\$1,152.00

I [torn] that the above account is correct.

JOHN BIGLER,
Speaker House of Assembly.

I certify that the above account is just and true and has been audited by the Comptroller Feb 20 1850. I. S. BRADFORD.

No. 1. STATE TO HON. I. S. BRADFORD, Member of Assembly from Sonoma District. Act. \$1152.00, from Dec 15 1849 to Feb 14 1850 both inclusive.

It is curious to note what vulgarisms creep into the American language, even the language spoken by well educated, not to say cultured people. Just at present the ear is harrowed by a phrase, or rather a word, much used by our belles who assist afternoon hostesses at that function called a "tea." "My dear," says one girl to another, "I'm invited to pour for Mrs. Commonwealth next Wednesday." "Oh, are you? Well, she asked me to turn, but I had another engagement." Heavens and earth, I thought, what is the meaning of "pour and 'turn'?" It was some time before the verbs and their implied noun made a connection in my brain, and then the desire to stand these young women in a corner was so intense I retired to avoid a demonstration. The century has indeed grown old and lazy where the tongue finds so small a word as "tea" difficult of utterance. To pour tea is about as simple a phrase as can be spoken, and to drop the final word tea is to render it intolerably vulgar. The custom at large afternoon receptions here of having two good-looking girls perform this service, generally imposed on servants in well-appointed houses in London, is thoroughly American, and so, too, is the abominable fault which has grown out of it.

"What! you say that Mr. Smith, the merchant, has gone blind! Here's a pretty how d'ye do. I've got a bill on the man which is made out 'payable at sight!'"

Michael Angelo's "David."

When Michael Angelo was a little over 25 years of age it appears that there was an immense block of marble in the yard of the workshops of the Florence cathedral, which had lain there for years. Several sculptors had talked of making something from it and Michael Angelo was asked by the consuls to make something good of it. He abandoned an undertaking of another kind and contracted to make a statue in two years. He was to be paid six gold florins a month and as much more as would be agreed upon when the work was done. He first made a model in wax of his "David." It was very small and is now in the Uffizi. In the beginning of 1504, after about two and one-half years had been spent upon it, the work was done and a discussion then arose as to where it should be placed. It was decided to put it where Michael Angelo himself wished it to be, next the gate of the palace, where the "Judith" of Donatello then stood. The statue weighed 18,000 pounds and its removal was a work of great importance. Grimm says: "The erection of this David was like an occurrence in nature, from which people are accustomed to reckon. We find events dated so many years after the erection of the giant. It was mentioned in records in which there was not a line respecting art." In 1527 the statue was injured by a stone thrown in a riot. At length it began to show the effects of time and weather and the people of Florence talked of removing it for better preservation. There was much feeling against this; the Florentines feared that misfortune would fall upon them if this great work were disturbed, but at last, in 1873, it was placed in the academy of fine arts. It represents the youthful David at the moment when he declares to Goliath, "I come unto thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts." The beautiful figure is muscular and pliant, and the face is full of courage.

The Name "Long Island."

Owing to its shape the Dutch gave what we now call Long Island, the name Lange Eylant. During Governor Fletcher's administration the act of general assembly of New York, 1693, the name of Nassau was decreed (a Dutch compliment to Prince Maurice of Nassau). It was not favorably received by the settlers, and by common consent they used Long Island. The act of 1693 has never been repealed. The Indian names for the island were Metekock (periwinkle), they using the small shell of which they made wampum. They also used the names Paumacke, Matanwacke, Mertowax and Seawanhacke, this latter Seawanor, Seawant, the coin manufactured by the aborigines from the shell of the quahaug (clam), the land being the great mine of the nation, the island of shells.

Negro Philosophy.

Dah ain' no use of argyn' wif er man dat talks loud.

De pig dat does de mos' squealin' and makes de mos' fus es likes not ter tu'n out de pohres' polik.

Some folks are de same kind of fools dat er robin would be ef he tried to weah a peacock's tail.

One ob de great misfortunes in de 'range-ment ob t'ings am dat er man doan hab ter be smaht ter be hones'.

Er rich man is lucky ef he doan hab ter do moah takin' cahr ob 'is money dan 'is money does takin' cahr ob him.

When er man axes yoh 'pinions 'bout politics or religion, git 'im ter tell yoh 'is fust.

Mayor Mathews, of Boston, says that in fifty years the majority of the people of New England will be of Irish and French descent. The remark is perhaps a little chestnutty, but is interesting, nevertheless. The Boston *Transcript* thinks, however, that the original Yankee will always maintain their ascendancy in New England. It says: "The fact that they are of the same religious communion will tend in time to fuse the Irish, French and Italian inhabitants of New England into one compact class, while the separate faith of the Yankees will help to keep their blood pure. If Mayor Mathews is right, Savage's Genealogical Dictionary, with its faithful account of all the people who came before 1692, will yet be the 'Domesday' book of an American aristocracy. Where is the calamity about being elevated into a sort of Norman upper class?" All of which is frank, even if a little egotistical.

Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habits sometimes help us over hard places. A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things. A lady and gentleman were in a lumber yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river. The lady said: "How good the pine boards smell!" "Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river!" "No, thank you," the lady replied, "I prefer to smell the pine boards." And she was right. If she or we can carry this principle through our entire living, we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice and cheerful face. There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give it, nor can poverty take it away.

An Extensive Salt Mine.

The most extensive and celebrated salt mine in the world is at Wieliczka, nine miles from Cracow, in Galicia, a province of Austria-Hungary. It has been worked continuously for 600 years. The mass of salt is calculated to be 500 miles long, 20 miles broad and 1,200 feet thick. It is on the northwest side of a ridge of hills, an offset of the Carpathians. The mine is divided into four levels, and is 284 yards deep and 1 mile 1,279 yards long by 830 yards wide. It is stated that the collective length of the galleries and chambers is not less than 30 English miles, and the total yield 55,000 tons annually. The lower levels contain streets and houses and constitute a complete village. Travelers have given glowing descriptions of the crystal vaults, sparkling aisles and fairy like chambers of this mine. One is called the chapel of St. Anthony and has an altar, crucifix of saints large as life, all of pure salt? Another apartment is called Francis Joseph's ballroom and has been used for dancing. It is lighted by six large chandeliers which resemble cut glass, but are in reality of pure crystalline rock salt. Statues of Vulcan and Neptune, sculptured from salt, also adorn the ballroom, which, when well illuminated, exhibits a marvellous splendor.

First Oil Well in America.

For many years previous to 1853 oil had been observed floating on the surface of the water in a well near Titusville, Pa. Some persons were at the trouble to gather some of it, and it was used for medicinal purposes. It was thought to be merely temporary, but it continued and pressed its presence upon the attention of certain persons who presumed they saw some possibilities of a commercial character in it. In the year 1853 Dr. Brewer suggested its use for lighting and lubricating, and in 1854 the first of the oil companies was formed, but the ensuing panic began to develop, and amid the dull times the operations of the concern did not experience immediate prosperity. However, Messrs. Drake and Bowditch concluded that they would sink a well, and they were at once satisfied by seeing from 400 to 1,000 gallons of oil a day being the product. In 1861 the first large flowing well was struck, and the oil came up so abundantly as to flow over the surface, yielding from 800 to 1,000 barrels daily.

Many persons who extend their mental work well into the night or during the evening, follow attentively the programme of a theater or concert, are awakened in the morning or in the night with a headache. A Swiss doctor points out that this headache affects many persons who are quite well otherwise, and is due in part to the previous excessive work of the brain, whereby an abnormal flow of blood to that organ is caused; in part to other causes, for example, too great heat of rooms, contamination of the air with carbonic acid, exhalations from human bodies and tobacco smoke. For a long time the doctor was a sufferer from headache of this kind, but of late years has wholly protected himself by simple means. When he is obliged to continue his brain work into the evening or to remain late in rooms not well ventilated, instead of going directly to bed he takes a brisk walk for half an hour or an hour. While taking this exercise he stops now and then and practices lung gymnastics by breathing in and out deeply a few times. When he then goes to bed he sleeps soundly. Notwithstanding the shortness of the hours of sleep he awakens with no trace of headache.

"If housekeepers would take a hint from hotels," says a hotel man, "they would have less trouble with servants. Hotel men have no trouble in getting all the help they want, though they offer only moderate wages. The difference is not so much in the work as in the hours. In a private house the girl's labors are from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, and more, too. And if she does happen to get through her work and ventures to sit down, her mistress is apt to object. In a hotel a girl has certain well-defined duties to perform and after they are performed, as a rule, her time is her own. If some such arrangement could be recognized in private houses the servant problem would be much simplified."

The steamship *Great Eastern* was the largest steamship built, being 692 feet long on deck, 680 feet from stem to sternpost, 83 feet broad and 58 feet deep. The *City of Paris* is 580 feet over all, 63 1/4 feet extreme breadth and 59 1/4 feet from upper deck cabins to keel. The *Teutonic* and *Majestic* are 582 feet long, 57 1/2 feet broad and 39 1/3 feet deep. The *Teutonic* and *Majestic* are therefore the largest steamships afloat.

At a dance a bright young man and a just bright enough young woman stood up to begin the military schottische. "How shall we dance this, as the servants do or like the gentry?" he asked facetiously. "Whichever way you are accustomed to," replied his partner. "They did not 'drop arms.'"

The Lady of the East.

Who art thou, Lady of the East,
Whose day of eyes and night of hair
The daughter of a king, at least,
Proclaim, so brightly, darkly fair?
Thy life is a perpetual feast,
With but a single shadow there.

What is it, Lady? Some sweet thing
Which once was thine, but now is fled?
Thy lute has lost its golden string?
Thy rose its freshest odor shed?
The bird thou lovest has taken wing,
And to another sings instead?

What is it, Princess, that hath cast
This sudden sadness on thy brow?
The shadow of what loving past?
The memory of what broken vow?
Girlhood hath gone from thee at last,
And thou art perfect woman now.

I see thee as thou standest there
With those mysterious eyes of thine,
And all that midnight length of hair,
Like Dis' pall on Proserpine;
I only know that thou art fair,
I only wish that thou wert mine.

What earth's first women were thou art,
Glorious and gracious to behold,
With greater steadfastness of heart,
Though cast in less heroic mold,
And yet with tears that sooner start,
And smiles that were not known of old.

Thou hast no need to wear a crown,
So royal in thyself art thou;
And whether fortune smile or frown,
Thou hath the same unruffled brow;
Content if only men bow down
And worship thee—as I do now.

I love thee, and will be to thee
All that all men have been, and more;
Love me, and thou shalt be to me
What never woman was before:
Be thou the shore, and I the sea,
And let the great Sea kiss the shore.

—Richard Henry Stoddard.

Floral Offerings in Theaters.

"I never have stayed a night in Philadelphia before," said a Broadway florist, "and I don't know why I did last week, except to oblige a friend in my own business, whom I had gone over to see. He was anxious to keep me and take me to the theater. He was particularly anxious about the theater. We went to a variety show—not my choice—a little girl did a skirt dance, and a big basket of flowers was handed up to her, and right then my friend jumped up and was ready to go. I was ready, too, and my friend, Githerns is his name, proposed the Walnut-street Theater next. He said there was a good melodrama on at the Walnut, with a strong scene in the first act. I didn't care; anything was better than skirt dancing.

"At the Walnut-street Theater I just had time to get interested in the hero, a young Swede, who seemed to be tearing up Minnesota by the roots, for which they handed him a basket of roses over the footlights, when Githerns was up again. I wanted to stay, but he was so particular about my having a look at Crane in 'The Senator,' at the Chestnut-street Opera House, that I picked up my hat. By the way, I began to notice that Githerns was pretty solid at the doors.

"Know that little girl who acts Kitty for Crane? She has a love scene in the second act, and she got a basket of flowers for it. Somehow that basket of flowers looked familiar to me. I wasn't altogether unprepared to see Githerns quietly reach for his overcoat as soon as he had seen the roses safely passed in behind the flies, and step out into the aisle, motioning for me to follow. When we got outside he said: 'Come out strong, didn't it? Good effect—good effect.'

"Said I: 'Githerns, have you got a monopoly here? It looks to me that way.'
"I supply the best theaters in Philadelphia," said he. "Not another man in this city can give a theater basket the professional touch that I can, and they know it. That's why I get the trade."

"The Chestnut-street Theater was next on our list, and after that came the Park, which we reached at the end of the second act—the flowers were on for the recall. Then we enjoyed the mad delight of a dash in a Philadelphia omnibus for the Broad-street Theater. Githerns enjoyed it, anyhow, and kept telling me the third act of 'Cleopatra,' with Fanny Davenport in the title role, offered the florist a better opportunity for a climax than any other production ever known on the American stage. 'You'll see,' he said. 'You watch for yourself and decide whether the public doesn't appreciate the situation.'

"He was a happy man when Fanny raised herself on her dying elbow to guide her American beauties tenderly across the footlights. I'll be hanged if I don't think he was crying. Anyway, when we got to the Bellevue for supper, he said: 'That Anthony was a danged fool, according to my ideas.'

"Much difference it makes to you," said I. "You're all right. Marc Anthony might go on water gruel diet in the violent ward for all I cared if I had your contract. I must have seen half a dozen of these big baskets of yours handed in to-night; and you and I know what the profit is."

"Half a dozen?" said he, looking puzzled. "Why, did you think—?"
"A light seemed to hit me in the black of the eye. 'Githerns,' said I, 'is it possible that the one basket of flowers supplies all the theaters in Philadelphia?'"
"Certainly," said he; "you see for yourself how easy it is—in spite of our distances."
"I tell you, Philadelphia is a funny place."
—N. Y. Sun.

Gambrinus.

According to one fable, Gambrinus was a poor fiddler who sold his soul to the devil on the promise of unlimited wealth. Satan taught him to make chiming bells and lager beer. The emperor of Rome, on the first trial of the beverage, made its inventor duke of Brabant and count of Flanders. According to contract, Gambrinus was to enjoy his great wealth for thirty years. At the end of that time Satan sent a messenger for him, but he made the messenger drunk and so escaped and lived on comfortably for a couple of centuries more. The Gambrinus of German folk lore flourished at some remote period and was the first to brew beer. A tradition of medieval times made him one of the very ancient German kings—the seventh in descent from Noah—who flourished about 1730 B. C. Gambrinus, as inventor of beer, also figures in the legends of Denmark. Jean Primus (John the First), duke of Brabant, who was born in 1251 and died in 1294, was a generous patron of the arts, and was made an honorary member of the guild of brewers in Brussels. In their place of meeting they had his portrait suspended, showing him in his official robes, bearing a tankard of beer in his hand. In course of time the memory of the liberal duke perished, and late generations regard his portrait to represent a mythical inventor of beer, and the name Gambrinus is probably a corruption of the name of the duke, Jean Primus.

All men are asses, true enough:
We run from small to smaller.
Some strut and try the rest to bluff—
The shorter hate the taller.

The rich, with contumelious mien,
Are fawned on by the ladies,
While we poor devils turn pea-green,
And wish the knaves in hades.

The greatest man that ever lived
And mauled o'er his toddy,
Was no whit better when he died
Than if he'd been—nobody.

BELL & Co., Auctioneers.

REGULAR SALES DAYS, WEDNESDAY AND Saturday at 10 o'clock.

Highest Price Paid for all Kinds of Household Goods.

Consignments solicited. Particular attention paid to sales of Real Estate, House Sales and Sales of Farms, Stock, etc.

SALESROOM:

1009 and 1011 J st. } Between Tenth and Eleventh
SACRAMENTO - - - - - CAL.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors.

Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

Capital Hotel,

Southwest Corner Seventh and K Streets, Sacramento.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

Free bus to and from all trains. Best Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers of any house in the city.
B. B. BROWN,
Formerly of the State House Hotel, Proprietor.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On Europeau Plau.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

H. C. MUDDOX.

F. A. FEE.

MUDDOX & FEE,

No. 606 I Street, Sacramento.

REAL ESTATE,

Mortgage Loans, Insurance,

Collections and Conveyancing.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J Street, Sacramento.

OSBORN & FOLGER

FUEL DEPOT,

806 I Street.

ICE, HAY, GRAIN and STORAGE

501 I Street. Telephone 69.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL

HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.

R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a thorough education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S St. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars.

ROBERT ALLEN,
Formerly of Agricultural Park.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers

and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware.

SACRAMENTO.

American Steam Laundry

NINETEENTH AND I STS.—WHITE LABOR only. Linen polished in the neatest manner. We guarantee satisfaction. All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Washing called for and delivered to any part of the city. Main Office at Sawtelle's Book Store, 708 and 710 J street. Branch offices at all the Hotels.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-

ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTTENBERGER, Proprietor.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES

CALL AT THE

Sacramento Stove House,

813 and 815 J STREET,

—And You Will Save Money.—

H. K. WALLACE & CO.

DR. H. H. PIERSON,

DENTIST.

511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

C. E. BAINBRIDGE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to 9:30 P. M.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

MARTIN DEVINE,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office at Court House.

EINTRACHT * SALOON,

HART & STEWART, Proprietors.

724 K Street, bet. Seventh and Eighth,

SACRAMENTO.

FINEST BRANDS OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO.

MARTHA PHILLIPS.

She was dead. Old woman with silvery hair, a sad, quiet face; a patient mouth with lines that told of sorrow borne with gentle firmness; and two withered, tired hands crossed. That was all.

Fifty years she had lived under that roof, a farmer's wife. On her coffin you will see "Aged 70," and she was only 20 when John Phillips brought her home a bride. A half century she had kept her careful watch over her dairy and larder, had made butter and cheese and looked after the innumerable duties that fall to the share of a farmer's wife. But underneath her quiet exterior there was a story that John never dreamed of. She did not marry for love. When she was 19, a rosy, happy girl, a stranger came on a visit to their village and that summer was the brightest she ever knew. Paul Gardner was the stranger's name; he was an artist and fell in love with the simple village girl and won her heart; and when he went away in the autumn they were betrothed.

"I come again in the spring," he said. "Trust me and wait for me, Mattie, dear."

She promised to love and wait for him till the end of time if need be, and with a kiss on her quivering lips he went away.

Springtime came, and true to his word Paul returned; he staid only a day or two this time.

"I am going away in a few weeks to Italy to study," he said.

He put a tiny ring upon her finger, cut a little curly tress from her brown hair, and telling her always to be true, he went away. The months went by, and Mattie was trying to make the time seem short by studying to improve herself so that she might be worthy of her lover when he should come back to make her his wife. One day she glanced over a newspaper; her eyes were attracted by his name, and with white lips and dilated eyes, she read of his marriage to another.

An hour afterward as she sat in the twilight, she heard a step on the gravel walk and looking up saw John Phillips coming up the steps. He had been to see her often before but had never yet spoken of love, and received no encouragement to do so. Now he seemed to have come for the express purpose of asking her to be his wife; he took a chair beside her and after the usual greeting, reserving scarcely a moment to take breath in, began in his business-like way. There was no confession of love, no pleading, no hand-clasping, no tender glances; he simply wanted her; would she be his wife? Her lips moved to tell him she did not love him; but as she let fall her eyes from the crimson-hearted rose that swung from the vine over the window she caught sight of those few lines again. The decision was made. Her cheeks were ashy pale as she looked up into his eyes and answered, quietly: "Yes, I will be your wife." Her parents were pleased that she was chosen by so well-to-do a young man; so it was settled and they were married during the summer. People thought that she sobered down wonderfully; more than that, nothing was said that would lead any one to suppose that any change had taken place.

Two years went by. A baby slept in the cradle, and Martha—no one called her Mattie but Paul—sat rocking with her foot as she knitted a blue woolen stocking for the baby's father. There was a knock at the half-open door.

"Will you be kind enough to direct me the nearest way to the village?" said a voice, and a stranger stepped in. She rose to give him the required direction when he came quickly forward.

"Paul!"

"Mattie!"

His face lighted up and he reached out his arms. With a surprised, painful look, she drew back. "Mr. Gardner, this is a most unexpected meeting."

"Mr. Gardner!" he repeated; "Mattie, what do you mean?"

"Don't call me Mattie, if you please," she replied, with dignity. "My name is Phillips."

"Phillips!" he echoed. "Are you married?"

"These are strange words from you, Paul Gardner; did you think I was waiting all this time for another woman's husband—that I was keeping my faith with one who played false so soon?"

"Played you false! I am come as I promised you. The two years are but just passed and I am here to claim you. Why do you greet me thus? Are you indeed married, Mattie Gray?" She was trembling like an aspen leaf. For an answer she pointed to the cradle. He came and stood before her with white face and folded arms. "Tell me why you did this! Didn't you love me well enough to wait for me?"

She went and unlocked a drawer and took out a newspaper. Unfolding it and finding the place, she pointed to it with her finger and he read the marriage notice. "What of this?" he asked, as he met her reproachful look. "Oh, Mattie, you thought it was me. It is my cousin. I am not married nor in love with anyone but you."

"Are you telling the truth?" she asked, in an eager, husky whisper. And then, as he replied "It is true," she gave a low groan and sank down into a chair.

"Oh, Paul, forgive me! I didn't know you had a cousin by the same name. I ought not to have doubted you, but 'twas there in black and white—and this man, my husband, came, and I married him." With bitter tears, she told how all happened. With clenched hands he walked to and fro, then stopped beside the cradle and bent over the sleeping child. Then he turned, and kneeling before her, said in a low voice: "I forgive you, Mattie; be as happy as you can." He took both her hands in his and looked steadily, lovingly into her face. His lips twitched convulsively. "I have no right here—you are another man's wife. Good-bye. God bless you."

Seventy years old! Her stalwart sons and bright-eyed daughters remember her as a loving, devoted mother, her gray-haired husband as a most faithful wife.

"Never was woman more patient and kind, and as good a housewife as ever was," he said, as he brushed the back of his old brown hand across his eyes while looking down on the peaceful face.

And not one of them ever knew of the weary heart and broken hope that had died in her breast, nor even dreamed of the sad load she had borne through life.

In a town up North an ex-judge is cashier of a bank. One day recently he refused to cash a check offered by a stranger.

"The check is all right," he said, "but the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient."

"I've known you to hang a man on less evidence, judge," was the stranger's response.

"Quite likely," replied the ex-judge, "but when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be careful."—Globe-Democrat.



Copyright, 1889.

JEWELS AND LACES.

"Oh, girl with the jewelled fingers,
Oh, girl with the laces rare!"

What are your jewels and what are your laces worth to you if, from undergoing the trying ordeals which fashionable society imposes on its devotees, enough to test the physical strength and endurance of the most robust, you break down, lose your health and become a physical wreck, as thousands do from such causes?

Under such circumstances you would willingly give all your jewels and all your laces to regain lost health. This you can do if you will but resort to the use of that great restorative known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Thousands of grateful women bless the day it was made known to them.

For all derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to women, it is the only remedy, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

An invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists. 25 cents a vial.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE,

228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD,
C. A. VIEMEISTER.

EL DORADO SALOON,

O. F. BERGMAN, Proprietor,
826 J Street, - - - - Sacramento.

The most popular resort in the city.

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

City Taxes--1891.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Assessment Roll of the taxable property of the City of Sacramento (real and personal) for the fiscal year of 1891 has this day been received; that the city taxes for said fiscal year and the Special Tax for the Police Fund are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, Room No. 4, Water Works Building. Said taxes will be delinquent after the

Second Monday in May, 1891,

And unless paid prior thereto, five per cent will be added. Taxes payable in gold coin.

GEO. A. PUTNAM,
City Tax Collector.

Sacramento, April 6, 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of William Enright, an insolvent debtor.—William Enright having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said William Enright is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said William Enright, insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him, or to any person, firm, corporation or association for his use; and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, in the County of Sacramento, on the 8th day of May 1891, at 1:30 o'clock, P. M. of that day, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered, that the order be published in the Times, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published, before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And it is further ordered, that, in the meantime, all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated April 6th, 1891. W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
H. L. BUCKLEY, Attorney for Petitioner. ap11-4t

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO.—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Helen A. Grant, Allen D. Grant, Edward N. Grant, Catherine Matzen, Mary M. Miller, John Doe, and Richard Roe, greeting.

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State of California, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 25th day of January, 1891, in which action EDWARD DIETERLE is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: The said action is brought for the purpose of quieting the title to that certain piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and described according to the plan of said city, as the south twenty (20) feet of the west sixty-eight (68) feet of lot number one, in the block bounded by J and K, and 5th and 6th streets; for the purpose, also, of determining all adverse claims of the said defendants to said property; and for a decree of said Court, declaring and adjudging that the title of plaintiff to said premises is good and valid, and that neither the said defendants have, nor any of them has, any estate or interest in the same; and forever enjoining and debarring the said defendants, and each of them, from asserting any claim to said land adverse to plaintiff, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 20th day of February, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk. ap4-9t
A. L. HART, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Grahler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

A. L. HART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON,
HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,
LAWYERS,
504 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
607 J Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS,
Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER,
Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, LAWYER,
920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Ich Bin Dein.

The *Journal of Education* commends this ingenious poem, written in five languages—English, French, German, Greek and Latin—as one of the best specimens of Macaronic verse in existence, and worthy of preservation by all collectors:

In tempus old a hero lived,
Qui loved puellas deus;
He no pouvait pas quite to say
Which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui meme un beau matin,
"Non po sumt both avoir,
Sed si address Amanda Ann,
Then Kate and I have war.

Auanda habet argent coin,
Sed Kate has aureas curls;
Et both sunt very agathae
Et quite formosae girls."

Enfin the youthful anthropos,
Philoun the duo maids,
Resolved proponere ad Kate
Devant eet evening's shades.

Proceedens then to Kate's domo,
Il trouve Amanda there,
Kai quite forgot his late resolves,
Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed smiling on the new tapis,
Between puellas twain,
Coeptit to tell his love a Kate
Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever et anon
At fair Amanda's eyes,
Illae non possunt dicere
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi-vow,
With cheeks as rouge as wine,
And off ring each a milk-white hand,
Both whispered, "Ich bin dein."

Reasons for the Secret Jackets Worn by the British Regiments.

When in 1851 the Duke of Wellington asked Lord Stanhope, then war minister, as to when the English army first wore red, he was told that the custom dated from the time of Charles II. The duke thought it was earlier, and Lord Macaulay said he was right and that the commonwealth army wore red. It will be of interest, perhaps, to see when this color was first adopted by the British army.

As early as the campaign in Spain in 1367, in support of Peter the Cruel, and also in the following reign of Richard II, the English soldier appears to have been in white with a red cross of St. George on his breast and back. In 1461 there is evidence of red being adopted for a small number of men at least, when a contingent for the army of the King-Maker (the Earl of Warwick) was sent from Rye dressed in red coats. In 1740 a detachment of fifteen men sent from Canterbury for the Calais garrison, and others for London, were supplied with red "jackettis" of cloth at three shillings a yard, and having on them "roses of white karsay" as badges.

Henry VII in 1485 instituted the yeomen of the guard, and they were the nucleus of the present standing army of England. Their dress, as it still continues, was red. In Elizabeth's reign the army wore a variety of colors, but a change occurred in 1584, when some of the troops for Ireland wore coats of motley and others of "sadd greene or russet." The cavalry at this time wore red cloaks and breeches, and infantry who went to the low countries wore red coats. An incident at the siege of Rouen, in 1591, showed that red was looked upon as the English color; for in mentioning the death of one of the earls of Essex's captains, it is remarked that the Frenchman who shot him got near enough to do so by putting on the red coat of a dead English soldier. In 1643 the king's life guards, as also the queen's and Prince Rupert's, wore red coats. Monk's regiment (now Coldstream guards) was the first to wear red coats with green facings in 1650.

At the restoration red became the national color of the British army, and except in the case of the Irish brigade, the Swiss guards and perhaps a few other instances, red has been the distinguishing color of the English forces.

In Thessaly and Macedonia it is customary in times of prolonged drought to send a procession of children around to all the wells and springs in their neighborhood. At their head walks a girl adorned with flowers, whom they drench with water at each halting-place while singing this invocation:

Perperia, all fresh bedewed,
Freshen all this neighborhood;
By the woods, on the highway,
As thou goest to God now pray:
O, my God, upon the plain,
Send Thon us a still, small rain;
That the fields may fruitful be,
That vines in blossoms we may see.

Two Views of Sarah.

Call Boy (hurriedly, at performance of *Cleopatra*)—The dyin' scene is on. Where's Sarah Bernhardt's asp?
Property Man—In there on the stage.
Call Boy—That ain't the asp. That's Sarah.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

H. WACHHORST Leading Jeweler of Sacramento

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,
No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.



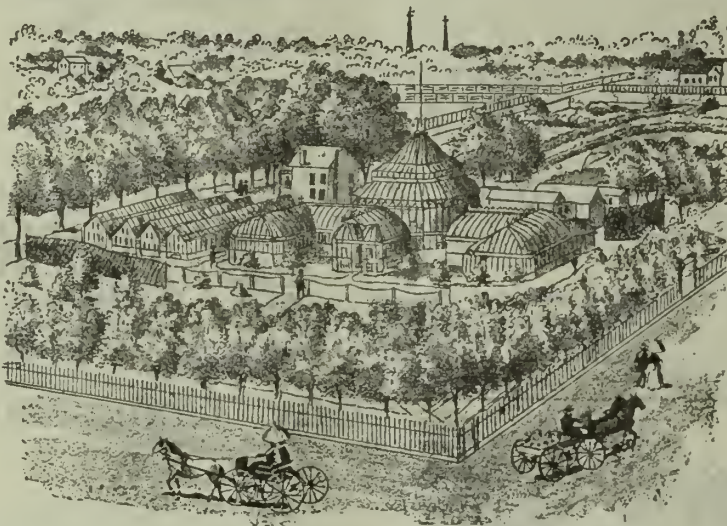
303 J STREET,

Near the Northeast Corner of Third,
SACRAMENTO.

M. J. DILLMAN.

EUGENE GEISSETER.

THE BELL CONSERVATORY CO.
Nurserymen & Florists.



W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK.

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA
Studio, 521 J Street.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,
Book and Job Printers,
410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.



B. JOHNSON.

CHAS. ROOD.

State House Hotel,
ROOD & JOHNSON, Proprietors.
Corner Tenth and K Sts., - Sacramento.

The best second-class hotel on the coast, outside of San Francisco.
Excellent family accommodations.
Reading room attached.

Klune & Floberg,
WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS
Agents for Rockford Watch Co.
No. 428 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

January 19, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

LV.	Trains Run Daily.	ARR.
6:15 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8:40 P
12:50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	5:55 A
4:30 P	Denning, El Paso and East	7:00 P
7:30 P	Knight's Landing	7:10 A
10:50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9:35 A
12:05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2:25 A
11:00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8:15 A
3:00 P	Ogden and East	10:30 A
3:00 P	Oroville	10:30 A
10:40 A	Red Bluff via Marysville	4:00 P
2:25 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A
6:15 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12:35 A
8:40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10:40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8:40 P
10:00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	3:00 A
10:50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2:50 P
10:50 A	San Jose	2:50 P
4:30 P	Santa Barbara	9:35 A
6:15 A	Santa Rosa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	8:40 P
8:50 A	Stockton and Galt	7:00 P
4:30 P	Stockton and Galt	9:35 A
12:05 P	Truckee and Reno	2:25 A
11:00 P	Truckee and Reno	8:15 A
12:05 P	Colfax	8:15 A
6:15 A	Vallejo	11:40 A
3:05 P	Vallejo	8:40 P
6:35 A	Folsom and Placerville	2:40 P
3:10 P	Folsom and Placerville	11:35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities
of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.

Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS'
SAVINGS BANK,

S. W. Corner Fourth and J Streets, Sacramento, Cal.
GUARANTEED CAPITAL, \$500,000.

Loans made on Real Estate, Interest paid semi-annually on Term and Ordinary Deposits.

PRESIDENT.....B. U. STEINMAN
VICE-PRESIDENT.....EDWIN K. ALSIP
CASHIER.....D. D. WHITBECK
SECRETARY.....C. H. CUMMINGS
SURVEYOR.....JAS. M. STEVENSON

DIRECTORS:

B. U. Steinman, Edwin K. Alsip, C. H. Cummings,
W. E. Terry, Sol. Runyon, Jas. McNasser,
Jas. M. Stevenson.

Huntington
Hopkins

Company,

HARDWARE

Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE LEMMS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1891.

No. 10.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

The way to a man's heart is through the medium of a good dinner. Diplomatic wives solved that problem many years ago. When she wishes to accomplish some object otherwise unattainable, her recourse is a little home dinner, which never fails to bring forth the desired results. A New York *World* editor is evidently educated upon the subject of good dinners, and is a man after our own heart. He is an advocate of the little home dinner. The "little home dinner" is of the genuine æsthetic character, and is the center of home life, the event of the day when the household is gathered together to enjoy it. A friend or two added to the family circle gives zest to the meal as well as the conversation, which in turn aids digestion as the spice in the food. Our "little home dinner" must not be a sham of dishes and plate. The dishes should be few in number, savory, well cooked and daintily served, selected in accordance with the appetites and desires of the household, and placed upon the table. This notion of serving which attains to "big dinners" is not in accord with our idea of the home dinner. We want no carving done on some side table in the kitchen. We want to do our own carving at the table and the heads of most families of the old school pride themselves on their dextrous carving. This thing of serving by courses, as they are called, is out of place at the home dinner. There must be no rush or hurry at the home dinner, even though the main dinner is *all on the table at once*. When we sit down to such a dinner there are no unfortunate waits, or speculations as to what will come next. The elegant and daintily cooked viands are before us to whet the appetite. Indeed, such a dinner has no suggestions of an end. We eat and enjoy it. When the main dinner is disposed of, our dessert and coffee come seasoned with conversation. Nor does the "little home dinner" end with this. Cigars and an opportunity for general talk, with liberty to move about without quitting the table. Is there an intellectual man in the country who would not prefer such a dinner to the grand parade of unpronounceable dishes that come by sections at the so-called great dinner? At a large gathering of people, the regulation banquet process is perhaps necessary. At such dinners we may enjoy the wit and wine after a fashion, but for real wholesome enjoyment of dinner, we prefer, infinitely prefer, our "little home dinner." We may be a little egotistic, perhaps old fashioned, but the "little home dinner" that our wife can cook and serve does the business for us.

President Harrison's trip through the South and West must have proved a source of genuine gratification to that gentleman, as he has everywhere been received in a manner becoming American citizenship. The receptions tendered him have all been marked with dignity and a strong desire upon the part of the people to show the great love and admiration entertained by them for the exalted position occupied by Mr. Harrison. During the President's sojourn on this coast we do not at all deem it presumptuous to remind him that it is not in the larger cities he will find the pure and fervid love of patriotism which abounds in the towns and villages of our country. And since the President has come among us, we believe it to be his duty to shorten his

stay in San Francisco and pay a visit—no matter how brief—to every town in California. In the "city by the sea," it would seem as if the strict rules of "society" were to govern the President in all his movements. The Government of the United States was not founded upon, nor is it to be perpetuated by the wealth and dress of her people. The millions of freemen who have woven her laurels of fame, and who have and are making her history have not done the work with hands encased in kid, nor backs covered with the regulation claw-hammer.

During his stay with us, President Harrison has it in his power, and it is his duty, to visit the workshops and factories of every town in California. He is no greater in the discharge of his official duties than is the skilled artisan at his work-bench. The same goal is to be reached by both—success in the object sought to be accomplished. San Francisco can offer more social inducements, perhaps, but it will most certainly be exclusive in character. The "400" can don their kids and claw-hammers and entertain the President with ball and rout, with sail and drive, with receptions and teas, with banquets and visits, in a manner to consume about all the time which should be given to the people; and all this while the crowds of freemen come together in the jostle and crush on the sidewalks and "hip, hip, hurrah!" as the procession moves along. We do not wish to be understood as insinuating that President Harrison will be governed by these rules of "society", as we have too high a regard for him as a man and as a citizen, and we believe that he will endeavor to leave a pleasing recollection of his visit to the coast in the minds of all whom he may meet, and, upon his departure, carry with him the good-will of our whole people.

Political parties and prominent public men have received peculiar designations, in some instances designed for ridicule, and in others for exaltation. In the colonial days there were two parties, Whig and Tory. The term Whig is from *Whiggam-more*, a corruption of *Ugham-more* (pack-saddle thieves), from the Celtic *ugham* (a pack saddle). The Scotch freebooters were called pack-saddle thieves, from the pack saddles which they used to employ for the stowage of plunder. The Marquis of Argyle collected a band of these vagabonds and instigated them to aid him in opposing certain governmental measures in the reign of James I, and in the reign of Charles II, all who opposed government were called "Argyle Whiggamors," contracted into Whigs. Precisely how the name attached to an American political party it is difficult to understand, but it was unquestionably an importation from England. The Whig party maintained its existence in the United States until 1852, and General Scott was its last Presidential nominee. In the colonial days the Whigs favored immediate and absolute separation of the American colonies from Great Britain, while the Tories advocated an adherence to the Crown. The word Tory, says Defoe, is the Irish *toruigh*, used in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to signify a band of Irish robbers. It is formed from the verb *toruighim* (to make sudden raids). Golius says: "Whatever inhabits mountains and forests is a Tory." Lord Macauley says: "The name was first given to those who refused to concur in excluding James from the throne." He further says: "The bogs of Ireland afforded a refuge to popish outlaws, called Tories." Tory hunting was a pastime, which has even found place in our nursery rhymes—"I went to the wood and I killed a Tory." Crossley gives as a derivation,

Taobh-righ (Celtic), "King's party." *Notes and Queries* gives it as *Tuath-righ*, "Partizans of the King." Other authorities give *Tar-a-ri*, "Come, O King;" and *Toree!* the highwayman's demand "Give!" (your money or your life).

In 1787, the Federal party sprang into existence. It was an offshoot of the Whig party, and its primary object was to secure the adoption of the Constitution. The party was opposed by the Particularist Whigs and anti-Federal parties, who opposed the general Constitution and declared in favor of local self government in the States. The Federal party went out of existence in 1816, when Rufus King was supported by it for President. In 1793, the anti-Federalists consolidated, and were at first disposed to call their organization the Democratic-Republicans, but finally called it the Republican party, to avoid the opposite of the extreme which they had charged against the Federalists. Each party had its taunts to use, the Federalists being denounced as monarchists, and their opponents as democrats; the one presumed to be looking forward to monarchy, and the other to the rule of the mob. Jefferson was the real founder of this Republican party; it practically was the inception of the present Democratic organization. The party elected Presidents Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, and Jackson for the first term, but in 1828 the latter was elected as a Democrat over John Quincy Adams, National Republican. Practically, however, in 1805 the name "Republican" was dropped and that of "Democrat" accepted in its stead.

The first attempt to establish a Native American party was in the city of New York, in 1835. It ended in a failure to elect a Mayor in 1837. It was revived in April, 1844, and the city election was carried by a large majority. The movement then spread to New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and was desperately opposed by the Democrats. In Philadelphia the feeling ran so high that riots resulted, and two Catholic churches were burned. The party disappeared in 1845. In 1853 the American party was organized. It was popularly known as the "Know Nothing" party, and was a secret organization. The nickname arose from the fact that the members replied to every question concerning their society, "I know nothing about it." They carried California in 1855, but the following year their only Presidential candidate, Fillmore, was badly beaten. Division on the slavery question destroyed the organization, yet of late years a party with similar principles, though not secret, has developed considerable strength. The present Republican party was formed in 1856, and has preserved the name since, except for a time it was known as the "Union" party. In addition, there have figured in national politics the anti-Masonic, Liberty, Free Soil, Free Democratic, Constitutional Union, Liberal Republican, Prohibition and Greenback parties.

The Democratic party has enjoyed many nicknames. Thurlow Weed, in his autobiography, gives the following account of the term "Barn-burner," formerly applied to one wing of that party:

Without undertaking to positively guarantee the correctness of my memory on that point, I give you the facts as I now recall them in regard to its derivation. About the year 1842 a popular movement in Rhode Island, for a change of the State Constitution, finally took the shape of an insurrection, named, from its leader, "the Dorr Rebellion." Among the acts incident to that time of public disorder, were highway robberies and the burning of farmers' well-stored barns. These acts the "law and order party" charged upon their radical opponents, whom they stigmatized as "rob-

bers," "rioters," "incendiaries" and "barn-burners." A few years later, when discords arose in the Democratic party in the State of New York, in regard to canal policy and other subjects, the radical wing advocated a change of the Constitution. They bestowed upon the conservative portion of the party the nickname of "Old Hunkers," implying their stubborn resistance to reforms. [Much, perhaps, as we now apply the nickname "Mossback," or "Silurian,"—Eds.] The latter retorted by saying the so called constitutional reformers were "barn-burners," like their Rhode Island prototypes. It added point to the charge that some of the "barn-burner" presses and politicians were remembered as having encouraged the "Dorr rebellion." But Colonel Samuel Young, who presided at one of the first State Conventions held by the radical faction, accepted the title. "Gentlemen," said he, "they call us Barn-burners. Thunder and lightning are barn burners sometimes; but they greatly purify the whole atmosphere, and that, gentlemen, is what we propose to do." During the agitation of the slavery question, which followed, the "Old Hunkers" maintained a conservative attitude, while the more radical "Barn burners" became the nucleus of the Free Soil party of 1848.

The "Albany Regency" was a nickname given by Thurlow Weed to a junto of Democratic politicians who had their headquarters at Albany, New York, and who controlled the Democratic party for many years. Their weight in national politics was very great. Their effort to elect William H. Crawford, President, over John Quincy Adams, was their first great struggle. "Loco Focos" was the name applied in 1834, to the extreme portion of the Democratic party, because at a meeting in Tammany Hall, New York, in which there was great diversity of sentiment, the chairman left his seat, and the lights were extinguished, with a view to dissolve the meeting; when those in favor of extreme measures produced "loco foco" matches, rekindled the lights, continued the meeting and accomplished their object.

St. Tammany was the name of an Indian chief, who in the United States has been popularly canonized as a saint, and adopted as the tutelary genius of one branch of the Democratic party. Tammany, or Tammennund (the name is variously written), was of the Delaware nation, and lived probably in the middle of the seventeenth century. He resided in the country which is now Delaware until he was of age, when he moved beyond the Alleghenies, and settled on the banks of the Ohio. He became a chief sachem of his tribe, and being always a friend of the whites, often restrained his warriors from deeds of violence. His rule was always discreet, and he endeavored to induce his followers to cultivate agriculture and the arts of peace, rather than those of war. When he became old, he called a council to have a successor appointed, after which the residue of his life was spent in retirement; and tradition relates that "young and old repaired to his wigwam to hear him discourse wisdom." His great motto was "Unite in peace for happiness, in war for defense." When and by whom he was first styled "saint," or by what whim he was chosen to be the patron of the Democracy, does not appear.—*W. L. Stone.*

The term "Copperhead" was applied to the northern Democrats during the civil war. It was derived from the name of a poisonous snake that gives no warning of its attack, and presumptively intimated that the party to whom it was applied was covertly in sympathy with the people of the South. The Republicans have been derisively characterized as the "Black Republicans," "Abolitionists," and "Radicals."

In California there have been unique names to political organizations. In 1865 a split occurred in the Republican party, and the factions were known as the "Long Hairs" and the "Short Hairs." The term originated in the course of a debate in the Assembly upon a bill to redistrict San Francisco into wards, and to apportion the Supervisor districts. It was charged upon those who claimed to be the particular friends of Senator Conness that they were endeavoring to "gerrymander" the city so that the control of its affairs might be thrown into the hands of the "roughs" and "short-hair boys." The term seemed so expressive that it was adopted, and the more straight laced element were dubbed the "Long Hairs." The New Constitution party of 1879 was ridiculed as the "Honorable Bilks" and the "Plug Hat Brigade," by Kearney. The Independent party of 1873 received the name of "Dolly Varden," after a character of Dickens. The prevailing fashion in women's dress that year was of material of large and variegated flowers which was called "Dolly Varden." From the fact that the new party included many different elements from a political party standpoint, it was at once called "Dolly Varden."

With regard to men, few of political or military prominence have escaped a nickname. Washington was known as the "Father of His Country." That was a title given by the Roman Senate and Forum to Cicero, on account of the zeal, courage and prudence he displayed in unmasking the famous Catilinarian conspiracy, and bringing the leaders to punishment.

This title was offered to Marius, but he refused it. It was subsequently bestowed upon several of the Cæsars, and was borne by Cosmo de Medici, and some other European princes. The same appellation has been popularly conferred upon President Washington, of whom Jefferson said: "His was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence, and of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train." President Jackson was nicknamed "Old Hickory." It was conferred upon him in 1813 by the soldiers under his command. Parton, the historian, says:

The name of "Old Hickory" was not an instantaneous inspiration, but a growth. First of all, the remark was made by some soldier, who was struck with his commander's pedestrian powers, that the General was "tough." Next it was observed of him that he was "tough as hickory." Then he was called "Hickory." Lastly, the affectionate adjective "old" was prefixed, and the General thenceforth rejoiced in the compound nickname, usually the first-won honor of a great commander.

According to another account, the name sprung from his having on one occasion set his men an example of endurance by feeding on hickory nuts, when destitute of supplies. Martin Van Buren was entitled the "Little Magician" in allusion to his political sagacity and talents. Of him it was said he allowed others to shake the bush and he captured the bird in matters political. "Old Man Eloquent" was an expression applied to John Quincy Adams, the sixth President. The term was first used by Milton in his tenth sonnet, in allusion to Isocrates:

When that dishonest victory
At Charonea, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that Old Man Eloquent.

"Tippecanoe" was a title conferred on General William H. Harrison during the political canvas of 1840, on account of the victory gained by him over the Indians in the battle which took place November 6, 1811, at the junction of the Tippecanoe and Wabash rivers. "Old Public Functionary" was a sobriquet applied to President Buchanan. He first applied the expression to himself in his annual message to Congress in 1859. At times it was humorously abbreviated O. P. F. Abraham Lincoln was nicknamed "Honest Old Abe." To him was also applied the cant appellation "The Rail Splitter." He had supported himself for one winter in early life by splitting rails for a farmer. James A. Garfield had the appellation the "Canal Boy" from the circumstance that when a youth he drove a team for a canal boat. Allen G. Thurman is the "Old Roman"; Samuel J. Tilden, "The Sage of Grammercy Park"; John A. Logan, "Black Jack"; President Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready"; James G. Blaine, "The Plumed Knight"; Samuel S. Cox, "Sunset"; General McClellan, "Little Mac," and President Cleveland, "Innocuous Desuetude." "The Wagoner Boy" was a popular name for Thomas Corwin. While yet a lad, Harrison and his army were on the northern frontier, almost destitute of provisions, and a demand was made on the patriotism of the people to furnish the necessary subsistence. The elder Corwin loaded a wagon with supplies, which was delivered by his son, who remained with the army during the rest of the campaign, and who is said to have proved himself "a good whip and an excellent reinsman." Stephen A. Douglas was known by the popular sobriquet "Little Giant," an allusion to the disparity between his physical and his intellectual development. "The Mill Boy of the Slashes" was a name conferred on Henry Clay, who was born in the neighborhood of a place in Hanover county, Virginia, known as the Slashes (a local term for a low, swampy country), where there was a mill, to which he was often sent on errands when a boy.

In California Governor McDougal was nicknamed "I, John"; Senator Conness, "Our Only Sober Senator," from the fact that his colleague, James A. McDougall, was inclined to be convivial. Senator Gwin was called the "Duke," that he accepted that title from the Maximilian government of Mexico. Senator Hearst was plain "Uncle George." Governor Bigler was named by his admirers "Honest John." General Fremont was called the "Pathfinder," from the fact that he headed parties of exploration across the continent.

A Most Clever Satire.

The English writer, Andrew Lang, has written the following imaginary critique of Homer, based upon our modern style of review. It is a splendid satire on criticism by newspapers:

It would be undesirable to say in what part of the ruins of Naupactus, in Egypt, the papyrus was found which contains a whole file of the *Theatês*, a Chian weekly journal of the ninth century B. C. Internal evidence—for example, the use of a Greek alphabet of only sixteen letters—sufficiently proves that this is by far the oldest of all Greek manuscripts. The papyrus indicates the existence of high culture in Chios, and is doubly valuable as the only contemporary review of Homer which has reached us. We offer a translation, which is, of course, subject to the criticism of experts, and even of persons wholly unacquainted with the topic and with the Greek language. Here follows the review.

THE ODYSSEY.

Not content with that monstrous offspring of modern sensationalism, the Iliad, Mr. Homer now offers to the public a kind of continuation, which he calls the Odyssey. We need scarcely repeat our objections to the Iliad, a work which may have been, and we regret to say has been, widely sold among the unthinking, but which persons of culture can only regret. While Mr. Homer confined himself to describing the battles of frogs and mice, or to satire on that excellent critic Mr. Margites, we were content to smile. But when he took to writing about the wars of gods and heroes, we felt bound to remonstrate.

The Iliad was an ill-assorted series of chapters. It had scarcely a plot, and Mr. Homer, after killing a respectable prince, actually brought him back as chief mourner at the funeral of his lamented son! Mr. Homer appears to have constituted himself the laureate of blood and brutality. His hero, Achilles, is a sulky and cruel savage, who, after going out "on strike" for a mere personal grievance, afterwards kills many of his captives in cold blood, and maltreats the body of a gallant enemy. Mr. Homer's pages positively reek with gore. He is not content with killing off his characters in batches; he must tell us the very spot in their frames—often in a most indelicate manner—where the spear strikes them, while the spear-shaft throbs with the beating of the heart! This ferocious taste is justly repugnant to a ninth-century (B. C.) audience. Mr. Homer, that he might lack no fault, also dabbles wildly in the supernatural. We do not censure only his extraordinary lack of reverence. Our readers must have shuddered at the audacity which could make the Queen of Heaven a vulgar scold, and Zeus himself a henpecked husband. We refer rather to the wild inventions of talking horses, gods who assume the shape of vultures, deadly wounds which are miraculously healed at a moment's notice, and so forth, childish figments which, in this so-called ninth century B. C., may well excite astonishment and disdain.

We hoped that, in his Iliad, Mr. Homer had touched the very nadir of the absurdity possible even to a popular romancer. But, in his Odyssey, he actually outdoes himself. We gladly admit that Mr. Homer in bruises himself less in blood than has been his wont. Except for a skirmish or two with Ciconians and other queer people, a brutal affair with a fabulous monster, and an altercation with a *pieuvre* (for such we take "Scylla of the Rock" to be) Mr. Homer, for him, is content with very little bloodshed. But, as he reaches the close of his third volume, Mr. Homer warns to his work. His hero, Odysseus, with the assistance only of a pork-butcher, his own son, a cowherd, and (of course) a goddess, kills no fewer than one hundred and seventeen men in his own dining-room! Not content with this perfectly impossible and revolting massacre, Mr. Homer adds scenes of cold-blooded and heartless cruelty. He hangs a large number of young house-maids for no reason at all except that they had, as in duty bound, attended to the guests of their mistress. Worse yet, will it be credited that Mr. Homer describes, in language which we can only reprobate, and *dare not* quote, a brutal fistic encounter with a pauper in receipt of outdoor relief, and the slow and obscene tortures inflicted by the hero and his friends on an unfortunate member of the laboring classes! This may please our *Upper Ten*, but we warn Mr. Homer that the peaceful and industrious Demos may be provoked past endurance. Mr. Homer has at no time shown any concern for the interests of the working classes, who, oddly enough, are among his most fanatical admirers, as the records of the Chian Free Library too sadly attest.

But we must justify our remarks by a sketch of Mr. Homer's latest and most monstrous production. The story begins when Odysseus, in the tenth year of his wanderings from Troy, has been living for eight years in a cave with a remarkable personage, an immortal woman, named Calypso. This "immortal" business, we frankly warn Mr. Homer, has been overdone. But how did Odysseus get *dans cette galère*? This we learn from a long-winded tissue of improbabilities, with which he later gulls Alcinous I, the respected

ancestor of the present Corcyrean monarch. On leaving Troy, the hero of Mr. Homer, with his usual wanton brutality, had attacked, and, we rejoice to say, had been beaten by, a Thracian tribe. Thence the wind drove him Heaven knows where, into one of Mr. Homer's favorite African regions, the land of the Lotus Eaters. For some unexplained reason he killed none of his hosts, but sailed on, still in the vague, till, by a ludicrous invention, he reached a country of one-eyed pastoral characters, somewhat above the middle height, the Cyclopes. Here he killed the sheep, shot the game, and generally made himself at home in a cave (Mr. Homer is fond of caves) till the shepherd came back, and, absurd to state, began eating the comrades of Odysseus. For a man who lived on milk, this conduct was hardly consistent. By a piece of behavior, too common, alas! where our boasted civilization comes in contact with early races, Odysseus made the Cyclope drunk; wine, of course, being unknown to his unsophisticated race. He then took a base and brutal advantage of his opportunity, bored the shepherd's eye out with a red hot piece of timber, and fled. He next reached a floating island, where the King of the Winds (!) gave him all the breezes in a bag; but, as his idiotic friends open the bag, Odysseus does not profit by this generosity. He is driven back to the floating island, and thence, Mr. Homer's invention failing him, to more cannibals, where he loses all his ships but one. With this he reaches the isle of Immortal Woman number two, who turns his company into pigs. She relents (after an indelicate passage, only too much in our author's sensuous manner), and sends Odysseus—to be plain—to hades! He returns, goes off on his voyages again, meets sirens, whirlpools, monstrous cuttle-fish, and so forth; loses all his men, and reaches alone the cave of the other Immortal Woman.

Thence he sets out on a raft; reaches Corcyra, and, after an indelicate venture with a princess, is sent home to Ithaca. Here he finds about one hundred and twenty young men making love to his wife, and conceives the feasible project of killing the whole crew of them. Our patience fails us in an effort to analyse the magical devices, bodily transformations, and so forth, by which, as we have said before, he executes this arrangement in red. Gods and goddesses, as usual, are brought into play, by a violent abuse of the supernatural. This must leave even the least cultivated reader cold and unmoved. Our religious ideas, fortunately, are far too advanced for this kind of "machinery" to be any longer acceptable. The irreverence of the whole conception we need not urge on our readers.

It is plain, we trust, that Mr. Homer's new work has all the possible faults. It is bloodthirsty, grossly sensational, sensual beyond even his previous essays in this line. On this point, however, for obvious reasons, we decline to dwell in the columns of a serial meant for family reading. Again, Mr. Homer doubles his effects. He has two immortal women, both, of course, in love with his violent and crafty hero. He has two caves; he has two sets of cannibals. It was left for Mr. Homer to be pedantic. His style is a forced imitation of the old Epic dialect, and fatigues by its sham simplicity and pseudo archaisms. For example, Mr. Homer appends *ol* to the optative, apparently regarding this as an arbitrary suffix. But enough of this pedantry. Mr. Homer's whole story is a flagrant example of modern sensationalism, and above all, and worst of all, this Odyssey of his, with its barbarities, its impossibilities, its magic, its transformations, is absolutely and essentially *un-Greek*. Thanks to the lamented absence of copyright with the colonies and with Egypt, this deplorable work is only too likely to go forth as an example of our popular literature. We have done our best to prevent such a melancholy misconception, and to deter Mr. Homer from persevering in his present fatal though, we fear, lucrative fashion of romancing in the manner of Mr. Hippotes Hierax.

Here ends this remarkable fragment, which shows that criticism has always and everywhere been very critical. There is reason to suppose that the review was from the pen of "that excellent critic, Mr. Margites," referred to above, who, according to Homer, "knew many things, but knew them all wrong."

On one occasion, while officiating at the wedding of a charming young lady at Christ church, Lancaster Gate, of which the present Bishop of Ripon was then the popular vicar, the bride experienced some difficulty in getting off her glove at the proper moment to receive the wedding ring, and a somewhat prolonged pause ensued while she vainly endeavored to bare the third finger of the left hand. The kindly vicar, seeing her difficulty, bent down and said, *sotto voce*, with an amused smile: "Don't be flurried; there's plenty of time, and they are bound to wait for us."

Joseph Murphy, the Irish comedian, was the recipient of a banquet in Baltimore recently, tendered by the leaders of the Irish National movement to "an actor who had done so much toward the elevation of the Irish character upon the stage." A magnificent floral harp, seven feet high, was one of the features.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Miss Burt, an American singer, has made an excellent debut at the Grand Theater, at Nice.

Gounod's latest sacred work, *St. Francis d'Assisi*, which has been performed at the Conservatoire, has been much admired.

The fact that the British Parliament has passed a law under which Anne Hathaway's cottage and the Wilmcote cottage, which belonged to Shakespeare's mother, may be preserved among the memorial places of Stratford-upon-Avon, is worthy of notice on this side of the Atlantic not less than in England. The preservation of every place or object with which the memory of the great poet is connected is of universal concern. Too many buildings of historic or legendary interest in all countries are allowed to go to decay, and it is to be hoped that the action of Parliament may be followed by prompt and judicious action on the part of the Stratford authorities.

Edwin Booth was born on his father's farm in Harford county, Maryland, in November, 1833. Like Irving, Stuart Robson and John S. Clarke, Booth in his teens dabbled in amateur theatricals. Gabriel Harrison says Edwin Booth made his debut on the stage in Brooklyn, but tradition holds that it was at the Boston Museum, September 10, 1849, as Tresselt in *Richard III*. Edwin Booth first became a star in 1856. His probation was made in the company of Catharine (Forest) Sinclair, Laura Keane, Kate Denin, and Charles R. Thorne. In 1864 Booth played Hamlet one hundred consecutive nights at the Winter Garden in New York; Henry Irving has since surpassed that feat, but no one else has equalled it. Booth was supposed to be a silent partner in the management of the Winter Garden when it was burned down March 23, 1867. His theater, in New York, was opened February 3, 1869, and the destruction of it began May 1, 1883. Booth made his first appearance in England as Shylock, at the Haymarket in London, September 30, 1861, and his second appearance in England was at the same theater as Hamlet, November 6, 1880.

Book Chat.

"A Social Meteor," is a novel of the modern romantic style, with a young girl for subject and wedding bells for the objective point.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's "Outcast," a poem dedicated to an American writer whose initials are "C. W. S." is to appear next week.

Whichever way the question of Anna Dickinson's alleged insanity is decided, it will no doubt develop the usual number of insanity experts who have no more sense than they should have.

Not excepting Her Majesty the Queen, the most remarkable woman of England is Annie Besant, Atheist, Pantheist, Socialist, editor, essayist, educator, humanitarian and the latest and greatest convert to esoteric Buddhism of the decade. Her arrival in America was as the personal representative of Mme. Blavatsky, to attend the National reunion of the Theosophical Society.

Emile Zola, it is announced, will alter the title of his next book "La Guerre" to "La D  b  le," the breaking up, or, liberally interpreted, "The Downfall of the Empire." Zola continues to canvass for a seat in the Academy, but without much hope of success. He thinks that his last book, "L'Argent," has spoiled his chances of "immortality," and is said to believe that Pierre Loti will be elected to the Fauteuil in the Academy left vacant by the death of Octave Feuillet.

It is safe to say that any one taking up the bright little book, "Mademoiselle Ixe," will not want to lay it down till he has finished it. In it is presented one side of Russian nihilism, and the story of the woman who was striving to free her people from oppression and tyranny is told with wonderful power and skill. The author, who writes under the name of Lanoe Falconer, is reported to be a daughter-in-law of Mr. Gladstone; but, whoever she may be, her book is certainly a success.

A monograph on Thackeray has just been published in which there are allusions to a close friendship which is alleged to have existed between him and Dickens. As a matter of fact there never was any real intimacy or cordiality between Thackeray and Dickens, nor, indeed, did they meet often in private life, and their "society" was essentially different. For many years Thackeray was bitterly jealous of Dickens, and, after the publication of "Vanity Fair" Dickens certainly reciprocated that sentiment to a considerable extent. Dickens was unsparing in his criticisms of the works which Thackeray published during the last seven years of his life; and Thackeray frequently indulged in ruthless strictures upon the later novels of Dickens. Each man had his partisans, and, although amicable relations apparently prevailed, there was not even a pre-

tense of real friendship. It is stated in the book that the friendship was restored after "the Garrick Club quarrel" had interrupted it. The "quarrel" in question took place during the autumn of 1858, and it was in December, 1863, only a few days before Thackeray's death, that the rivals met by chance in the hall of the Athenaeum, shook hands, and conversed together for a few minutes. Dickens was much exasperated in 1857, on learning that Thackeray had commented, with characteristic asperity, upon his "friend's" matrimonial troubles generally, and particularly regarding "the insane" publication by Dickens, in *Household Words*, of a "statement" respecting his separation from his wife. The irritation which Dickens felt was increased when he later on discovered that Thackeray had constituted himself one of the principal partisans of Mrs. Dickens, and had invited that lady to dine at his house in company with a large party. The mutual jealousy which had for years existed between Thackeray and Dickens was perfectly notorious to all their friends, and was a subject of common talk at both the Athenaeum and the Garrick, and I do not see the object of now printing sentimental nonsense about their relations. We shall be hearing next of the cordial friendship which existed between Croker and Macauley, or between Wordsworth and Jeffrey, or between Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi.

Professional Chat.

A London magistrate one day had a little boy as witness in a case before him, and he thought fit, according to the usual practice, to test the boy's orthodoxy by first asking, in a paternal way, whether he knew where bad people went to after they were dead. His Lordship was very much disconcerted by the ready answer: "No, I don't; no more don't you: nobody don't know that."

Senator Sherman says he sometimes thinks he would like to round out his public life by one or two terms in the State Legislature. It would be one of the greatest reforms of the age to have such men accept an election to the State Legislature. Here are enacted the laws which apply directly to the people, and a wise head like that of a Sherman or an Edmunds would be able to direct reforms in State legislation that would lift many burdens from the people.

Another specimen of medieval English injustice is reported from Derby, the famous race-course town. James Lomas, a confectioner, had the temerity on a recent Sunday to sell a child a half-penny stick of candy, and thereupon he was fined five shillings and costs for violation of the statute passed in the reign of Charles II, against Sabbath trading. The absurd part of it was that the public houses in the place were all doing a rushing business at the time under full legal sanction.

The present Shah of Persia is not only a prose writer of considerable merit, but has also some pretensions to the character of poet. One day, however, having completed a poem which particularly delighted him, he declined to read it to one of the most prominent men of letters attached to his household. "What do you think of it?" he asked, after reading his verses aloud. "I do not altogether like the poem," was the candid reply. "What an ass you are to say so!" exclaimed the offended sovereign, and there was certainly much wisdom in the royal words, for the misguided critic was forthwith ordered to the stables to be flogged. A few days later the Shah, having written another poem, once more desired to hear the opinion of the learned scribe whom he had consulted before. Hardly had he read a few lines of his latest elucubration when the learned man turned abruptly away and prepared to run out of the room. "Where are you going?" thundered his majesty. "Back to the stables!" cried the critic, in desperation. So amused was the king of kings by this repartee that he forgave the delinquent and forebore to have him flogged a second time.

Never before had Chef Philips, of the Auditorium Hotel, been nonplussed when asked to prepare a meal. From a cold lunch to a Lucullan banquet he had been at home. And the details of every conceivable dish he had imagined he possessed at his fingers' ends. But when on the morning following the arrival of Henry Watterson the bell boy appeared before the chef and told him that Mr. Watterson wanted a Kentucky breakfast, the chef was confronted with his Waterloo, says the *Chicago Post*. "What's that?" he exclaimed. "A Kentucky breakfast," the bell boy replied. Not wishing to confess his ignorance to the bell boy the chef waved him aside and went himself to the great editor's room. "Beg pardon, Mr. Watterson," he said, as in response to a "come in" he entered and found the journalist in bed, "but I fear the bell boy did not correctly understand your order. He said you wanted a Kentucky breakfast." "Well, that is just what I want," said the journalist, adding a little impatiently, "and I want it right away." "What is a Kentucky breakfast, sir?" Mr. Watterson gazed pityingly at the chef, then settling down in the bed he pulled the clothes over his head and replied: "Two drinks of whisky and a chew of tobacco."

NOTES.

The home of the late President James K. Polk, in the heart of the city of Nashville, and at present occupied by his aged widow, has been advertised for sale for \$1,000 city taxes.

A Gainesville girl has probably the longest hair in the world. It is 10 feet 6 inches long. The present growth is of the past seven years, as in 1884 her head was shaved during a spell of brain fever.

Emperor William is said to be fond of going about disguised at night to certain liquor shops and music halls where his soldiers and sailors are to be found, in order to pick up criticisms of his army and navy.

The weekly *Palo Alto*, published at Mayfield, has entered upon its second volume. The paper is bright and well conducted, and we are gratified at its success. A local newspaper can do much to help a community out, and doubtless the people of Mayfield and vicinity appreciate the advantage.

The longest canal in the world is the Imperial canal of China, which starts from Peking, connects the Hoang-ho, Yang-tse-Kiang and a number of other rivers, passes by the gates of forty-one cities, and with its branches, affords nearly 2,000 miles of water communication in the heart of the empire.

An eminent physician declares that a stiff hat is the cause of catarrh and baldness, and another eminent physician says that a soft hat is the cause of baldness and catarrh. These two expert opinions might puzzle us, were it not that another authority on health declares that men will never be healthy until they stop wearing any hat.

The conviction of Dolan for the abduction of a young girl for the purpose of placing her in a house of prostitution in San Francisco was deserved. The case was tried in the Superior Court here before Judge Grant, and the jury rendered their verdict in a few minutes. From the character of the persons who attended the Court-room during the trial it is manifest there are many in the city who would be fit subjects for the new vagrancy law.

There is neither heaven nor hell in the Chinese creed. Dead Chinamen, whether good or bad, are re-born on the third day of the third month of each year. The spirits of the good are injected into the lives of the sons of rich men. Bad spirits are assigned a place in the lives of lower animals. There is one exception to this rule. Murderers are never born again. Their souls are boiled forever in a huge vat of grease.

If an Egyptian's eyes ache or hurt he looks out for a blonde woman named Fatima, begs from her a bit of bread and information as to where he will find six more Fatimas, that he may ask the same favor of each. Fortunately for him, they do not all have to be blondes, and a wise Egyptian father, seeing the value of the name, is apt to give it to one of his daughters, so there are plenty of Fatimas. Whether the English-speaking maiden makes eyes suffer or not, who can say?

Whatever the cause, a child who "gets a headache when he studies" should be looked after by his parents or teachers. The pain is a signal of nature's rebellion against some maltreatment. If it is too much brain-cramming, that should stop. If it is bad air or improper food the cause should be removed. If—as those who have not forgotten when they were boys may suspect—the malady is due to a strong "spring fever" to play marbles, ride a bicycle or go fishing, a good doctor can probably discover that fact.

The Rothschilds are believed to have \$50,000,000 invested in American securities. Only the Rothschilds themselves know what they are worth, and they never tell family secrets. One of their mottoes is, "Gold never repeats what it sees," and another, "A man will not tell what he has not heard," but some idea of their riches can be had from the fact that since 1815 they have raised or Great Britain alone more than \$1,000,000,000; for Austria, \$250,000,000; for Prussia, \$200,000,000; for France, \$400,000,000; Italy, nearly \$300,000,000; for Russia, \$100,000,000; for Brazil, from \$60,000,000 to \$100,000,000, and for smaller States certainly \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000.

It is pretty rough on a man to call him a woman, and it is worse when you pluralize him. It is a little better before the s, which is a liar to ignorant sign painters speaking world over. On one of the many boats that ply between New York and New York the legend "Gent's" is a little better than the doors of one of the cabins. It is not possible that this offense originates with any officer of the company. The Union Ferry Company have done one good thing in putting the signs "women" and "men" above the cabin doors in place of the old "Ladies" and "Gents." The same reform might be extended in other directions

with advantage, for we are all pretty tired of "sales ladies" and "shop ladies" and "walking gentlemen." It is announced that some of the shopkeepers and street railroad companies in New York are trying to persuade their employees to address women by the name "Madame," instead of "Lady," a grateful change.

Every beef animal that leaves the United States has its ear pierced. A fine wire passes through the hole, and attached to the wire is a tiny brass tag, not nearly so large as some of the ear pendants ladies used to wear. Upon the tag is a number and the initials "U. S. A." This shows that the animal has been examined by the United States government inspectors and is perfectly sound and healthy, and that even weak stonached royalties may eat that beef with impunity.

The mysterious canyon in Southern California, which is known as the Valley of Death, is said to be, in some parts, fully 500 feet below the sea level. The heat is so intense that dead bodies do not decompose, but become mummified, the heat rapidly causing all their moisture to evaporate. The valley is said to be rich in deposits of gold, although it is not known that any person has ever returned alive from this unhealthy region, which seems to be shunned by all animal life.

The "doctors" made things lively in the city this week. While our medical friends advise rest and quiet for their patients, they did not take any considerable quantity of that medicine during their visit here. With them and their friends, it was one continual round of festivity. It is always funny to hear a doctor protest against his patient drinking beer, and at the same time take in a full-sized schooner. The convention of medicos has driven the prevailing epidemic from our midst—at least it's gone.

There is something to be admired in the editor of the Redding *Free Press*. On the 18th inst. his paper entered on its ninth year, and he announces that fact with independence. There is much sound common sense in this paragraph he prints: "Among the members of the press a sort of a mutual admiration society has been established. Upon turning over a journalistic page, and on the commencement of a new newspaper year, it has been the custom of exchanges to publish something laudatory of the newspaper having its birthday. These 'puffs' are sometimes merited, and oftentimes are not, but are given simply on the principle of 'You tickle me on my birthday and I will do a like favor for you when you enter a new year.' There is altogether too much sham about all this, which, to our mind, is disgusting. Of course, newspapers receiving these puffs publish the same in order that their subscribers—poor, innocent souls—may see what their brethren think of them, when, as a matter of fact, it is all jingoism, a hollow mockery, and deceives nobody."

Every genuine work of art is in some sense the expression of the thought, interests and aspirations of the period in which it is produced. No one can have any difficulty in tracing in the chaotic conditions of contemporary thought, with its mixture of triviality and studious inquiry, the general drift of the modern novel, the characteristic form of artistic expression at the present day. This drift is just as apparent, among the same wide differences and contradictions, in other forms of art, so that any attempt to predict from the novel of to-day what the novel of to-morrow will be like involves a guess at the general social and intellectual tendencies of the age. Naturally those who regard scientific observation as the great purpose of art look for the development of the novel along the lines of so-called realism, while, to perhaps, the greater number it appears that the novel cannot go much further in this direction without ceasing to be a novel and that fiction must either recur to imagination and romance or become extinct, yielding place to scientific treatises on the one hand and mere triviality on the other. Perhaps artists are not always those who most clearly perceive the movements of their own art. As painters sometimes mistake life-school studies for pictures, so many excellent reporters and controversialists and students of psychology think they are writing novels. They confound journalism with literature. The reader, however, who recognizes a distinction between the newspaper and the novel, observes that most of the modern stories, however great their vogue, prove nearly as ephemeral as the daily paper, while the great novels that are supposed to be old-fashioned come back to us as fresh and strong as ever. After we have exhausted our patience over the microscope, we turn still to our Thackeray and Balzac to show us real life. Their record of the manners of a period was as minute and accurate as anything we have now, but they did not stop there. It is not accuracy alone that gives life to a work of art; it is by the imaginative quality that it lives. If we have imaginative novelists in the future, we may get some more great novels; if not, we must be content with journalism in place of literature.

THE STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Its Session here during the Week—The Importance of its Work—Entertainments to the Guests.

The annual session of the State Medical Society was held in this city during the week. There were in attendance about 150 physicians and surgeons, and all of the counties in the State were represented. The papers read and the discussions had upon them, while of general concern, were of more particular interest to the members of the profession. The occasion of these annual meetings of the Society is of gratification, not only that opportunity for acquaintance is afforded, but from an interchange of views and a recital of experience there comes a general enlightenment. Of the two leading professions—law and medicine—the latter has to make its progress through the discoveries of its membership, and while considering that which the past has demonstrated, it must of necessity keep vigilant eye at the uplifting of the curtain of the present. With the law it is different. It is largely there a matter of precedent, and until the last litigant dies it is not unlikely actions in Courts will be decided largely upon the authority of Lord Blackstone, or of judges long since dead. The contrast between the two professions is marked. The one relies more upon that which the present develops, while the other conforms to dictations of antiquity.

Aside from the work of the Society while in meeting, there were social features that pleasantly marked the annual gathering. On Tuesday night a reception was tendered the visitors by Dr. and Mrs. Cluness, at their residence at Eighth and H streets. Some 250 guests, ladies and gentlemen, attended, and the entertainment lasted until nearly 2 A. M. On Wednesday night a brilliant reception was tendered by the Sacramento Society for Medical Improvement to the members of the State Medical Society, at the rooms of the Sutter Club. The orchestra was under the direction of Professor Charles A. Neale. An elegant spread was laid in the dining room. The members of the local society were assiduous in their attention to the guests, and the expressions of the visitors were highly complimentary to the hosts. Thursday night the ladies of the Sacramento Society received the visitors at the Mrs. E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, and there the installation of the new officers of the State Society took place.

We present on the opposite page a portrait of the retiring President of the State Society, Dr. W. R. Cluness, of this city. The cut was kindly tendered us by Professor E. C. Atkinson, of the Sacramento Business College. At the various receptions tendered the members of the Society, it was noteworthy that Dr. Cluness enjoys the same kind regard from his fellow practitioners from abroad that he does from the people of Sacramento. Speaking of the Doctor, one of the medical visitors remarked: "Dr. Cluness was called in consultation with me in the case of a lady, and she remarked to me that the kindness and sympathy of the Doctor did more good than any medicine." Dr. Cluness was born December 29, 1835, in the city of London, Canada, and is a son of David Cluness. The Doctor received his preliminary education in the schools of London, and prepared himself for entry at Queen's College, in the "old limestone city" of Kingston, at the foot of Lake Ontario—one of the best known and most popular universities in Canada. The Doctor graduated as B. A., in 1855, and immediately began a course of medicine, receiving the degree of M. D., and at the same time that of M. A., in 1859. In 1871 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. Removing to California in 1859, he settled in July of that year at Petaluma. On July 1, 1863, he located in Sacramento, and has since resided here. For twenty-four years he was a member of the City Board of Health. Since 1873 he has been a member of the State Board of Health. The Doctor was one of the organizers of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, in 1868, and was appointed Medical Director. Dr. Cluness has always been prominently identified with measures of improvement and development of this section of the State. The consideration paid him by the prominent members of his profession in the State is a matter of pride to our people, and esteemed by them a deserved compliment.

The First American Railway.

The first railroad built in the United States was three miles in length, extending from the granite quarries at Quincy, Mass., to the Neponset river. It was commenced in 1826 and finished in 1827. The gauge was five feet. The rails were pine, a foot thick, covered with hard oak, which was in turn strapped with iron. In January, 1827, a short coal road was completed from the mines to Mauch Chunk, Pa. The rails on this road were also of timber, with flat iron bars. The first locomotive for use on a railroad was invented by Richard Trevithick in 1804, and was first tried in Wales.

George Stephenson built the first really successful locomotive in 1814, and tested it

upon the Killingwood road in the north of England. The first locomotive for actual service constructed in America was E. I. Miller's "Best Friend," built for the South Carolina Railroad Company in 1830. Peter Cooper built a little experimental locomotive early in 1830, before the "Best Friend" was completed.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Cleveland Minstrels, with the only Emerson, will play a return engagement on Wednesday night next at the Metropolitan.

Miss Grace Hawthorne, who made such a favorable impression at the Clinic a couple of years ago, has failed in a financial point of view in England. Miss Hawthorne's liabilities are £15,783 (nearly \$78,915), with no available assets. She makes no proposal, and has been adjudged a bankrupt. The lady may learn a lesson from this, and hereafter devote her talents and energies at home.

Pinafore, as rendered by the amateurs, was not a marked success. The former productions by the McNeill Club were decidedly superior to the last effort. Possibly the fact that there were other brilliant entertainments every evening during the *Pinafore* season accounts for the lack of patronage. The young ladies and gentlemen in the cast did very well under the circumstances. Our young friends must not let this little matter deter them from bringing out something new in the near future.

The Presidential Party.

Pass the hat around among the p. p. for a Sutter Fort collection.

The p. p. would certainly enjoy a night of opera by the McNeill Club.

"Angels' visits are few and far between." For "angels" read "Presidents."

Don't let the p. p. get away without enjoying a ride on one of Carey's street cars.

Ain't there nobody to suggest an open-air concert for the entertainment of the p. p.?

The vexed bond question might be given to the p. p. for solution. It is too weighty for our local savants to "solve."

Manager Ginsberg is willing to sacrifice his time and arrange for a Sunday game of baseball if assurance can be given him that the p. p. will be in attendance.

As a marvel of Sacramento progress and enterprise during the past twenty-five years, show the p. p. the California State Bank building, the new Cathedral and the Weinstock-Lubin stores now in course of construction.

Our Postmaster thinks that "the laying of the corner-stone of the new Postoffice building would be an interesting feature of the President's visit to the capital city." That's so; and then the boss of the Postmasters could do the "laying."

THE
Bell Conservatory Co.
SACRAMENTO.

Floral Work and Plant Decoration

A SPECIALTY.

Telephone No. 155.

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTIONS.

Sacramento's Respect for Our Chief Executives—Ovations to President Hayes and Ex-President Grant.

So far but one President of the United States has visited California during his term of office—President Hayes. The first to visit the Pacific coast of those who had filled the office of President was General Grant. Both of those distinguished gentlemen met with a cordial reception in Sacramento.

General Grant had made a trip around the world, on which he received considerations and distinctions from foreign nations greater than those which had been conferred upon any other man. With his party he arrived in Sacramento October 22, 1879. Meetings had been held, and all arrangements perfected for his appropriate reception. Upon that day there was a parade that eclipsed anything of its kind that had been had here, and delegations of citizens came from all the adjoining counties. The Grand Marshal was Adjutant-General P. F. Walsh, and Major John F. Sheehan was the Chief of Staff. The Chief Aids were Albert Gallatin, Major W. A. Anderson, John Q. Brown, Thomas Guinean, Captain J. L. Jack, E. W. Maslin and R. S. Carey. The General Aids were Claus Anderson, Major Wm. Bartels, G. Bauman, General W. T. Crowell, Guy W. Cole, Winfield J. Davis, J. J. Carter, Major P. J. Harney, Geo. W. Ficks, Chris. Illiardi, John Harris, Israel Luce, D. Lubin, F. D. Ryan, Gen. J. G. Martine, M. Sternfels, T. E. J. Riley, W. C. Van Fleet, R. D. Sriver, H. A. Weaver, T. H. Wallis, J. W. Wilson, H. H. Linnell, J. O. Coleman, B. F. Stewart, Hon. Grove L. Johnson, W. A. Houghton, Wm. Beckman, Dr. W. R. Cluness, John H. Carroll, R. O. Cravens, W. D. Comstock, James I. Felter, Captain F. X. Ebner, Wm. Johnston, Ed. F. Taylor, T. B. McFarland, F. A. Hornblower, John T. Griffiths, Dr. W. W. Light, D. C. Allen, D. F. Beverage, A. L. Frost, N. S. Bennett, George M. Mott, Thomas Harper, John Talbot, Geo. W. Carey, W. A. Henry, Geo. B. Katzenstein and John F. Whyte.

The military turned out under the command of Brigadier-General Thomas J. Clunie and Lieutenant-Colonel Creed Haymond. All the prominent civic societies were represented. The first carriage contained General Grant, Governor Wm. Irwin, Senator Newton Booth and Mayor Jabez Turner. The second carriage carried Mrs. General Grant, Mrs. Governor Irwin, Hon. Henry Edgerton and Ulysses Grant, Jr. Following were carriages conveying the members of the reception committee, State, county and city officials and invited guests. The procession moved through the principal streets, and on arriving at the main entrance to the Capitol grounds, General Grant, Governor Irwin, the Governor's Staff, the Reception Committee and the Pioneers alighted. The public school children had formed ranks from Tenth street to the main entrance to the State Capitol, and between those ranks the party with their ladies passed. At the entrance to the Capitol they were received on behalf of the City Board of Education by Judge T. B. McFarland, its President, and Add. C. Hinkson, the Superintendent. Each child had been provided with a little flag. General Grant and party were then seated on the stand in front of the Capitol, and the procession passed before them in review. Hon. Henry Edgerton delivered the address of welcome. The address was a masterpiece, and it was as follows:

General Grant: The citizens of Sacramento, in union with the representatives of numerous other communities near and remote, in behalf of the people of California, cordially welcome you, with your family and suite, to the freedom and hospitalities of their capital city.

They desire thereby to interpret and emphasize their profound respect for you, and their gratitude for illustrious services rendered to our common country. The muse of history will in due time fix the character and extent of those services in permanent and philosophic view. Poetry and art will celebrate them in animating and enduring forms. May the day be far distant when the voices that praise may indulge in the fullness of gratitude that belongs to the sanctity of the grave.

It is a generous pride that intertwines a consciousness of liberty with veneration for its defenders. It is therefore at all times decorous and graceful in the generation that has witnessed your achievements, to assert their splendor and beneficence, and by public acclamation and ovation to attest and solemnize the legitimate homage of its admiration and love.

We congratulate you upon the felicity of life spared to witness the coincidence of your patriotic deeds with the grandeur and prosperity of your country. We possess a territorial domain embracing many zones of climate and flora, and extending in almost continuous cohesion to meridian lines that include a third of your journey around the earth. We exhibit a civilization bearing a genuine American stamp, which has mani-

festated itself as strong enough to give admission to the diverse characteristics of many races, and to transmute all it admits into original forms of civic and social life that clearly reflect its own nature. We live in the shelter of a government in which the beauty and harmony of free institutions are embodied in visible stability and order, in societies that move regularly and tranquilly to the music of the Union, in a republic, where the unchecked impulses and powers inherent in an ingenuous people, essay and solve as they rise all social and political problems. In these glowing realities, in the fixed station and destiny of a noble and puissant nation, in the amplitude and perfection of its liberties, in the multiplicitous variety and indomitable vigor of its popular life, and in the inspiring story of its perils, its struggles and its triumphs, the discriminating judgment of the age has discerned the fair and imperishable monuments of your own fame.

We contemplate for a moment a military career, which, presaging its splendor at Molino del Rey and Chapultepec, and made immortal by the memories of Donelson, of Shiloh, of Vicksburg, of Chattanooga and Richmond, was consummated and glorified by a magnanimity that lifted up victory to a sublime moral height, and led a heroic people, without bitterness of recollection, across the threshold of a new and better era. We challenge a military renown that has cost less to justice, less to humanity, less to the human conscience.

We advert to a civic career in the great office of President, attempted without previous civic experience, and running to the full limit yet allowed to the most illustrious of your predecessors, and

"In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot,"

we see clearly mirrored the lofty patriotism, the calm, immovable character, the uncorrupt, acute mind, the "chastity of honor."

We retrace your tour around the globe, marked at every point of the circumference by unexampled demonstrations of respect, and everywhere, in the pomp and pageantry of the Courts of Europe, and in the rigid forms of the ancient theocracies and empires of Asia, we behold the unostentatious republican citizen symbolizing the dignity and the honor of his country, and drawing it more closely into the great life of the world.

As Americans, we dwell upon these resplendent deeds with feelings that surpass enthusiasm. We group them upon the background of a life that reveals no unseemly pursuit of office, no trust violated, no confidence betrayed, no friendship broken, and trustfully lay them at the feet of history.

As Californians, we remember that our State, its unrivaled domain, its polity, its prosperity and happiness attained, and its fair prospect of future greatness and power, are the fruits of a conquest in which you bore a conspicuous and brilliant part. California, always loyal to the ancient faith and traditions of the nation, her blood and treasure in perpetual pledge for its security and honor, her great heart ever bowed in tender reverence of the memories of its statesmen and warriors dead, always delights to exalt its heroes living. To-day, her sons and daughters crown you with a garland woven of their gratitude, their confidence and their love. There is not a Californian whose patriotism is unmixt with a grateful affection for you. There is not in California a community or a party, a sect or a class, which in the hour of its peril would not confide the glory of the republic to the guardianship of Grant. Her hospitality to you is as boundless and sincere as the sentiments and feelings from which it springs. Every miner's cabin, every peasant's cot, and every rich man's palace in her borders, with "doors or golden hinges turning," is thrown wide



DR. W. R. CLUNESS,
Of Sacramento, Cal., retiring President of the State Medical Society.

open to you. Come in and abide with us.

During the delivery of Mr. Edgerton's remarks, General Grant was visibly affected, and in reply, he said:

Governor, Senator, ladies and gentlemen of Sacramento and of California: If I was even accustomed to speaking, it would be impossible for me to respond to the welcome which I have just received from your worthy Senator. My modesty would not allow me to say even what I should like to. With all my heart I thank you, and I thank the citizens of Sacramento and of California for the welcome I have received at every place that I have been since my arrival on your coast. I have traveled some on this coast, and in every place where I have been I have met with the same hearty reception. I can repeat to you what I have said in other places, that of all the hospitality bestowed, all the honors conferred, there is nothing that has been so grateful to my heart as the receptions that I have received at the hands of the people here. I would not say what has been done abroad. It has been all that could be done for a mortal, but it has not been for me. It has been for the people I see before me; for the people of the great country that is recognized abroad as one of the greatest countries of the world. If we all—every one of us—could see other countries as I have seen them, we would all make better citizens, or at least the average of citizens would be better, and there would be less discontent with their own country. It is impossible for me to say more, but I thank you again.

In the evening, between the hours of 8 and 10, Gen. Grant received the people in the Assembly Chamber, and Mrs. Grant in the Senate Chamber. It would be impossible to approximate the number with whom the General shook hands. The following day the party were driven about the city, and among other features were military exercises. During a portion of the day he was presented with an honorary membership to the Pioneer Society. The presentation speech was made by Judge N. Greene Curtis, and upon the roll of membership Gen. Grant wrote the following:

October 23, 1879.—Arrived in San Francisco first time in September, possibly late in August, 1852, via Panama, coming up the coast in the steamer *Golden Gate*. Was stationed a few weeks at Benicia, then went to Fort Vancouver, now of Washington Territory. Remained there until September, 1853, when promotion to a full captaincy in Fourth U. S. Infantry took me to Humboldt Bay, California, where I remained until the spring of 1854. Left San Francisco in July, 1854, via Nicaragua, and only returned to the Pacific coast again on the 20th of September, 1879, coming from Japan, or by the East, the entire way from our Eastern seaboard. This day made a member of the Sacramento Society of California Pioneers, an honor which I highly prize.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT.

President Hayes, accompanied by his wife, General W. T. Sherman, Secretary of War Alexander Ramsey, and others, arrived in Sacramento September 21, 1880, at 5 o'clock P. M. The party was received at the depot by Sumner Post, G. A. R., Col. Dickinson's regiment who were here in encampment, and the local military and the civic societies. As the train struck the bridge, cannon planted near the river gave the first voice of welcome. At the depot Mayor Turner received the President and escorted him to a carriage drawn by six grey horses and driven by Geo. C. McMullen, lately our Sheriff. Mrs. Hayes was escorted by Geo. Cadwalader. The balconies along J street were crowded with people, and in some places the sidewalks were impassable. Flags were flying on every mast, and the city presented a Fourth of July appearance. After traversing the principal streets the procession halted at the residence of Gov. Stanford, where the presidential party was quartered during its stay in the city. Gov. Stanford ran nimbly down the steps and opened the carriage door. The next day there was a more formal parade,

and the President and his party were escorted to the State Capitol, where Governor Perkins delivered the speech of welcome. Responses were made by President Hayes and Gen. Sherman. For over an hour the President received visitors in the Senate Chamber. The State Fair was then in progress, and the party was driven to the Park, where an address of welcome was made by Hon. H. M. LaRue, of the Agricultural Society. Speeches were there made by President Hayes, Secretary Ramsey, General Sherman, and Governors Stanford and Perkins. At 8 o'clock P. M. the members of Sumner Post were received by the President at the Stanford residence. Later in the evening the party visited the Pavilion. There Mrs. Hayes was presented with a handsome bouquet by the girls employed in the Weinstock-Lubin establishment, and the President was presented with a copy of the *State Fair Gazette*, printed on white silk and bound with gold bullion fringe. On the 23d the party departed for Chico and became the guests of General Bidwell. Speaking of the President's visit, the *Record-Union* said:

"People of Sacramento will long remember the 'old fashioned Buckeye shake' which they had with the President. After his address at the Park, Wednesday, the noise being so great as to render speaking almost impossible, the President said: 'Now, I cannot shake hands with all of you, but let us have a good old fashioned Buckeye shake. Every one of you hold up your right hand.' All hands went up at once, like the silent vote of the sand lot. 'Now, shake,' said the President, as he shook his hand to the multitude, and instantly thousands of right hands were grasping and shaking in imagination the Presidential paw. The Buckeye shake was voted a success."

Other demonstrations have been given on the occasion of visits of distinguished persons, notably, Oliver P. Morton, Gen. Benj. F. Butler, Gen. P. H. Sheridan and Gen. W. T. Sherman.

An Old English Gentleman's Lunch.

A few days ago we were in company with a party of gentlemen, all good livers, and included in this company was a prominent and wealthy San Francisco merchant, who has also a large mercantile house in New York. After several social glasses, the conversation turned on eating, and palatable dishes. "Speaking of eating," said this merchant, "reminds me of a luncheon incident in New York about a year ago. I was in that city looking after our house affairs, when I met a member of a large English house, with which we traded extensively. He was a hale, hearty old man of eighty. One day he invited me to take luncheon with him at Delmonico's. Of course I accepted the polite invitation. At the time appointed I was on hand. Well, under a force of habit I took a cocktail on my way to Delmonico's, never dreaming of what the old gentleman had in store for me. This was an unfortunate circumstance, because the very first introduction to our luncheon was a Santa Cruz rum punch. Such a drink at lunch was never heard of by me before. I drank it, however, out of politeness to my host. After the punch and soup, the next course was accompanied with two bottles of sherry, one of which the old gentleman drank, and I was per force compelled to drink the other. With the next course came two bottles of Burgundy, which had to follow their predecessors. By this time I was beginning to realize the old English custom we have read of in Shakespeare's time, where the great men were measured in accordance with the number of bottles they could and did drink at a sitting. Well, when the Burgundy was disposed of, then came 'Widow Cluquet,' one quart bottle each. After all this, the old fellow ordered two bottles of fine brandy to settle our luncheon. It is needless to say that, while accustomed to high living, this last dose had the effect of not only settling my lunch, but settling me as well. While I was a piece of limp humanity, and had to be helped to my carriage, the old English gentleman spurned any assistance and bore his aged frame erectly to his brougham, evidently having a very poor opinion of the American's capacity as a high liver. He said 'four-bottle men in England are common—but when it comes to six- or eight-bottle men, then we begin to respect their capacity.' Even after this story, while taking our terrapin stew with a bottle of old English ale, we could scarcely comprehend man's ability to 'put away' the quantity of liquor described by the gentleman mentioned.

One who smokes cigars will smoke on an average not less than five cigars per day, and many smoke ten; but taking the average at five per day, a smoker will in thirty years consume a nice little fortune. At five cigars per day, it means 150 per month, or 1,800 in a year, which number multiplied by 30, the number of years, gives a total of 54,000. At ten cents apiece this amounts to \$5,400.

A peculiarity about the "1891" is that adding the first figure to the second makes the third, and subtracting the fourth figure from the third gives the second. Adding the four figures together gives us the century.

Harmony.

[An anonymous poem copied from an Ohio paper, and said to be one of James Whitcomb Riley's favorites.]

He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long,
And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes—
We could not starve for long,
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one—
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and
sere
And love and beauty time,
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear
When you had but your violin
And I a song, my dear.

He Crawled Through.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Boggs were involved in a heated discussion as to the width of a pane of glass broken out of the south window of their kitchen.

"That pane of glass," said Mr. Boggs, resolutely, "is big enough to throw a cow through by the horns; it is twenty inches wide by twenty-one."

"And I know," Mrs. Boggs retorted, "that it isn't a bit over one foot wide, and hardly that."

So, instead of adjusting their quarrel by measuring the casement, they argued until Mr. Boggs offered to buy Mrs. B. the best silk dress in town if he failed to crawl through the empty casement within three minutes.

"You'll just get stuck fast, Hugo, and I'll have to call in the neighbors to saw you out," wailed his wife; "see if you don't."

"Nonsense, woman; I'll be through before you can wink."

Just at this point lit little Willie, who was sobbing as the result of a recent cellar interview with his father, crept quietly out the house.

Boggs stripped himself of coat and vest, and from a perch on a soap box began to wriggle through the window. He was right about the size of the opening, and everything went on nicely until he undertook to rest himself by placing his hands on the cellar-door, which, under ordinary circumstances was situated directly beneath this window, about two feet down. In this extraordinary case the door had been carefully folded back by parties unknown.

Boggs reached out wildly for it and missed. His 250 pounds had started earthward, however, and nothing could head him off.

"Bet you two to one Dad wins, mother," shouted little Willie, from a seat on the line fence.

"Stop him, Willie, stop him!" shrieked Mrs. Boggs.

"Not much! Think I'm goin' t' interfere in a square race? Go it, Dad, you're a winner!"

"Bump! bump! smash! d—n!" Mr. Boggs was through.

"O-o-o-h! I'm sure Hugo's killed," sobbed Mrs. Boggs.

"Two minutes 'n thirty-two seconds," said little Willie, thrusting his birthday watch into his hip pocket.

Some Curious Plants.

In the United States Botanical Gardens, at Washington, D. C., are four very curious plants—"Nature's Hoax," the "Mother-in-law plant," the "Lover's plant" and the "Scotch Attorney."

"Nature's Hoax" grows wild in Australian forests. The seed lodge about five feet from the ground in decayed trees, and the plant puts out leaves in the shape of heads of deer and elk. Many a hunter has been fooled by the plant.

The Mother-in-law plant or "Dumb Cane," is really the *Deffenbachia seguina picta*. An iioneer, being unable to rattle off the real term, called it the "Mother-in-law plant," because of its queer qualities. Curiosity of the plant is this, that if a person takes a bite of it his power of speech is paralyzed, and his tongue is apt to be paralyzed for a week. Humboldt's articulating plant was paralyzed for eight days by the same cause.

One of the *mimosa pudica* is called the "Shy Plant," because if a girl be really shy, the plant will curl up at her touch; and if a man be really bashful, the plant will do the same.

Smith, of the Gardens, has a creeper the "Scotch Attorney" is credited with engaging in conversation and absorbing everything said before quitting it; and that's all.

Governmental Spelling of Geographical Names.

The forthcoming bulletin of the United States board on geographic names will officially designate the proper spelling of all the countries of the United States to be followed in the publications of the eleventh census and for use in the future of all government communications. The great work of this board and the importance of its decisions has hardly been fully appreciated as yet, as was expected by President Harrison, but not only do the departments of the government follow all its decisions, but nearly every one of its authorized spellings has been adopted by the press of the country, and there is no doubt that in a short time there will be no exception taken to its uniform system by anyone in this country. Since the board was organized by the President, in April, 1890, it has held numerous meetings, resulting in the publication of one bulletin of decisions.

Most of the decisions in the first bulletin relate to names in the territory of Alaska, although a number of disputed spellings in other portions of the world are decided. Among these decisions are the following: the authorized spelling being given first: Alaska, instead of Aliaska or Alashka; Fiji, Feejee, Viti, Filschi; Governors island (N. Y.), Governor's; Haiti, Hayti; Helgoland, Heligoland; Hudson river (N. Y.), Hudson's; Kongo, Congo; Magdalen island (N. Y.), Slippe Stein; Pribilof island, Pribyloff, Pribylov; Port Townsend, Port Townshend; Saint Croix (West Indies), Santa Cruz; Salvador, San Salvador; Unalaska island, Oonalashka, Oonashka, Oonalashka, Unalashka, and Bering sea, Behring, Behrings, Kamchatka, etc.

The board devoted much time to an exhaustive research concerning the question of the proper spelling of Bering and concluded that there was absolutely not the slightest excuse for the superfluous "h," which is often found in its spelling in Germany. The old name of Kamchatka, Kamshatka, Kamshatka, Kamtschatka, in all its variant forms, is nearly obsolete, being supplanted by Bering, Behring, Bhering, Beering, as well as Bering's, Behring's, Beering's, etc. It is found that its name is given in honor of its first explorer. The report of the board says:

"When the Czar, Peter the Great, determined to send out an exploring expedition to ascertain whether Asia and America were united by land, he selected to lead this expedition Captain Commander Ivan Ivanovich Bering. Bering was the son of Jonas Svendsen by his second wife, Anne Pedersdatter Bering, and was born at Horsens, in Jutland, in the summer of 1681. On his mother's side he was descended from the distinguished Bering family, which during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries flourished in various parts of Denmark, and included a number of ministers and judicial officers. Baptized on the 12th of August, 1681, he received the baptismal name Vitus Jonassen Bering. On entering the Russian navy, however, he took, as was the custom of the Danish and Norwegian officers serving in Russia, a new or Russified form of name. This form is Ivan Ivanovich Bering. The name of Ivanovich is an exact translation of Jonassen; in English, Johnson or John's son. All the Russian and Danish records agree as to the spelling of the family name; both in Danish and Russian it is Bering. His autograph is always written Bering. The insertion of the h in the name, giving the form Behring, appears to have been made in Germany."

Numerous references are given to show that the form "Behring" is unwarranted and not used except in translations from the German, while it is conclusively proven that the man himself and his ancestors for at least five generations, as well as all his descendants, spelled the name Bering. It is noted that all the recent authorities in the English language have adopted Bering, and that Salisbury and Blaine have used that form exclusively in their communications over the seal fisheries controversy. Under these circumstances there can be no doubt as to a long continuance of the mere affectation of using the form "Behring."

Brutal, but Suggestive.

It would appear shockingly inhuman to suggest that it might be more humane to end the lives and sufferings of hopeless invalids or victims just as other animals are killed to relieve them of intense and prolonged suffering. Physicians sometimes accomplish such merciful euthanasia incidentally with suitable drugs. It may not be long before some reformer suggests methods by which the lives of mortally wounded soldiers or others, and of utterly hopeless invalids, may be taken legally and much suffering and resultant sorrow prevented. But in case of diseases more or less contagious or transmissible there is an additional reason for a speedy disposition of the lingering invalid.

Of course this suggestion may never be carried into practical use, but there can be no harm in regretting that preventive treatment for certain constitutional and hereditary diseases was not begun several centuries ago, and in asking ourselves abstractly, as it were, why we deny to sufferers in extremis of our own species the considerate kindness which leads us to relieve a pet horse from unnecessary pain by a single well-directed blow.—Dallas News.

He'd Been Taught a Lesson.

"How is it, Lieutenant," asked a young man of a gray mustached naval officer, "that with your many years of sea life, involving, no doubt, many strange adventures, one never hears you relate your experiences of the sea?"

"Well," was the answer, "I will relate to you a little instance of misplaced confidence. Some years ago I was attached to a ship on the China station. One night it was my turn to take the midwatch. I settled myself on the starboard bridge rail.

"In a few moments I noticed a commotion in the water close to the ship. There appeared not more than a half-cable length from where I was standing a most gigantic sea serpent. I had often read of such things, but had never believed in them, but I could not doubt the evidence of my own eyes. In a moment it vanished, to reappear the next instant almost under our bow. The moon was shining brightly and I got a good look at it. The monster's head was fully as large as an ordinary flour barrel, and it was at least twelve feet above the water.

"It disappeared in a few moments. The next morning at breakfast I related my experience to my brother officers, and soon after turned into my bunk. Just before lunch I felt like drinking a glass of beer, and, ringing for the boy, ordered him to bring me a bottle. The rascal didn't appear in a reasonable time and I rang for him again. 'What's the matter with the beer, Jim?' I asked.

"'Nuthin' de matter wid de beer, Mr. Bobstay,'

"Then why don't you bring it?"

"Can't do it, Mr. Bobstay. De doctor done stopped yore beer. Said dat a pusson dat sees such snakes as you wuz talking about dis morning orn't to hab no more beer."

"And that is the reason that I don't like to tell remarkable stories."

How Women Are Treated in Different Foreign Countries.

Although among the Bedonins a wife is considered as a slave, singleness is looked upon as a disgrace.

Persian women have little education and are reared in seclusion and ignorance, knowing nothing beyond the walls of the house.

Hindoo women are forbidden to read or write. Indeed, those who dare to indulge in such luxuries are often "accidentally" missing.

In China a wife is never seen by her future master. Some relative bargains for the girl, the stipulated price is paid, and she is afterward a submissive slave.

In Turkey woman is held in the most rigid seclusion. She must always appear veiled. With pigs and dogs, she is forbidden to enter a mosque, and the Koran declares a woman who is unmarried to be in a state of reprobation.

Siberian women are raised as abject slaves, untidy in dress, and are bought with money or cattle. The most capricious whim of her husband is law, and should the latter desire a divorce he has only to tear the cap from her head.

Among the Congo negroes, when a man wants a wife he secures one and keeps her on probation a year. If her temper and deportment are satisfactory he, at the end of the year, formally marries her. But should she prove an incumbrance he sends her back to the parental roof.

A Typical Bachelor's Room.

The multiplication of bachelors' apartment houses is responsible for the bachelor's room, which you will find nowadays as often out of the apartment houses as in it. The bachelor's room is not a hall bed-room or a three-story back. It is a fine, spacious apartment, which is supposed not only to show at a glance that its occupant is a man, but to give some evidence of the trend of his tastes. If he is artistic the fact is expected to declare itself in the fine virility of the choice of proof etchings he has made; water colors are held in more favor by women. If he is musical, his fiddle and banjo, piano and flute proclaim it. Oftener than either, however, one sees an arrangement like this: Above the mantel crossed foils with a pair of fencers' masks; upon the mantel, two pairs of boxing gloves. On a long, unbroken side, a panel of oars or paddles, fish nets and rods, with mounted deer's heads as climaxes; upon the door a rawhide Navajo shield, hand painted by some copper colored impressionist with a whitewash brush and a pot of red ochre; upon another wall an arrangement of guns of all nations, swords and pistols; a bronze of the Louvre gladiator; a lariat in coil; a lacrosse or tennis racket; minor trifles of a sportive hue; no pictures, except possibly some old line engravings of hunting scenes.

The effect of all this is rather confusing at best; it becomes comical when the bachelor occupant is a soft-handed swell who couldn't shoot a barn door at ten rods and never pulled a stroke oar in his life.

"I know it's asking a great deal, Smithers," said Brouson. "Well, what is it? Let's hear it, quick. What is this tremendous thing you want?" "Lend me your ear for five minutes."

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 400 J STREET.

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK, UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTTENBERGER, Proprietor.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES

CALL AT THE

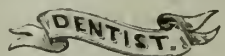
Sacramento Stove House,

813 and 815 J STREET,

—And You Will Save Money.—

H. K. WALLACE & CO.

DR. H. H. PIERSON,



511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, (SACRAMENTO).

C. E. BAINBRIDGE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to 9:30 P. M.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and original. Those who desire a thorough education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

EINTRACHT * SALOON,

HART & STEWART, Proprietors.

724 K Street, bet. Seventh and Eighth,

SACRAMENTO.

FINEST BRANDS OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

DAVE'S.

1092 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO.

Old-Time Weather Forecasts.

In Brand's "Observations on Popular Antiquities," a quaint book, we find some weather omens which can hardly fail to be interesting. Gay's first pastoral contains some curious rural weather omens, and here is one of them:

We learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall or winds arise.
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view
When stuck aloft, that show'rs would straight
ensue;

When swallows fleet soar high and sport in
air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.

"In the 'Trivia' of the same poet," says Brand, "the inhabitants of towns are provided with similar portents"—

But when the swinging Signs your Ears of-
fend
With creaking noise, then rainy Floods im-
pend;
Soon shall the Kennels swell with rapid
streams—

On Hosier's Poles depending Stockings ty'd,
Flag with the slackened gale, from side to
side;

Church Monuments foretell the changing air;
Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,
And sweats with secret grief; you'll hear the
sounds

Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their
bounds;

Ungrateful Odours Common Shores diffuse,
And dropping Vaults distil unwholesome
dews,

Ere the Tiles rattle with the smoking show'r.

Among the signs of rain recorded in "The Husbandman's Practice" (1664) is found the following:

"Ducks and Drakes shaking and fluttering their wings when they rise; young Horses rubbing their backs against the ground; Sheep bleating, playing or skipping wantonly; Swine being seen to carry bottles of Hay or Straw to any place and hide them; Oxen licking themselves against the hair; the sparkling of a Lamp or Candle, the falling of Soot down a Chimney more than ordinary; Frogs croaking; and Swallows flying low."

In the "Cabinet of Nature" (1637) the question as to "why a storm is said to follow presently when a company of hogs runne crying home" is answered thus:

"Some say that a Hog is most dull and of a melancholy nature, and so by reason doth foresee the Raine that commeth; and in the time of Raine, indeed, I have observed that most Cattell doe pricke up their Eares; as for example an Asse will, when he perceiveth a Storme of Raine or Hail doth follow."

According to Coles, when the down flies off colt's foot, dandelion and thistles, in the absence of wind, it is an indication of rain.

His Conversion Accounted For.

John S. Wise, of Virginia, says the New York News, is not only making his mark in New York as a lawyer, being now the recognized legal expert in the country on law as it relates to electricity, but he tells stories to his groups of friends that are related all over the city. He told one recently in which the joke was on himself—and very much so. He had been making a speech in a joint debate with a Democrat in Virginia, when he made some assertion about the Confederacy and its lost cause, and added:

"I can speak on the subject of the lost cause with somewhat of authority, fellow-citizens, for I was in the Confederate army, and I wore the gray, and I have Federal lead in my body, Republican as I am."

Quick as a flash his antagonist called out:

"Where were you wounded?"

"In the valley," replied Wise.

"Where were you wounded, sir?" repeated his antagonist.

"At Newcastle, sir, in the valley," replied Wise.

"No, I mean in what part of the body, sir, were you wounded?"

"Oh," exclaimed Wise, "in the head. The mark is on my scalp yet."

"I thought so, fellow-citizens," screamed his opponent, taking the front of the platform. "I have known for years, since John S. Wise became a Virginia Republican, that he was an awful crank, and I have suspected there was something the matter with his brain. But now I know all about it, and so do you. That Yankee bullet in his head knocked his brains crooked, and has left him without political sense."

Wise relates this story as the one time that he was ever flooded in stump speaking.

A Common Case.

Wife, laying down her newspaper—"I see by an article here that a cure has been discovered for lock-jaw."

Husband, with marked interest—"No, you don't say so."

Wife—"Yes, dear. It says that to render one insusceptible the germs of bacilli of tetanus are first injected and this injection is followed by injections of trichloride of iodine at intervals of twelve hours. The resultant blood serum after this treatment is—"

Husband, interrupting firmly but kindly—"There, there, dear, that will do. You don't need any cure. You haven't got it."—*Washington Star.*

Language of Flags.

To "strike a flag" is to lower the national colors in token of submission.

Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag officers. Such flags are square, to distinguish them from other banners.

A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation.

The white flag is a sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of a white flag.

The red flag is a sign of defiance, and is often used by revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.

The black flag is a sign of piracy.

The yellow flag shows a vessel to be at quarantine, or is the sign of a contagious disease.

A flag at half mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with a flag at half mast to announce the loss or death of some of the men.

Dipping the flag is lowering it slightly and then hoisting it again to salute a vessel or fort.

If the President of the United States goes afloat the American flag is carried in the bows of his barge or hoisted at the main of the vessel on board of which he is.

The ancient Finns believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Valmaluon, who hatched it in his bosom. He let it fall into the water and it broke, the lower portion of the shell forming the earth, the upper the sky; the liquid white became the sun and the yolk the moon, while the little fragments of broken shell were transformed into stars. English and Irish nurses instruct children when they have eaten a boiled egg to always push the spoon through the bottom of the shell "or else the witches will make boats of them." In France a similar custom prevails, but the reason assigned for it is that magicians formerly used eggs in concocting their diabolical witcheries.

Stokes—"If we could see into the hearts of our best friends I fear we should be shocked at the depravity we saw there."

Styles—"I don't know. Perhaps we'd feel unhappy to find our friends not so bad as we thought they were."



A sea-serpent, 103 feet long, was seen to coil itself up in slippery folds on the coast of Florida last month. Three reliable persons saw this creature distinctly.

Reader, the above is a "yarn." If people would believe the following truthful statement as readily as they swallow sea-serpent stories, it would be the means of saving thousands of lives. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, if taken in time and given a fair trial, will actually cure consumption of the lungs, which is really a scrofulous disease. If this wonderful medicine does not do all we recommend, when taken as directed, we will cheerfully and promptly return all money paid for it. Can any offer be more generous or fair? No other medicine possesses sufficient power over that fatal malady—Consumption, to warrant its manufacturers in selling it under such trying conditions. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not only the most wonderful alternative, or blood-cleanser, known to medical science, but also possesses superior nutritive and tonic, or strength-giving properties, which assist the food to digest and become assimilated, thus building up both strength and flesh. For all cases of Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, accompanied with lingering coughs, it is absolutely unequalled as a remedy. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, and kindred affections, it surpasses all other medicines.

\$5000 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter how bad, or of how long standing. Fifty cents, by druggists.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors.

Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE,

228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD, C. A. VIEMEISTER.

City Taxes--1891.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Assessment Roll of the taxable property of the City of Sacramento (real and personal) for the fiscal year of 1891 has this day been received; that the city taxes for said fiscal year and the Special Tax for the Police Fund are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, Room No. 4, Water Works Building. Said taxes will be delinquent after the

Second Monday in May, 1891,

And unless paid prior thereto, five per cent will be added. Taxes payable in gold coin.

GEO. A. PUTNAM, City Tax Collector. Sacramento, April 6, 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of William Enright, an insolvent debtor.—William Enright having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said William Enright is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said William Enright, insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him, or to any person, firm, corporation or association for his use; and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, in the County of Sacramento, on the 8th day of May 1891, at 1:30 o'clock, P. M. of that day, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered, that the order he published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published, before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And it is further ordered, that, in the meantime, all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated April 6th, 1891. W. C. VAN FLEET, Judge of the Superior Court. H. L. BUCKLEY, Attorney for Petitioner. ap11-4t

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO.—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Helen A. Grant, Allen D. Grant, Edward N. Grant, Catherine Matzen, Mary M. Miller, John Doe, and Richard Roe, greeting.

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 20th day of January, 1891, in which action EDWARD DIETERLE is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: The said action is brought for the purpose of quieting the title to that certain piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and described according to the plan of said city, as the south twenty (20) feet of the west sixty-eight (68) feet of lot number one, in the block bounded by J and K, and 5th and 6th streets; for the purpose, also, of determining all adverse claims of the said defendants to said property; and for a decree of said Court, declaring and adjudging that the title of plaintiff to said premises is good and valid, and that neither the said defendants have, nor any of them has, any estate or interest in the same; and forever enjoining and debarring the said defendants, and each of them, from asserting any claim to said land adverse to plaintiff, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 20th day of February, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk. A. L. HART, Attorney for Plaintiff. ap4-9t

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Grahler's Saloon

THE PIONEER No. 522 J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

A. L. HART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON, HIRAM W. JOHNSON, JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, LAWYERS, 504 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 418 J Street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER, Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, LAWYER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, 630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office in stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Si and K.

Gregory Bros. Co.

Established 1852

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

FLASHES.

It is a difficult matter to hold an argument with a hungry man.

A poor man can't afford to get married; a rich man don't need to.

Druggists have scruples, but whether conscientious or not is a matter of extreme doubt.

From accounts, steaks are rare in Germany—well, perhaps they like them that way.

England's policy is always for peace. The only trouble is she usually wants the biggest piece.

The lack of money is the root of all evil. Indeed, poverty is one of the great incentives to crime.

The boy at the grindstone does not take kindly to the sentiment, "One good turn deserves another."

There is a strong prospect of a large water-melon crop. How about ginger and pepper? There must be some corresponding natural antidote.

The Queen of Italy is fond of lectures and debates. She might improve her spouse's cabinet a little by administering a lecture on free government.

Annie Besant says that Theosophy "will do everything, but do it slowly." Theosophy must have had a strong hold in this city on our "leading citizens," because they act slowly.

A Roman Emperor.

The Emperor Augustus was a reasonable man and did not like being taken for a god—at least, not more than was advisable for political reasons. Addressed by a petitioner with the title of Dominus he rebuked him sharply, saying that he was either a fool or guilty of gross impiety. This rather reminds one of a story of Frederick the Great. One evening a new chamberlain, saying grace at table, began: "The Lord bless *you*, instead of *th-u*." The king interrupted grace. "You hound! In God's eyes you and I are a pair of scurvy dogs. Read grace aright."

Augustus was offended with the timidity with which his subjects approached him, as if he were a being from another sphere, and asked some one who was presenting him with a petition why he held it out to him as if he were giving alms to an elephant. He liked well enough to unbend, as where he writes to Tiberius: "We have passed the holidays right pleasantly. We played every day and kept the dice board warm. Your brother kept shouting at the top of his voice all the time. On the whole, however, he did not lose much. After heavy losses, he gradually pulled up beyond all expectation. I lost 20,000 sesterces on my own account, but only because I was profusely generous, as I generally am. If I had insisted on having the stakes which I let people off, or kept to myself what I gave all round, I should have won quite 50,000. But I prefer this way of doing things. My kindness will raise me to celestial glory." Here we have a trace of that light irony which is exemplified so strongly in Augustus' death-bed remarks.

It Made a Difference in the Count.

One day while the late Senator Hearst was a young man and yet had his fortune to make, says the Chicago *Post*, he and a few companions were on a prospecting tour. Along in the afternoon they sighted a band of Indians, and in those days all Indians were hostile. Mr. Hearst and his friends naturally wanted to get away from there. All the prospectors except the future Senator were mounted on horses. He was on a retired army mule, and soon found himself left in the rear. The Indians were on his trail and things began to look serious, when he called out to his rapidly disappearing companions: "Hold on, boys; there's only a few of them. We needn't be afraid."

Just then the mule scented the approaching Indians, and with a wild snort started out at a gait that soon left the horsemen far behind. When Hearst was about a quarter of a mile in advance he turned in his saddle and yelled at the top of his voice:

"Hurry up, boys; you'll get scalped. There's more'n a hundred of them."

Long Life and Late Suppers.

It is related of Admiral Selfredge that during Grant's second administration he was spending an evening out, informally, in a somewhat distinguished company, and on being joked upon his withdrawal at the early hour of 10 o'clock, replied if the others kept on eating late suppers they might not live as long as he, though they were all, or nearly all, younger than he. The admiral is now 90 years of age, and of the others present on that occasion ex-Secretary Robeson alone survives. General Belknap, Justice Miller, General Garfield and Senator Zach Chandler were among the guests.

The quickest known way to make an independent fortune is to get a pencil and paper and commence growing fruit. There is no need of any land or former experience. Figures never lie, you know, and your success will astonish you and all your neighbors.

H. WACHHORST

Leading Jeweler of Sacramento

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,
No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, cor. Fifth FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA

Studio, 521 J Street.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO., Book and Job Printers, 410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Klune & Floberg, WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS

Agents for Rockford Watch Co.
No. 428 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

R. DAVIS, NOTARY PUBLIC, Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J Street, Sacramento.

OSBORN & FOLGER FUEL DEPOT,

806 I Street.

ICE, HAY, GRAIN and STORAGE

501 I Street. Telephone 69.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER.

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.

R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

January 19, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6:15 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8:40 P
12:50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	5:55 A
4:30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7:00 P
7:30 P	Knights Landing	7:10 A
10:50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9:35 A
12:05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2:25 A
11:00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8:15 A
	Ogden and East	
3:00 P	Oroville	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:40 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
2:25 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A
6:15 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12:35 A
8:40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10:40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8:40 P
10:00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	8:00 A
10:50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2:50 P
10:50 A	San Jose	2:50 P
4:30 P	Santa Barbara	9:35 A
6:15 A	Santa Rosa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	8:40 P
8:50 A	Stockton and Galt	7:00 P
4:30 P	Stockton and Galt	9:35 A
12:05 P	Truckee and Reno	2:25 A
11:00 P	Truckee and Reno	8:15 A
12:05 P	Colfax	8:15 A
6:15 A	Vallejo	11:40 A
3:05 P	Vallejo	11:40 P
*6:35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2:40 P
*3:10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11:35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities
of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - \$4,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK,

S. W. Corner Fourth and J Streets, Sacramento, Cal.
GUARANTEED CAPITAL, \$500,000.

Loans made on Real Estate. Interest paid semi-annually on Term and Ordinary Deposits.

PRESIDENT.....B. U. STEINMAN
VICE-PRESIDENT.....EDWIN K. AISIP
CASHIER.....D. D. WHITBECK
SECRETARY.....C. H. CUMMINGS
SURVEYOR.....JAS. M. STEVENSON

DIRECTORS:

B. U. Steinman, Edwin K. Alsip, C. H. Cummings,
W. E. Terry, Sol. Runyon, Jas. McNasser,
Jas. M. Stevenson.

Huntington Hopkins

Company,

HARDWARE

Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE EMERSON



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1891.

No. 11.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

The reckless disregard for the sanctity of the oath by witnesses is developed in nearly every important litigation, criminal as well as that involving property rights. Some witnesses are not the least impressed with the responsibility attending an oath. It looks like folly to administer an oath to persons when it is evident that it in no wise is a prompter of the truth. The liar disregards the solemnity of an oath in the same degree that he disregards the truth in private conversation. Perhaps under oath he may be a little more diplomatic, but he will lie all the same. Yet under our system of jurisprudence the oath of this reckless swearer is taken against that of the truthful person. A writer on this subject suggests that the custom of administering oaths should be abolished as conducive of no ultimate good. The truthful man will tell the truth without an oath, while the liar will perjure himself with an oath. The origin of oath taking does not commend itself to an enlightened people. It is the outgrowth of fear and superstition, and maintained by the force of tradition. An oath in the name of the deity, is only a relict of our pagan ancestors. The legal effect of placing a witness on the stand or making a statement in any official or judicial proceeding would be the same without the mere form of calling on the deity to aid him in telling the truth. The law could be so framed as to make untruthful testimony or statements under such circumstances perjury, just the same as though an appeal had been made to the deity. Under our practice witnesses who have scruples about calling upon the deity are privileged to "affirm." It seems to us that the more enlightened idea would be to have affirmations take the place of our idle custom of calling on God to bear witness to the truth of our statements.

It is not always an easy matter to distinguish between the consciousness of merit and the vanity of ignorance. A pompous, blatant, ignorant man often tries to impress—and often with more or less success, does impress others with his great importance. The man who is conscious of his merit often assumes a vanity that is akin to that of ignorance. True merit is never vain, never boastful. Others are permitted to herald meritorious works and acts, not the author. The vanity of ignorance can always be depended on to be its own herald. Vanity is an enemy of duty—indeed of progress. When the truly meritorious person becomes vain of his or her accomplishments, just in proportion are the good effects of the works and acts of such person weakened, and the individual placed on the level of the vanity of ignorance. It is scarcely necessary for us to say that we have a fair supply of both classes in our community, and the readers will not be at a loss to distinguish them at a glance.

Men are but grown-up children. Plato's reasoning with regard to instructing children applies with full force to adults. That which a man is forced to read never makes any lasting impression on his mind. Superficial and hasty reading is positively injurious to the memory. Plato said long ago: "Lessons that one instills forcibly into the mind do not remain there. Make use of no violence towards the children in the lessons

ye give them; manage in some way or other that they educate themselves while at play, in this wise ye will be better prepared to become acquainted with the disposition of each one. It is necessary to lead children to war on horseback, let them approach the thick of the fray. Ye will put aside those who will have discovered more patience in toil, more courage in danger, and more ardor for the sciences." It is not the amount one reads that makes him learned, but what he digests and stores up in his memory. This loose and promiscuous reading is detrimental to the mind.

We are in receipt of a compilation, including Postmaster-General Wanamaker's report on Postal Savings Banks, press comments, draft of the bill to establish Postal Savings Banks, and other arguments in favor thereof. From a digest of these documents and the reasons advanced by the Postmaster-General, we think the plan a most excellent one. Indeed this project would go a great way to avert much of the poverty in this country. Poor people are never so poor but that at times they have the opportunity to accumulate small savings. The Postal Savings Banks afford the means to establish a nucleus to future prosperity. In such countries as Sweden, Great Britain, Austria, Belgium, the Netherlands, France, Russia and Italy, this system of postal savings has been of great benefit to the poor and frugal. Wherever there is frugality, there is also the highest grade of morality. Many poor people would soon realize the vast benefit of these small savings under the beneficent plan of Postmaster-General Wanamaker.

According to report the President of the Missouri Farmers' Alliance is opposed to the holding of a convention by the new party in Cincinnati this month. In this regard he is right. Very little if any good has ever been accomplished by third parties, and as a rule they have ascended with the blaze of a skyrocket and fallen like the stick in darkness and oblivion. Each State has a uniform history of ephemeral political organizations. Uniformly short lived, they have accomplished nothing, save to impress on their projectors that the people generally are not ripe for reform, and perhaps will not be for several generations. There must be credit given to the few who waste their lives in an attempt to reform the world, and to bring about a condition of things that will, perhaps, be attained the next century, but experience has demonstrated that there is little to be gained. The history of the country has demonstrated that but two great parties will cut a figure in the shaping of its political destiny; that tendency that has existed will, doubtless, continue to exist, and at the next presidential election we imagine that the Alliance will not be in it. If a candidate will be nominated, his views will be so narrowminded, and the platform of principles so constrained that support will come but from few.

It is painful to see how many young people are suffered to grow up without any regular employment or fixed habits of industry. Many men, mechanics, laborers and others have no land of their own, no place nor business to employ their boys, and while they themselves are constantly employed to earn food for their families, the boys are permitted to run at loose ends. A portion of the time they spend, perhaps, in school, but a larger portion is spent in the streets, the very worst kind of school. There they are left to run until twelve, fourteen, or sixteen years of age, with nothing to do. One in a large number may have ambition

enough to look for employment, and settle down into steady, industrious habits, but a large portion of them never enter any regular business, but as necessity at length compels them to do something, they "chore" and "job" about at such business as they can get, shifting from one kind of employment to another, and depending on such precarious jobs as they happen to meet with, and are a part of the time idle and exposed to temptation, or driven by want into dishonest practices or crime. The number of this class of neglected youths, with no wise head or thoughtful mind to guide them, is increasing, and it is time to pluck them as brands from the burning—time that employment were provided to save them from vice and establish them in habits of industry. Every parent should see that his children are provided with suitable employment as soon as they are old enough to work. Men who have to be away from their homes during the day, night, in very many cases, secure the use of some vacant lot on which, under the superintendence of the mother and such attention as the father could give night and morning, the boys might work at gardening. There are many ways in which boys might be usefully employed, and if the profits of their industry, in dollars, are not large, the influence it would have on their character could not be estimated by dollars. We know of women who employ their young boys about the house, bringing wood and water, washing dishes, sweeping and washing floors, dusting furniture and the like. We have seen boys as handy about such work as girls, and where they have no other employment, it would be better for them to be thus engaged than to be idle at home or exposed to vices on the streets. Some women, after their boys have had sufficient play out of doors, set them to knitting or sewing. Boys can learn to do such work as well as girls. In some of the State reform schools, the boys make and mend their own clothes, wash and iron them, cook their own food, etc.; and boys who have nothing else to do can perform such work at home and aid their mothers very much, besides being kept out of bad company and saved from roving or idle habits. But we think we hear some mother say, "It would be too much trouble to train boys in such work and teach them how to do it. I would rather do the work myself than undertake to teach my boys." But, dear woman, the trouble will not be so great as you think; they will soon become handy at such work, and besides, your first efforts to train them may be encouraged by the reflection that you are saving your children from bad company and evil ways, and establishing them in habits of industry that will influence their character for good all through their lives.

But after all, the grand difficulty in employing and training children aright arises from the unnatural state of society. Cities are but ulcers. Men were never designed by nature to dwell together in such crowds, living and breathing in physical and moral corruption, as they ever must where all manner of tenements, shops, factories, all sorts of human characters, together with cats, dogs, swine, horses, cows and other animals dwell together almost beneath the same roof, amid high walls that exclude sun and air, and retain miasma and all the seeds of physical, moral, and spiritual degradation. Every dwelling in a city should have land enough to employ the leisure hours of the adults, both male and female, and to train the children in habits of industry. If one-half the people in our city would remove to small farms, all, except the Shylocks that

live on the earnings of hungry industry, would be the better for it. What a life has the common mechanic and the laborer in the city! Bound to toil from sun to sun the whole year round, while his children are running loose, all his labor barely supplying necessary wants, and then dying with no better prospect for his children than the routine of slavery from which death has so mercifully relieved him! Up, get out of the city; settle where you can train your children aright and leave them prosperous, virtuous, independent and happy. Heaven bless the children! They are the purest portion of the human family; have not yet become so selfish, cold, calculating as other people; have not been so much corrupted by the evil fashions and customs of the world; are more honest, more sincere, more generous, more kind and affectionate; are purer and better than other people. No wonder Christ held up an innocent child before the selfish multitude and told them that "of such is the kingdom of heaven," and except that they should become converted and be as little children, they could in nowise enter the kingdom. It is even so. The kingdom of heaven is love, and where selfishness has full possession of the heart, there is no room for love. Yes, children are the purest part of the human family, and what a pity it is that older people are not better qualified to guide and direct them. How painful to think that these innocent little ones must be corrupted by their seniors, be made fretful, peevish, fractious, cruel, ungenerous, and unkind! Parents, do you realize that the minds of your children are like melted wax in your hands, to receive whatever impression, whether for good or evil, your precepts and examples will make on their minds? Are you as careful in your words and acts for children as though you daily realized that you would make either demons or angels of them? If not, it is time for you to begin to think on the subject, for it is even so. The children you are training will, in general, *bless or curse* the world—will themselves be happy or miserable in proportion to the influence of good or evil which you exert over their forming minds.

A COLLEGE CUSTOM DEAD.

The "Bloody Monday" rushes between sophomores and freshmen at Harvard, on the first Monday night after the term opens, are all that remains of the custom in vogue thirty years ago of having a "football fight" between the two classes. This annual contest finally grew so savage, that the faculty prohibited it, threatening severe punishment in case their mandates were disobeyed. Resistance was vain, so the students decided to give up the custom, and have a closing service. Accordingly, before night, an express wagon was seen carrying a drum, which was left at the upper end of Cambridge Common. After dark, it was noticed that the usual crowds of students in ragged attire had not gathered. Soon, however, the sound of a drum was heard, and a procession appeared, at the head of which was a drum-major with a huge bearskin cap and a baton, accompanied by assistants with craped staffs and torches, and followed by two bass-drummers; the elegist, with his Oxford cap and black gown, and brows and cheeks crooked to appear as if wearing huge goggles; four spade-bearers; six pall-bearers, with a six-foot coffin on their shoulders; and then the sophomore class in full ranks. Their hats were without brims, their apparel such as suited the tearing football fight, and their left legs wound with crape. The procession moved on in perfectly good order to the yard, and halted under the trees toward the upper end, where a circle was formed, and the coffin passed around for the friends to take a last look at the contents—simply a football with painted frill fastened into the head of the coffin; while the spade-bearers plied their instruments vigorously in digging the grave. Then the elegist, in excessively sanctimonious manner, amid sighs, sobs, groans and lamentations, the noise of which might have been heard for a mile, read by torchlight the following address and poem:

Dearly Beloved: We have met together upon this mournful occasion to perform the sad offices over one whose long and honored life was put to an end in a sudden and violent manner. Last year, at this very time, in this very place, our poor friend's round, jovial appearance (slightly swollen, perhaps) and the *elasticity* of his movements gave promise of many years more to be added to a long life which even then eclipsed the oldest graduate's. When he rose exultingly in the air, looking like the war-angel sounding the onset and hovering over the mingling fray, we little thought, then, that to-night he would lie so low, surrounded by weeping Sophs. Exult, ye freshmen, and clap your hands! The wise men who make big laws around a little table have stretched out their arms to encircle you, and for this once, at least, your eyes and noses are protected; you are shielded behind the ægis of Minerva. But for us there is naught but sorrow, the sweet associations and tender memories of eyes "banged up," of noses distended, of battered shins, the many blows anteriorly and posteriorly received and deliv-

ered, the rush, the struggle, the victory! They call forth our deep regret and unaffected tears. The enthusiastic cheers, the "Auld Lang Syne," each student grasping a brother's hand—all, all have passed away, and will soon be buried with the football beneath the sod, to live hereafter only as a dream in our memories and in the college annals. Brothers, pardon my emotion, and if I have already kept you too long, pardon me this also. On such an occasion as this, but few words can be spoken, but those must be spoken, for they are the outburst of grieved spirits and sad hearts. What remains for me to say is short, and in the words of a well-known poem:

He then read the following parody on the "Burial of Sir John More":

But one drum we had, with its funeral note,
As the coffin we hitherward hurried,
And in crape we are decked, for proudly we dote
On the football that's soon to be buried.

We'll bury him sadly at dim twilight,
As day into night is just turning,
With a solemn dirge, by the dismal light
Of the torches dimly burning.

With pall and bier that's borne by the crew,
And a headstone carried behind them,
His corpse shall ride with becoming pride,
With martial music before him.

'Gainst the faculty let not a word be said,
Though we cannot but speak our sorrow;
We'll steadfastly gaze on the face of the dead,
And bitterly think on the morrow.

We think, as we hollow the narrow bed,
And fasten the humble foot-board,
That to-morrow at chapel we'll see no black eyes,
Or noses that show they've been hit hard.

The faculty talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
And little we'll care if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a sophomore laid him.

'Tis time that our heavy task was done,
And I would advise our retiring,
Or we'll hear the voice of some savage one
For the ringleader gruffly inquiring.

The coffin was then lowered into the grave, which the sexton filled, and at the head was now placed the following epitaph in white letters on a black board:

Hic jacet
FOOTBALL FIGHTUM
Obiit July 2, 1860
Æt. LX years
Resurgat.

On the foot-piece the words,

"IN MEMORIAM"

were inscribed over a winged skull.

While they were filling the grave, the class sang, to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," the following

DIRGE.

Ah! woe betide the luckless time
When manly sports decay,
And football, stigmatized as crime,
Must sadly pass away.

Chorus: Shall Sixty-three submit to see
Such cruel murder done
And not proclaim the deed of shame?
No! let's unite as one!

O hapless ball, you little knew,
When last upon the air
You lightly o'er the Delta flew,
Your grave was measured here.

Chorus: But Sixty-three will never see
Your noble spirit fly,
And not unite in funeral rite,
And swell your dirge's cry.

Beneath this sod we lay you down,
This scene of glorious fight;
With dismal groans and yells we'll drown
Your mournful burial rite.

Chorus: For Sixty-three will never see
Such cruel murder done,
And not proclaim the deed of shame,
No! let's unite as one!

Cheers for the various classes and groans for the faculty were then given, and the students dispersed, having gone through all the ceremonies with a laughable mock gravity, good humor and good order.—*New England Magazine.*

China's isolation is already a piece of ancient history, and it will not be for want of European intrusion if the great empire does not wake up to better by the European instruction. The navigation of the Yang-Tse-Kiang by steamers has received a new stimulus by the addition of Chung-King, which is situated on that river at a distance of 1,500 miles from the sea, to the number of treaty ports. In the treaty ports foreign merchandise is admitted and native products are exported on the payment of an ad valorem duty of but five per cent. This duty once paid at Shanghai, foreign goods are sent on to Chung-King without additional charge, and distributed there to the remoter markets on the payment of the slight additional tax of two per cent.

Now I have sprinkled my master's coat thoroughly with carbolic water and dusted it with disinfecting powder, I am sure nobody can fail to believe now that he has a tremendous practice.

Humors of the Ostrich.

The ostrich is not a bird that can be easily brought up in the way that it should go. It has no powers of discrimination. "Because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding"—as runs the description of the ostrich in the book of Job. It cannot discriminate between a wire fence and the open camp, between friends and foes, or between what is helpful and what is hurtful to its digestion. It was owing to its want of understanding in this last respect, and to an equal want of discrimination on the part of the British public, that it has been found impossible to keep ostriches alive in the Zoological Gardens in London. A public accustomed to slip pennies into automatic machines could not refrain from the temptation offered by the omnivorous throat of an ostrich, and filled them up with poisonous copper, as if they were so many missionary boxes. In its African life, however, the chief danger that besets it is not the recklessness of its appetite, but its reckless disregard of its own limbs. It will take fright at a shadow and hurl itself blindly into the nearest fence, from which it will be extricated with a broken leg; or fight savagely with a brother-ostrich, and break its leg; or fall into a hole or gully, and break its leg; or dance, waltzing with most swift and graceful precision, affording a most beautiful sight to the spectator and the greatest satisfaction to itself, until giddiness comes upon it and brings it to the ground—again with a broken leg. It is true that its dangerously powerful legs are also very brittle, but it must be confessed that it does not use them well.

Of the danger that the owner sometimes runs from those powerful limbs, Mrs. Martin tells some very amusing stories. A sturdy new-comer, some six feet in height, laughed at the warnings that were given him when he set out for a walk, and disdainfully refused the protection of a tackey—a thorny branch, the dexterous use of which will keep the ostrich at bay—averring that he "was not afraid of a dicky-bird!" He was missed, and discovered some hours afterward by a search party most uncomfortably perched on the top of an ironstone boulder, and slowly grilling under the African sun, while the "dicky-bird" did sentry up and down, watching him with an evil eye. Another gentleman had a theory that any creature, however savage, could be subdued—"quelled," as he said, by the human eye. One day he tried to quell one of his own ostriches, with the result that he was presently found in a very pitiable predicament, lying flat on the ground, while the subject of his experiment jumped up and down on him, occasionally varying the treatment by sitting upon him. Doubtless it was safer to lie down than to stand up to be kicked; but to be sat upon as if one were an egg must have been indeed humiliating. Curious, too, is the account that the author gives of the camps or little kingdoms that the ostriches mark out for themselves, with invisible, but never to be encroached upon, boundaries. Inside that camp it will bear no intrusion; but outside it, in the domain of its neighbor, it is profoundly indifferent to the stranger's wanderings. Nor is it safe for the farmer to presume upon his former acquaintance with any bird, for the ostrich has not wits enough to distinguish an old friend from a new intruder, nor sufficient respect for his owner to except him from his suspicious hostilities, though it would appear that, as a rule, he will manifest a stronger aversion to the Kaffir or Hottentot than to a white man.—*London Spectator.*

"What are you givin' us?" yelled a down-town grocer in an excited way, Tuesday, to an Auburn friend who had just slam-banged his hat down on his head and whirled him around so violently that he fell on a potato-barrel and skinned his elbow.

"I'm takin' boxin' lessons," said his friend, "and that's the marine swing."

"That's it, is it?" said the grocer, as he grabbed the Auburn man, jammed him under a meat bench, kicked the visible portion of his anatomy and hit him hard with a broom. "How do you like that? That's the Cape Code poke, otherwise known as pot-luck. Next time you come round here with your new tricks just remember that there's a few of us old ones left who know a twist or two when we were young."

Both men were flushed and both were mad and both smiled.

The hottest region on earth is on the southwestern coast of Persia, where Persia borders the gulf of the same name. For forty consecutive days during the months of July and August the thermometer has been known not to fall lower than 100 degrees Fahrenheit, night or day. The smallest republic in the world is said to be Franceville, one of the islands of the New Hebrides. The inhabitants consist of 40 Europeans and 500 black workmen employed by a French company.

The favorite drink in Tombstonc is the Arizona cocktail, the principal ingredients of which are very fiery whisky and Worcestershire and Tabasco sauce. When an old Tombstoner can beguile an Eastern tenderfoot into drinking one of these cocktails he feels that he has perpetrated the funniest kind of a practical joke.

The bird called the "devil bird of La Souffriere" by both Labat and Dutertre, has webbed feet like a duck or a goose and claws like a bird of prey, a sharp and curved bill, and large eyes, which cannot bear the light of day. When surprised in the daytime at a distance from its nest it will run or fly against everything in its way. Father Dutertre, in his description of Guadeloupe, where the volcano of La Souffriere is situated, says that the natives call the bird by a name which means "devil," and that they do so on account of a popular belief among them that the bird nests in the very crater of the volcanoes at a place inaccessible to man, among the melting lava and sulphurous fumes. Father Dutertre finishes his account of the devil bird in these words: "Here we have a bird of wonderful and surprising ingenuity, which fishes by the light of a volcano and hatches its eggs by the warmth of its gaseous discharges."

It would be interesting, though not unprecedented, if a side issue like the opium tax in India should prove to be the rock on which the Salisbury government should split. There has been a decided advance in English public opinion since the days when England went to war to force opium on China. The practically unimportant defeat of the Government the other day on a small vote may grow into considerable importance from the declaration that it will ignore the vote in the Commons. If the Government refuses to recognize the authority of the House, on which it depends for existence, it may produce a very pretty row.

Several calamities to men endowed by nature with long beards have been reported in the last few months; but so far there has been nothing to compare with the melancholy condition of the man described by Edward Lear in one of his books of "Nonsense":

There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!—
Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard."

Here are some French advertisements: "A governess—with diploma—would like to accompany a musical lady to the country and on the piano." Here is another: "Wanted—A French nurse who loves children of 3, 5 and 8 years." And here is the queerest: "Wanted—A professor to come twice a week to the house of a noble family in order to reform the pronunciation of a parrot."

A New York statistician and financier figures that out of 20,000 men only 8,000 will die worth over \$10,000, and only 8,000 who can be called rich. He says that 3,000 men lose \$2,000 and upward per year, and that 2,000 men lose \$10,000 each where one makes \$100,000.

The prudent public speaker in Ireland never goes on the hustings without a roll of sticking plaster and a bottle of arnica in his pocket.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

M. Pjrlus-Klentsky is a new pianist who is making a name for himself. He needs it, badly.

Surprise may take a man's breath away, but the chap who goes out between acts will prefer the clove.

Stuart Robson will produce *The Cadi* next season. It is by Bill Nye, and its plot is suggested by the humorist's experience as a frontier Justice of the Peace.

William Collier and Charlie Reed announce that they will have none of the "tight-laced-short-skirted-high kicking soubrette" element in their new production.

The many friends of Mr. John T. Ford, the veteran theatrical manager, of Baltimore, are pleased with the success his daughter, Miss Mattie Ford, is meeting with in her stage work. Under the tutelage of Julia Marlowe and with her own adaptability for the stage her friends have reason to expect much of her.

Mme. Modjeska, after filling several successful engagements in Germany and Poland, has gone to Lakopane, in the Carpathian mountains, for rest and recreation. She has given her son a handsome villa there which she owned. Mme. Modjeska will sail from Bremen for New York about the end of June and go to her ranch in Southern California for the summer. Her next American tour will commence the latter part of September and will be under the management of Frank G. Cotter.

The *Mirror* takes exceptions to the remarks of W. J. Florence when he says that "the first night settles a play," and he cites *Married, Rescued and The Old Stager*, which the critics proclaimed successes, as examples that bear out his theory. But how about *The Wife*, which was condemned on its first performance and was afterwards licked into a substantial success? And how about *The Banker's Daughter, Held by the Enemy, Shenandoah, Joshua Whitcomb, Hazel Kirke, Dr. Bill, Paul Kewar, and Money Mad*—all first-night failures.

An actor told the following story the other evening:

He was on a train which was coming into New York. In the seat before him sat two countrymen who were evidently on their way to the theater. They began to talk about actors, and one of them said: "These actors get awful big salaries. I don't see how they can afford to pay them so much. Now there's X——. They say he gets \$200 a week and the cast of characters. Just think of it. Two—hund—red—dol—lars and the cast—of—char—ac—ters! And the cast—of—char—ac—ters! That seems a wicked waste of money!"

Dr. Constantin James relates the case of a young Parisian actress who was playing a leading part in melodrama. It was characteristic of the spirit of her impersonation that she should portray by mimic action feelings of suppressed anger. This she did by biting her lips so severely as almost to cause them to bleed. In so doing she absorbed the unusually thick coating of vermilion with which she had colored them, forgetting in the height of her simulated passion to apply her handkerchief to her mouth. No sooner had she left the stage than she complained of violent internal pains, and was seized with a fit of trembling, betraying the symptoms of poisoning by mercury. Mlle. Mars, the great actress, was in the habit, up to a very great age, of dyeing her hair, in view of presenting a youthful appearance, until a repeated use of the dye produced a cerebral inflammation which caused her death, after suffering pain for only one night.

The American actor has many virtues and good points. He is quick, ingenious, active, subtle, confident, ambitious. His natural equipment is superior to his English rival's and inferior only to that of the French comedian. He has humor and feeling and versatility. He is decidedly popular, and he is well paid. With all these talents and advantages to help him he should—and would—have won much wider fame and prestige than he now boasts but for two faults—a certain sloth of mind, which makes him careless of culture, and a tendency to fancy that the world has nothing else to do but to admire him. There are remarkable exceptions to the rule, which will suggest themselves. But the rule is as we state it. The American actor does not read or think or observe enough outside of the theater. He is too prone to overrate his own deserts, too contemptuous of his neighbors, too apt to underrate the worth of brains, especially the brains of the authors by whom he lives, on whom he thrives and without whom he would perish. He looks at the world through glasses which distort facts. In his own mind he is the cause and the crown of the stage. It is for him, and him alone, that millionaires build theaters, that managers direct them, that playwrights invent plots and that the public pays its dollars. His feeling for the manager is tempered by respect, for he knows that he gets his bread and butter from him. For the author he has little but indifference or scorn. What is he but a poor devil engaged to write lines for him to speak? We refer, of course, to the average actor, the rank and file of the profession, not to the Booths and Drews and Jeffersons. And we feel sure that every playwright who has had experience of the "perfesh" and every manager would privately confirm what we say publicly. The stage is in a topsy-turvy state here just now. Culture goes for little. Brains are bought by the pound. The man who interprets (when he does not misinterpret) plays, makes more money and is more flattered and be-puffed than the writer who creates them.

Book Chat.

Mythology tells us that the sylvan god Pan invented reed pipes, but doesn't state whether the bowls were of clay or corn-cobs.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Dullard at the reception, "what an extraordinary girl that Miss Hub is." "Extraordinary?" some one asked. "In what way?" "Why, they say she knows Sanscrit. Now, who ever heard of him?"

Walter Besant, William Black and others are talking about organizing a society of English authors to establish in New York a printing house where first copies of their books, necessitated by the new copyright law, can be printed simultaneously with the making of the book in England.

In the "Beau Brummell" controversy letters have now been published by Mr. Mansfield, the real author, Mr. William Winter, with whom the play originated, and Mr. Clyde Fitch, who wrote the work entire without collaboration. If the drama had been a failure instead of a success, which one of these gentlemen would have rushed in to claim the honor of its production?

Farjeon, the English novelist, has more than one style, and his latest book, "Merry, Merry Boys," is in his simpler manner, though it is stronger than some of the author's tales with elaborate plots. The "boys" are two men who start in search of their respective fortunes. When they reach old age one has made a great deal of money and lost it without getting any comfort out of it, while the other succeeds at the one object of his life.

Professional Chat.

A Philadelphia surgeon has dissected and mounted the complete nervous system of a human being, something never before accomplished.

A physician who is continually prescribing cold water for all manner of diseases, complains of having fallen overboard. "You shouldn't grumble about that," consoled a friend; "you only tumbled into your own medicine chest."

Lawyer—Do you live with your husband? Witness—No, sir. Lawyer—Are you divorced? Witness—I don't know. Lawyer—Eh? What's that? You don't know? Witness—Certainly not. My husband never takes me into his confidence.

"Make somebody else happy," was the prescription given by a wise physician to a victim of nervous depression. The doctors who assembled in this city last week made a most practical application of this prescription. They made everybody happy.

The *Congregationalist* tells of a unique request for prayer which a minister recently received. The request read: "The prayers of this congregation are requested for a man who is getting rich." When he actually becomes rich, he will probably keep the brethren pretty busy praying.

Judge Prentice made a queer remark recently in the the Superior Court, New Haven, Conn. Ex-Judge Stoddard and lawyer Judson had a little tilt about the admission of some testimony, and Judge Prentice had to decide. "Well," replied his honor, rubbing his chin, "I don't think it is admissible at this stage of the game. I mean," he quickly added, "at this stage of the trial." We wonder if any of our judges know anything about the American game of "draw." Wonder if any judge ever said, "Damn the world by quarter sections," when he had a "pat hand" beaten.

Chivalrous southern spirit received a crushing blow down at Rome, Ga., the other day. During the course of a murder trial the remarks of one of the lawyers mightily offended several gentlemen of "honah," and they made loud talk to the effect that unless the lawyer retracted, they would shoot him on sight, sah. Judge Maddox occupied the bench, and these threats coming to his ears, he stopped the trial long enough to say: "If there is any apology to be made, it will be made to this court, and to no one else. If any man is detected within this court-room with a weapon on his person, it will cost him just \$1,000, twelve months in the penitentiary, and six months in the chain-gang. If any member of this bar is interfered with in any other way it will cost the person who interferes \$200, and twenty days in the chain-gang. That's all I have to say, and now let anybody who wants to interfere with this court begin right now." Nobody interfered, the judge's inducements being insufficient.

The strange spectacle is witnessed in England, and is greatly disturbing London legal circles, of a distinguished judge upon the bench who has shown undoubted evidence of insanity. Hon. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, one of the most eminent judges on the Queen's bench division of the high court of justice, has been observed for some time to act strangely, but recent events have proved, beyond a doubt, that the unfortunate gentleman is fast losing control of his faculties. With that singular fallacy, however, that frequently accompanies diseases of the brain, the patient believes himself in good health, and refuses to listen to hints suggesting his retirement. As a result it is said that the court presided over by the learned judge is thoroughly demoralized, and the lawyers are panic stricken, not knowing what course to pursue under the embarrassing circumstances. It seems that in one case before him—a suit for seduction, with promise of marriage—by direction of the judge, the jury brought in a verdict that the defendant was not the father of the child, and yet gave the plaintiff very substantial damages. This, and other instances, have induced practitioners to hope for a medical opinion, to the effect that the justice is not fit for duty. Such opinion does not seem forthcoming, though the latest news is that the Lord Chief Justice has induced him to refrain from sitting in court pending a thorough medical examination of his condition. Justice Stephen, it appears, was greatly affected at the time by the popular clamor against his treatment of the Maybrick case. He has achieved much fame in legal circles as the author of the code for India, of a digest of the law of evidence and of the criminal law of England. He was for some years the legal member of the Governor-General's council in India—a place once filled by Macauley, and more recently by Sir Henry Maine.—*Central Law Journal*.

The Boston lover staggered as she refused him. "I could stand rejection, Miss Beaconstreet, but the manner of it I can never forget." "I did not mean to increase your sorrow." "It is not that, but you said you would 'never marry no man!' Oh, the grammar of it, Miss Beaconstreet, the grammar of it!" And he reeled dazedly to the sidewalk.

WELCOME.

To-day the citizens of Sacramento will extend an appropriate welcome to the President of the United States. Though his stay will be short among us, opportunity will be afforded to give ample testimony of the esteem in which we hold both the man and the dignified office he occupies. This will be the second occasion when a President visited this State. As a rule our Presidents have traveled but little during their official incumbency, and the journeys they made were extended to but a short distance from the national capital. During the war President Lincoln visited the more prominent battle-grounds, but usually his object was to consult with the generals in the field. President Johnson made an extended trip through the West, but did not visit the western half of the national domain. President Hayes came as far as California. President Cleveland went west no farther than Indiana. From the published accounts the tour of President Harrison has been extremely gratifying, not only to him but to the people, and reasonably much benefit will result from it.

It is a matter of regret that there was the marring at San Francisco by reason of the unpardonable selfishness of a few aspiring politicians, in the snub that was attempted to Gov. Markham. It was immediately observed by the President, and he doubtless saw through it, and admired the plucky action of our State executive. We are of the opinion that the men who endeavored so shabbily to curry the favor of the President will find they have impressed him with their conspicuous smallness.

In this community arrangements for the reception have been perfected with but little friction. We are not aware that any one of the seventy-six gentlemen sought their appointments, and perhaps no one of them will crowd so closely to the President as to jeopardize his toes. However, that the reception will be a success, it will be of gratification that the President will recognize that Sacramento contains a population beyond the number of twenty-four.

The Committee of Arrangements is to be congratulated that they determined to exclude foreign flags from the procession and to require participants to march under the American colors only. It would seem that persons of foreign birth who have accepted the privilege of naturalization should manifest their good faith by recognizing the flag of the United States, and it is not at all likely that were a party of Americans naturalized in a foreign country they would insist upon parading on state occasions under the stars and stripes. The fact is, very few Americans naturalize abroad, and those in foreign countries in the display of American colors, being citizens of the United States, do so in compliment of the nation in which they are sojourning. We hope the precedent established by the committee here will be followed elsewhere.

Mrs. Gladstone.

She is one of the most charming women you ever saw, a sweet, kind face framed in full, soft, lovely hair, and topped by a cap of velvet and lace. A gown that falls in artistic folds and doesn't rustle, and a way of looking at you as if she were interested in everything you said—that's Mrs. Gladstone. She does not care for society, as it is meant by the round of balls and receptions, and the giving and going to them; but she is delighted when she is at the head of her own dinner table and has about her a circle of friends who know and love her and Mr. Gladstone.

Unlike the wife of any other prime minister, she never went in for having a salon for surrounding herself with rich and powerful friends, who would simply care to be received at the house of a prime minister, and yet have no real interest in the cause which he so thoroughly and earnestly championed. Instead, she has given her time to caring for him; to see that he was, under any and all circumstances, as comfortable as possible, and that in this way his health was preserved for the nation for whom he did so much good.

Her happiest moments are when she is with her husband at Harwarden, but on every important occasion she has always been by his side. Just remember that this means going over the country in railway trains, being for hours on open-air platforms, and then you will understand why the people of England worship Mrs. Gladstone as a heroine.

NOTES.

According to scientists, "eating too much starves the brain," and eating too little starves the stomach. And there you are.

Henry Watterson seems to be seriously thinking of getting angry and refusing to nominate either Cleveland or Hill for President in 1892.

Hard times, decreed by nature, are the best damper for warlike propensities and the most efficient preventive of the hard times resulting from war.

Ex-Senator Blair's diplomatic relations with China have been cut short. He, however, does not despair of securing diplomatic favor, for he says the Japan mission will suit him just as well.

The old time humiliation and social disgrace do not attach to a divorce any more; at least not in what is called nowadays the "best society." Too often only the woman's side of the case is listened to.

Next to nature herself, honest love is the one thing which never grows old or unattractive. It appeals to the sympathy and interest of all—young and old, rich and poor, great and humble, cultured and uncultured.

An Eastern physician favors heroic treatment for the gripe, and prescribes four-grain pills of asafetida every four hours for the disease. He considers asafetida as much of a specific for the gripe as quinine is for ague.

Taking all the departments at Washington together, with their branches, it is probable that they consume about 24,000 pounds of ice daily, averaging the year around. This makes a total annual consumption of a good deal over 4,000 tons.

The Kentucky Constitutional Convention has finished its work, after a session of 199 days. The proposed changes will be voted upon next August. There are about 21,000 words in the new Constitution. The old one contained 12,580 words.

Another preacher, one Rev. Bridgman, of New York, has discarded the doctrine of eternal damnation, and in order to be consistent has resigned his pastorate. It seems strange that men of learning, and with all the elements of reason, still adhere to their old legends of paganism.

It seems to baffle medical skill to remove the cork from preacher Bostwell's throat. The removal of corks from the necks of bottles is not so difficult a task, though the ultimate effect has proved about as disastrous as that which affects the preacher.

Nearly thirty thousand immigrants from Europe were landed on our shores during the month of March. Of these 7,869 were from Italy, 7,087 from Germany, 4,386 from Great Britain and Ireland, 3,589 from Hungary, 3,484 from Austria and 2,923 from Russia.

The olfactometer recently exhibited to the Academy of Sciences in Paris is a little apparatus for testing the smelling powers of individuals. It determines the weight of odorous vapor in a cubic centimeter of air which is perceptible by the olfactory sense of a person.

Londoners consume 30,000,000 gallons of milk—or what is sold as milk—per annum and pay £50,000 for it. London milk has just now a bad notoriety. Of the samples examined last year by the local government board inspectors 21 per cent. were found to be adulterated.

A Pennsylvania law makes swearing an offense punishable by fine or imprisonment. Ex-Mayor G. W. Stroth of Sunbury was arrested, charged with swearing twenty seven times. He was fined 63 cents an oath with costs, making \$20 in all, which made him swear worse than ever.

Live cattle are being shipped from Western ranges to Switzerland. The cattle are transported by rail to New York, thence by steamship to Antwerp, Holland, thence by rail to Zurich, Switzerland, where they arrive in less than three weeks from Chicago. Beef sells in Zurich at 17 cents per pound.

In the report of the recent count of the monies in the State treasury, there is the item that in gold there is on hand \$3,959,140.21. While it is gratifying so large an amount of gold is stored in the coffers of the Golden State, it is difficult to account for that twenty-one cents. Gold does not come in that denomination.

Father Ignatius, the English monk, says he regrets the necessity for attacking certain heretics of the Episcopal church, the more especially as he is a foreigner. Ignatius is altogether mistaken about the necessity—it doesn't exist. As for foreigners bobbing up and showing us how to conduct our affairs in all the walks of life, we are too well accustomed to that to protest much.

By virtue of an Act of the late Legislature, executions of the death sentence are henceforth to be confined to the State prisons. Within ten days from the date of pronouncing sentence, the Sheriff of the county in which the condemned man is confined must deliver him to the Warden of one of the State prisons. The hangings are to be privately conducted within the prison walls.

A leather apron, not long ago, played a prominent part in a mayoralty election at Oswego, New York. An opposition paper sneered at John Kehoe, a young blacksmith and the Democratic nominee, as the leather-apron candidate. The workingmen at once resented the slur. Campaign badges and banners in the form of leather aprons became thick, and Mr. Kehoe went into the office with the largest majority ever given for Mayor in the city.

A Polish wedding took place at Hurley, Wis., recently, at which a curious proceeding, said to be a custom, was noticed. Instead of the invited guests each bringing a present, they waited until the wedding dinner was over, then the plates were removed, washed and brought back, when the assembled guests threw silver dollars against the plates until all of them were broken. The couple received nearly seven hundred dollars in this manner.

Few people can form a definite idea of what is involved in the expression "an inch of rain." It may aid such to follow this curious calculation: An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches; an inch deep of water on this acre will be as many cubic inches of water, which, at 2.27 to the gallon, is 22,000 gallons. This immense quantity of water will weigh 220,000 pounds, or 100 tons. One-hundredth of an inch (0.01) alone is equal to one ton of water to the acre.

There is a new book enterprise called *Men With a Mission*. It seems that there might be a goodly amount of material for this scheme in this State during President Harrison's visit. There are many, particularly in our neighboring city of San Francisco, who have a mission, or at least try to make the occasion a mission to foist their individual attentions on the President. We do not have to go away from home to find this mission demonstrated.

The Grass Valley *Telegraph* advocates a reform in the use of capital letters, justly complaining of their excessive use and of inconsistency in their application. There is certainly need of reform, and the Northern California Press Association might do well to take the matter up. A committee could frame a set of rules for the approval of the Association, and these, if adopted by a majority vote, would go far to secure some approach to uniformity of usage, and thus save much work and annoyance for printers and editors.

There is one peculiarity about all counterfeit notes. They are smaller than Government bills. Government plates are made a little larger than the finished notes to allow for shrinkage of the paper. In counterfeiting money a new note is pasted on a polished steel plate and transfer paper placed over it. The work is then traced with a fine pencil and afterward marked through on the steel plate with a sharp engraving tool. The plate thus made is, of course, just the size of the note, and the bills made from it when damp shrink, and are therefore a trifle smaller than the genuine.

A good deal of just criticism has been indulged in lately by the press about the very modern habit that has grown into common use of attributing death in the majority of cases to "heart failure," for the want of a better cause when the doctors are unable to tell what was the difficulty. As an illustration of how "heart failure" can be made to fit all cases alike, let us look at the last number of the *St. Louis Law Journal*. It announces the deaths of six eminent lawyers in different parts of the United States, with a little sketch of the life of each. No less than four of them are said to have died of "heart failure," without variation of the term, and the other two "died suddenly," which means "heart failure."

There is a popular idea prevalent that the minute letter "M," to be seen at the base of the head of Liberty on the face of the present issue of silver dollars, stands for "mint," and is an evidence of the genuineness of the coin bearing it. This is a mistake. The "M" stands for Morgan, George T. Morgan, who is the originator of the design. Upon the same side there is another "M," also the initial of the designer. This is to be found in the waving locks of the fair goddess, and is so cleverly concealed in the lines of the design that it can only be seen after a long scrutiny. A prominent mint official, in speaking of this other initial, said that he had had it shown to him scores of times, but could never find it unassisted.

Artists proclaim that the curve line is the line of beauty. When a fellow is curving

his way home after a little time with the boys, the artist's theory does not apply. When a great mind curves or deviates from a straight line, there is always a chance for exceptions to the artist's theory. By the way, a straight line is not at all times just the thing. A fellow may be a little inclined to deviate from a straight line, yet come within the line of beauty, the curve. But when a fellow comes to the angles, then look out. Our schoolmaster, in our younger days, used to say to refractory boys when they came under the ban of the school law, as he grabbed them by the nap of the neck and paraded them about the room, "look out for short corners." This warning was fully appreciated when a poor fellow was brought in contact with the sharp corner of a desk or bench. These angles are not pleasant to contemplate. We have seen many a fellow using the curved lines in his progress home after a night at the club, and there was little beauty in the spectacle. Curved lines in such cases do not bear out the poet's fancy. Straight lines, as portrayed by some of our "very good" citizens, are not just the ones for our youthful people to follow, as they might become curved, crooked and angular.

Death of A. S. Hopkins.

On Tuesday night, A. S. Hopkins, a well-known citizen and merchant of Sacramento, died at his residence, at the age of 53 years.

Mr. Hopkins was a native of Vermont, and commenced life as a school teacher in that State. In 1854 he removed to Illinois, and followed the same calling there. He participated in the Kansas troubles of 1856-7, and favored its becoming a free State. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted in the first Vermont regiment, and after his honorable discharge, came to California and followed various occupations until 1868, when he located in Sacramento and opened a book store. For several years he has conducted a wood and willowware house. Mr. Hopkins has filled various public offices, and was prominently identified with public affairs—particularly in business and educational lines. His death is regarded as a severe loss to this community.

Death of John Talbot.

John Talbot, an old and well-known resident of Sacramento, died here on the 27th ult., after a lingering illness, and at the age of 58 years. Mr. Talbot was a native of Ireland, and came to this country in 1846. Settling in New York he learned the machinist trade, and came to Sacramento when a young man. For some years he was employed in the foundry of Goss & Lambert. Later on he for several years was Clerk of the City Water Works, and until a few years was ticket agent of the railroad company. The deceased was a prominent Mason, and had a large circle of friends here. He was a brother-in-law of William Young and John Foley, of San Francisco.

THE
Bell Conservatory Co.
SACRAMENTO.

Floral Work and Plant Decoration

A SPECIALTY.

Telephone No. 155.

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Grand Harbath & Co.
Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

FLASHES.

The devil is the original hypnotizer.

A crowded street car is the finest test of good manners.

One man thinks for the right, the other—well, he is left.

In a flirtation each party thinks he or she is fooling the other.

Love and affection are not ingredient of a fashionable marriage.

We never enter a plea of joking when caught doing a good act.

The fact that we have to scratch for gold, is indicative of the itching palm.

When you call a man a fool, he generally proceeds to prove it by getting mad.

There is nothing a man enjoys more than complaining of his great responsibilities.

When a sick man is given up by the doctor, it is time for the sick man to give up the doctor.

It would be a wise thing if some people knew less of their neighbors, and more of themselves.

When one speaks of mean men, you find plenty of fellows going around wondering who was meant.

The first woman may have been shiftless, but the modern sisters make up in frills what mother Eve lacked.

A married man usually makes an allowance for his wife. The wife makes many allowances for the sportive husband.

Jean Nicot, who introduced tobacco into France, is to have a monument in that country; that is, if the scheme doesn't go up in smoke.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Cleveland Minstrels played a return engagement of one night this week to a fair business. Emerson let himself loose in the old style on this occasion.

Roland Reed, in *A Woman Hater*, had a good audience at the Metropolitan last night. There are many very funny situations in the comedy. The play is the joint labor of the late Dion Boucicault and Sidney Rosenfeld. It is French fun. The company is good. *A Woman Hater* this afternoon. *Lend Me Your Wife* to-night.

Digby Bell discants as follows on comic opera: "Comic opera of the day? There is no such thing. Musical extravaganza, that is what is masquerading under the name of comic opera nowadays. This thing that is, by courtesy, called comic opera is no more like pure opera comique than is *The Old Homestead* with its double quartet. It is a hybrid, a cross between farce-comedy and spectacular burlesque. It is just what the people want, however. The public wants to laugh prodigiously, and to have its ears tickled with sweet melodies, and a mere soupçon of the latter is all that is necessary. This desire to be amused, to laugh with but little effort, is a natural growth."

President's Reception Programme.

The line of march is finely decorated. A committee will leave by special train, at 6 A. M., for Davisville, where they will meet the President's train, which will arrive in Sacramento at 8 o'clock sharp. As the train is crossing the bridge, Battery B, which will be located with two cannon west of the old Exposition building, will fire a salute of twenty-one guns.

The military and Grand Army escort will be drawn up into line in position to start, outside the depot, and the carriages will be in their places, in readiness also.

The Mayor will receive the President and party as they alight from the train, and will formally welcome them to Sacramento. The depot will be closed and guarded by detachments of the military and police, so that the public cannot crowd in there.

The procession will move up Second street from the depot to J, up J to Seventh, down Seventh (stopping for a moment in front of Pioneer Hall,) to M, and up M to the Capitol.

The military will wheel into line and "present arms" as the party passes by to the M street entrance to the Capitol.

Upon arriving here the President and party will alight, and be received by the Grand Marshal and special escort of the Reception Committee, who will escort them to the platform.

They will pass directly up the main walk, between the lines of school children, who will strew the path with flowers. Adults are requested not to throw bouquets.

Upon reaching the platform the Mayor will present the President to Governor Markham, who will be in waiting there. While this is going on the school children will be formed in line on the walk, facing the stand, and at a given signal, when all is in readiness, will pass in review before the President. They will pass to the right in front of the stand, and out between the lines of military.

After the children have passed out the walk

will be at the disposal of the public and the speech making will begin.

Governor Markham will deliver the address of welcome, and will be followed by remarks from the President. Ex-Governor Booth will then present the President and Mrs. Harrison with the souvenir on behalf of the citizens of Sacramento. Addresses will then be made by General Wanamaker and Secretary Rusk.

After the speeches the military will form in two lines, in open order, in front of the stand, extending toward N street, and the public will then pass in review between the lines. The space between the military lines will be wide enough to permit the people to pass through ten or twelve abreast, and it is to be hoped that they will move promptly and orderly, as the time will be short, and everybody should be given an opportunity to see the President.

There will be no formal march back to the depot. As soon as the ceremonies at the Capitol are over, the President and party will be taken for a short drive around the city. The military will march back to the depot, and wait for the President's departure. As the President leaves another salute will be fired. The depot will remain closed at this time, too, so it will be useless for the public to attempt to crowd in there.

The carriages will be occupied and aligned as follows:

First carriage—President Harrison (occupying the rear seat alone), Mayor Comstock and Major Sanger.

Second carriage—Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Markham, Mrs. McKenna, and Adjutant-General Allen.

Third carriage—Postmaster-General Wanamaker, Congressman McKenna and Senator Felton.

Fourth carriage—Secretary Rusk, ex-Governor Booth, and Superior Judges Van Fleet and Catlin.

Fifth carriage—Mr. and Mrs. Russell B. Harrison, Mrs. Dr. Simmons and N. Greene Curtis.

Sixth carriage—Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Dimmick, Secretary Tibbott and Mrs. Charles McCreary.

Seventh carriage—Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Frank Miller and Major Ramsdell.

Eighth carriage—City Trustees McLaughlin and Conklin, and R. B. Harmon.

Ninth carriage—Officers of the Pioneer Society.

The representatives of each daily paper will have a place on the grand stand.

Political Side Issues.

In another column we advert to the Farmers' Alliance and its relation to politics.

The fact that nothing practical can be accomplished outside of two parties has been strikingly exemplified in the history of our country. The greatest of all political issues—that of human slavery—had figured almost since the foundation of the government. In 1840 the Abolitionists ran James G. Birney for President, and he received but 7,059 votes out of some three million that were cast. In 1844 Mr. Birney ran again, and his vote was increased to 62,300. In 1852 John P. Hale for President, upon the Abolition ticket, received 156,149 votes. In each of these elections the mass of the people were about equally divided between the Democratic and Whig parties. Then the Whig party went out of existence, and the Republican party was organized. Since, the national political contests have been fought out between the Democrats and the Republicans, and it is very likely they will be for many years to come. There is force in the argument that the organization of the Republican party and the subsequent abolition of slavery was brought about by the persistent agitation of the question by the ultra advocates of abolition, but on the other hand it can be contended that the extreme views of Lovejoy, Phillips, Garrison and the other leading spirits, and the indiscreet acts of Brown at Harper's Ferry, did much to fan the flame that culminated in a bloody civil war, that was disastrous to both sides. We are of opinion that a few years would have witnessed a peaceful solution of the question of slavery.

The institution of slavery is older than civilization—older than history. Its origin was, of course, due to war and the captivity of the vanquished. So far as can be learned the enslavement of Africans began in the year 990, when Moorish merchants from the Barbary coast first reached the cities of Nigritia, and established an uninterrupted exchange of Saracen and European luxuries "for the gold and slaves of Central Africa." It was introduced in Europe by the Portuguese. Antonio Gonzales brought some Moorish slaves into Portugal, but was commanded to release them. He did so, and the Moors gave him as their ransom "black Moors with curled hair." In 1444 Spain took part in the traffic. Columbus did not escape the stain. Enslaving 500 American Indians, he sent them to Spain and had them publicly sold at Seville. They were liberated by Isabella in 1500. In 1563 the English began to import negroes into the West Indies. The first slaves were brought into Virginia in 1620. Opposition to slavery in the American colonies sprang up from the very start, and

became pronounced upon the establishment of the present government. In the original draft of the Declaration of Independence Jefferson embodied this indictment against George III, as a patron and upholder of the African slave trade:

"Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another."

Washington disliked slavery. His feeling was manifested in a letter to Lafayette, of May 10, 1786: "Your late purchase of an estate in the colony of Cayenne, with a view to emancipate the slaves on it, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself in the minds of the people of this country!"

Other men of prominence discountenanced the institution, and did much to restrain it, but from the moment it was made a political issue by extremists on both sides rancorous feeling was engendered, and the result was the conservative majority were unwillingly drawn into the controversy. The great party leaders of the fifties favored a just compromise; it is to be regretted the measures they inaugurated were not acted out. They would have brought about a gradual, but certain obliteration of the blot of slavery, and would have, perhaps, averted the deaths resultant from the war of the rebellion.

Since the settlement of the slavery issue, the principal subjects of issue have been those of temperance, foreign immigration, money, and the relations of capital and labor. Upon the subject of the exclusion of undesirable foreigners the political parties are about agreed, and the matter is regarded as practically settled. With regard to the matter of temperance, the cause has suffered more from its advocates than from those in opposition. The Prohibition party is responsible for the repeal of the Sunday law in this State. It insisted on extreme measures—measures somewhat in advance of the age, and the Democratic convention, taking advantage of the situation, declared in favor of the repeal of the Sunday law and in opposition to all sumptuary legislation. The Republican Convention vote secured the election of a legislature and an executive pledged to strike a moral law from the statute books. The restriction of the liquor traffic is constantly coming about, but it will be retarded only by the attempts to interject extreme measures prematurely. The agitation of the question of the relation of capital and labor we do not esteem will result seriously. Capital and labor have mutual interests, and one is dependent on the other. Organizations exist for protection in almost every trade and calling, and through them disagreements will be adjusted to the satisfaction of employers and employees. As a rule the leaders in movements to bring the question into politics are either drones in the human hive or men persistently in search of office. The truth is, about the only issue that keeps up political parties in this day, is "office."

ORDINANCE NO. 270

Granting to the Party Herein Named the Privilege to Construct, Maintain and Operate a Street Railroad in the City of Sacramento, and Granting to Him the Right of Way for said Street Railroad over, upon and along certain Streets in said City of Sacramento.

The Board of Trustees of the City of Sacramento do ordain as follows:

Section 1. There is hereby granted to R. S. Carey, his heirs and assigns, subject to the provisions of the statutes governing the City of Sacramento, the right to construct, lay down, repair, maintain and operate, for the term of fifty years from and after the passage of this ordinance, a single or double track street railway or railroad, with all necessary and convenient tracks for curves, turn-outs, switches, side-tracks, stations, turn-tables and appendages, and to propel cars thereon by horse or mule power, or by wire ropes running under the streets and moved by stationary steam engines, or by electricity or other motive power; and to collect, receive and retain fare and compensation for the use thereof in, through, on, over and along the following streets and parts of streets in the City of Sacramento, that is to say: commencing at the intersection of O and Twenty-first streets, at the center thereof, thence running along the middle of Twenty-first street to Y street.

Amend section one (1) by adding thereto the following: "Provided, That if the cars on said railway shall be propelled by overhead wires in connection with an electric system of motive power, then the overhead wires used as electric conductors shall be hung from cross-wires, and shall not be less than twenty feet, measuring vertically, from the surface of the roadway, and shall be supported by a double line of poles, one line on each side of the street, and the poles shall be turned wood and shall be painted before being set up; and said grantee shall keep and maintain in good order and condition, at his own expense, the portion of the streets occupied by such poles so that the same at the surface about the poles may be safe and convenient to travelers with teams or vehicles at all seasons of the year, and so that there shall be no obstruction to the proper flow of water along and over the gutters constructed or to be constructed at the places where the poles may be set up. And all such poles may be set at such places

along the inner curbing of the sidewalk as the Street Commissioner shall direct; and if by reason of setting up of such poles it shall be necessary to alter the watercourses, gutters, culverts or entrances to culverts, such changes or alterations shall be made at the expense of the grantee, his heirs and assigns."

Sec. 2. The rate of fare on such railroad or railway must not exceed the sum of five cents for a single fare.

Sec. 5. The grantee herein named shall pay to the City of Sacramento an annual license of five dollars upon each car run and operated upon said railroad or railway, which shall entitle him to run, manage and operate his railroad or railway every day in the year.

Sec. 4. The grantee herein named may at any time abandon any portion of the franchise hereby granted, upon filing with the Board of Trustees of the City of Sacramento a written declaration of such abandonment, particularly describing the part or portion intended to be abandoned.

Amend section four (4) by adding thereto: "And in event of such abandonment the grantee, his heirs and assigns, shall within ninety days thereafter remove the tracks, rails, ties, poles, wires and other materials from such street or portion of street so abandoned, and restore such street or portion of street to its original condition in good order and repair, and to the satisfaction of the Street Commissioner, and if such work be not done by the grantee, his heirs and assigns, it may be done by the Street Commissioner at the expense of the grantee, his heirs and assigns."

Sec. 5. The rate of speed on said railroad or railway must not be greater than eight miles per hour.

Sec. 6. The grantee herein named shall pay and be assessed for the cost of improving the portion of the street or streets embraced between the rails of the track or tracks of his railway or railroad, and for two feet on each side thereof; and such assessment shall be lien against the franchise and railroad of said grantee from the date of such assessment, and may be collected in the same manner as other assessments for improving streets are collected; and said grantee shall keep said portion of said street or streets constantly in repair, and flush with the street and with good crossings.

Amend by adding a section to read as follows:

Sec. 7. This franchise is granted upon the conditions that said grantee, his heirs and assigns, shall commence the construction of the street railway on said street within six months and complete the construction of such railway within one year from the passage of this ordinance, and that when said railway is completed the cars shall be run regularly and daily (inevitable accident excepted), over the whole of said road as often as once every hour from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. of each day, and a failure to comply with any of the terms and conditions hereof by the grantee, his heirs and assigns shall work a forfeiture of this franchise, and said grantee, his heirs and assigns, shall thereupon restore that part of said street made use of for the railway to its original condition and leave the same in as good order and repair as the balance of the street, and to the satisfaction of the Street Commissioner; and if such work of removal be not done within ninety days from and after such forfeiture by the grantee, his heirs and assigns, then it may be done by the Street Commissioner at the expense of the grantee, his heirs and assigns, and the city shall have a lien upon such street railway and all the materials thereof for the expense of such removal and of repair of the street made necessary by putting down or removal of such railway.

Amend by adding a section to read as follows: Sec. 8. This ordinance, so far as the same provides that said railway may be operated by any system by which electricity is made use of as the motive power, is granted and accepted upon the express provision that the Board of Trustees of the City of Sacramento shall have the power at any time to inquire into the fact whether the said system, or the practical operation thereof, is a public nuisance, or dangerous to persons and vehicles, and the City of Sacramento expressly reserves the right to take all necessary legal measures whenever, in the judgment of the Board of Trustees of said city, it may become a public nuisance, to secure the abatement of such nuisance, and the said grantee, his heirs and assigns, shall, within ninety days after the judgment or decree to that effect shall become final, and after the service upon it of written notice, remove such poles and wires as may be a nuisance or dangerous to life and property, and put the streets through which they were placed in the same condition in which they now are at the expense of said grantee, his heirs and assigns under the superintendence of the Street Commissioner. In case the same is not done by the grantee, his assigns and heirs in the time limited therefor, then the Board of Trustees may cause the same to be done, and the expense thereof shall be paid by said grantee, his heirs and assigns, and the city shall have a lien upon said street railway within its limits for said payment. In case a judgment shall at any time be obtained to abate or to remove any public nuisance created by such electric system of poles or wires, the City of Sacramento shall be entitled to recover from said grantee, his heirs and assigns, a reasonable attorney's fee, not exceeding \$1,000, for services of its attorney paid by it, and such attorney's fee shall be entered in the judgment and shall be paid by the grantee, his heirs and assigns.

The said grantee shall have the right to accept the permission and privileges hereby granted and agree to comply with all of the conditions upon which the same are granted within ten days after the passage of this ordinance, and shall file said acceptance with the Clerk of the Board of Trustees of said city, otherwise this ordinance shall be null and void.

Sec. 9. This ordinance shall take effect immediately.

Adopted April 20, 1891.

W. D. COMSTOCK,
President of the Board of Trustees.
J. D. YOUNG, Clerk.

R. A. OLMSTED. S. P. OLMSTED.

Fourth Street Cash Grocery.

R. A. OLMSTED & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Fruits and Vegetables, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain, and all kinds of Mill Stuffs.

Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos.

400 L Street, S. E. cor. Fourth, Sacramento.

Fresh Butter and Eggs a Specialty. Goods delivered free of charge to any part of the City, R. R. depot or Steamboat landing. Highest price paid for Country Produce.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than

J. SLAUGHTER,
Sixth and M streets.

Telephone 318.

Origin of the Name America.

The discussion on the origin of the name America was opened at the International Congress of Americanists in Paris by M. Jules Marcon, who asserted, says *Science*, that the name America was derived from a range of mountains in Central America, which, in the language of the natives, is called "Amerique"; and that Vespucci never bore the Christian name of "Amerigo," because this latter is not a saint's name in the Italian calendar; and, further, that he changed his name "Alberico" to "Amerigo" for the first time after the name by which the New World is now commonly known, to cause it to be believed that the continent was so named in his honor.

But M. Govi proved two years ago that the name "Alberico" is in the Florentine language identical with "Amerigo"; and that Vespucci, before the year 1500, sometimes subscribed himself "Amerigo" appears from a letter recently discovered among the archives of the Duke of Gonzaga at Mantua. This point was corroborated by the Spanish-Americanist, De la Espada, from letters and pamphlets preserved in the Archiv de las Indias at Seville, in which Vespucci sometimes calls himself "Alberico," and sometimes "Amerigo." En passant, the Spanish savant mentioned the interesting fact that the first of the so-called "quatuor navigationes" was not made by Vespucci at all.

M. Hamy adduced a further interesting proof of the incorrectness of M. Marcon's contention in the shape of a map of the world, prepared in the year 1490 by the cartographer Valleson, of Mallorca, on the back of which is a note to the effect that the map was bought in at an auction by the merchant Amerigo Vespucci for 120 gold ducats. Further, the general secretary of the congress, M. Pector, pointed out that, according to a communication received from the President of Nicaragua, the range of mountains in question is not called "Amerique" at all, but "Amerisque."

How Postage Stamps Are Made.

The designs of the stamp are engraved on steel and in printing plates are used on which 200 stamps have been engraved. Two men are kept busy at work covering these with colored inks, and passing them to a man and a girl who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time. After the small sheets of paper containing 200 printed stamps have dried enough they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables mixed with water. After having been again dried, this time on little racks fanned by steam power for about an hour, they are put between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of 2,000 tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in two, each sheet, of course, when cut containing 100 stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that by machinery, which would destroy too many. They are then passed to another squad of workers, who perforate the paper between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more and then packed and labeled and stowed away to be sent out to the various offices when ordered. If a single stamp is torn or in any way mutilated the whole sheet of 100 stamps is buried. Not less than 500,000 are said to be burned every week from this cause. The greatest care is taken in counting the sheets of stamps to guard against pilfering by the employees, and it is said that during the past twenty years not a single sheet has been lost in this way. During the process of manufacturing the sheets are counted eleven times.

The "prominent citizen" has been numerous and conspicuous during the past few weeks in every place through which President Harrison has passed or is going to pass. The "prominent citizen" usually gets up the excitement, and when the time comes he can always be found riding in the carriage behind the band, adorned with a red, white and blue sash and a broad smile, while those who pay the bill go on foot. Next to riding in the carriage the "prominent citizen" is happiest when he is passing resolutions at a public meeting. In this great and glorious land of the free we all have a chance to pose as "prominent citizens." The "prominent citizen" is an institution we always entertain more or less envy for; but we have to have him. We may sneer and jeer at him as he rides by on holiday occasions, or when he introduces his resolutions at a public meeting, but way down in our jealous hearts we wish we were in his place. He never grows old or tired, or falters in his mission. He is the same perennial person he was when boyhood's vivid and impressive imagination threw a halo of importance around him. Indeed, the more we consider the matter the more we see the necessity for him. How dreary, insipid and Sunday-school-picnic-like our public meetings and processions would be without him. He has his faults. We all have. But with all his faults we respect him, and need him, and we are heartily glad to believe that he will be with us until processions and meetings are no more.—*Folsom Telegraph*.

The Nile Crier.

When the inundation approaches the capital—usually at the end of June or the beginning of July—the Nile criers begin their work.

These criers are men whose business it is to call out, or rather to recite, before the houses of those who wish it, how much the Nile has risen during the last twenty-four hours.

The Oriental does everything, no matter what it is, gravely, slowly, with much dignity and verbosity, and is never chary of his time or breath. Even the form of his greeting in the street is a complicated ceremony of words and motions, which usually takes some minutes to perform. And in the same way this announcement of the river's rise, which seems to us such a simple matter, is a most serious affair.

The day before the crier begins his talk, he goes through the streets accompanied by a boy, whose part it is to act as chorus, and to sing the responses at the proper moment. The crier sings:

"God has looked graciously upon our fields."
Response: "Oh, day of glad tidings."

"To-morrow begins the announcement."

Response: "May it be followed by success."

Before the crier proceeds to give the information so much desired he intones with the boy a lengthy, alternating chant, in which he praises God, imploring blessings on the Prophet and all believers, and on the master of the house and all his children.

Not until this has been carefully gone through does he proceed to say the Nile has risen so many inches.

This ceremony is carried on until the month of September, when the river has reached its culminating point, and the crier, as bringer of such good news, never fails to claim his "back-sheesh," or drink money—sometimes humbly and sometimes, too, very imperiously.

The Professional Story Teller

It is always a delight for the Syrians to gather in some public cafe and entertain themselves with pipes and tiny cups of black coffee. At such times the professional story teller is welcome. Some winter night we look in upon a scene. A score of men sit about on low stools, while at one end of the arched room sits the story teller. Sometimes he recounts very vividly the valorous deeds of his warlike ancestors; now he speaks of love, throwing into the form of verse his visions of beauty and gentleness; now the intent listeners forget their pipes as he brings back to their minds the scenes of 1860, when feuds between Druzes and Maronites had sprinkled the sides of Lebanon with Christian blood. Between the stories the low gurgle of the water pipes sounds a musical applause, and we westerners realize that we are in very truth in the land of "The Thousand and One Nights," listening to the magic language of "Aladdin" and "Sindbad," and the "Forty Thieves"—the much-loved language that the Arabs call "The tongue of the angels." Finally, at a late hour, there are signs of breaking up. The story teller is rewarded with a copper bit from each of the company, the host is paid for his evening provision of pipe and coffee, and the men retire to their homes. The next morning our friend the cafe keeper washes out his pipes, places them in order on long shelves, and is ready for another day's entertaining.

Her Aim.

The scene is the drawing-room of a charming woman who has made a knowledge of American history compatible with fashion. A lecture thereon set down for half-past 2 o'clock did not begin until 4, owing to the late arrival of the greater part of the audience—all petticoats. A few women, however, paid the lecturer and hostess the compliment of being on time. One of these ladies protested against an unwarrantable delay, whereupon a young person looked at this grumbler from head to foot, saying: "In society we do not try to be punctual. Our aim is to be late." Then she changed her seat. The grandmother of this young person did most of her own work, and lived—but never mind. The rich relative to whom this young person owes her present position made his money by the virtue his degenerate scion despises.

No society is fit to live that has not brains enough to have good manners. Punctuality is the essence of good manners, founded on the Christian doctrine of doing unto others as you'd be done by.—*Kate Field's Washington*.

Why is it that men do not seem to value good-fellowship in women? Why is it that with all our fondness for informality in our association with our own sex, we so persistently surround our association with women with ceremoniousness? Why do we insist upon meeting them only with state and circumstance when we see them in masses, and with a more or less conventional formality when we join them in smaller groups? The capacity of women for genuine good-fellowship is great, as a few fortunate men have found out; but all our social arrangements seem planned to repress that capacity, deny it expression and waste a deal of potential jollity in a world that is none too jolly at its best.

Curiosities About Boots.

Boots, which are only a lengthened variety of shoes, were among the most ancient articles of attire. Shoes extending a certain length up the leg, laced, ornamented and of fanciful colors, were in use by the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. Different kinds of half-boots were worn by the Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Normans. In the reign of Edward IV, the boot proper, with tops and spurs, was established as an article of knightly dress. In the reign of Charles I, a boot, wide at the top, made of Spanish leather, came into use. Charles II introduced a highly decorated French boot as an article of gay courtly attire. Meanwhile the boot, or jack boot, as it was called, had become indispensable in the costume of cavalry soldiers and horsemen generally, and was regularly naturalized by William III and his followers in England.

The jack-boot was strongly made, extending in length above the knee; was large at the top and had a very high heel, and around the ankle had a flat leather band bearing a strong spur. In the early years of the present century a number of members of the House of Commons wore top-boots. What contributed to break up the general use of top-boots was the introduction of the Hessian boot as an article of walking dress. It was worn over tight pantaloons, and was a handsome piece of attire. These, in turn, were superseded by the Wellington boot, which was introduced by the Iron Duke as being much more comfortable under the loose military trousers. This species of boot has been almost entirely abandoned in consequence of the universal use of the short ankle boots, but is still used by some classes in this country who stiff the trousers loosely in at the top.

Ingersoll's Limit.

At a dinner recently given by Mr. Jerome Buck, of this city, one or two Pennsylvania politicians present told a good story on Senator Matthew Stanley Quay.

It was stated that the Keystone "Boss" had called on President Harrison to obtain a "fat job" for one of his followers. The President was not in a generous mood, and Mr. Quay "put the screws on him" in the usual way, saying that his Excellency enjoyed the occupancy of the White House "by the will of Quay."

"It is about time that you and many others should cease to worry me with such requests," said the President. "And you might as well understand now that I am President of the United States by the will of God."

"Mat" Quay was not prepared for such a shock and he staggered out into open air. On the portico of the Executive Mansion he met Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

"Hello, Matt, what are you looking so blue about? One would think you had just come out of an indigo factory instead of this whitewashed mansion."

The Senator mournfully related his grievance, not omitting the President's ingratitude in attributing his success to the Almighty.

"What!" exclaimed Colonel Ingersoll. "The President says the Lord elected him to office? Well! I have said some pretty rough things, but I never charged the Lord with doing such an act as that."—*N. Y. World*.

Indian Citizens.

Among the most civilized Indians in the Union, and at the same time among those least heard of, are the Puyallups, of Washington State. They occupy a settlement which contains about twenty-five square miles of territory near Tacoma. A government commission has lately visited the Puyallups to consider the advisability of opening their lands to white settlement. The reason is that their settlement, by the march of the white man's civilization, has become so valuable that the white man can apparently no longer restrain his itching fingers from laying hold of it.

But it is hard to see why government should discriminate against its red citizens in favor of its white ones. Thirty-six years ago the Puyallups took their lands in severalty, and adopted many of the ways of civilization. They became farmers and herdsmen. There are to-day among them sixteen judges of their own race and tribe. Fifteen years ago they only numbered 525 all told. Now there are nearly 1,900 of them. Some other bands have joined them, however. Their nearness to Tacoma has increased their farms enormously in value. A decision of United States Judge Hanford, made recently, settles that these red men are full fledged, legal citizens, subject to all the laws governing white citizens and enjoying all their rights. They can now, therefore, sell their farms or hold on for higher prices, just as white speculators would do.

An extraordinarily large polar bear, the fur of which is a bright pink color, has been captured in northern Siberia. The animal will be sent as a present to the Czar. This will remind Pioneer California of the "rainbow bear," which a skillful chemist discovered in the Sierra about 1853, and successfully exhibited to San Franciscans as a genuine freak.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers

and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware.

SACRAMENTO.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 131.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTTENBERGER, Proprietor.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES

CALL AT THE

Sacramento Stove House

813 and 815 J STREET,

—And You Will Save Money.—

H. K. WALLACE & CO.

DR. H. H. PIERSON,



511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

C. E. BAINBRIDGE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to 10:30 P. M.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open, there are no vacations.

EINTRACHT & SALOON,

HART & STEWART, Proprietors.

724 K Street, bet. Seventh and Eighth,

SACRAMENTO.

FINEST BRANDS OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO.

A Memory of '64.

R. B. Gardiner, the somewhat eccentric employe of Maurice Dore, met with a remarkable accident some years ago.

Late in September, 1864, he, in company with Jerome Rice, a well-known auctioneer of this city, started with a double team to drive to the Warm Springs Hotel, at that time a favorite place of resort on the road between Alameda and San Jose. Darkness coming on, they lost the main road near Alvarado, and driving over the bank of Alameda creek, fell a distance of about twenty-five feet.

The unfortunate victims remained as they fell for four days and nights without relief or food, according to the San Francisco Call. Mr. Gardiner was the first to come to his senses, and started for help until he became exhausted. He tried to move but found that one leg was broken. After much effort he managed to crawl to the top of the bank and saw a farmhouse at some distance. He started for the place, and was two days and nights and a part of the third day in reaching Mr. Overacker's house. This gentleman and his family went at once to the scene of the accident. Mr. Rice was in a dying condition. When he was taken up all he could say was: "How hard it is to lie here and die. How far is it—?" He never recovered consciousness and died the following day.

One of the most painful features of this accident remains to be told. The wife of Mr. Rice was expected to reach this city by steamer from Panama at any time, and the news of his death had hardly been received when the steamer was announced as coming through Golden Gate. Among the people present at the wharf to see the incoming travelers was a friend of Mr. Rice, who was so overcome with the shocking details that he lost all control of himself. No sooner was the steamer alongside the wharf than he sprang on board and found Mrs. Rice anxiously looking for her husband. Without a moment's hesitation the overzealous friend seized the lady's hand and broke the news that she was a widow. The cruel blow completely prostrated Mrs. Rice, and her friends could never forgive the man for his indiscretion.—Oakland Tribune.

A Couple of Bear Stories.

The story of the scattering of the ashes of "Puck" Meyer from the top of the statue of Liberty recalls his pet bear, which some people say had such a fondness for liquor that it died from delirium tremens. That is about all there is to the story of "Puck" Meyer's bear, but this recalls in turn the history of a bear which belonged to a Maine regiment in the war. The regiment was renowned for its fighting qualities. Indeed, it is said that the men from the Pine Tree State who were in that particular regiment could not get up an appetite for breakfast unless there were some early morning fighting. But whatever the credit that was due and was given to the regiment for its daring and valor, there was one taint on its reputation. It was believed that there were a sorry lot of thieves in the regiment, and a certain quartermaster hated every man in it, from the Colonel down to the smallest drummer boy. There was no doubt that a good many articles of luxury were stolen from the quartermaster, but it was no easy matter to detect and to punish the offender. Finally, in a moment of desperation, the quartermaster himself determined to play detective, to catch and to hold the thief or thieves. He found the knave at work one evening, just after dark, and there was a deafening uproar a minute later, for as an officer in the Maine, who afterward became a general, said: "No quartermaster who ever lived could lick a Maine bear." The bear gave the quartermaster a beautiful thrashing, and while the riot was in progress the members of the Maine went for the stores on the double-quick. They literally sacked the wagons, and for a week the regiment which boasted a pet bear "lived on the fat of the land."

Was Moses' Wife a Negress?

The only authority for such a supposition is found in the first verse of the twelfth chapter of the book of Numbers, which reads:

"And Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman he had married; for he had married an Ethiopian woman."

On the margin of the bible the above passage is explained in this wise: "Because of the Cushite woman he had married."

A well-known commentator, writing in regard to this peculiar rendering of the verse and chapter above named, says:

"The person mentioned in that verse may have been an Ethiopian wife taken after the death of Zipporah, or the 'Ethiopian princess' of Josephus, or it may have been Zipporah herself, which is rendered probable by the juxtaposition of Cushan with Midian." The above are the best interpretations of the text which the editor of "Notes for the Curious" has been able to find; therefore they are given as the only reason for supposing that the wife of Moses, the law-giver, was the ancestress of Topsy and Uncle Tom.

When Herschel studied astronomy only four double stars were known. Now nearly 7,000 of them are distinguishable.

The Tomb of Alexander.

They've found him again! Who? Why, Alexander the Great, of course—the very same fellow who sighed for more worlds to conquer and was himself conquered by Gambinus. In this last case the plaguey fool has, as usual, been lugging his tomb around in strange places, and it serves him right that he has been nabbed again as a result. Although repeatedly advised to settle down somewhere and throw dust on himself, he would go gadding about. What makes his actions doubly suspicious is that he is on each and every occasion of his apprehension found in possession of a different kind of casket; once it was a gold one, then it was of glass, and again of lead, and inasmuch as he has been out of work for some time past, it is not known how he comes by them all.

All nonsense aside, these repeated and confidently expressed stories of the finding of relics and remains of antiquity, only to be denied on investigation, tend to weary and disgust those interested in such matters and make them skeptical when genuine and valuable finds are made. As far as Alexander is concerned, there seems to be but little doubt that if ever his last resting place is found it will be at Alexandria, where his body was conveyed after his death at Babylon. But really there is little hope of ever finding a vestige of either tomb or remains. Julius Caesar is said to have seen Alexander's tomb, as did also Christosom in the fourth century, but since that time it has been lost sight of completely, and it is more than likely that in the many conflicts which have taken place in the vicinity of the place supposed to contain his remains between Arabs and others it has been entirely destroyed.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind or tide or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace!
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.



Copyright, 1889.

KISSED ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

"You account, I'll yell young Jacob Green
At his good neighbor Brown—
"You kissed my wife upon the street,—
I ought to knock you down."

"That's where you're wrong," good Brown replied,
In accents mild and meek;
"I kissed her; that I've not denied
But I kissed her on the cheek—"

and I did so because she looked so handsome—
the very picture of beauty and health. What
is the secret of it?"

"Well," replied Green, "since you ask it, I
will tell you; she uses Dr. Pierce's Favorite
Prescription. I accept your apology. Good
night."

An unhealthy woman is rarely, if ever, beautiful. The peculiar diseases to which so many of the sex are subject, are prolific causes of pimples, dull, lustreless eyes and emaciated forms. Women so afflicted, can be permanently cured by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; and with the restoration of health comes that beauty which, combined with good qualities of head and heart, makes women angels of loveliness.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. It is a positive specific for leucorrhoea, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS Purely Vegetable. Laxative, or Cathartic, according to size of dose. By druggists, 25 cents a vial.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors.

Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE,

228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD, C. A. VIEMEISTER.

City Taxes--1891.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Assessment Roll of the taxable property of the City of Sacramento (real and personal) for the fiscal year of 1891 has this day been received; that the city taxes for said fiscal year and the Special Tax for the Police Fund are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, Room No. 4, Water Works Building. Said taxes will be delinquent after the

Second Monday in May, 1891,

And unless paid prior thereto, five per cent will be added. Taxes payable in gold coin.

GEO. A. PUTNAM,
City Tax Collector.
Sacramento, April 6, 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of William Enright, an insolvent debtor.—William Enright having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said William Enright is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said William Enright, insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him, or to any person, firm, corporation or association for his use; and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, in the County of Sacramento, on the 8th day of May 1891, at 1:30 o'clock, P. M. of that day, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered, that the order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published, before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And it is further ordered, that, in the meantime, all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated April 6th, 1891. W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
H. L. BUCKLEY, Attorney for Petitioner. ap11-4t

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO.—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Helen A. Grant, Allen D. Grant, Edward N. Grant, Catherine Matzen, Mary M. Miller, John Doe, and Richard Roe, greeting.

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 29th day of January, 1891, in which action EDWARD DIETERLE is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: The said action is brought for the purpose of quieting the title to that certain piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and described according to the plan of said city, as the south twenty (20) feet of the west sixty-eight (68) feet of lot number one, in the block bounded by J and K, and 5th and 6th streets; for the purpose, also, of determining all adverse claims of the said defendants to said property; and for a decree of said Court, declaring and adjudging that the title of plaintiff to said premises is good and valid, and that neither the said defendants have, nor any of them has, any estate or interest in the same; and forever enjoining and debarring the said defendants, and each of them, from asserting any claim to said land adverse to plaintiff, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 20th day of February, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
A. L. HART, Attorney for Plaintiff. ap4-9t

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT
BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.
M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

THE PIONEER J Street.
No. 522

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

A. L. HART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON,
HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,
LAWYERS.
504 J street. Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
607 J Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS,
Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER,
Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, LAWYER,
920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, upstairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Showers of Blood.

Showers of blood from the sky are very rare in this day and age of the world, a fact which makes their comparatively common occurrence in the olden times only that much more extraordinary and unaccountable. In the "Annals of Remarkable Happenings in Rome," mention is made of fourteen different showers of blood and other substances mixed between the years 319 A. D. and 1170. Besides these there were two "showers of much intensity, of which the liquid resembled pure blood and was not intermixed with other matter as heretofore reported." In 1222 we find record of a shower of blood and dust over the larger part of Italy. In 1226 snow fell in Syria, "which presently turned into large pools of gore."

A monk who wrote in 1251 tells of a three days' shower of blood all over southern Europe. In the same year a loaf freshly taken from the oven "did bleed like a new wound" when sliced at the table. In 1348 the great chasms made by the earthquake at Villach, Austria, "sent forth blood and a great pestilence followed." Burgundy had a bloody shower in 1361, and Dedfordshire, England, witnessed the same phenomenon in 1450. In 1656 hailstones fell in Wurtemberg which contained hollow cavities filled with blood. The last bloody shower on record occurred in Siam in 1802.

Something About Bells.

The ringing of bells may be divided into two classes, chiming and peal ringing. Chiming, or the playing of tunes on bells, is the principal method employed on the European continent, and the finest set of bells for this purpose is that in the tower of Les Halles, at Bruges, forty-eight in number. The greatest number of bells of this kind in any one place is that in the cathedral of Antwerp, where there are ninety-nine bells, on which the most elaborate music is played every half hour. Peal ringing is almost unknown on the continent of Europe, and the best bells for the purpose are to be found in England, the twelve bells of Christ church Oxford, being generally admitted to be the finest existing in point of tone. The largest peal is that of St. Paul's, the tenor of which weighs sixty-four hundred weight or 7,168 pounds. To ring a peal is to ring 5,040 changes, for which seven bells are required; twelve bells give 479,001,600 changes. These, it was calculated by Southey, who was fond of such curiosities, would take ninety-one years to ring at the rate of two strokes a second, or ten rounds to the minute. The changes upon fourteen bells, he said, could not be rung through, at the same rate, in less than 16,575 years, and upon four and twenty bells they would require more than 117,000 billions of years.

The Oldest Newspapers.

The oldest newspaper in the whole wide world's *Ling-Pau*, or Capital Sheet, published in Peking. It first appeared A. D. 911, but came out only at irregular intervals. Since the year 1351, however, it has been published weekly and of uniform size. Now it appears in three editions daily. The first, issued early in the morning and printed on yellow paper, is called *Hsing-Pau* (business sheet), and contains trade prices and all manner of commercial intelligence. The second edition, which comes out during the forenoon, also printed upon yellow paper, is devoted to official announcements and general news. The third edition appears late in the afternoon, is printed on red paper, and bears the name of *Tian-Pau* (country sheet). It consists of extracts from the earlier editions, and is largely subscribed for in the provinces. The number of copies printed daily varies between 13,000 and 14,000.

Fair Play in Journalism.

In Mr. Dana's interesting personal reminiscences of Horace Greeley, at the celebration of the *Tribune* anniversary, he cited the following professional code adopted by the great editor in the conduct of his journal:

Always give a hearing to your opponents. Never attack a man and refuse to let him answer in the same column.

Be always as considerate of the weak and friendless as of the powerful.

Waste no strength in advocating that which is intrinsically impossible.

Never compromise your own opinions on account of your subscribers or advertisers. If they don't like your ideas they can always go to another shop.

These rules are a compend of fair play. A journal conducted on these lines by men of conscience and ability can hardly fail of popular support and respect.

The Rev. Robert Collyer tells an amusing story of a trained troupe of monkeys he once saw in London on a stage. They had been drilled carefully to go through a series of military exercises in uniform, and were making a fine display of their attainments, when a man in the gallery threw a handful of nuts on the stage, and the monkey soldiery at once broke ranks, threw down their guns and scrambled for the hard-shelled dainties.

Municipally speaking, that man is a benefactor to the human race who makes one grain of dust blow where two blew before.

H. WACHHORST

Leading Jeweler of Sacramento

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,
No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA

Studio, 521 J Street.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO., Book and Job Printers, 410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Klune & Floberg, WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS

Agents for Rockford Watch Co.
NO. 428 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

R. DAVIS, NOTARY PUBLIC, Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh,
Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J Street, Sacramento.

OSBORN & FOLGER FUEL DEPOT,

806 I Street.

ICE, HAY, GRAIN and STORAGE

501 I Street, Telephone 69.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S St. LOUIS
LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER.

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813
K street.
R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors
and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN,
Formerly of Agricultural Park.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

January 19, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6-15 A	Calistoga and Napa	11 40 A
3-05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8 40 P
12-50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	5 55 A
4-30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7-00 P
7-30 P	Knights Landing	7-10 A
10-50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9 35 A
12-05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2-25 A
11-00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8 15 A
3-00 P	Oroville	10-30 A
3-00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10 30 A
10-40 A	Redding via Willows	4-00 P
2-25 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 40 A
6-15 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12 35 A
8-40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10-40 P
3-05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8-40 P
*10-50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	26-00 A
10-50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2-50 P
10-50 A	San Jose	2 50 P
4-30 P	Santa Barbara	9 35 A
6-15 A	Santa Rosa	11 40 A
3-05 P	Santa Rosa	8-40 P
8-50 A	Stockton and Galt	7-00 P
4-30 P	Stockton and Galt	9-35 A
12-05 P	Truckee and Reno	2 25 A
11-00 P	Truckee and Reno	8 15 A
6-15 A	Vallejo	8 15 A
3-05 P	Vallejo	11 40 A
*6-35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2 40 P
*3-10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11 35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted.
A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities
of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - 54,253 26Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK,

S. W. Corner Fourth and J Streets, Sacramento, Cal.
GUARANTEED CAPITAL, \$500 000.Loans made on Real Estate, interest paid semi-
annually on Term and Ordinary Deposits.

PRESIDENT.....B. U. STEINMAN
VICE-PRESIDENT.....EDWIN K. ALSIP
CASHIER.....D. D. WHITBECK
SECRETARY.....C. H. CUMMINGS
SURVEYOR.....JAS. M. STEVENSON

DIRECTORS:

B. U. Steinman, Edwin K. Alsip, C. H. Cummings,
W. E. Terry, Sol. Rmyon, Jas. McNasser,
Jas. M. Stevenson.

Huntington

Hopkins

Company,

HARDWARE

Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

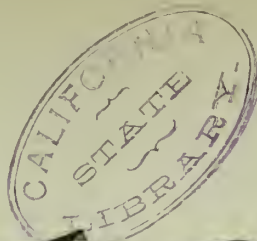
Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE EMERSON



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1891.

No. 12.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

It would be worth knowing to learn just exactly what is the opinion of each individual living in Sacramento as to the city's future prospect and destination; to obtain from each man and woman an expression of what we are to become; whether we are to grow in population and extend the limits of municipal corporation or, on the contrary, are we destined for a time to hold our own, doing neither more nor less for ourselves than we have done in the past, struggle along from hand to mouth yet a few years longer, depend on extraneous circumstances for our living, like the presence of the machine shops, the Legislature every two years and the State Fair every fall, then having outlived our usefulness as a city go into the condition of an *ilium fuit*, after the few who have enriched themselves from the proceeds of the periodical booms will have sought other fields of enterprise in which to enjoy their wealth made here, like others who have set the example. In a word, is there any permanent future, of a wholesome beneficial character, for our city? The question is and has been an oft-repeated one, and yet the riddle is unsolved and apparently destined to remain so till some unknown Daniel may come to judgment and interpret our destination. But what is the cause of this inertness on the part of the community? Why is it that the city left alone on her own resources—left, for example, without the monthly aid of the railroad shops—would stagger under the weight of her own incompetency and descend into the grade of a village town? Certainly there must be a reason; but what is it? As a natural site for a prosperous, thriving and successful city, she has no superior on the coast. Situated in the richest agricultural valley in the world, from whence are annually sent forth to enrich and benefit the world, millions of dollars' worth of grain and gold, fruits and wine, and all else that enters into the commerce of all countries; with a climate unsurpassed anywhere on earth, we are blessed beyond other communities.

Yet Sacramento ever remains at a standstill patiently waiting the coming of some Moses to lead her out of the bondage of her unprosperous condition. Is the fault not to be found in the people themselves? It would seem so. Will those spasmodic booms in outside real estate that now and again startle the eye have the effect of building the city or attracting residents to it? Let recent experiments in that direction answer. With the exception of an odd residence here and there, the saw and the hammer are not heard; but for a couple of flour mills, contemporaneous almost with the city itself, the wheels of commerce are silent; manufactories of all kinds are unknown; we send abroad for all things we use and not a skilled hand, except in the ordinary way to be found in any village, is to be seen in the city. Then what is it that is wanted in Sacramento to give it the name of a city worthy of the title? Factories, factories, factories. Places where the raw material of the State may be turned into shape for the use of the consumer, and can be had at our doors without being obliged to go a distance to purchase. But of course capital must be invested and while there is plenty of capital among our people, they are apparently afraid

to invest it, as they may not realize a return from it for two or three years, and, generally speaking, capitalists must see an immediate income from their outlay, and as factories require time in which to return a profit, the ordinary money owner will have nothing to do with such investments. So it would seem there is no future for Sacramento. Outsiders cannot be expected to come here and invest, where the resident himself fears to risk his money.

Every good American citizen should be a politician, not, however, in the sense that such term is commonly understood. The masses seem to associate the term politician with something unsavory—tricky. The broad view that should be applied to American citizenship includes a knowledge of the political affairs of this country. Partisanship is necessarily an element of the politician. It is the application of the term politician to the ward striker, that brings it into disrepute. A man versed in the politics of the country is a statesman. Hon. J. S. Clarkson has a well-timed and appropriate article in the *North American Review*, on the subject of "Politicians and the Pharisee," which it would be instructive for all to read and digest. It is the duty of every citizen to take an active part in governmental affairs, and the selection of officers of the government, whether national, State or municipal, is the highest prerogative of the American. When we hear a man say that he takes no interest in politics, we at once say to him that he is not a good citizen. It is through just such men that a few individuals are enabled to seize upon the public affairs and name improper men for official preferment. In all local affairs, there must always be somebody to take the lead and to act. In political matters, when some enterprising citizen takes such lead, there are fault-finders, who hold back and sneer at the action, applying the term "bossism" to the result. Mr. Clarkson hits the nail on the head in these remarks:

By what right does the Pharisee sneer at the politician? By what right does the professional moralist sneer at politics? The hundred years or more of American politics and government is disproof of the sneers of both. The business affairs of the people have been conducted more scrupulously and more accurately than the private business of commerce in the same time. There have been fewer defalcations and fewer rascalities in office, in proportion, than in private life. Who are the politicians who have made money and fortune trafficking in the public name or national honor? Of the six thousand seats that have been filled in Congress in the last thirty years, who are the politicians who have proved dishonest? Is it not true that, where one public official has been found unworthy, twenty men in public life have served the government for a third of the return which they could have gained in the business world or the professions?

There are men who would consider it dishonest to pilfer anything from a neighbor, but who at a reception or banquet do not hesitate from filling their pockets with cigars, often taking bottles of wine. Generally these are men in good financial circumstances. One of the most noticeable examples of small pilfering has been developed by the model reform Legislature of Minnesota. The Farmers' Alliance with the Democratic combine captured the Legislature of that State. Great financial reforms were promised, and the horny-handed son of toil would give the State such an example in economy that would make the old parties feel ashamed. Well, we think this august body of farmers has done just that thing, and from the Minneapolis *Tribune* we take the following:

It is evident that the people made a mistake in supposing that the men they elected were reformers simply because they claimed to be. An ostentation of superior virtue and purity in politics, as in religion, is almost a sure sign of hypocrisy and insincerity. We hope the farmers of Minnesota will examine the pockets of their Alliance representa-

tives on their return home. If they do they will find them filled with shears, pocket knives, towels, pitchers, tumblers, postage stamps, and almost every conceivable article, bought by the State and carried off by these reformers. It is enough to make the man in the moon hold his nose in disgust.

The horny-handed son of toil has evidently a very hard and elastic conscience—and a capacious pocket.

Truth never seeks concealment; she prefers an open field, a fair fight. She throws up no breastwork, nor fires in ambush. She is aggressive, too. If invaded, she is ready to defend; if not, she seeks her foe and is ready to follow him through all his labyrinths, giving him no rest, no armistice, no promise of quarter, till in the course of ages, she comes off acknowledged victor and claims a triumph. She repudiates the sword, because her impersonation, or rather, her incarnate representative has said, "all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Rocks and dungeons, and all the enginery of death, are none of them of her contriving. She goes forth with simple words, ready pens, and fearless presses, and bids defiance to all her foes. She agitates, agitates, agitates, and chooses her apostles sometimes from the ranks of learned, and honorable, often the bench of the carpenter, the field, the fishing boat. They go forth sometimes into the halls of legislation, the pulpit, the college; more often into the humble cottage or by the wayside, and there give utterance to the mighty thought that struggles within them; and as it comes from the heart it reaches the heart—converts are made and multiplied. There, error becomes alarmed. Feeling its meekness it resorts to violence and the living ambassador for truth is crucified. But error gains nothing by this. An earnest word goes forth; it has fallen on a congenial soil, and is sure to spring up and flourish. Words are intangible; thoughts cannot be taken by officers with their writs of civil or criminal process, confined in dungeons, or burnt at the stake. The man who gives voice to words, who stands upon the shore of Time's great ocean and tosses his thoughts, making a dash in its stagnant water, agitating its putrifying surface, may be taken and executed, but the pebble he cast into the mighty water has done its work. "A circle straight succeeds and still another," till its remotest shore has felt the gentle undulation of a wave that originated with the thought of a martyr long since perished from the earth. Error may subsidize priests and politicians—may send them to legislative halls or the sanctuary of their God, and they may cry out to the troubled waters to be still, but the priests of Baal, who cried from morn till eve, "O, Baal, hear us!" were as likely to see their God assume a listening attitude as the priests of Error to witness obedience to their command.

When we speak of life as short we do so relatively to eternity. Life is long. The other animals of the earth do not generally attain to one-half, or even one-quarter, of our years. Even the trees of the forest—some of them—grow up, bear fruit, cast their seed, decay and pass to the earth, while the hand that planted them still remains to plant again. New York, one of the largest cities, along whose streets you may ride for miles, was a village, and the State a wilderness, within the remembrance of those still on earth. Where Cincinnati now stands not a tree was then missing from the primeval forest, and not a log cabin was erected where now are several millions inhabiting Ohio. This is true of all, or nearly all, of the immense vale of the Mississippi, where since empire after empire has arisen. All of this great congregation of empires was beyond the mountains, and that all was a

few feeble colonies of Great Britain, over one-half of which was a wilderness. Nations which were then in existence, have since passed away. In the meantime France has been an absolute monarchy, a republic, an empire, an absolute monarchy, a limited monarchy, and again a republic. Thus nations and empires have arisen and passed away; indeed, if any one will mark the state of nations and communities, and of human opinions and principles in the days of our Revolution, and observe what changes have since occurred in all these things, he may then be convinced that the life of man is long. Yet life is short. The patriarch had lived 130 years, still he said, "Few and evil have been my days." When compared to eternity life is but a vapor, which appears on the mountain side in the morning, but vanishes and is seen no more at the coming of the sun. We are told that some stars mentioned in ancient catalogues are not now seen, while we know that new ones have taken a position in the sky. God, once in one or five centuries, winds up the career of one world and calls a new one into existence. Numerous as the pearly drops that hang on the grass and flowers of our prairies in a summer's morning, and coming to take their places, one by one, in a hundred or five hundred years, what arithmetic can tell the time when the first of them threw its light over the darkness of chaos? Whoever had lived to see the Assyrian empire arise, and the long period of its decay, and lived while the Persian, the Greek and the Roman swayed the world; lived, too, through the sleep of the dark ages, and were now among us to tell the story of Noah, of Methuselah and of Adam's life; he, indeed, would be a very aged man. In the light of his years, ours are but a winter's day. But there are angels, not yet in their prime of strength, who sung at the birth of the daughters of night, and who have renewed their songs as each fresh one has added her light to the evening splendors of heaven. Six thousand years to theirs is nothing, and three score and ten are but a flash from the summer's cloud. Yet with the Creator of the Universe these aged spirits are but infants, and the time is yet to come with each one of us when the length of their existence and ours will be apparently the same. O, what is time, and what our short life! Fleeting as the breath we draw, and passing as a dream or tale that is told, and which we can never again recall.

From what we have seen of the shortness of time and the length of eternity, it would seem that these things properly considered would lead us to apply our hearts to wisdom. What is wisdom? This is a somewhat extended term. The man who does what on the whole, and under the circumstances is best, is wise, and his actions are called those of wisdom. So he who possesses that knowledge and inclination both enabling and leading him to do, when there may be a call for it, what is really for the best good, is said to possess wisdom. The young man, aware that old age is sure to, and that sickness and misfortune may come, and properly husbanding his time and resources, laying up in store for these certainties and contingencies, is wise. The mariner or traveler who sets out on a long voyage or journey, where dangers by sea and perils from robbers and wild beasts by land are sure to meet him, and who lays in a sufficient supply of provisions, and provides ample securities and means of defence, is wise. And it may be remarked, the longer the journey, and the greater the uncertainty of what may be the nature of the seas over which he is to sail, or the countries through which the traveler is to pass, and the perils to be encountered, the more intense his solicitude and the more incessant his labors that every precaution be taken. Yet there are those who when merely a lake is to be crossed, do not take into consideration that they may be detained by winds under the lee of some barren island. Vast numbers are now in the almshouse feeding on the bread of those who have acted with more wisdom—numbers that wasted the vigor and earnings of youth in trifles and wantonness.

Life is short; and some of you may say, can it be possible that God would connect such tremendous issues as eternal weal or woe with the decision and conduct of a period so brief? The commencement of things is generally small, and in vast disproportion to the magnitude of consequences. In human affairs how

often does it occur that fortunes are made or lost, the happiness of a long life, even life itself, is secured or thrown away by the determination of a simple moment. In nature, in history and everywhere, God affords abundant lessons that small things are followed by vast results. A few drops of water, a little streamlet, begins the mighty river which dashes in thunder and foam down the mountain side, rolls for thousands of miles through nations, building on its banks a hundred cities, bearing on its bosom the golden stream of commerce and blessing through all time millions of the earth. So with those great empires which have mainly determined the destiny of nations. Soon after the deluge a mighty hunter built a small village and began the trade of war and robbery. This little village became the great Babylon; and for over a thousand years her brazen gates poured forth her armies—a stream of fire to make the most distant nations tremble, to consume fields of grain and the fruits of industry, to burn hamlets, villages and cities, and reduce nations to bondage, and to drag in chains their sons and daughters to be sold as slaves. Remulus threw a low mud wall over which a man could leap, around a few huts of sticks and mud. This was a refuge for a band of robbers. But mark the result; villages, cities, nations, in turn, fell before this band. The Roman Eagle arising gradually in its might, spread for fifteen hundred years its wings of terror and subjugation from the regions of eternal frost to those of the torrid zone. So, too, a few blows from the club of Cain, Abel was dead, and murder had begun. But had the earth ever refused to drink up, or did the voice of murdered blood still cry from its bosom, the earth would now be a sea of gore and every clod on which we tread would cry out beneath our feet. The beginning of sin must have been in *one thought, one action*. Eve put forth the hand, plucked and ate, and the train was laid whence followed all of earth's woes. Call up millions which all over the wide earth sleep in death, and you may learn the great truth; things infinite follow things finite; that things vast, far beyond limited comprehension, are determined and set in motion in a short space of time.

PIONEER MINING.

The pen pictures of pioneer mining in California, in the *May Century*, by E. G. Waite, are realistic, and readily recognized by old "49ers." It is true that the people who formed a part of those scenes are rapidly passing away. Rarely now have we any evidences remaining of the methods of extracting gold from the earth in vogue in the early days of mining. The "rocker" and "long tom" have long since "gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were." The "sluice boxes" are still one of the chief means of separating the gold from mother earth, but on a much larger scale than those used in primitive days. We can recollect the times, when only a youngster, that we used to "gouge" the crevices and seams in the "bed rock" and wash out the products thereof in pan or rocker, and the results of which, were they produced these days, would be startling. It was no uncommon occurrence, after a freshet, to go along the banks of a stream where the surface earth had been washed away leaving the "bed rock" bare, to pick out hundreds of dollars in gold from the crevices and seams. While all these cherished memories remain, and the old style of mining is extinct, there are immensely rich deposits of gold, only deeper in the bowels of the earth, in El Dorado, Placer, Nevada, Calaveras and Amador. Indeed, the extent of these deposits is beyond calculation. It only requires more labor and capital to reveal this vast wealth. Mr. Waite closes his interesting article with the following piece of sentiment: "The old miner, full of cherished memories of that wonderful past, on revisiting the scenes of his early labors sees no winding line of miners by the river marge, with their rattling rockers or long toms; no smoke from campfire or chimney arises from the depths of gorges; cabins are gone; no laughter or cheery voice comes up from the cañons; no ounce a day is dried by the supper fire. Gone are most of the oaks and pines from the mountain sides; the beds of the rivers are covered deep with the accumulated debris of years, over which the water, once clear and cold from the melting snows of the Sierra, goes sluggishly, laden with mud, in serpentine windings from bank to bank. On the tableland above, in the chasms made by hydraulic power in the pleiocene drift, the hollow columns of iron that once compressed the water stand rusting away; the monitors lie dismantled like artillery in a captured fortress. All is silence and desolation where once was the roar of water and the noise of busy life. The same

red and brown soil is beneath your feet, the same alternation of ridges and gorges is here, the same skies unflecked by clouds from May to November are overhead; the same pure air is left to breathe in spite of courts and monopolies; a considerable portion of the soil is cultivated; scattered here and there over the mountain slopes are homes surrounded with flowers and fruits—but the early miner sees it all with the sad belief that the glory is gone. The early miner has never been truly painted. I protest against the flip-pant style and eccentric rhetoric of those writers who have made him a terror, or who, seizing upon a sporadic case of extreme oddity, some drunken, brawling wretch, have given a caricature to the world as the typical miner. The so-called literature that treats of the golden era is too extravagant in this direction. In all my personal experience in mining camps from 1849 to 1854 there was not a case of bloodshed, robbery, theft or actual violence. I doubt if a more orderly society was ever known. How could it be otherwise? The pioneers were young, ardent, uncorrupted, most of them well educated and from the best families in the East. The early miner was ambitious, energetic and enterprising. No undertaking was too great to daunt him. The pluck and resources exhibited by him in attempting mighty projects with nothing but courage and his brawny arms to carry them out was phenomenal. His generosity was profuse and his sympathy active, knowing no distinction of race. His sentiment that justice is sacred was never dulled. His services were at command to settle differences peaceably, or with pistol in hand to right a grievous wrong to a stranger. His capacity for self-government never has been surpassed. Of a glorious epoch, he was of a glorious race."

The Human Brain.

Our conscious ego covers a very narrow space. Only one or two, and certainly no more than a few ideas, can at one and the same time be accompanied with consciousness. How poor we would be if our mental existences were limited to that. Happily, we can constantly derive new vigor and recreation from the spheres of our unconscious soul-life.

Could we look into the interior of a human brain, and did we understand all the many vibrations and motions of the nerve-substance, we would undoubtedly be struck with the quantity of unconscious work that is being carried on there all the time. We should observe how many millions of memories (every one of them having a special structure of its own) are constantly nourished by the oxygen-freighted corpuscles of the blood which surround them in the delicate capillaries.

The places where the different kinds of memories are located do not form, as has been supposed, distinct provinces separated by definite boundaries. They are promiscuously distributed, yet there are corners where memories of the same kind are thickly crowded. In the parietal circumvolutions of the cortex, round about the fissure Rolando, we see the movements of our limbs in their most complicated combinations. Below the fissure of Sylvius are images of sound. There are all the old nursery rhymes, college songs, sonatas and operas that have delighted us. Near by are the words of our mother tongue. They live deep in the folds of the fissure Sylvius, in the third frontal circumvolution and are largely dispersed over the sphenoidal lobe. All the verses of our childhood, of which we had not thought for years and years, are there still preserved. The front corner of the sphenoidal lobe is the seat of smell, perfumes and odors—disagreeable and pleasant. The hind part of the cortex in the occipital lobe is full of images, it glows with colored pictures of all kinds. There are the dear old faces of our friends, there are landscapes and all manner of instantaneous photographs of former sights and experiences. In the three frontal circumvolutions those thoughts are throbbing that are of a more abstract order. There are philosophical reflections and mathematical problems. Now and then one or the other idea looms out like a memorial of a national victory more powerfully than the rest. They are the memories of successful thoughts, of happy solutions of difficult problems. What an astounding throng of different structures, and all alive and consisting of feeling nerve-substance!

This is the physiological aspect of the brain. Psychologically considered, our mind is an immense empire of innumerable spirits that live together in the narrow space of about a quarter of a cubic foot. Spirits they are, because they are psychical existences; they are framed by the memories of organized substance. Yet at the same time they are material realities; they are living forms of bodily presence, sustained by the nourishing currents of the blood.

This vast spiritual empire in the human brain is excellently provided for with highways and by-ways for intercommunication. The communications are called by physiologists commissural fibers, by psychologists associations. If it so happens that in the state of unconscious activity a certain number of ideas associate, and then if they have formed a unity (the solution of a problem, a discovery, an invention or a poem), their life becomes more excited so that they can make themselves felt. They are ushered into our consciousness like an inspiration from heaven. Is it to be wondered

at that the poet, the artist, the prophet are under the impression that they are instruments merely in the hands of a Greater One than themselves? They feel influenced by a foreign and a supernatural power, over which they have no control. And this is true in a certain sense. As the limbs and the whole body of a child grow without the assistance of his consciousness, or as plants germinate and blow and bring seed, so the thoughts of a man in the shape of delicate brain-structures which are the organs of his feeling and thinking, grow and develop even in spite of him, even if he should attempt to oppose their development. It is not *we* who make our thoughts think, but our thoughts are thinking, and their thinking is sometimes accompanied with consciousness. Therefore, we should say, as Lichenberg proposes, "it thinks," just as we say: "it lightens," or "it rains."

Experimental psychology has furnished us with many new data of abnormal soul-life through pathological observations and hypnotic experiments. How odd and incredible, indeed, at first sight almost impossible, do these recent acquisitions of psychological research appear. And yet they find their parallels in well-known and common facts of mental activity—in facts that every one can verify by his own experience. If the facts are but clearly stated in their parallelism, what a flood of light do they shed upon all the problems of abnormal soul-life.—*Dr. Paul Carus, in The Soul of Man.*

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Sara Bernhardt will give one of her great personations in Sacramento next September upon her return from Australia.

An intelligent public verdict is more significant and more reliable in matters of dramatic art than an individual critical opinion. It is that sort of public verdict that is to be desired.

A Western would-be tragedian told a reporter the other day that he was going on a starring tour, and the next day the paper had it "starving tour." And yet we wonder at crime.

Many people wonder why Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are never to be seen acting unless in each other's company. The reason is that when they married they made a vow never to be parted when playing—a vow they have kept to this day, with what happy results everybody knows.

Barry Sullivan died in London, May 4th. He was the greatest "Richard" that ever trod the boards. We saw him a dozen years ago in this great character, and assert there has never been his equal. Of late years Barry Sullivan has been little known on the stage this side the continent.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is well known everywhere by her gifts to philanthropic and charitable objects, but the report is not so widely circulated in America as in England that it was she who advanced to Henry Irving the funds that enabled him to become manager of the Lyceum. The Baroness has always had a penchant for "the profession," probably from the fact that her aunt, the Duchess of St. Albans and the widow of Sir Thomas Coutts, from whom the Baroness inherited her fortune, was in her youth the actress Harriet Mellon. She is now 77 years of age, and was made a Baroness in her own right by the Queen about twenty years ago.

The County Fair will be given to-morrow evening at the Metropolitan. The play depicts New England life and genuine "down-east" character. "Otis Tucker" is a study. "Solomon Hammerhead," the "cute" and tricky fellow, who thinks he can rule the neighborhood, is a live character. "Abigail True" stands out as the real Yankee maiden manager of farm affairs. "Taggs" and "Tim" are the business of the sketch. The good-night song by "Abigail," "Sally" and "Taggs," accompanied by a wheezy old melodeon, is realistic in the extreme. The trained horse, "Cold Molasses," comes in for his share of praise, both as an actor and the winner of the County Fair purse, which enables "Abigail" to pay her obligation to "Hammerhead," the villain of the piece. The husking bee is fine and recalls early New England times. The climax is the race. It is so natural that one imagines himself on the real track. The mechanical effect has never been equalled. It is a singular circumstance that the management should select Sunday night for the performance.

Nym Crinkle, speaking of pretty faces and their recollections, says: "Looking at the pretty faces that drifted about there were some phantom recollections awakened. Whom did Hattie Delaro Barnes remind me of? Was not that sylph that kept the galleries applauding a daughter of one of the famous Worrell sisters? Could not one see bits of the mother in the shake of her trim ankle and hear it in the contralto voice? How long is it since the Worrell sisters were

charming the country?" Following the gifted dramatic reviewer further, he gives expression to this idea of recent farce-comedy. "For some time there has been a growing opinion among the more enterprising of the amusement caterers that the public prefers farce-comedy to any other form of entertainment. This opinion is based upon receipts, no doubt. Some of the farce-comedy combinations have made fortunes while traveling over the wreck-strewn paths of the melodramas. There is, too, a growing tendency to pad out even the serious plays with farce-comedy specialties. Every one must have been struck by the prevalence of the skirt dance and the quartet. They pop up in the middle of the gravest stories; the sentimental and the idyllic drama stop while they usurp the stage."

Book Chat.

"Was it Love?" by Paul Bourget.—In this, his latest though not his best novel, Bourget studies a woman who, while bound by sacred ties to one man, loves another, and whose indecision and the pity she feels for the man she once loved make her defer from day to day the decisive step. She seems to be ignorant of the fact that ruptures are always hard and cruel, and that pity for the discarded love nearly always embitters the early joys of a later passion. She begins a system of deceptions, of compromises with her own conscience, until the inevitable occurs.

"What is poetry? Is it a true thing?" questions Audry, the innocent milkmaid, of the garrulous Touchstone. Poetry is the crystallization of the best spiritual thought of each succeeding generation—and hence, in the highest sense, is the epitome, the beginning, middle and end, of all truth. By its aid the gift of prophesy becomes perennial. Through its magic agency alone the race recognizes the kinship of every generation of mankind "since the morning stars sang together." By its potent spell Ulysses and Ajax shake hands with Napoleon and Washington; and manly courage, patience, endurance, constancy and patriotism are known to be abiding virtues. Through the aerial reverberations—low and sweet—of its plaintive song the burdens of the past are swallowed up in the glories of the future, and looking through the cataclysms of yesterday, and the fierce storms of to-day are to be discovered the splendors of the rising sun of eternity.

The earliest mention of writing in the Bible is in Exodus, 17th chap., verse 14. It reads thus: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Write this for a memorial in a book, and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua." The reference is to the battle between Israel and the Amalekites. This was about 1,500 years before the Christian era. The fact is mentioned in such a way as to indicate that writing was at that time well known and practiced. In the time of Jeremiah, about 600 B. C., mention is made of the *roll*. It is very probable that the roll was the development of a still earlier and simpler form of manuscript. Various kinds of materials were used for these early writings. The Assyrians wrote on bricks before they were baked. The Egyptians wrote on clay vessels, as the potters' herds that are excavated show. Wax was another material. This wax was spread upon wood, and formed a tablet. Two or three of these tablets were hinged or fastened together, and formed a *codex*. The word *codex* is now applied to a manuscript. Tablets came into extensive use and were employed in the Middle Ages.

Professional Chat.

A burst of eloquence is a consequence of mental dynamite.

When a lawyer pays court to his aspirations, there might be a strong suspicion of judicial bribery.

O'Connell used to tell the story of the court officer, who, wishing to thin the court, called out: "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the court."

Judge Gresham not infrequently rides on the front platform of a Chicago street car; and at least one driver has admitted that the Justice knows vastly more about horses than he does.

A story is told of Dr. Crosby which that gentleman used to relate himself. His house was once entered by a burglar whom the doctor himself captured and who was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment. But for three years the minister kept up a correspondence with the convict, converted him, secured his pardon, and later had the satisfaction of seeing him become a prominent and respected citizen in a distant town, and blessed with a wife and child.

Psychology is a study too much neglected; it is indispensable for every one who has to deal with people; and who has not? The physician, the clergyman, the employer of labor, the officer in the army, the professor, the merchant, the banker, and almost every one has to deal with people, and above all, the lawyer. Self-knowledge is not sufficient to make us free, it must be self-knowledge *and* the knowledge of other people; it must be self-knowledge in the broadest sense, knowl-

edge of the soul, of the motives that work upon and can be employed to affect man's sentiments. It is only knowledge that can make us free; and knowledge will make us free. And because it makes us free, knowledge, and chiefly so psychological knowledge, is power.

A well known Massachusetts judge, when at the bar, once obtained the acquittal of a client charged with selling liquor on Sunday, by the following address to the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence that my client had a pint bottle full of whisky, from which he sold a drink at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning; at eleven o'clock Sunday morning, gentlemen of the jury, a bottle *full* of whisky, which he must have purchased overnight and had in his possession until eleven o'clock in the morning. Now, gentlemen of the jury, look at my client; there he sits. Can you say on your oaths that such a poor, miserable, ragged, besotted, low-down devil as that could keep a bottle full of whisky from midnight Saturday until eleven o'clock Sunday morning?"

The Washington correspondent of the *Boston Gazette* says that during the session of the Methodist Conference one of the ministers went into a drugstore about dusk on a chilly evening and asked the proprietor for a good, mild cigar. After paying for it he added: "Is there any place around your store where I can have a quiet smoke? Our Bishop has just been preaching pretty sharply against the use of tobacco, so I don't want to smoke 'round the house where I am staying, nor out on the street, on account of the bad example I might set. But a mild cigar does rest one so!" The druggist quite agreed with him, and said: "Step behind my prescription counter, sir; you will be unseen there." Two minutes later another good minister came into the store, bought a mild cigar, and asked if he might be permitted to smoke in the store, because: "Our Bishop has just been preaching against smoking," he explained, almost in the exact words of his predecessor. He also was sent behind the prescription counter. The screen hid the two dominees from sight, but it did not shut out the peals of laughter which arose when minister No. 2 encountered minister No. 1.

Girls.

Girls is grate on making believe. She will make believe a doll is a live baby. She will make believe she is orful sweet on another girl or a feller if they come to see her, and when they are gone she will say, "Horrid old thing!"

If yer don't do what a girl tells yer, she says you're horrid. I drather be horrid than be soft. If you do what a girl tells you, you will do all sorts of foolish things.

Girls can be good in school every day if they feel like it. I shud think they would git tired, and have to do sumthing wonsen in a while; I know a feller does. Girls say fellers act orful, but when a girl gets a-going it she acts orfuler than any feller durst. They don't care for nothing.

If a girl wants a feller to carry her books home, she ain't satisfied unless she gits the same feller the other girls want, whether she likes him or not.

Girls is grate on having secrets—I mean, telling secrets. They make a secret out of nothing at all, and tell it around to all the other girls, orful quiet, just as if it was sumthing dredful. I bleeve a girl likes to make bleeve they are doing sumthing dredful.

Girls always gits their joggorfry lessons better than a feller; but if they are going anywhere they don't know their way a bit, and they are sure to git lost.

If a girl don't feel like doing a thing, you can't make her, no matter whether she had orter or not. If she won't, she won't, and she will git out of it somehow. That is all I know about girls this time.

The Laugh was Raised.

Wiggins was harrassed by the possession of expensive tastes and the non-possession of means to gratify them—a combination of circumstances which, being known, made it extremely difficult for him to negotiate even a \$5 loan from his associates about town. Parkin, in particular, used to congratulate himself on the fact that Wiggins had never been in his books for ever so small an amount, and steadfastly proposed that he never would be. Unfortunately for Parkin, however, he was fond of a practical joke, and it was this fact that interfered with the success of his prudent determination.

A number of them were sitting in the club reading-room one day, when Wiggins whispered to Parkin—"Let me have a tenner for a few minutes, till I put up a joke on one of the fellows."

Parkin, ready for some fun, and suspecting nothing, handed him a \$10 note, and was surprised a few moments afterward to see Wiggins using it to pay his club dues.

"I say, Wiggins," he cried, in amazement, "I thought you were going to raise a laugh on one of the fellows with that \$10 note?"

"So I am," explained Wiggins; "you are the fellow."—*Harper's.*

NOTES.

[The Mikado of Japan is always obliged to walk alone in public, his arm being considered too sacred for even the Empress to take.

The worst enemies of labor have always been its false friends and its unworthy leaders. It is such that always delude the honest toilers and make them rioters.

When a man gets religion, the devil uses his best endeavors to make him keep silent about it for awhile, then he uses him for an agent thereafter.

She can play the scales on the piano,
But she can't scrape them off from a shad;
And her notes are not higher soprano
Than the bank notes she coaxes from dad.
She decorates many a panel,
While the door panels yearn to be scrubbed;
A rubber of whist she can handle,
While her clothes by her mother are rubbed.

In national debt payment England is going only about two-thirds as fast as the United States, but the fact that it is paying its debt as rapidly as this, or paying it at all, is very creditable to that country. Exclusive of the United States, Great Britain is the only leading nation which is reducing the bulk of its monetary obligations.

The death of Mme. Blavatsky removes the principal disciple of theosophy. She was a remarkable woman, and evidently had some deep thinkers as advisers. Her writings, such as "Isis Unveiled," have the earmarks of other thinkers as well as the results of her own thoughts. In some respects we think the tenets of theosophy will not experience any impairment by the demise of Mme. Blavatsky.

The drama should be poetry in action—poetry reflected from the retina, caught by the delicate nerves of the ear and conveyed to the soul through the nerve-telegraph of the body. The use of the drama is to give spiritual life, verging ever closer and closer toward spiritual immortality. Its abuse is to cultivate the crude, coarse, animal instincts of the man—to build for the earth—of the earth, earthy.

It was an entirely appropriate display of emotion, when Gen. John Bidwell and Captain E. D. Shirland could not repress the liberal flow of tears, at the beautiful sentiments expressed by President Harrison regarding the Pioneers of California. The full application of the sentiments evidently touched the hearts of these veteran pioneers of 1841 and 1846. Our President is a gifted orator, embracing all the elements that go to make an orator—occasion, surroundings and manner.

Marriage, aside from the romance of youth, is a serious business. It should be entered on, as is any other business, only after careful forethought; and, whenever possible, with an ample supply of the assets which it calls for. Money is not all. There should also be health, mutual consideration, forbearance for each other's foibles, and such other qualities as are needed in any harmonious partnership. The marriage bond that is thus hedged about is rarely sundered in a divorce court.

"He wrote this under his own signature" is a phrase not infrequently seen or heard. Do those who use it ever stop to think what sort of idea the words themselves convey? Are men in the habit of placing their signatures at the beginning of any piece of writing that they undertake? The thing is essentially absurd, and hardly less so is the kindred phrase, "over his own signature." This implies that the writer wrote the signature first and then laboriously proceeded to write the letter, or the article, or whatever it may be, over the signature. Two excellent phrases to avoid, these.

According to the census bulletin of April 20, 1891, relating to educational statistics, the per cent. of gain in public school enrollment between 1880 and 1890, in California, is 37.33. The per cent. of gain in population for the same period is 39.72. The statistics of New Mexico show the greatest gain in public school enrollment, the per cent. gain being 283.07, while the per cent. gain in population for the decade has only been 28.46. In 1880 the population of New Mexico was 119,565. In 1890 it is 153,593. There was enrolled in the public schools in 1880, 4,755, while the returns for 1890 show 18,215; making the per cent. increase 283.07.

The Board of Supervisors of this county are up in arms against the very large gas bills incurred in and about the Court house. It seems that notwithstanding the fact that a great amount of gas is generated in the Supervisors' rooms, as well as in the departments of the Superior Court, still the account with the "bloated monopoly," the gas company, increases. Now, our intellectual Supervisors should be able to invent some means of utilizing the surplus gas which is generated in and about the county buildings, and thus circumvent the grasping monopolists known as the gas company. It is a pity that so much raw material should

be allowed to go to waste, when this grinding autocrat of light is fattening on the process of the development of bottled sunlight. The inventive genius of the Supervisors should at least be equal to their gas creative qualities.

It is rather amusing to note how easily one's opinions may be shaped. A man who has got into the habit of using slang and of pronouncing words incorrectly to amuse either himself or some one else, sometimes repeats the offense when he had no intention of doing so. One of the words which he frequently pronounces incorrectly is "hyperbole," calling it "hyper-bol." In conversation with a woman whom he had just met, he let slip this pronunciation. He saw in an instant what he had done, for her face showed how startled she was by the unusual sound of the word. "Do you know," he said laughingly, "I find that very many people are shocked when they hear 'hyper-bol' pronounced 'hyper-bol.' Now, for instance, how do you pronounce it?" The woman hesitated, almost blushed, and then answered in an apologetic way: "Why, shouldn't one pronounce it 'hy-per-bol'?" "Do you?" said the other like a flash. "Well, yes," she answered slowly, and then added quickly, "but no doubt I am wrong." So much for belief.

We met an old friend the other day, who had been affluent—indeed, one of the wealthy men of the country. Glad to meet him and, not being aware of the reverses of fortune, congratulated him on his fresh appearance. "Well, old fellow, I never allow myself to become despondent," said our friend. "But it has been the shady side with me for several years; I have got to bed-rock, and the vein has petered out." Of course, we understood this to mean that he was broke. We moralized a little, as the most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. Our friend, though hardy and inclined to look on the bright side of life, was a little despondent. But he braced up under the fact that a man must never lose courage. No matter how poor, how pushed, whether deserted by former friends, how lost to the world, he must keep up his courage, hold up his head. It is the will that makes or unmakes the man. As we knew how it felt to be reduced from affluence, we could but admire our courageous friend as he walked away whistling, "Hard times, come again no more." After all, a man's best help is himself—his own heart and resolute purpose. He must quarry his own nature—tune himself to circumstances, as it were.

Gen. W. H. L. Barnes, father of the infantile District Attorney of San Francisco, and Charles H. Wetmore, a self-ordained connoisseur of wines, are at swords points because the General would not have anything to do with our native brands at the banquet given to President Harrison by the Chamber of Commerce, and over which the elegant Barnes presided. Wetmore threatened to write a book and call it "Mr. Barnes, of San Francisco," but has abandoned the idea without assigning a reason; the most plausible one to those who know Wetmore, being the difficulty of securing the proper person to do the literary part of the work. He contents himself with having himself interviewed by reporters and sneering at Barnes as an ignoramus in etiquette and social matters, and deprecating the fate that permitted the bloodless warrior to control the great "feed," and return a box of samples of wines that was sent for trial. Wetmore is correct in his opinion of Gen. Barnes as a social leader, and if he would write a book on what he does not know about wines, and Barnes wrote another on what he has to learn on the rules governing good society, there would be two very large volumes added to the trash pile of literature; one in fairly good English, the other to be referred to the Second Grammar Class for revision.

The most difficult duty to perform in the social or fashionable world is to receive and to be presented properly to distinguished people, ladies or gentlemen. In the ordinary daily life of refined people a certain degree of politeness should be observed; no lady or gentleman entitled to the distinction of gentility will forget that natural courtesy that is due to each other; when they do forget then they cease to be ladies and gentlemen and become male and female bores. It is to be regretted that the old time fashion of politeness and urbanity that once dominated good society is rapidly dying away, and a freedom and familiarity inconsistent with good breeding is usurping its place. But to return to the original topic. It is seldom in our present day one comes across a man or woman who really understands the duty and obligation attached to the delicate position of one selected to do the honors of presenting visitors who are desirous of paying their respects to some dignitary of the nation. It is an embarrassing and unenviable office, and one calling for special fitness. Only those having peculiar fitness should be detailed to such situation, for if it fall to hands unaccustomed or ignorant of what is required, there must ensue not only fatal embarrassment but ridicule and chagrin. Hence, committees and individuals cannot be too circumspect in preparing, in advance, for

the offices assigned them when a visit is expected from some great one of the land, in order that the proprieties of the occasion may be duly observed.

An actor told a story the other evening about a fencing master in London who had two sons. Both of them, like the father, were physical giants. Who was the strongest and best fighter was a disputed question until a burglar got into the house one night. One of the sons, opening the front door with a latch-key late at night, found a robber in the hall. They immediately clinched. The other brother, hearing the noise, rushed down stairs, and not being able in the dark to distinguish a burglar from a worthy and honest citizen of London, proceeded to pound both men whom he ran against. Meanwhile brother No. 1, thinking there were two burglars in the house, turned half of his attention to the new enemy, and the fight became desperate. The father, awakened by the uproar, rushed down stairs with a heavy walking-stick. Then the fight was something to admire, but to avoid. When it was all over and the gas was lighted by the aged fencing master, it was discovered that he had whipped not only the burglar but his two sons. When this story was told an Englishman was one of the party. "Well," he said, "I never before heard of a burglar so reckless as to enter the house of an English fencing master. Served him right."

"You Kissed Me."

[We have seen so many incorrect versions of the following stanzas published recently, that we are forced to print them as they were originally written some years ago. The other day we saw a badly-botched attempt at them published as original in the New York Mail.]

You kissed me! My head had drooped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest;
While the holy emotions my tongue dared not speak
Flashed up in a flame from my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast—oh, your arms were so bold!
Heart beat against heart in their passionate fold;
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through my eyes
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies;
Your lips clung to mine, till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp from that rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart and my breath, and my will,
In delirious joy for a moment stood still,
Life had for me, then, no temptations, no charms,
No vista of pleasure outside of your arms;
And were I this instant an angel, possessed
Of the glory and peace that are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes murepinningly down,
And tear from my forehead its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more in that heaven of rest,
With your lips upon mine, and my head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul in a bliss so divine
Reeled and swooned like a foolish man, drunken with wine;
And I thought 'twere delicious to die then, if death
Would but come while my lips were yet moist with your
breath;

'Twere delicious to die, if my heart could grow cold
While your arms clasped me round in their passionate fold;
And these are the questions I ask day and night:
Must my soul taste no more such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast were my shelter as then?
And if you were here, would you kiss me again?

A Sketch of Byron.

Mr. Murray, the publisher, in the late "Recollections" gives a reminiscence of Byron, as follows: "I can recollect seeing Lord Byron in Albemarle street. So far as I can remember, he appeared to me rather a short man with a handsome countenance, remarkable for the fine blue veins which ran over his pale, marble temples. He wore many rings on his fingers and a brooch in his shirt-front, which was embroidered. When he called he used to dress in a black dress coat (as we should now call it), with gray and sometimes nankeen trousers, his shirt open at the neck. Lord Byron's deformity in his foot was very evident, especially as he walked down-stairs. He carried a stick. After Scott and he had ended their conversation in the drawing-room, it was a curious sight to see the two greatest poets of the age—both lame—stumping down-stairs side by side. They continued to meet in Albemarle street nearly every day and remained together for two or three hours at a time. Lord Byron dined several times in Albemarle street. On one of these occasions he met Sir John Malcolm—a most agreeable and accomplished man—who was all the more interesting to Lord Byron because of his intimate knowledge of Persia and India. After dinner Sir John observed to Lord Byron how much gratified he had been to meet him and how much surprised he was to find him so full of gaiety and entertaining conversation. Byron replied: 'Perhaps you see me now at my best.' Sometimes, though not often, Lord Byron read passages from his poems to my father. His voice and manner were very impressive. His voice, in the deepest tones, bore some resemblance to that of Mrs. Siddons."

He Was Qualified.

Judge—"You are a freeholder?"
Prospective Juryman—"Yes, sir."
Judge—"Married or single?"
Prospective Juryman—"Married three years ago last month."
Judge—"Have you formed or expressed any opinion—"
Prospective Juryman—"Not for three years past."

FLASHES.

Repentance is being sorry when it is too late.

Avoid the man or woman who has a good word for no one.

We don't like those people who sneer at women and at marriage.

How is it that we find men of great abilities generally have greater liabilities?

Consistency may be a jewel. A wife may be a jewel, but not always consistent.

When a lover says that his girl dwells in her mind alone, it is time to change her mind.

A chaperon may be necessary for some people who are abroad. A young lady nowadays has a chap her own.

That paragon of humanity who always prides himself on saying just what he thinks, rarely ever thinks enough to say anything of moment.

Open-air Concerts.

The young gentlemen having charge of the open-air concerts for the summer have resolved to hold the concerts at the Capitol Park and Plaza. This is a wise conclusion. While it would be pleasant occasionally to hold concerts at Oak Park, it seems that the proper regulations and protection cannot be afforded the peaceable lovers of music at that place. The untamed hoodlum generally becomes so numerous that quiet people will not take the chances of insult and injury. Our open-air concerts have become a feature of the amusement-loving people of this city. There is nothing more popular than the splendid music wafted on the soft summer breezes. Old and young alike enjoy these evening serenades.

Cleaning Streets.

The chaingang has been recruited, and with full ranks is doing fine service in cleaning up the streets. The full force is now at work on J and K streets removing the accumulated mud. With judicious sprinkling hereafter following this work, we could have much less dust flying at every little breeze. The chaingang could be utilized on some of the back streets.

Scolding.

Our neighbor, the *Record-Union*, usually of a very mild and forgiving disposition, has indulged itself in a general scolding match. Everybody, from our prime minister Blaine down to Road Overseer, comes in for a scolding for acts of omission as well as commission. Well, a little scold now and then does no harm.

Red Men's Pic-nic.

On Tuesday the several tribes of Red Men will hold their annual pic-nic. This year the festivities will be at Mahon's Grove, near the mouth of the Feather river. Every preparation has been made to make this an enjoyable event. The Red Men never leave anything undone to make their social events successes.

Remington type-writers to let. Inquire at 1700 M street, up stairs.

She Forgave the Insult.

"How dared you?"
"I had not read it—I could not know—I—"
"You have no excuse?"
"I had not even cut the leaves!"
"One could perceive from the very first chapter the risqué character of the whole novel—and for a man—for you to lend such a look to me was an insult!"
"An insult!"
"One I shall never forgive!"

Silence obtrudes itself so offensively as to be heard. She sighs impatiently, and from the window looks at the night so full of mischievous twinkling stars. He crosses over slowly to the cosy library table with its seductive litter of magazines and late novels. She taps her foot. Her pretty forehead is angrily puckered.

A look of despair settles upon his anxious face. He watches her, idly toying meanwhile with the offending volume.

His hands mechanically clasp an ivory paper cutter.

"You will never forgive me?"
"I will never forgive you!"

He inserts the knife between the fluttering leaves. A look of relief spreads itself over his face. He grins.

"Never?"
"Never!"

"You must!"
"Must!" (with hauteur).

"The first chapter betrayed the book?"
"It did!" (uneasily).

"Then why—may I ask—do I find all of the leaves cut?" Tableau.

Susan B. Anthony's advice to young girls to study law so that they may be able to conduct their own divorce cases has a big string to it. Men will become skittish about marrying girls "learned in the law" and afraid of wedding pretty charmers who know more about pleas than pies, and are better fitted to state a case than to cook a dinner.

THE END OF THE EARTH.

A Terrible Picture by Camille Flammarion, the Astronomer.

In consequence of the nature of the soil, and because of the scarcity of rain, of snow and of clouds in that region, the great African desert that extends south of the Sahara had remained one of the least cold zones of the globe, and a warm current blowing from that desert on Nubia and Arabia, to return to the equator by Ceylon, had for a long time left a part of Egypt free from the invasion of ice and snow. Following the indicated direction, the last human couple hovered above the regions formerly watered by the Nile, henceforth frozen. They perceived from afar the great pyramid, ruined, but still standing.

The first monument of humanity, this testimony to the antiquity of civilization, was still standing. Its geometric stability had saved it. It was perhaps the only human idea that had attained its end. Created by Cheops to eternally protect his royal mummy, this tomb had survived the revolutions which had destroyed everything else. The last man came to join the first king and shelter himself beneath his shroud.

But the wind of the tempest was blowing again. A fine powdery snow was spreading over the immense desert.

"Let us stop here and rest," said Eva, "since we are condemned to death; and, besides, who has not been? I wish to die in peace in thine own arms."

They looked for a cavity among the ruins and seated themselves beside each other, contemplating the endless space covered with powdery snow.

The young woman crouched feverishly, holding her husband in her arms, trying to struggle with her energy against the invasion of the cold that penetrated her. He had drawn her to his heart and warmed her with his kisses. But the wind and the tempest had resumed their sway, and the fine snow beat in clouds around the pyramid.

"My beloved," he resumed, "we are the last inhabitants of the earth, the last survivors of so many generations. What remains of all the glories, of all the countries, of all the works of the human mind, of all the sciences, of all the arts, of all the inventions? The entire globe is at this moment only a tomb covered with snow."

"Yes," she said, "I have heard of the beauties who reigned over the hearts of kings and shone like admiral stars in the history of humanity. Love, beauty, all must end. I love you and I die. O, how I would have loved that dear treasure, the one who will never live. But no, we must not die, must we? No! * * * Come, I am no longer cold. Let us walk."

Her feet, already frozen and benumbed, had become inert. She tried to rise and fell back.

"I seem to be sleepy," she said. "O, let us sleep!"

And, throwing her arms around Omegar, she pressed her lips to his. The young man lifted her beautiful form and laid her on his knees. She was already asleep.

"I love you," he said again. "Sleep. I shall watch over you."

Then his fixed gaze, shining with a last light, lost itself in a search for the unknown in the desolate gray sky and in the silent and endless plain. No sound came to trouble the death of nature; the snow-wind alone moaned around the pyramid, and seemed to wish to awaken the old Pharaoh sleeping in its depths for so many million years.

Suddenly the noise of footsteps and moans was heard lost in the distance. Was it some lethargic awakening in the interior of the monument? Was it a heavy bird, thrown by the tempest against the dismantled steps? Was it some polar bear come with the snow? The noise ceased. A joyful cry sounded, and with one bound a dog, broken by fatigue, jumped on the sleeping couple.

It was Omegar's dog that had looked for him, followed him (how?) and found him in spite of distance, the solitude and the snow.

He called his master and mistress, licked their face and hands, and covered them with his body to warm them. But they did not awake.

And the snow continued to fall in a fine powder on the entire surface of the earth.

And the earth continued to turn on its axis night and day, and to float through the immensity of space.

And the sun continued to shine, but with a reddish and barren light. But long afterward it became entirely extinguished, and the dark terrestrial cemetery continued to revolve in the night around the enormous invisible black ball.

And the stars continued to scintillate in the immensity of the heavens.

And the infinite universe continued to exist with its billions of suns and its billions of living or extinct planets.

And in all the worlds peopled with the joys of life and love continued to bloom beneath the smiling glance of the Eternal.

Scribbler—Nice refined fellow, that young author, Pennibs. Scrawler—In what particular? Scribbler—I tried to get him into a conversation about Shakespeare the other day at a dinner and he said he never "talked shop."

Perpetual Motion Impossible

What is a perpetual motion? As yet it is but an idea; so much will be admitted by the most enthusiastic advocate of its practicality, says the *Mechanical News*. The utmost claim is that, according to physical law, it might be; no one claims that it is or ever has been. But millions of attempts, all ending in failure, only create a strong presumption that the thing attempted is an impossibility. They do not put it absolutely beyond doubt. Do the laws of nature make it eternally impossible?

The evident answer is that nature is herself a perpetual motion. The clouds, the winds, the waves, the flowing streams and mighty currents of electrical and other forces are in ceaseless flux and reflux. It follows, therefore, that any machine constantly played upon by any one of these perpetual forces would maintain a perpetual motion—as, for instance, a paddle wheel moved by an un-failing stream of water—the motion continuing until the materials wore out, which fills the conditions of the problem. This much, then, is conceded: a machine which could receive continual accessions of power from sources outside of itself—that is, from the inexhaustible store of nature's dynamics—would be a perpetual motion.

But that is not what the projectors mean by their use of the phrase "perpetual motion." Their argument (if such it may be called) assumes the possibility of a machine which itself generates the power that runs it. In other words, a machine that creates power—that is, a machine that generates more power than it expends—namely: power enough to resupply the original power and overcome friction besides. And such a machine is, by the eternal law of physics, an eternal impossibility. No matter how simple or how complex, no matter how delicately adjusted or how slight the friction, this inexorable law remains—the force which originally moves the machine must generate another force equal to itself (for any force less than that would not keep the machine in motion) and some additional force to overcome the friction. And the law is the same, no matter what device be adopted. Suppose it be (as in many attempts it has been) a series of falling weights on one side of a wheel, those weights must rise exactly as high on the other side of the wheel, and, let the combination be what it may, they must pass through as many rising curves as falling curves—that is, as many units of movement against as with gravitation—and the friction of the wheel be overcome besides. Suppose it were possible to reduce friction to a minimum of one unit in a machine whose power was 10,000,000 units, then the power of 10,000,000 would have to generate 10,000,001 to prevent a stoppage.

For further illustration, take the device of a horizontal wheel, the original power applied at a point A on its circumference: A moves around to its original place, there an equal power must be applied to send it around again (for, of course, whatever power sent it around once will be needed for each successive round), and whatever extra power is needed to overcome the friction. Put the original power at 100, then that 100 power must generate a power equal to 100 plus friction. Algebraically stated, your problem is to make 100=100 plus f. Of course f might be reduced to a very small amount, and it is barely conceivable that a place might be found where there is no f—, but not on this earth.

In a perfect vacuum, assuming the production of it to be possible, a top would run a surprisingly long time, there being no friction on the air; but it must rest on something, and that means friction. If a top could be suspended in mid air, with some attractive force above it which exactly balanced gravitation, and then set in motion in a perfect vacuum, the thing might be accomplished; but such a condition is obviously impossible. On this earth there is no motion without friction, and where there is friction a perpetual motion is an eternal impossibility.

The Chicago Record Broken.

A tourist who has just returned from the east says that the day he left Yokohama the native paper of that city mentioned a case of a man aged 40 this year, living in the province of Brizen, who has married and divorced thirty-five wives and is now married to the thirty-sixth.

He was first married at 18, and the reason assigned for this extraordinary example of inconstancy is that he has a younger sister of extremely jealous and rancorous disposition, who from the moment that a bride enters the house institutes a system of persecution, which soon drives the unhappy woman to ask her husband for a divorce. The husband is helpless to restrain the vagaries of his sister and cannot turn her out, so the wretched business goes on year after year. The native chronicler adds a circumstance which is improbable, even in the east. He says that in two cases the brides arriving at the door of their future home changed color and, declaring that they recognized the house as one where they had already passed some months of most miserable wedlock, fled without further parley.

Commenting upon this story, the *Japan Mail* says that, whether accurate or not, it

illustrates the difference between Japanese and English fashions in respect of marriage. Among the lower orders in Japan sentiment is seldom allowed to play an influential part in the arrangements preliminary to matrimony. The higher the social scale the more attention is paid to the fancies of the man, and of late those of the woman also are beginning to be regarded. But the principle underlying the whole marital relation in Japan seems to be that the affection which really survives the passage of years and makes married life happy is not the love which precedes union, but the respect, esteem and sense of mutual helpfulness that grows up after it. In short, marriage in Japan is a preliminary experiment, whereas, in the west it is a final contract.

Characteristic Even in Her Dreams.

A lady who is known to be an extremist in many of her views gravely told the following dream over the coffee the other morning, to the great amusement of her husband and some friends, who declared it essentially feminine and characteristic of her sex:

She dreamed that she had died, and in the interval before the freed spirit made its heavenward way, she was an unseen observer and listener to all that took place in the room in which the poor clay she had so recently inhabited lay. She was touched with the devotion of her mother, who, like Mary of old, was always first and last beside the body soon to find sepulture; also intensely interested in the arguments, for or against cremation (this having been her own pet theory), which her friends held forth in the presence of her disembodied spirit, and longing to depart with the celestial throng awaiting her, yet mortified and thrilled on the threshold of heaven by the fact that, graven on her casket plate, her age was given as 49 instead of 32.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

Telephone No. 41.

FRED. SCHREIER,

TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BET. Q AND R,

CEMENT SIDEWALKS,

Garden Walks, Carriage Drives, Etc., constructed at shortest notice, in the most workman-like manner and at lowest rates.

THE
Bell Conservatory Co.
SACRAMENTO.

Floral Work and Plant Decoration

A SPECIALTY.

Telephone No. 155.

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Grand Handwritten & Co.

Producers of the

ECLIPSE

CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

My Hero.

Not laurel, weathered by Fame's uncertain hand,
Nor great when measured by the world's false scales;
But on that greater battle-field, where stand
The marshaled hosts of right and wrong
ne'er fails
The one I praise!

Not he whose voice among the busy throng
In blatant vainly-glorious pean floats;
But in the music of life's golden song
He strikes for me content's soft tender notes,
The one I laud!

Not he who on the garish day afar
Bursts like a sudden sun with blazing light;
But he whose life-light is the polar star
Of sympathy in stormy sea and night,
The one I trust!

Not he whose rootless faith the fickle hours
Of time consign to dust—a wayside doom;
But one whose truth, "until death part,"
bears flowers,
Which in eternity shall ever bloom—
The one I love!

"Rats!"

Five large gray rats are the peculiar pets of Charles Perkins, who lives on Noble street near Eighth, says the Philadelphia Press. The rodents evince great affection for him, following him about the house like dogs, run up his sleeve and come out at the breast, nestle around the rim of his hat, and perform a variety of tricks, such as leaping through a wire hoop and drawing a coach, four of them acting as horses and one as driver.

Asked how he had tamed the rats, Perkins answered:

"It is very easy when you know how."

"Well, what is the how?"

"Simply, I trap a rat in a cage, and then examine him carefully to see if he is young and not too vicious. Having selected a proper specimen, I take him to the yard and drop him in a barrel half filled with water."

"If he tries to clamber up the sides I throw him back and keep him in the water until he is completely exhausted. When he is just about to go under I take him out, pour a little brandy down his throat with a syringe and take him to the stove, where I wrap him in a piece of blanket, cuddle him and nurse him back to life."

"So grateful is he that he remains my slave forever after, fawns on me and becomes quite a pet."

Two Sharp Retorts.

President Lincoln's retort to the Englishman who was contrasting Americans and the English:

"Why," said the Briton, "you Americans do things that no English gentleman would ever think of doing. For instance, sir, I do not know of a single English gentleman who would black his own shoes."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Lincoln. "Whose would he black?"

A similar incident took place in London last summer, when an irrepressible Western girl found herself seated next a Briton at dinner. It happened that he had but recently returned from a tour in this country, and after having learned that his fair partner was from Ohio, he volunteered the remark that he "liked Boston people better than any other Americans. Because, you know, they are the only Americans who speak our language as we do."

"Indeed?" returned the young woman. "You surprise me. I had always supposed the Bostonians spoke very good English."—Harper's.

Carrying Oil.

A cargo may consist of several qualities of oil, and these are separated from each other by narrow water spaces. Some two years ago a sailing vessel was built by the Barrow Shipbuilding Company to the order of an Antwerp firm. She was designed to carry petroleum in bulk in competition with the steamers. The success attendant upon this new departure may lead to the more extensive construction of vessels of a similar nature. Petroleum vessels cannot be used for any other purpose on account of their peculiar arrangement and smell. A proposal to carry palm oil in a similar manner has been found impracticable on account of the corrosive ingredients which attack the steel instead of preserving it, as petroleum does.

Appropos to this departure in British shipbuilding, it is stated that the Persians as far back as 1760 were known to carry petroleum in bulk in their own vessels on the Caspian. Petroleum carriers are generally fitted with electric light, so as to insure a minimum of risk from fire. With every precaution that modern science can suggest the carriage of this oil is beset with much difficulty and danger.—Chambers' Journal.

Marquis di Rudini (rushing down, panic-stricken, in his night-clothes)—What was the cause of that terrific shock a few moments ago? Attendant—A messenger says a powder magazine just outside the city has blown up. Marquis di Rudini—Thank Heaven! I thought it was another letter from Blaine.

Finnish Honesty.

In trade the Finns, as a rule, are not only scrupulously honest—they are heroically, quixotically so.

A tradesman will tell you the whole truth about his wares, even when he knows perfectly well that by doing so he loses a customer whom the partial truth, a slight *suppression veri*, would have secured him.

"This seems exactly the kind of apparatus I am looking for," I said to a merchant in Helsingfors some months ago, in reference to an article that cost about £15, "and I will buy it at once if, knowing what I want it for, you can honestly recommend me to take it."

"No, sir; I do not recommend you take it, nor have I anything in stock just now that would suit you." And I left the shop and purchased what I wanted elsewhere. "Here's your fare," I said to a peasant in the interior who had driven me for three hours through the woods on his drosky, handing him four shillings.

"No, sir; that's double my fare," he replied, returning me half the money. And when I told him that he might keep it for his honesty, he slightly nodded his thanks with the dignity of one of nature's gentlemen from which defiant pride and cringing obsequiousness were equally absent.

The Bad Lands.

The Bad Lands of Dakota are composed of a white clay, which, by the action of rains, has been cut into hillocks. They are not high, seldom more than forty or fifty feet; but it is down one and up another the whole way. You cannot follow the water courses, for there are none; a gully, forty feet deep, with a foot and a half of mud at the bottom, is the nearest approach to a water course in the whole region. At every few yards you must stop and, with spade or shovel, cut a path down the side of a hill in order to descend, and then up the side of the one opposite in order to get up again.

The mud is as sticky as tar, and in going a few yards the wheels of a wagon become solid round cakes, and all the mules that you can hitch to it will not be able to pull it a foot further. Then the spades are brought and the wheels cleared, the operation being repeated two or three times in a hundred yards. The extent of the Bad Lands in Dakota is probably a hundred miles from north to south, by fifteen to thirty miles wide; and if the Indians find a better stronghold in this country the plainsmen would like to hear of it.

The Camphor Tree.

One of the most useful and magnificent productions of the vegetable kingdom that enriches the soil of China, more particularly the provinces of Kiang-si and Canton, is the camphor tree. This stupendous laurel, according to the testimony of learned Chinese mandarins, has been known to attain a height of 300 feet and a girth measurement of 80 feet. They seldom grow on uplands, but are to be found in abundance on the banks of many of the larger streams. Lord Amherst's embassy reports the average height of camphor trees at from 50 to 70 feet, with a stem circumference of 20 to 35 feet. Besides yielding the camphor gum of commerce, this valuable tree is the principal timber wood of the celestial empire, and is used not only in building but in most articles of furniture. The wood when dry is of a light yellow color, and though light and easy to work is durable and not likely to be injured by insects.

ORDINANCE NO. 270

Granting to the Party Herein Named the Privilege to Construct, Maintain and Operate a Street Railroad in the City of Sacramento, and Granting to Him the Right of Way for said Street Railroad over, upon and along certain Streets in said City of Sacramento.

The Board of Trustees of the City of Sacramento do ordain as follows:

Section 1. There is hereby granted to R. S. Carey, his heirs and assigns, subject to the provisions of the statutes governing the City of Sacramento, the right to construct, lay down, repair, maintain and operate, for the term of fifty years from and after the passage of this ordinance, a single or double track street railway or railroad, with all necessary and convenient tracks for curves, turn-outs, switches, side-tracks, stations, turn-tables and appendages, and to propel cars thereon by horse or mule power, or by wire ropes running under the streets and moved by stationary steam engines, or by electricity or other motive power; and to collect, receive and retain fare and compensation for the use thereof in, through, on, over and along the following streets and parts of streets in the City of Sacramento, that is to say: commencing at the intersection of O and Twenty-first streets, at the center thereof, thence running along the middle of Twenty-first street to Y street.

Amend section one (1) by adding thereto the following: "Provided, That if the cars on said railway shall be propelled by overhead wires in connection with an electric system of motive power, then the overhead wires used as electric conductors shall be hung from cross-wires, and shall not be less than twenty feet, measuring vertically, from the surface of the roadway, and shall be supported by a double line of poles, one line on each side of the street, and the poles shall be turned wood and shall be painted before being set up; and said grantee shall keep and maintain in good order and condition, at his own expense, the portion of the streets occupied by such poles so that the same at the surface about the poles may be safe and convenient to travelers with teams or vehicles at all seasons of the year, and so that there shall be no obstruction to the proper flow of water along and over the gutters constructed or to be constructed at the places where the poles may be set up. And all such poles may be set at such places

along the inner curbing of the sidewalk as the Street Commissioner shall direct; and if by reason of setting up of such poles it shall be necessary to alter the watercourses, gutters, culverts or entrances to culverts, such changes or alterations shall be made at the expense of the grantee, his heirs and assigns."

Sec. 2. The rate of fare on such railroad or railway must not exceed the sum of five cents for a single fare.

Sec. 5. The grantee herein named shall pay to the City of Sacramento an annual license of five dollars upon each car run and operated upon said railroad or railway, which shall entitle him to run, manage and operate his railroad or railway every day in the year.

Sec. 4. The grantee herein named may at any time abandon any portion of the franchise hereby granted, upon filing with the Board of Trustees of the City of Sacramento a written declaration of such abandonment, particularly describing the part or portion intended to be abandoned.

Amend section four (4) by adding thereto: "And in event of such abandonment the grantee, his heirs and assigns, shall within ninety days thereafter remove the tracks, rails, ties, poles, wires and other materials from such street or portion of street so abandoned, and restore such street or portion of street to its original condition in good order and repair, and to the satisfaction of the Street Commissioner, and if such work be not done by the grantee, his heirs and assigns, it may be done by the Street Commissioner at the expense of the grantee, his heirs and assigns."

Sec. 5. The rate of speed on said railroad or railway must not be greater than eight miles per hour.

Sec. 6. The grantee herein named shall pay and be assessed for the cost of improving the portion of the street or streets embraced between the rails of the track or tracks of his railway or railroad, and for two feet on each side thereof; and such assessment shall be lien against the franchise and railroad of said grantee from the date of such assessment, and may be collected in the same manner as other assessments for improving streets are collected; and said grantee shall keep said portion of said street or streets constantly in repair, and flush with the street and with good crossings.

Amend by adding a section to read as follows:

Sec. 7. This franchise is granted upon the conditions that said grantee, his heirs and assigns, shall commence the construction of the street railway on said street within six months and complete the construction of such railway within one year from the passage of this ordinance, and that when said railway is completed the cars shall be run regularly and daily (inevitable accident excepted), over the whole of said road as often as once every hour from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. of each day, and a failure to comply with any of the terms and conditions hereof by the grantee, his heirs and assigns shall work a forfeiture of this franchise, and said grantee, his heirs and assigns, shall thereupon restore that part of said street made use of for the railway to its original condition and leave the same in as good order and repair as the balance of the street, and to the satisfaction of the Street Commissioner; and if such work of removal be not done within ninety days from and after such forfeiture by the grantee, his heirs and assigns, then it may be done by the Street Commissioner at the expense of the grantee, his heirs and assigns, and the city shall have a lien upon such street railway and all the materials thereof for the expense of such removal and of repair of the street made necessary by putting down or removal of such railway.

Amend by adding a section to read as follows:

Sec. 8. This ordinance, so far as the same provides that said railway may be operated by any system by which electricity is made use of as the motive power, is granted and accepted upon the express provision that the Board of Trustees of the City of Sacramento shall have the power at any time to inquire into the fact whether the said system, or the practical operation thereof, is a public nuisance, or dangerous to persons and vehicles, and the City of Sacramento expressly reserves the right to take all necessary legal measures whenever, in the judgment of the Board of Trustees of said city, it may become a public nuisance, to secure the abatement of such nuisance, and the said grantee, his heirs and assigns, shall, within ninety days after the judgment or decree to that effect shall become final, and after the service upon it of written notice, remove such poles and wires as may be a nuisance or dangerous to life and property, and put the streets through which they were placed in the same condition in which they now are at the expense of said grantee, his heirs and assigns under the superintendence of the Street Commissioner. In case the same is not done by the grantee, his assigns and heirs in the time limited therefor, then the Board of Trustees may cause the same to be done, and the expense thereof shall be paid by said grantee, his heirs and assigns, and the city shall have a lien upon said street railway within its limits for said payment. In case a judgment shall at any time be obtained to abate or to remove any public nuisance created by such electric system of poles or wires, the City of Sacramento shall be entitled to recover from said grantee, his heirs and assigns, a reasonable attorney's fee, not exceeding \$1,000, for services of its attorney paid by it, and such attorney's fee shall be entered in the judgment and shall be paid by the grantee, his heirs and assigns.

The said grantee shall have the right to accept the permission and privileges hereby granted and agree to comply with all of the conditions upon which the same are granted within ten days after the passage of this ordinance, and shall file said acceptance with the Clerk of the Board of Trustees of said city, otherwise this ordinance shall be null and void.

Sec. 9. This ordinance shall take effect immediately.

Adopted April 20, 1891.

W. D. COMSTOCK,
President of the Board of Trustees.

J. D. YOUNG, Clerk.

R. A. OLMSTED, S. P. OLMSTED.

Fourth Street Cash Grocery.

R. A. OLMSTED & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Fruits and Vegetables, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain, and all kinds of Mill Stuffs.

Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos.

400 L Street, S. E. cor. Fourth, Sacramento.

Fresh Butter and Eggs a Specialty. Goods delivered free of charge to any part of the City, R. R. depot or Steamboat landing. Highest price paid for Country Produce.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening, Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than

J. SLAUGHTER,
Telephone 318. Sixth and M streets.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF
CAPITAL NURSERIES,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN
IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware.
SACRAMENTO.

B. Ruhl Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 400 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

SACRAMENTO
FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,
FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES
CALL AT THE

Sacramento Stove House

813 and 815 J STREET,

—And You Will Save Money.—

H. K. WALLACE & CO.

DR. H. H. PIERSON,

DENTIST.

511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

C. E. BAINBRIDGE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to 9:30 P. M.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

EINTRACHT * SALOON,

HART & STEWART, Proprietors.

724 K Street, bet. Seventh and Eighth,

SACRAMENTO.

FINEST BRANDS OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO.

The Lady and the Mirror.

Many jokes, good, bad and indifferent, have been poked at the ladies for their devotion to shopping. Some one once said that a woman has been known to forget her own name while engaged in the fascinating pastime, and the statement has found many believers, always, of course, among the sterner sex. Whether all the ladies are equally oblivious to everything, is by no means certain, but a happening yesterday in a large downtown store may be taken as having some bearing on the subject.

The store, which is one of the finest in the city, has a large mirror completely covering the rear wall, serving the double purpose of ornamentation and protection by enabling the floor-walkers to watch the ever-moving crowds. The lady had been examining and pricing fabrics until her brain was in a whirl, moving from one counter to another, and all the while gradually approaching the rear of the store. At the last counter, after seeing everything that was to be seen, she heaved a sigh of regret, and bethought herself of leaving.

And just here the fun occurred. Her mind was busy with the problem of whether shrimp pink or pea-green would be a match for her complexion, providing she could purchase either, and she was not aware of her proximity to the rear. Rather, she had an idea that she was near the front, and that the large and magnificent mirror was the door. She approached it, and thinking she saw someone coming toward her, stepped to one side. Her reflection, of course, did the same. She stepped back. Ditto the reflection. Then she got angry.

"Excuse me," she said, in the clear, cutting tones peculiar to her sex when they wish to be sarcastic, "are you so fond of dancing that you must indulge in it here? If you let me pass, I'll be obliged."

No answer.

"Well," said the now thoroughly aroused woman, "I'm going out, so you'd better stand aside."

Suiting the action to the word, she took one—two—three steps and landed up against the mirror. A little scream, a blushing woman hurriedly going in the right direction this time, a general titter from the customers and clerks, and the comedy was over.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

When her majesty, the empress of Japan, drives no one is permitted to look at her from the windows or chinks in the doors or any part of the house, but must sit down by the side of the street through which she passes. Each person, man or woman, must doff hat or cap as she passes, except the women in European dress, whose heads may remain covered. No one may speak or follow the carriage and no noise of any kind is allowed in the street through which she passes.

The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of holes, imperceptible to the naked eye, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the number of 1,000 to each mass, join together when they come out and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web, so that what we call the spider's thread consists of more than 4,000 threads united.

Why, you talk about a woman's sphere As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heav'n,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it.

"I believe tobacco smoke to be a perfect disinfectant for the physician," said Dr. Klein, of Detroit, recently. "If a physician, in making his visit to a patient afflicted with any contagious disease, will keep a cigar in his mouth I don't believe he will carry the contagion away from the house. It may seem a little rude, but no sensible person will object when the object is explained."

The historical gray coat of Napoleon I, which was stolen from a museum, was found recently by the police in the Quartier du Temple in Paris. An old clothes dealer had given the thief 70 cents for it.

He—"Your husband, madam, sent me to fetch his overcoat." She—"Indeed! My husband died two years ago, and I've always feared that he went to a place where they don't need overcoats."

Watercress is said to contain very sanitary qualities. A curious characteristic of it is that if grown in a ferruginous stream it absorbs five times the amount of iron that any other plant does.

"Swing outward, oh! gates of the morning,
Swing inward, ye doors of the past;
A giant is rousing from slumber—
The people are waking at last."

The original of the song "Old Black Joe" was a native of Virginia and died recently at his home in Mount Holly, N. J., at the age of 112 years.

An Indian Origin of Man.

When the Great Spirit created the world he first made three men, all of the same color. Then He led them to a pool of water and bade them jump in and bathe. One of them obeying at once leaped in advance of his fellows and came out clean and white.

The others hesitated, but one soon followed the first. When he went in the water had become somewhat stained and he came out copper colored.

Then the third man went in. By that time the water of the pool had become black and he was consequently black when he had bathed.

Thus it happens that there are white men, red men and black men in the world.

Then the Great Spirit laid down three packages before the three men, which contained their future fate. Out of pity for the black man he permitted him to have his first choice of the parcels.

The black man, without hesitation, took the largest of the parcels; the red man, whose turn was next, took the next largest parcel, and the white man took the remaining one, which was very small.

Then the men opened their packages. That of the black man was found to contain shovels and other implements of labor, the red man's contained bows and arrows, and the white man's small parcel consisted of pens, ink and tools for light work.

From that time on each man made use of the tools he had chosen.

The work of the new census goes rapidly on, and to-day 3,500 heads are buzzing with figures and 7,000 hands are working away on the reports that have come in by the millions from every nook and corner of the United States. It is impossible to conceive the immensity of this stock-taking. The counting of the people themselves was a gigantic task, but it was completed months ago, and we now know that we have just about 65,000,000 of souls in the United States. Each one of these people, however, has a history, and the story of every one has been written down on a page of long foolscap paper and has been sent here to Washington. There are 65,000,000 of these pages, and one of the census officers tells me that if these were made of the thinnest of writing paper and laid flat one on top of the other, they would make a pile of sheets higher than the Washington Monument and so heavy that it would take several camel-back engines to carry them. From our experience with only a portion of the State of California we can realize the immense labor and calculation that must rest upon the head of the census department. To supervise a couple of hundred enumerators and experience the jeers and sneers of those who could not understand the character of the work, was enough to drive an ordinary individual to the insane asylum.

The San Francisco *Music and Drama* says: "Go into the heart of a great city and mingle among the poverty and squalor that is always to be found there, and you will discover men who, in the past, have held positions of affluence. Bankers, lawyers and merchants, who at one time entertained scores of guests with the most expensive luxuries in season, now find it a terrible effort to secure an adequate supply of the humble doughnut for their own nourishment. But amidst this throng of paupers you will never find an actor who has parted with his last possession. His jewelry may have disappeared, his linen may be frayed, his clothes threadbare and shabby, and his pocket void of coin; but he has always one article of property that he manages to escape with each time he is compelled to change his lodgings. It is a play. An actor without a play is almost as scarce as a moa bird or a silent woman. It matters not what his rank in his profession be, high or low, he always has a piece. It is rarely written by himself, but has generally been acquired in some mysterious manner.

In the spring a man always thinks it is cheaper to buy a lawn mower and trim all his lawns himself. In the heat of July he always knows it is cheaper to hire a laborer to do the job—but he can't persuade his wife.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE,
228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD,
C. A. VIEMEISTER.



TALK IS CHEAP,

and the press teems with advertisements of sarsaparillas, and other liver, blood and lung remedies, but there is one medicine, and only one, the claims for which, as a cure for all lingering diseases arising from Torpid Liver or Biliousness, or from impure blood, are backed up by a positive guarantee! If it don't do just as represented in every case, the money paid for it is promptly refunded. This peculiar medicine sells beyond all others throughout the civilized world. And why should it not? "Talk is cheap," but when it's backed up by a positive guarantee, by a house of long established reputation, for honesty, integrity and sound financial standing, then words mean business! And that's just what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., mean in guaranteeing their Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery checks the frightful inroads of Scrofula and, if taken in time, arrests the march of Consumption of the Lungs, which is Lung-scrofula, purifies and enriches the blood, thereby curing all Skin and Scalp Diseases, Ulcers, Sores, Swellings, and kindred ailments.



\$500 OFFERED

for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. By its mild, soothing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors.

Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Helen A. Grant, Allen D. Grant, Edward N. Grant, Catherine Matzen, Mary M. Miller, John Doe, and Richard Roe, greeting.

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 29th day of January, 1891, in which action EDWARD DIETERLE is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: The said action is brought for the purpose of quieting the title to that certain piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and described according to the plan of said city, as the south twenty (20) feet of the west sixty-eight (68) feet of lot number one, in the block bounded by J and K, and 5th and 6th streets; for the purpose, also, of determining all adverse claims of the said defendants to said property; and for a decree of said Court, declaring and adjudging that the title of plaintiff to said premises is good and valid, and that neither the said defendants have, nor any of them has, any estate or interest in the same; and forever enjoining and debarring the said defendants, and each of them, from asserting any claim to said land adverse to plaintiff, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 20th day of February, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk. A. L. HART, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

THE PIONEER

No. 522 J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

A. L. HART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON, HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, LAWYERS, 504 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 418 J Street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER, Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, LAWYER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, 630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Where My Heart Lies.

Under the sod where the wild grass grows,
Under the leafy trees,
Where the moaning song of the sad wind flows
Like the murmur of the seas,
There, where my thoughts all end in sighs,
There's where my heart lies.

Where the lifeless leaves rustle and fall,
Wedded to the ground,
Where the night bird's coo is the only call
That breaks the stillness round.
There, where the spirit of darkness flies,
There's where my heart lies.

The wind blows low, for death holds here
Its silent reign supreme,
And never the force of a drifting tear
Can wash away its dream.
And there, in the grave where love ne'er dies,
There's where my heart lies.
Beating the Game.

The tale is told of an old and foxy farmer who is worth a goodly amount of money and who dwells in one of the towns in the neighborhood of Boston, that upon one occasion the crafty old gentleman went to attend a county fair. It fell out that he fell into the company of a set of jovial rustics who beguiled the hours of leisure in playing the festive game of "old sledge," seated upon the hotel piazza. The farmer had played the game in his youth, and as he saw the money change hands he had an itching desire to have a share in this harvest of sudden riches.

It was not long before he had joined himself unto those men of Belial, and with them was involved in the meshes of the snares of old sledge. But, alas! it was many a long year since the farmer had played cards, and either his hand lacked cunning or the luck was against him. He steadily lost money. Being of a miserly disposition, the more he lost the more excited he became, and at last he made a rash bet of \$10, apparently desperately set upon winning back what he had lost. But the fickle goddess still frowned upon him, and once more he lost. The disappointment was too much for him, and down he tumbled in a fit!

Instantly confusion reigned, and the old man was picked up, taken into the house and put on a lounge. The hotel was crowded, however; it was full of noise and confusion, and it was decided that there was nothing for it but to carry the farmer home. His horse and wagon were accordingly brought to the door, he was bundled, still to all appearance insensible, into it, and a man was deputed to drive him to his home, some miles away. The team started off, the driver anxiously solicitous for the safety of the invalid, but when they were well out of sight of the hotel the sick man suddenly straightened himself up and winked at his astonished companion.

"Well," he said, "I got out of that pretty well."

And the other for the first time recollected that there had been no settlement, and that the men to whom the old farmer had lost money had not received a cent of their winnings.

English Friendly Societies.

The returns of some of the large friendly societies for 1890 are now coming in, and, notwithstanding the increased expenditure caused by the influenza epidemic in the early part of the year, the figures in most cases show large increases both in members and funds. The Ancient Order of Foresters, numerically the largest, with its 700,000 members, added 17,587 to its number, and £159,303 to its funds, bringing the reserve capital up to £4,500,000. This society appears to be rapidly "leveling up" its actuarial deficiency, the returns showing that a proportion equal to 73.4 of its members are now paying graduated contributions according to age, as against 59.5 five years ago.

The Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows comes slightly behind the Foresters in respect to numbers, but occupies far and away the front rank of all societies in wealth, its invested capital reaching the magnificent amount of £7,250,000.

The Hearts of Oak, the largest centralized society without branches, has been advancing of late years with leaps and bounds. Its annual report just issued shows that in 1890 it added 10,000 to its membership, which now numbers 140,000, and £76,000 to its funds, totaling its reserve capital up to £1,157,518. This society admits no one to its membership over 30 years of age, and is chiefly recruited from the ranks of small shopkeepers, clerks and skilled artisans.

In the aggregate these three societies total up an adult membership of 1,500,000, with 144,000 juvenile members, and a gross invested capital of over £13,000,000.

The great burial collecting societies constitute quite another class, at the head of which stands the Prudential with assets worth £12,000,000, and which claims to have 9,000,000 policies in force. The Prudential is a joint stock limited company, which began with a capital of £2,500 about forty years ago; a few years since this grew to £200,000. According to a statement recently made by Sir Herbert Maxwell in the house of commons, the shareholders in 1887 received dividends equal to 400 per cent. on the original capital, besides bonuses amounting to £399,600.

H. WACHHORST

Leading Jeweler of Sacramento

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,

No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA

Studio, 521 J Street.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Klune & Floberg, WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS

Agents for Rockford Watch Co.

NO. 428 J STREET. SACRAMENTO.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J Street, Sacramento.

OSBORN & FOLGER

FUEL DEPOT,

806 I Street.

ICE, HAY, GRAIN and STORAGE

501 I Street. Telephone 69.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER.

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL

HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.

R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

May 1, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6:30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11 15 A
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8 40 P
12:50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4 20 A
4:30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7 10 P
7:30 P	Knights Landing and Marysville	7 10 A
10:50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9 35 A
12:05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2 25 A
11:00 P	{ Central Atlantic Express } { Ogden and East }	8 15 A
3:00 P	Oroville	10 30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10 30 A
10:40 A	Redding via Willows	4 00 P
2:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 40 A
4:35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12 35 A
6:30 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 15 A
8:40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10 40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8 40 P
*10:00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26 00 A
10:50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2 50 P
10:50 A	San Jose	2 50 P
4:30 P	Santa Barbara	9 35 A
6:15 A	Santa Rosa	11 40 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	8 40 P
8:50 A	Stockton and Galt	7 00 P
4:30 P	Stockton and Galt	9 35 A
12:05 P	Truckee and Reno	2 25 A
11:00 P	Truckee and Reno	8 15 A
6:30 P	Colfax	2 30 A
6:15 A	Vallejo	11 40 A
3:05 P	Vallejo	11 40 P
*6:35 A	Folsom and Placerville	2 40 P
*3:10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11 35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - \$4,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.

Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK,

S. W. Corner Fourth and J Streets, Sacramento, Cal.
GUARANTEED CAPITAL, \$500,000.

Loans made on Real Estate. Interest paid semi-annually on Term and Ordinary Deposits.

PRESIDENT.....B. U. STEINMAN
VICE-PRESIDENT.....EDWIN K. ALSIP
CASHIER.....D. D. WHITEBECK
SECRETARY.....C. H. CUMMINGS
SURVEYOR.....JAS. M. STEVENSON

DIRECTORS:

B. U. Steinman, Edwin K. Alsip, C. H. Cummings,
W. E. Terry, Sol. Runyon, Jas. McNasser,
Jas. M. Stevenson.

Huntington

Hopkins

Company,

HARDWARE

Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE LEXINGTON

CALIFORNIA
STATE
LIBRARY

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1891.

No. 13.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

The murderous assault made on Robert Allen upon the public streets and his robbery, together with the numerous other lesser, yet serious, crimes that have been committed here very recently, indicate there is an element infesting Sacramento city that it is very desirable we should rid ourselves of. In the case of Mr. Allen it would seem that Providence averted the commission of a brutal and deliberate murder; that he is now living is not due to the intention that was manifested by the act of the one whose hand dealt the murderous blow. We are not disposed to blame the police force that so many acts of this kind are being committed, and the perpetrators undetected. The membership of the police force is ridiculously small, and we know that they do the very best they can to protect the lives and properties of our citizens. That the force is hampered is manifest. The yearly elections have resulted universally in the retirement of experienced officers and the selection of inexperienced men, men who are willing to learn their duties, but who will not have the time to become efficient before the next annual election. There is, unfortunately, a class of citizens in this city who are at present distinguishing themselves by penuriously opposing the collection of the special tax the people voted upon themselves to pay for the work of men who served the city with fidelity as policemen. We have esteemed, and we presume from the action of the people the general esteem is, that the policy of those who have inaugurated this opposition is to save at the spigot and waste at the bung hole.

The testimony adduced in criminal cases demonstrates that those of the criminal element are in the habit of rendezvousing in particular saloons. These places are known from official and public notoriety. They should be immediately closed. That they are permitted to remain open and afford harboring places for criminals is without excuse. That the municipal authorities have the constitutional power to make and enforce police regulations so potential as to close them is beyond doubt. That if rigid ordinances are passed and enforced there will come popular approval, will hardly be seriously controverted. It strikes us this is an advantageous time that such action be taken. Following such a line of action, and with a strict enforcement of the vagrancy law, we venture Sacramento will be severely avoided by the criminal class. We note an intimation that summary popular justice should be dealt out; there is nothing to be gained by that. A rigid enforcement of the laws we now have, and of regulations the Trustees have power to make, will very quickly settle the matter. Stringent reasonable criminal laws have not harmed well-disposed citizens, nor will they; that they may destroy the business of crooks is a matter with which the body of the people have no sympathetic interest. We suggest that the city authorities close down all the dives, and that the police arrest all suspected characters for vagrancy.

This most brutal and cowardly attempt at assassination recalls the early history of Mr. Allen. He is one of the pioneers of the State, and after passing through all the trials and hardships of an early frontier life, to be stricken down in his advanced years by the

hand of a murderous midnight robber within a few feet of his home, is something horrible to contemplate. We have known Mr. Allen from our earliest infancy—ever since we can recollect events and men. In the early "fifties" he kept the Monte Cristo Exchange, near what is now called Natoma Station, on the Sacramento Valley Railroad. At that time all that part of the country was a wilderness, save the mining camps at Negro Bar and Mormon Island. The wayside stopping places, one of which Mr. Allen kept under the name just mentioned, within the range of eight or ten miles, were Saulsbury's, a few miles west of Mr. Allen's tavern; the home of Hartford Anderson, two miles and a half east; the Lexington House, kept by John Clarken, father of R. M. Clarken, the attorney of this city, about half a mile farther east. Then came the early camp of Negro Bar, where James S. Meredith's store was the source of supply for the miners in the neighborhood. Still above was the older camp, Mormon Island, where our present Superior Judge, A. P. Catlin, was engaged in mining. Every vestige of these places except a few relics at Mormon Island has vanished. This is a brief outline of the surroundings at that time. Bob Allen, as he was even at that early day familiarly called, was always popular with miners and teamsters. It is said that the impressions made on a child's mind always remain, and we are a living illustration of that fact. That which is most likely to have a lasting impression on a boy's mind is a due regard for the wants of his stomach. We used to make frequent trips in the neighborhood of the Monte Cristo Exchange in hunting excursions, and, boy-like, was generally hungry when we came to Bob Allen's house. Here comes the force of our logic on lasting impressions: Bob Allen never allowed us to go past his house without calling us in and giving us a hearty meal—being very young at the time, he never would accept any pay for these favors. These generous impulses were characteristic of the man in those days and were attributes of his character through his life. It is our earnest prayer that Bob Allen may recover, and that the brutal and cowardly assassins may be brought to justice.

A short time ago Professor Swing delivered a splendid lecture in Chicago on "Beauty and the Mind," during which he maintained that loveliness is as inseparable from man as his powers of reasoning. His inspiration went to the extent that beauty and the mind are inseparable. "It is one of the languages of the human spirit. Therefore the more culture in our world the more there will be of beauty, just as words grow in number and power when the great poets and great orators pass through a Greece, a Rome, a Germany and an England. As there is a human condition which needs only a hundred words, so there is a human littleness which does not ask for much of beauty. It is when the mind has grown large and warm, it asks the entire kingdom of nature to come to help it express its grief or gladness. Beauty, coming by the slow unveilings made by human thought, coming just as politics, and science, and religion come, elaborated by minds the strongest and purest, the public must not accept as beauty all that is offered by the old ballet, which sprang up under Catherine de Medici. Balzarini and Novene created it. Are we to ask Catherine de Medici and her times for lessons in beauty? The dance, that time-keeping of living forms to beautiful music, ought to feel the higher and better thought of this nobler age. When the slums can make our

laws, our religion and our philosophy, they can make our beauty. Good women and good girls have danced in the ballet, but they have done so in an age which has permitted vice and ignorance to rule in the divine empire of decoration! Wonderful blunder of our age to send its wise men out after money and science, and send its light-headed and lawless out to find the Eternal King in the world of loveliness. Wise men for money! A fool for beauty!"

The poor are the salt of the earth. One of the problems of our social fabric is developed by the text above given. The number of our almshouses, asylums and charitable institutions, of which we are so boastful, are in fact the greatest detriment to reform in the condition of the situation, or the amelioration of the condition of the paupers of the country. It is a fact also, that every time money or assistance is given to beggars on the streets without judicious inquiry, harm is done. Philanthropists have for years endeavored to adjust the subject of pauperism on theories, and indeed have put into practice great schemes which embody the various almshouses and other charitable institutions, but the remedy only seems to increase the evil. As a matter of fact, pauperism is an imported article, and not in any considerable degree indigenous to the soil of America. There may be some poverty which is the outgrowth of our improvidence, but the genuine pauper comes from the slums of Europe. Poverty and pauperism are not synonymous. Those who have investigated the subject and gone to the root of the evil lay the great bulk of pauperism to scum and criminal classes that are imported from the older countries. When they come here the heredity and environment continues, thus the pauper and criminal, by reason of that heredity and environment, produce only in kind when settled upon us. It is rare that this class of people ever shake off their early habits. Most of them are either of weak physical, mental or moral constitutions, and the reflex of bad homes and evil associations remains with them even in our land of thrift and plenty.

No matter what reformatory or legislative measures may be invoked for the promotion of social purity, pauperism seems to grow, and there is no reduction in the vicious propensities so deeply instilled into the foreign pauper. Pauperism is the prime cause for crime. A majority of crimes can be traced to the environment of the original pauper, even several generations back. As an evidence of this statement it appears from the annual report of the trustees of the Children's Home of Washington county, Ohio, that for two years preceding the report 66 per cent. of the number of the inmates were related by blood or marriage. In Berlin there is a reformatory institution which shows the posterity of a criminal and pauper family of two sisters to be 834 persons. Among these were 106 illegitimate children, 164 prostitutes, 17 pimps, 142 beggars, 64 inmates of poorhouses, and 76 guilty of serious crimes.

The great bulk of pauperism is centered in the large cities; the country is not burdened with any considerable degree of pauperism. This goes to prove that pauperism and crime are kindred spirits, and can thrive only amidst the denser population of the great cities. A writer in *Arena* has given a truthful picture of the power of environment over the minds and acts of those subject to that which is evil: "The brains we possess in childhood develop as we grow older; and the character of that development depends upon our environment. The seed cannot grow in an uncongenial soil

or climate, nor can those brain tissues which enable us to judge correctly between right and wrong develop amid vile surroundings. We cannot tell what physical change is wrought in the brain by a life in dens of wickedness, but we *do* know from the actions which that brain dictates that it becomes steeped in foul thought, and sometimes seems incapable of willing a good deed. Take, for example, a boy brought up in the slums around Tomkins Square, in New York City. From his earliest childhood he is of necessity familiar with all manner of wickedness; the best dressed women of his neighborhood are fallen women; the boys who have the most money to spend are those who lead vicious lives; the brightest house is the saloon. New York City is the metropolis of vice as she is of trade, and every vice in the long catalogue of sin has a representative practitioner among the varied nationalities that swarm her slums. I am told by the most eminent of her Police Justices that there is no known vice of ancient or modern times that has not, some time or other, been recorded in her police court records as an offense committed. Can a child spend his life amid such environment without being, both in body and brain, affected by it? For a child to grow up virtuous in such a locality is little less than a miracle—and the day of miracles has passed. If a child is born and bred to manhood in such environment, he has no choice but to become wicked. He is not free to choose good from evil. He has no discriminating sense of right and wrong. His moral responsibility is *nil*. What little conscience he may have inherited is soon blunted and lost. He has no conscious remorse—no self contempt for his wickedness. He is beyond reformation; for his brain has been shaped by the thoughts which his environment necessarily engenders, until it is incapable of willing virtue—just as the feet of certain Chinese women are put in clamps until they are permanently deformed and incapable of locomotion."

Whether social improvement can ever be inculcated in the progeny of the pauper, is a question for the consideration of the future philanthropist, for certain it is the past shows that he has not done much towards the social purity of this class. He in the past has failed to deter the vicious offspring of the pauper from crime and immorality. The first thing necessary is preventative in its nature, and that is to put a stop to importation of the thousands of foreign paupers. Possibly the great secret, after that is accomplished, rests in that magical word—Education.

C. P. Huntington, during his recent trip through Central California, evidently took note of the country and the unlimited resources of that section. The comments of Mr. Huntington in his correspondence with a friend are earnest and forcible. The fertility of the soil was a revelation to him, and he is pleased to make the acknowledgement. The suggestions of the great railroad president are deserving of consideration by the large land owners in the central portion of the State—indeed elsewhere, but he directs his advice to those along and in the great Sacramento basin. The following is the right kind of talk and advice, and shows a progressive spirit in Mr. Huntington; shows that he has an interest in the community as well as in his railroads: "The whole region under consideration is capable of supporting a hundred land owners where there is now one; and if it were understood at the East, particularly in such districts as the Dakotas and North Minnesota, where the climate is inhospitable for the greater part of the year, that land like this could be obtained at reasonable prices, it would be but a short time before we should see in the places in California I have mentioned, not great wheat fields with scarcely a habitation in sight, not habitations with no trees around them, but the view of these places would be one of pleasing cultivation, beautiful homes and a country life more attractive than is possible in any other country. What is wanted is hundreds of thrifty homes in the midst of cultivated gardens and orchards, and this should be here where the gardens and orchards are capable of producing all varieties of fruit and market produce. California needs population on these large, unoccupied stretches of fertile land, and it cannot be that the world is sufficiently advertised concerning her resources, or greater populations would now occupy her territory. I believe that a healthy

and rapid immigration to California from the classes which would be most welcome could be induced by work of this kind done continuously and earnestly, and such work should be persisted in. It is a work which should appeal to the patriotic pride of every citizen of California, because its results will redound to the material prosperity of the whole State and of every interest in it."

The number of pupils enrolled in Californian public schools is 221,756. Total expenses of public schools in this State, \$5,119,097. This makes a per capita on each pupil of \$23.08 annually. From this table, which is taken from the census bulletin of April 23d—just issued at Census Department—it appears that California has expended more per capita for school purposes than any other State. The Western States show the highest amounts paid for teachers salaries, California leading. Still, it must be confessed that educators in this State are not more than adequately—if even that—paid.

"PUREFOY."

From his earliest childhood Lord Purefoy had the benefit of every good example and precept which money could procure. His mother, left a widow with her only child, could not bring herself to expose him to the temptations of a public school, but had him grounded in Latin by a governess whose high moral character and educational powers were attested by three duchesses, and intrusted him subsequently to the care of a gentleman who, as a fellow of Balliol and chaplain to a bishop, had earned and deserved a reputation for all desirable knowledge and virtue. Immediately before Lord Purefoy reached the age at which he became qualified to sit and legislate among his peers two resident tutors and three who visited the house daily were engaged in putting on the final touches. He came of age at the country seat of his family, where he owns seven parishes, and returned immediately afterward to London with his mother. He was, and is, a charming and virtuous young man. For twenty-one years and as many days he never gave his mother a moment's real uneasiness; but on the day three weeks after he had attained his majority he walked into her boudoir and, without wasting time over any preliminary explanations, announced that he was engaged to be married. The Dowager Lady Purefoy was seated in her favorite rocking-chair and the start of horror which she gave almost sent her backwards out of it. As it was, being a young woman for her age, she extended her feet, gripped the arms and, by a strong effort, maintained her equilibrium. The danger and her escape from it steadied her nerves.

"Married, my dear boy!" she cried. "What do you mean? Who is she? Where did you meet her?"

Lord Purefoy answered the last question first.

"I met her, mother," he said slowly and quietly, as if his mind dwelt with pleasure on the incident, "in St. James' park."

"Who introduced you?"

"No one."

Lord Purefoy had been admirably educated, but he had never been checked. Before ten minutes were over there had been a "row royal" between mother and son; and she had learned that the family temper, till then dormant, had undoubtedly been inherited by her gentle-mannered son, and also that the future Countess of Purefoy was a barmaid at a Regent-street restaurant who had asked him the time as he walked home after listening to a debate from the Peers' gallery in the House of Commons. In three days Lord Purefoy had gone into chambers in Piccadilly, owing to his mother's refusal to receive his fiancée, and the date fixed for the marriage was in every "society" paper. Congratulations and the reverse poured in on him; but, having gathered the general drift of his relatives' correspondence from the first two or three epistles which he received from them, Lord Purefoy took to burning their letters unread. He was lighting a cigarette with one, at the head of which he had seen the crest of a distant cousin, when a word or two which he could not help seeing caused him to pause and unroll it.

Dear Purefoy: So delighted to hear of your approaching wedding, and of your intention to marry for love a woman whom you have chosen for yourself, and who no doubt is in every way worthy of you. Come down and stay with us for a week, and bring her with you. We go to the Limes tomorrow, so come soon. Your affectionate cousin,

KITTY GOLIGHTLY.

Now, Lord Purefoy had not seen Lady Golightly since he was 16 and had heard such stories whispered at the family councils of the doings at her ladyship's riverside residence as had made his hair curl with horror. If he had seen her on the day before he received her invitation, leaving his mother's house after a visit of an hour's duration, he would not have recognized her, or would hardly have believed that she had been received there. Nevertheless, he answered her note in the affirmative and went; and he took Persephone

Giles with him, picturing to himself as they whizzed out of Paddington the reception which he would give the Golightlys some day in return for their early recognition of his beloved one.

"Are they rich, dear?" asked Miss Giles.

"Always in debt," he answered; "nobody's enemies but their own, I believe, but foolishly improvident."

"Like as not they are after your money, dear boy," she said.

"A Purefoy never imputes motives," he answered, adding, as she still looked dissatisfied, "you shall help your relatives and I will assist mine." And they accomplished the rest of the journey with her head upon his shoulder, while she in turn pictured herself setting up every uncle and cousin who had been kind to her in palatial public houses, and sprinkling with the dust of her haughty chariot wheels those who had thwarted her in childhood or prophesied evil results when she adopted the bar as a profession and exposed herself to the temptations of the metropolis. Arrived at the Limes they found everyone had gone upstairs to dress for dinner except Lady Golightly, who received them in the hall and took Persephone upstairs at once to show her her room. Lord Purefoy walked behind them, bearing what his fiancée called her "reticule." It was in crimson plush and would, no doubt, have looked charming with a coronet upon it. Two of the footmen had been carrying up the luggage and were coming out of the room. "Bill!" cried Persephone as one of the men passed her. The man turned; he was a good-looking young fellow with well-oiled hair and a sickly smile. He knew Persephone, that was evident, but he did not seem quite prepared for what followed. She is a warm-hearted girl, and before Lord Purefoy quite realized that a mutual recognition had taken place, his betrothed had kissed Sir Harry Golightly's valet under his mistress's nose. Lady Golightly had so complete a command over her features that she says she never changed features or smiled; she also says that the scene was unplanned and unrehearsed, which may be true. "Of course I knew his name was Giles," she told the ladies when she went down stairs, "but I could not guess all Gileses were first cousins."

"And Lord Purefoy?" said some one.

"Oh, he has told her never to be ashamed of her relatives and quoted Lady Clara Vere de Vere and King Cophetua and the Bible and all sorts of things, I know; but he did look rather uncomfortable. The person I felt sorry for was the man; he looked as if he wished the stair carpets would open and swallow him safely down into the servants' hall." Then some of the men came into the room and her ladyship was silent. Lord Purefoy and Miss Giles came down last and were duly introduced. The other people evidently knew one another and their hostess well; they showed great pleasure at being introduced to Persephone and some surprise when she shook hands with them all round. It was a ceremony which Lord Purefoy would have cut short if he could have caught her eye. Catching a person's eye is difficult, even when you sit opposite to her at dinner; and Lord Purefoy, on one or two occasions, tried it in vain, much regretting that Lady Golightly should have separated him from the object of his affections. Champagne always flows at the Limes and Persephone evidently liked the brand supplied. She apparently also liked the conversation of Captain Masham, who sat next her; at all events, her laughter was "frequent and painful (to Lord Purefoy) and free." He felt for what he correctly imagined to be her foot under the table and he pressed it warningly.

"Someone's squeezing my foot under the table," she said to Captain Masham, in her outspoken, innocent way. She did not know how loudly she was talking, nor reckon on a sudden pause in the conversation, which made her remark audible to every one at the table; but she did not mind, especially as no one laughed and no one seemed surprised. Indeed, it was curious how much everyone seemed to take Persephone as a matter of course. The ladies did not speak to her, but the men addressed her across the table and she answered them freely, all except Lord Purefoy, who grew graver and more silent as the meal proceeded. She was a very handsome girl, and she looked very pretty as she grew animated, though the hand with which she was inclined to gesticulate was not so white as Lady Golightly's. Lord Purefoy had paid a good price for her dress; it struck him at dinner that there was not quite so much of it as his hostess and her fair guests seemed to think requisite. Perhaps their necks and arms were not equal to those of Persephone.

"She is a charming girl," said Lady Golightly to him in the drawing-room after dinner; "so natural." "Yes, yes, of course; she is quite a child of nature," he said, uneasily.

"She has been telling us stories of her past life," said Lady Golightly; "I wonder if you know them all."

Lord Purefoy blushed furiously; in spite of his strict education he had understood one of Persephone's anecdotes sufficiently to have warned her then and there not to repeat such things to anyone.

"Where is she?" he said.

"In the conservatory with Captain Masham. She

seems to have quite captivated him; you had better be careful, though."

"Is he the Captain Masham who—?"

"Oh, Purefoy! did the bishop's chaplain let you read the divorce reports? Poor Charlie! he figured rather badly in that case, I know."

"I wish you would show me the way to the conservatory, Cousin Kate," said Lord Purefoy.

Now Persephone was sitting in a very dark corner, and Persephone according to her lights, was doing no wrong. Perhaps she was chilly; perhaps she did not know it was Captain Masham's arm and not the back of a wicker chair against which she was leaning. She certainly did not know that the week before a young man who was reckoned to be on the point of proposing to a niece of Lady Golightly's was tracked into the conservatory and the clear, cold, useful brilliancy of the electric light suddenly turned on with a snap just as he was following her on his knees around the little marble fountain. The joke was in the worst possible taste, and the roar of laughter which the situation caused broke off, for the time, at least, a fairly promising love affair and caused a grand quarrel in the smoking-room afterward. It was only for a second that Lady Golightly turned on the electric light, twisting the little ivory button first to the right and then to the left. The family solicitor thought Miss Giles must really be a very nice girl to accept so small a sum as £5,000 and wondered why Lady Purefoy, who paid it, should say the whole affair had cost her £7,500. Perhaps Lady Golightly could explain.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Edward Harrigan has already completed an act of a new local play that he will use next season.

The refrain of a rollicking hymn sung at a colored church goes like this: "I've been tempted, I've been tried, I've been to the river and been baptized."

A number of capitalists in Paris, according to French papers, have decided to build an immense theatre for the purpose of producing the Oberammergau Passion Play next year. The stage is to be large enough for 1,500 people.

The London papers are grievously shocked because the Duke of Edinburgh, a son of Queen Victoria, has been engaged in leading an amateur orchestra. Now if he had been devoting himself to baccarat or scandal making, or gambling, or some other royal and "gentlemanly" pursuit, no one would have dared complain.

Lotta is one of the richest actresses in America today—a gratifying result which she owes to her own histrionic abilities and the sound business judgment of her mother, Mrs. Crabtree. The latter has complete control of the actress' financial investments in theatres, business blocks and real estate, and, in fact, for many years she practically has been the business manager of her daughter. Lotta's career has been singularly successful, and it has in it a large measure of encouragement for ambitious and unknown members of her profession. She began her theatrical life at the bottom.

"I will give you \$500," writes Mrs. Cora Urquhart-Potter to a literary friend, "for the first act, \$1,000 for the second, \$2,000 for the third, and \$4,000 for the fourth and last act of the new play to be written for me on a theme of the day and time—dealing with Americans—which shall have an absolutely new motive, the interest in which shall be continued to the last scene." So difficult is it for a dramatist to secure a new motive—or what the phrase may be taken to mean, an absolutely new application of one of the familiar motives of human action—that Mrs. Potter's offer is by no means as munificent as it would seem.

At *Dr. Bill* a young lady, in commenting on the performance, made what is politely called "a bad break." Louise Allen had just finished the kangaroo dance and had made a particularly ambitious effort to kick the brass-work off the top boxes. "That young lady evidently isn't anxious to get a husband," remarked a pretty girl in the audience to her escort. "Why?" he inquired, through his opera glasses. "Why? Because her garters aren't yellow," she answered without thinking, and then realizing what she had said she burst out into a livid blush that fairly melted the starch out of the young fellow's collar.

If the theatrical notices are not misleading, the Egyptian-Roman drama has for its dramatis personæ a talented asp—and some human characters, male and female. This suggests the immeasurable possibilities of the coming drama. If some enterprising dramatist would meet success let him contrive a cast like this: Leading lady, a python; leading gent, a jaguar; villain (gambling type), a tiger; high comedy, a genteel gorilla; low comedy, a parrot; soubrette, a kitten (over 60 years old); ingenue, a 2-year-old filly; supers, Edwin Booth, Mary Anderson, Henry Irving and Tomaso Salvini. With such a cast any playwright must score an enormous triumph. Even Shakespeare has done nothing like it.

Book Chat.

The Japanese have made great strides in popular education of late years. It might not be safe to send Blair there; they might get on to him.

Many a lad returns from school
A Latin, Greek and Hebrew fool;
In arts and knowledge quite a block—
But deeply versed in "hic, hæc, hoc."

Books are useful accessories in the discharge of life's duties; amusing companions in hours of rest and recuperation; partners in the failures and triumphs of existence. That mature man or woman has lost the best sights and sounds of earth's pilgrimage who has not courted their friendship.

The interest felt in labor and social questions by Americans is likely to be stimulated by the talks which Mrs. Annie Besant, the bright woman from London, is to give in this country. Mrs. Besant is well known as a frank, eloquent and outspoken advocate in behalf of the people of all nations.

"The Speculator" is a realistic story by Clinton Ross, descriptive of the feverish life of Wall street. The story is somewhat like Zola's "Money"; it has all of Zola's graphic and powerful portrayal with none of his coarseness of expression or thought. It is quite apparent that Mr. Ross possesses a thorough knowledge of his ground, and the story is so vivid and faithful to detail as to recall most emphatically the tireless care and unrest of "the American Bourse" and its surroundings.

"A Field of Tares," a novel by Clo Graves, is the story of a woman whose life was ruined and tainted by her own sin, and who at last, reckless and desperate, takes her destiny into her own hand, and defies fate. A creature of passionate nature with the mad and selfish love of a guilty woman bent upon her own satisfaction, she stops at nothing until the gulf of a daughter's ruin stares her in the face, and her husband's honor is imperiled; she finds but one method of escape reserved, and that, a crime; she sweeps the obstacle from her path. Retribution finally overtakes her and death presents a claim which will not be brushed aside like that of circumstance or destiny. She dies, a victim of unconquered will.

Let Frenchmen keep their French morals and their degrading novels; we have need for better and purer than they can or ever will give us; there is wrong enough at home without importing vice, and all honor to the publisher who sets the seal of disapproval upon the inflowing tide of sensual literature, by refusing to be the medium through whom it reaches the public. The more ruthlessly a book is scored, the more widespread its perusal; condemn and its publishers rub their hands in glee, hearing in their imaginations the clink of fast increasing coins. The only hope for the ultimate and complete disappearance of this false-hued erotic literature is to trust to the native refinement which revolts at coarse sensualism, and the innate good sense and judgment which is able to tear aside the gauzy covering of tinted phrasing and luxurious portrayal from the bare and diseased skeleton whose home is the lurid brain of a misguided author.

The author is bound to have a hard time of it. He must be prepared to be opposed by every variety of obstacle that the genius of poverty and the genius of envy can event. There is one chance in a hundred that what he does accomplish in spite of divers humiliating hindrances will be esteemed of contemporaneous humanity, and there is but one chance in five thousand that, even after the enjoyment of this rare approval, that work will survive to be honored with the scrutiny of posterity. Yet he who has the true spirit within him will not hesitate to undertake the course which lies over stony and thorny places, cheerfully encountering every difficulty in the hope that betimes he shall issue from tempest and tribulation into the elysium where immortality awaits the heroic comer. Literature, steadfastly and bravely pursued, brings certain sweet rewards. The pursuit itself is delightful, so full is it of dignity, of enthusiasm, of variety, of repose. It presently breeds, too, in the human breast a delicious vanity, a serene consciousness of superiority to other conditions of mankind. Why, there is no contempt more beautiful in its sincerity than that of the starving poet for those who have acquired riches by means of speculation, trade or inheritance. Over his leeks and jar of cheap wine does Flaccus feel an exuberance of independence which never shall thrill the bosom of Flavius gorged with lampreys and Mastic. Communion with nature, the sweets of study and of contemplation, the delights of composition, the power of producing creations of the intellect, the ability of conveying to others the music of the soul, the competency to interpret the philosophy of the heart, the power to express in words that may not die the goodness of God, the beauty of the world and the sweetness of human life—these are some of the rewards of a literary life, and they are ample compensation for the occasional buffetings of the elements and a chronic emptiness of the duodenum.—*Eugene Field.*

Professional Chat.

"I don't see how you make your patients obey you, doctor. A man who is fond of high living never will diet." "He can't help himself, madame. When he has paid my bill he has to reduce his living."

A New York doctor has discovered that carelessness in his practice is not excusable because he did not expect to get his pay. The Court held him guilty of malpractice just the same for the pauper as for the millionaire patient.

The French physician who announced that he had discovered the way to destroy the bacilli of tuberculosis has experimented with brilliant success. The treatment killed the patient upon whom it was tried, but every single bacillus in him died.

Scene, a law office down town—Visitor—"Is Mr. Brief in?" Office Boy—"No, sir." Visitor—"When will he be in?" Office Boy—"In twenty minutes, sir." Visitor—"How do you know?" Office Boy—"He told me so." Visitor—"How long has he been gone?" Office Boy—"About an hour, sir."

A famous college president, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year. "It is," he said, in conclusion, "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that this year opens with the largest freshmen class in its history." And then, without any pause, he turned to the scripture lesson for the day, the third Psalm, and began reading, in a voice of thunder: "Lord, how they are increased that trouble me,"

The recent illness of Associate Justice Bradley has brought out the fact, his friends say, that he will ask shortly after the Court reassembles in October to go upon the retired list, where he could have gone upon full pay five years ago. Mr. Bradley is an able jurist and stands high in the estimation of his acquaintances, but he is almost 77 years old and is enfeebled in health. It is said that Associate Justice Field will ask to retire about the same time. He has also passed the age limit some time.

There has been some sense and a great deal of nonsense written about the "blue laws" of Connecticut, which some writers say were borrowed from the colony of Massachusetts Bay, the laws of the colony being "blue" enough for any use. Most of these laws were enacted prior to 1640, a fact which will, to some extent, help to mitigate their severity. Below will be found some of the choice morsels from this old code: "No woman shall kiss her children on the Sabbath or upon fasting days. No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk, except reverently to and fro in his garden. No one shall buy or sell land without the permission of the Selectmen. A debtor in prison swearing he has no estate, shall be let and sold to make satisfaction. Whosoever setteth a fire in the woods and that fire burns a house, shall be put to death for the crime. Whosoever shall bring cards or dice into this dominion the same shall be fined £5. No one can be a freeman or vote unless he be converted and a member in full connection with a church. No food or shelter shall be offered a Quaker, Adamite or other heretic. No Catholic priest shall be allowed to abide in this dominion. No one shall cross a river with anyone but an authorized ferryman." The following selections are from the colonial records of Massachusetts, all of them being laws enacted prior to the establishment of the "Body of Liberties" in 1640: "October, 1632—It is ordered: That no person shall take tobacco publicly under penalty of 2s. 6d. nor privately in his own house, or the house of another, before strangers, and that two or more shall not take it together, anywhere, under the aforesaid penalty for every offence." In November, 1637, the records decreed that "all former laws against tobacco are repealed, and tobacco set at liberty." After it was "set at liberty" the people seem to have overindulged in the soothing weed, for the next year we read in the order of the General Court that "finding that since the repeal of the laws against tobacco it is more abused than before, the court therefore orders that no man shall take any tobacco in the fields, except on a journey, or at meal times, under a pain of a fine of 12d. for every offence; nor shall he take any tobacco in or near any dwelling house, barne, corne or hay-rick as may likely endanger the firing thereof; nor shall he take tobacco while stopping at any inn where the master thereof may take offence at the same." Swearing also had its drawbacks in those good old days, as may be seen from the following, taken from the Massachusetts records of September, 1636: "Robt. Shrotehose, for swearing 'by the blood of God,' was sentenced to have his tongue put in a clyft stick and to stand so by the space of haulte an houre." Virginia, not to be outdone in the "blue law" line, enacted a few of her own. Here is a sample taken at random: "What man or woman soever who shall rob any garden, being set to weed the same, or willfully pluck up any root, herb or flower, to spoil, waste or steal the same, or shall pluck grapes or steal ears of corn growing in the field, the same shall be punished with death."

NOTES.

This is a very good world, but the enterprising man is compelled to kick it a little once in a while to make it recognize him.

Moody said to the Bostonians the other day: "There are 50,000 men in this city who would be Christians in ten minutes if they could get into heaven by some side door."

First Student—You told me you had a rare and curious manuscript to show me. I see nothing here but a receipted tailor's bill. Second Student—And you see nothing rare or curious about that?

The disastrous forest fires in the Northwest have created great distress. Immense forests have been destroyed, in addition to a vast amount of other property. The settlers in Michigan have suffered the most.

A sensible woman on the promenade was heard to remark: "I always feel like apologizing when a man steps on my gown. I realize that a woman should hold up her gown and keep it out of the way of men."

A new teacher in a Boston school becoming disgusted with the conduct of a scholar, told him to "go straight home," whereupon the imp replied that it was impossible, as the streets of Boston were not built that way.

Some enterprise of the property owners on J and K streets would make our city one worthy of our pride, and attractive to all. It is about time to awake from our Rip Van Winkle sleep, as far as the business portion of the city is concerned.

A man who has tried it says that two or three dandelion leaves chewed before going to bed, will always induce sleep, no matter how nervous or worried a man may be. And they cause no weariness or headache, such as follows the use of chloral or morphine.

It is announced that Queen Victoria has opened her purse-strings and laid aside \$1,500,000 to pay the most pressing of the Prince of Wales' debts. Inasmuch as the Queen's vast wealth was derived from the British tax-payers the latter are the real liquidators of the gambling and other liabilities of their future king.

If we can look upon the beauties of nature, and listen to nature's song birds on Sunday, where is the harm in listening to the inspiring music of the concert bands on Sunday? They are, after all, the work of the Creator. Music is the greatest of the Creator's work. The angel and the harp are symbols of heaven.

If Europe is really going to have a war, now's the time. All the kings and princes and duchies and people holding copyrights on the "divine right" of fighting each other have polished up their guns and laid in plenty of powder. What is more important, our wheat crop this year will be nearly twice as large as usual.

An eminent physician has discovered a process of transplanting hearts from one living animal to another. This is no new discovery in one sense of the word. Every young lady and gentleman, at some period of his or her life, has experienced the operation of exchanging hearts, even to the extent of a re-exchange when the fervid current began to cool.

Seven Democratic Governors will retire from office this year. They are Boles, of Iowa; Buckner, of Kentucky; Jackson, of Maryland; Russell, of Massachusetts; Hill, of New York; Campbell, of Ohio, and Davis, of Rhode Island. Boles and Campbell will surely be succeeded by Republicans, and Russell and Hill ought to have Republican successors.

Careful habits of exercise, diet, drink, proper hours for sleep and for eating—many little things of that nature make the difference between success and failure. He who husbands his natural strength will have it long to exert, and will be correspondingly in intercourse. Our American nervous race is apt to indulge too early, and waste the incense in the vase which should last three score and ten.

The Christian Conference now in session at Chicago denounces secret societies. This orthodox body even go so far as to advocate the extermination of all temperance secret organizations. All ministers of the gospel are called upon to preach against secret societies, evidently under the idea that such are the instruments of the devil. These light-headed, narrow-minded bigots are too good for this earth.

Emperor William of Germany is creating a storm about himself. The telegrams announce that the young Kaiser's character and eccentricities are being discussed with a freedom hitherto unknown in Germany for years. Everybody is wondering what the Emperor will do next, and speculating where the empire will land if he persists in using "his policy," as he is pleased to term it. In a nutshell, the people are

grumbling, and there is a widespread spirit of complaint, which is becoming very serious.

Occasionally there are letters received here from alleged solicitors, announcing that there are unclaimed estates in England due the recipients, and which for a small advance of coin can be obtained. These are all frauds. Of all claims investigated, not one has been found to have had any validity whatever. Claimants should also bear in mind that the statute of limitations fixed the period with which unclaimed estates revert to the Crown, and this period is twenty years. There are no large sums of money awaiting claimants in the Bank of England.

We have laws, ample in terms, to eradicate those festering sores on the body politic—those dens of vice and crime which it is a libel to call saloons. Mr. Mayor, Trustees, Policemen, put the axe to the root of the tree of vice beneath whose spreading branches unclean things do congregate. Now, while the trees are *leaving*, it would be an exceedingly appropriate thing to make the rounders, pimps and all doubtful characters—*leave*. This may be a little play upon words, but the officers should see to it that there is no *play* in executing the latter part of the sentiment.

When we contemplate the work of Robt. P. Porter, superintendent of eleventh census, there is amazement at its magnitude. Superintendent Porter is a rare executive officer and an incomparable statistician. He has performed the immense and difficult task set before him by law with conspicuous ability. The vastness of the scope of inquiries can only be appreciated by those who have been intimately associated with the details of collecting and compiling statistics. They embrace about every subject upon which figures can throw light. They involve the painstaking labor of thousands of clerks and hundreds of special agents who have garnered in every field of industry and enterprise and thoroughly explored the domain of sociology in all its phases.

Joshua S. Vincent, first sergeant of Company I, of the famous New York regiment that came to California in 1847, under the command of Col. J. D. Stevenson, died on April 14, 1891, at Linn Creek, Camden county, Missouri. The company was organized at Bath, Steuben county, New York, on June 26, 1846, and took its departure from that place on August 1st en route for Governor's Island, N. Y. harbor. The *Farmers' Advocate*, of Bath, under date of August 5, 1846, said: "The Steuben volunteers, under Captain Shannon, left Bath for New York on Saturday morning. We cannot refrain the repetition that we never saw a finer company, all intelligent and vigorous young men, of many different trades, excellent habits, urbane manners, and enterprising spirits. The mutual farewell echoed the best wishes and hopes, and a large number of our citizens volunteered carriages and escort to cheer them on board the Steuben steamer, which took its departure amid the acclamations of the mass of people assembled at the wharf." On September 26th, they left New York for California, and arrived at San Francisco March 19, 1847. The company was discharged from service Sept. 25, 1848. Its Captain, William E. Shannon, was a lawyer; in 1849, when but 27 years of age, he was elected a member of the State constitutional convention. In the same year Shannon was appointed by General Bennet Riley a Judge of the First Instance, with criminal jurisdiction, and he opened his Court in Sacramento in September, 1849. It is rather amusing to look over the minutes of these early tribunals—they exist in the office of the County Clerk. The first case before Judge Shannon was a prosecution against a party for stealing a cow. The defendant was convicted and fined \$200 and costs, which amounted to \$515. Court fees were somewhat higher then than now. Shannon died here of cholera in November, 1850. Most of the members of the company are dead. Captain E. D. Shirland, of this city, was originally a member, but was transferred to Company G.

That pioneer educator, J. C. Pelton, contributes a valuable and interesting article to the *Golden Era* on the first public school in California. The public school system was inaugurated on the 26th day of December, 1849, at San Francisco, with three pupils. We extract the following from Mr. Pelton's article: The first school ordinance of San Francisco was drawn and presented to the Council of San Francisco by Hon. H. C. Murray, afterwards the first Chief Judge on the Supreme Bench of California; this worthy pioneer long since took his seat before a court higher than any of earth. The first school law of the State of California, drawn by myself and Hon. John G. Marvin, was adopted in the Legislature at San Jose, in 1851. Judge Marvin died many years ago. This law received the signature of John McDougald, Governor, familiarly known as "I John," the sweet poetess, Miss Irene McDougald,

was his sister. "I John" had a noble, generous, genial and social nature, yet he met with a foe and was conquered. "The social glass," as with many of the earliest and bravest and best of California pioneers, found in poor McDougald a costly sacrifice, and it is remarkable enough that the chairman of the first committee on education in the above Legislature, Hon. E. Hydenfeldt, brother of the eminent Judge Solomon Hydenfeldt, followed precisely in the same sorrowful path of Governor McDougald. The first lips from which I heard a plea for common schools in the legislative halls of California were those of the ever lamented Broderick, over whose sacred dust sadly towers the highest column of Laurel Hill. Among early pioneers who gave friendly assistance in procuring school legislation, was the late Hon. John F. Swift, Senator Hearst, Hon. Frank Soule, the late Senator Sargent, Hon. Eugene Casserly, Hon. John Conness, and the Hon. John Foster, from San Diego. All of these honored and beloved pioneers have gone to their well-earned reward in the limitless and unknown beyond. That noble San Francisco citizen, Hon. John P. Buckley, who in 1849, with his own hands painted my sign, "First Public School," was struck by a recoiling rope at the launching of the first ironclad on the Pacific waters—the "Comanche." He fell back almost in my arms, and died soon after.

A Counterblast Against Garlic.

May the man who has cruelly murdered his life—
A crime to be punished with death—
Be condemned to eat garlic till he shall expire
Of his own foul and venomous breath!
What stomachs these rustics must have who can eat
This dish that Canidia made,
Which imparts to my colour a torturous heat,
And a poisonous look, I'm afraid.

They say that ere Jason attempted to yoke
The fire-breathing bulls to the plow,
He smeared his whole body with garlic—a joke
Which I fully appreciate now.
When Medea gave Glauce her beautiful dress
In which garlic was scattered about,
It was cruel and rather low-down, I confess,
But it settled the point beyond doubt.

On thirst Apulia ne'er has the sun
Inflicted such terrible heat;
As for Hercules' robe, although poisoned, 'twas fun
When compared with this garlic we eat!
Mæcenus, if ever on garbage like this
You express a desire to be fed,
May Mrs. Mæcenus object to your kiss
And lie at the foot of the bed!

—Horace's Third Epode.

In writing of the chorus girl, Heinrich Conreid says: "I believe the American takes the lead as a chorus girl. She looks better, is more intelligent, and understands her business thoroughly. The matrimonial chances of these girls are very good. I have known many of them to marry, and marry well. They generally wed outside the profession and leave the stage, and I fail to see why the chances of happiness for a man who marries a chorus girl should not be as good as those of a man who marries a woman in any other profession."

At a watering place in the Pyrenes the conversation at table turned upon a wonderful echo to be heard some distance off on the Franco-Spanish frontier. "It is astonishing," exclaimed an inhabitant of the Garonne. "As soon as you have spoken you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier the echo assumes the Spanish accent."

Lawrence Barrett was unable to wear a hat not made to order, though on one occasion he succeeded in finding a tolerable fit in John Fiske's when this clever, but absentminded philosopher walked off from Ole Bull's house in Cambridge with Barrett's brand new beaver, leaving a less enticing headgear in its place. The tragedian remained housed until his own hat was forthcoming.

"This paper here says that with the Lick telescope over one hundred million different stars can be seen," said Mrs. Verisolt, who was feeling quite studious that evening. "A telescope twice as powerful would lick that, I suppose," responded her spouse as he dodged a flying rolling-pin.

Author—"What do you think of my new book? Do you think I kill off too many of the characters at the end?" Friend—"No; but it would have been better if you had killed them all off at the beginning."

Mr. Mayhem (with his lawyer's bill in hand)—"Sir, this charge is outrageous!" His Lawyer (blandly)—"But so was the charge against which I defended you."

A Boston Christian Scientist demands pay in advance before effecting a cure. He believes that faith without works is dead.

There are a good many men in the pulpit who would not be there if they had not misunderstood the Lord.

FLASHES.

A woman cleaning house wants to look tough.

Trouble is something we can borrow without paying back.

Some girls talk so much that they never give a young fellow a chance to propose.

Beer and religion won't mix, but there is a strong affinity between beer and politics.

A poor memory, like a plump pocket-book, fails a man when he most needs it.

The woman who may be able to resist temptation often cannot resist the one who offers it.

The man that learns to know himself always looks with kindness and charity on his fellows.

The eyes are the index of the soul, but a red nose is the sign of the inward spiritual condition.

There is no man or woman so ill favored, but what there is somebody who thinks them handsome.

The Deity never bestows a gift with a reproach. Good advice must never be accompanied with reproach.

When a minister is called, it often turns out to be a bluff. No man can be as good as some of these men pretend.

George Washington read proof on his farewell address; yet they tell us that the father of his country never swore!

He is no fool who parts with what he cannot keep, when he is sure that he will be recompensed with what he cannot lose.

Notice must be served on the world that this country will no longer be a dumping ground for foreign wrecks and wretches.

The man who keeps a diary faithfully for a year will do well to keep it under lock and key for the rest of his life, but he will do better yet to burn it up.

Newspaper clippings—anything you want, from a birth notice to a sermon. We read every newspaper on the Pacific Coast. The Clemens News Agency, Box 2329, San Francisco.

Morton and Allen.

Vice-President Morton is known as a big, broad man with a copious heart as well as good brain capacity. A warm friendship exists between him and Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, the recognized wag of the House of Representatives.

One day in the heat of debate Allen took the floor to make a speech. The muse of poetry took possession of him and he proceeded and gave his conception of the national situation, as follows:

Wanny runs the Postoffice,
Levi runs the bar,
Baby McKee runs the White House
And d— it, here we are!

Allen had not yet met the Vice-President, and he had, so he says, some misgivings about it. He had the sensations of humiliation that most men experience after having been betrayed into doggerel, and he was in doubt as to the good taste of his reference to the temperance agitation about the restaurant in the Vice-President's building, The Shoreham.

As he was walking up Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol he saw the Vice-President ahead of him with one of his (Allen's) friends. He walked more slowly, but they did likewise. Then he stopped and they also halted indicatively by their manner that they were waiting for him to overtake them. He went ahead, and was introduced to the Vice-President.

"I have heard of you," said the Vice-President affably, "and, by the way, let me congratulate you on your very clever rhyme."

It was off hand and showed a complete freedom from the petty ideas of dignity that so often infest the cerebra of public men, that it captivated the Congressman at once, and a total difference in political sentiments and traditions does not in any way interfere with the entertainment of a sincere personal regard.

A Family of Wife-Poisoners.

A remarkable story of poisoning comes from St. Petersburg, the alleged poisoners being the members of a well-to-do commercial family living at Orel. The family, whose wealth was chiefly accumulated by a succession of moneyed marriages, consisted of a grandfather, who had been thrice married; his son, who had had two wives, and a grandson, who had also been twice married. The first wife of the last mentioned died suddenly some time ago, and his second wife, whom he married shortly after his first wife's decease, died with equal suddenness recently. Suspicion having been aroused against the grandson, the bodies of his wives were exhumed, when it was discovered that both had died from the effects of poison. Suspicion then naturally fell upon the father and grandson, who had equally enriched themselves by their marriages, and an investigation of the circumstances of their wives' deaths is said to have proved beyond doubt that all of them were likewise poisoned.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

On Wednesday evening, May 20th, Herrmann, the eminent prestidigitateur, will give one of his famous entertainments. He is virtually "King of Magic" and master of the black art. Some new and startling sensations will be given by Prof. Hermann. He will be assisted by Mme. Herrmann and Abdul Khan, an Oriental fakir.

Kajanka commenced a season of three nights on Thursday. This is a very attractive spectacle, and in the cast some clever artists. The Mariposa dancers are nimble and high kickers. The Marlains are eight in number and assisted by Charles Ravel. They are graceful and wonderful acrobats. The little transformation dancer, Mlle Bertollo, a mere child, was the feature of the performance. Her personation of dancers of different nationalities captured the house. Kajanka again to-night.

Shenandoah will be the attraction on May 22d and 23d, at the Metropolitan. This exceedingly popular war drama has not lost any of its drawing qualities. The drama on this occasion is in the hands of the original Sheuandoh Company, which made such a success at the introduction of the play. While the company that presented Shenandoah here about a year ago was good, the original cast is far superior. We never tire of seeing "General Haverill," "Colonel West," "Gertrude Ellingham," "Madeline West," and the brave "boys in blue" at the front.

Hate in the Orchard.

At the end of July last the workmen employed at one of the chair-making works here were cutting up a large cherry tree at a circular-saw bench when something squirted into the sawyer's face and ran over the bench in all directions.

The engine was stopped and an examination showed that the saw had struck a cavity in the tree and liberated a considerable quantity of quicksilver, estimated at half a gallon.

The log was carefully examined and it was found that many years previously a hole had been bored in a slanting downward direction through the heart of the tree, the quicksilver poured in and the hole carefully plugged.

The rings of the tree showed that it was ninety years old, and that after the hole had been plugged the growth had covered the head of the plug with several inches of solid wood.

As it was known the tree came out of an old cherry orchard at Allerton, Yorkshire, where yearly a "cherry feast" used to be held, it was thought the quicksilver had been put in the tree in connection with some old ceremony, but later it was found that up to forty years ago quicksilver was thus employed to kill fruit or other trees by those who had "grudges" against their neighbors.

It was usual to do this in the dead of night. A piece of bark was first carefully taken off, the hole bored, quicksilver poured in, the hole plugged, and last, the bit of bark was carefully replaced.

The tree from the next spring of the sap began to wither. In the present case the attempt was a failure, for except where the quicksilver had lain (it had penetrated some inches beyond the end of the boring) the tree was sound.—*Notes and Queries.*

The Cause of Leprosy.

As far back as 1870 Armer Hausen discovered the bacillus of leprosy. Twenty years of investigation has confirmed the discovery. The bacillus, which very closely resembles the bacillus of consumption, is present in every form and variety of the disease. It is found in the solid tissues just beneath or in the deeper layers of the skin, and in the discharges from the open wounds. The question of how the infected germ is conveyed from one person to another is still being discussed, but it is probably conveyed in one or both of these two ways: either directly by contact or inoculation, or indirectly through food, water or the air.

Those who have made a special study of leprosy advocate the first view—that to catch the disease one must come in contact with a leper, and there must be a wound or a break in the skin through which the bacillus gains access to the system. To prove this a story is told of two children who were playing together, one of whom was in the first stage of leprosy, the stage of anesthesia or "no feeling." The leper boy drove a pin up to the head in the muscles of his thigh and said he felt no pain. His playmate, not to be outdone, took the same pin and drove it into his own thigh, and caught the disease by means of the bacilli carried by the pin from one boy to the other.

As long as the skin is perfectly sound there is no danger of contracting leprosy, even if a leper be handled, but let the skin be broken ever so little, then comes the danger. This is the reason why so few attendants and nurses in lepers' hospitals ever contract the disease, although they must necessarily come in contact many times daily with the patients. This explains why so many scientists claim that leprosy is not contagious and why the disease so seldom spreads.

Man and Wife are Two.

The Philadelphia Record, in commenting on a decision of a local Court, says:

The old maxim and the principle of the ancient law which declare that man and wife are one have been shattered by Judge Arnold, of Common Pleas Court No. 4, in an opinion handed down yesterday morning. The Judge, in treating upon the rights existing between husband and wife under the marriage law, takes occasion to distinctly throw down the old idea in the following words:

"The plaintiff claims witness' fees for his wife; the defendant objects; and hence this appeal. The question is new, because the law admitting husband and wife to testify for, but not against, each other is new. But in the few cases in which a party may be excluded from testifying, his wife is also excluded. This is not because of any supposed unity of husband and wife, for it is manifest that as witnesses they are two in number, but because of their identity of interest and the policy of the law. A husband joined for conformity in a suit by his wife prior to the married person's property act, of June 3, 1887, cannot recover witness fees, because he is a party. No one who is a party can have witness fees, whether he has an interest in the suit or not. The law now regards the unity of husband and wife as an obsolete legal fiction, and it has accommodated itself to that fact. The old rule of law that on a gift to a man and his wife and a third person, the man and wife together took only half the property, and the third person took the other half, is abolished by the modern legislation in regard to married persons. Each takes a third now. Statute laws recognize that husband and wife are two persons in substantial matters. The act of June 3, 1887, recognizes the customs and habits of the people, and declares these customs to be lawful. The common law was the customary law of the people, declared by the Judges. It was the best statesmanship, the faculty to observe what was needed and then to grant it. There was a time when husband and wife were one in the eye of the law. The husband on marriage took all his wife's horses, cattle, sheep and oxen. He could chastise her—moderately, say the books—but if he does it now he will be punished as a wife-beater. A wife was a helpmate indeed. She spun yarn, wove cloth, made frocks and breeches, and was generally merged into her husband's pocket, if not into his person. Women who bring out the spinning-wheels of their ancestors, or buy them if they have them not, exhibit a badge of woman's bondage. Now husband and wife wear clothes made and bought in stores. In olden time there were no bazaars and grand depots and establishments of smaller size in which all that is worn by man or woman can be bought. Formerly married women were under an actual disability to buy goods and make contracts; now they are not, except that the law of this State, in its transition state, still puts the burden on the storekeeper to prove and for Judges and juries to decide that the articles sold by him to the woman were necessary for her, overlooking the fact that the best judge of what is necessary for a woman, sound in mind, body and estate, is herself. Her disability in this respect is changed into a privilege to get and keep all she can, with an immunity from liability except for necessities. The next legislation will change this, no doubt, as it has been changed in England and nearly all the States. As there is no policy of law violated by allowing witness fees to a wife in a suit by her husband if she is a material witness, we think the allowance of her fees by the Prothonotary is proper in this case. Whether she was a material witness is a question for the taxing officer to determine. The affidavit of a party that a witness is material is not conclusive, but it may be overcome by proof. The materiality of testimony is always open to inquiry. Appeal dismissed."

A Mob That Nearly Lynched a Woman.

Thirty or forty years ago a New Orleans mob arose in behalf of a negro slave and undertook to avenge his cruel treatment. Not only this. They pursued and would have hanged the owner of the unfortunate slave. That owner was a beautiful woman, immensely wealthy, and the giver of sumptuous entertainments. The story is one of the most thrilling in the history of the city.

It was whispered that the lady in the case ill treated certain of her slaves, kept them chained in a dungeon and subjected them to starvation. She was, however, a woman of great wealth and influence, and managed to quiet these rumors. A fire occurred on her estate, whether started by slaves or not is not recalled. When citizens flocked to the place and began to tear down the burning building, the awful evidence of the maltreated slaves met their eyes. One of the poor creatures was chained. The fury of the mob was fearful. They besieged the palace of the beautiful woman, who, with unparalleled boldness, ordered her coachman to drive to her door, dressed in her most brilliant costume, and, with as much composure as if she were taking her usual evening drive, stepped in and directed the coachman to whip up his horses. The mob followed, but she distanced them. She managed to make one of the ships in the harbor and escaped to Paris.

An Unfair Advantage.

A dutiful husband wished to give his wife a handsome lace scarf for a present, and, to make sure of getting one to her liking, he asked her to buy one herself on the pretense that it was for a lady friend of theirs. The finest Honiton, Valenciennes and Brussels lace goods were spread out on the counter, but madame thought to herself:

"What is the use of spending so much money on a present for Amelie?"

Some embroidered lace was shown next. Even these were too dear. At length she selected a very plain and ordinary scarf.

"Quite good enough, too," she thought, and took it home to her husband.

"Have you chosen something pretty?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; very pretty."

"Is it just what you would have chosen for yourself?"

"The very thing."

"Then, my dear, you may keep it. I intended it for you!" exclaimed her husband, delighted with his little scheme. Curtain.

In the unbroken vision of the centuries all things are plastic and in motion; a divine energy surges through all; substantial for a moment here as a rock, fragile and vanishing there as a flower; but everywhere the same, and always sweeping onward through its illimitable channel to its appointed end. It is this vital tide on which the universe gleams and floats like a mirage of immutability; never the same for a single moment to the soul that contemplates it; a new creation each hour and to each eye that rests upon it. No dead mechanism moves the stars or lifts the tides or calls the flowers from their sleep; truly, this is the garment of Deity, and here is the awful splendor of the Perpetual Presence.

PACIFIC HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

M. DUFFY,
Manufacturer of
Carriages, Wagons, Carts, Etc.
REPAIRING

Done at Short Notice. All Work Warranted.

1111-1113 J Street, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. M. MORRISON,
Southeast Cor. Twelfth and E Streets,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

General Merchandise.

EBNER BROS.
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans
Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

"WHO COMES HERE?"

"Halt! Who comes here?"
 "Friends with the countersign."
 "Advance one and give me the countersign!"

It was the relief going the rounds to change the pickets, and I was dropped out at post No. 7. We had fought Lee all day long on the strangest battle-field of the whole war—in the Wilderness. From right to left flank—from front to rear—we were hemmed in by forest and thicket. There were swamps in which lizards and serpents lurked, thickets in which the coy whippoorwill built its nest, dense spots of forest which seemed never to have echoed the ring of the woodman's ax.

We had fought from tree to tree, from thicket to thicket, from glade to glade, pushing back the gray lines here, baffled and compelled to give ground at other points. Lee's lines barred the way. Never a man in his whole army whose musket barrel was not hot that day. Never a man who did not feel that he was fighting for the life of the Confederacy.

How the forest shook and trembled as the great guns sent their deadly missiles crashing through the foliage! How the thickets blazed up in flames—the severed limbs crashed down—the sunny glades turned dark as night with the powder-smoke settling down! The dead outnumbered the bushes; the wounded wailed and cried as I never heard them before or after. There was something so sombre—so gruesome—so unearthly in fighting a foe unseen in the semi-darkness that the shouting and cursing usually heard in the lines gave place to silence and pale faces.

Darkness had come at last and the roar of battle had died away to a low growl. Grant had failed to drive Lee. We knew that from flank to flank. If he could not force a passage through those gray lines he could flank them. Before the sun went down we knew that he would do it. It was not yet night when the movement began, but my division would be one of the last to move, and we must hold our ground and prevent the Confederates from discovering what was taking place. It was a curious coincidence of war that Lee was also moving by the flank, both armies marching in parallel lines from a battle-field which had yielded neither victory nor defeat to either side.

Post No. 7 was under a large tree on the edge of a thicket. To the south there was a strip of open ground, then a thicket, then an old field, in which stood a log cabin. It was a lonely place, well away from the camps, the dead and the dying, but I was glad to be alone. All along the lines there was a growling of musketry; but this was but a bluff—a bit of acting to cover the real design. I had been nearly an hour on the post without anything happening to alarm me, when I heard a person moving in the thicket across the open strip.

Was it a person? Riderless horses had galloped about that day almost without number; this might be one which had found shelter in that thicket.

Rustle! Rustle! Step! Step!

It was a cautious movement. Whoever it was hoped to reach me without discovery, but there were dead leaves underfoot and the thicket was dense. A hare could not have moved without betraying its presence.

Rustle! Rustle!

Kneeling down so as to see under the darkness, as it were, I suddenly made out a black object against the dark background. It is neither horse nor mule; it is a human being. A scout from the enemy's picket post, only a quarter of a mile away? A wounded man hobbling about to find succor! One of our own scouts returning!

"Who comes here?"

There is silence for fifteen seconds, and then a woman's voice answers:

"I can't find the place! It is so dark I can't find the place!"

Aye! it was a woman's voice, and it had a sob in it, too. A woman there in the darkness between the hostile lines—with powder smoke still in the air, with stray bullets darting through the thickets with a whizz, as of some great insect stirred to anger!

"Who comes here?"

"I wish it wasn't so dark! I am so tired—so tired!"

And then she came across the open strip towards me, making no stop, never hesitating, walking straight up to me, as if she could see as well by night as in the sunshine of day.

"I can't find the place!" she sobbed, as she came to a stop within arm's length.

"Good God, woman! but what are you doing here?" I gasped, almost terrified at her presence.

"See! See!" she replied, holding a bundle out towards me. "One time I saw a beautiful spot in the woods, and said to myself that if he died I would bury him there, but I can't find it—I can't find it!"

"What is it, woman? What have you got there?"

"See! See! Don't be afraid. He's dead. He can't speak or move. Take him!"

She put a bundle into my arms and I cried out and let fall my musket. It was the body of a baby about a year and a half old. Dead? Yes! Dead from a cruel bullet which had

pierced its little body and left a great wound which looked horrible to me in the dim light! Dead and cold and bathed in its own blood—dead for hours! And when I reached out and touched the shawl or wrap worn by the mother my fingers burned at the feel of blood!

"I have carried him such a long, long way," she moaned, "and I have seen so many dead men and heard so many guns! You'll help me, won't you—help me to find the place and bury poor baby?"

"Was it your baby? Did you live in the cabin beyond the thicket?" I asked, still holding the little corpse.

"He was so happy!" she said as she patted the little bare head with a motherly hand. "And I was so happy, too! He won't never laugh and cry again, will he? I've got to find that beautiful place and bury him, haven't I? And you'll help me; yes, I know you will, for you don't swear and curse at me."

She had lost her mind. Think of it—an insane mother wandering over a bloody battle-field with her dead child in her arms! She had but one idea—to bury it in a dell which she had once visited and remarked its beauty—a dell in which Federal or Confederate were doubtless then burying their own dead.

I knew not what to do. I could not leave my post, and I did not want her to go wandering further. I was trying to soothe and quiet the woman when she suddenly cried out:

"Ah! It is not so dark now and I can find the place. I'll go on ahead and dig the grave and do you follow on with baby. Poor baby! He won't know that he is buried, will he? I can find the place and you—"

"Come back! Come back!" I called to her as she fled away in the darkness, but she was two hundred feet away as she answered me:

"I'll find the place! Poor, poor baby!"

And when the relief came I told the story and pointed to the bundle resting on the ground beside me.

"God pity her!" whispered the Sergeant, as he lifted his cap.

"God pity her!" echoed all the others as they stood uncovered around the poor little corpse.

Time meant human lives that night. Grant was moving by the flank; Lee was moving by the flank to match him. The morrow was to witness more slaughter—make thousands of other widows and orphans.

"Dig here!" said the Sergeant, and with our bayonets we scooped out a shallow grave in scarcely more than a minute's time.

"Carefully, now! Poor little thing! Now fill in! That will do. God knows where it lies. Fall in—forward, march!"

And yet men write of the glory of war.—*M. Quad in New York World.*

The Eyes and the Races.

Eyes have always been regarded as a sure tribal characteristic. Tacitus, for example, describes the Germans as "fierce, with blue eyes and red hair." The Celts are mentioned as being swarthy-skinned and black-eyed; the Gauls are red-haired and light-eyed, while the Nubians, the Turks, the Egyptians and the Italians have always been spoken of as "the dark-eyed races." These peculiarities have not changed. Even to-day the people of the temperate zones have, generally, light-colored eyes, while those of the torrid and the frigid zones are usually dark, or even black. Of the races in particular, the only one that can be said to be "light-eyed" is the Caucasian, and even in this race the eyes are by no means uniform in point of color. The whole period of human history goes to prove that the light-haired, blue-eyed races are capable of the highest degree of civilization, but it does not by any means follow that the highest degree of civilization is confined to people of blonde complexion. There was a time when a blue-eyed person was rarely seen, and to-day seven-eighths of the world's inhabitants have dark eyes. Lavater, when discussing the eye as a feature in national physiognomy, gave the following as the results of his observations: "The Italians have small eyes; the Germans, light-colored eyes surrounded by many wrinkles; the English, strong, open, steadfast eyes; and the Swiss, eyes that are very dull-looking."

In a prominent German scientific journal called *Prometheus* occurs the following notable admission: To-day materialism is already a conquered standpoint. The exclusivism so common in modern scientific specialism is rejected. It has long since been recognized that natural science, philosophy and religious emotion can well exist and be cultivated together, and that the science of nature, however sure it may be of its own problems, retreats modestly to the rear whenever problems are proposed whose decision belongs, in the first instance, to human feeling. Thus, instead of ignoring a realm beyond the limits of science, it is distinctly accepted.

The alarming proportions of the water-melon crop in the south will not awaken any sectional discord. The north has no other feelings than those of fraternal regard for the rich and ruddy-blooded watermelons.

Do Beasts Have Souls?

There is much good argument in the literature of the world to prove that many of the most eminent scientists, theologians, philosophers and divines have believed in the immortality of the "beasts of the field." One of the earliest records of such a curious notion may be found in the pages of the Bible. See Ecclesiastes, third chapter, verses 18 to 21. In the verses named we find the following: "I said in my heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts. For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and unto dust all return. Who knoweth the spirit of the man that goeth upward, and the spirit of a beast that goeth downward to the earth?" In the above quotation Ecclesiastes does not positively declare that animals are to have a future existence, but he very plainly says that they have the same chances in that respect that the human family has. This was also the belief of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and of those eminent Christian Bishops, Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Butler. Coleridge advocated the same doctrine in England, Lamartine in France, and Agassiz in America. The last named gentleman, the greatest scientist we have ever had on this continent, and a man of profound religious convictions, was a firm believer in some future life for the lower animals. A professor at Harvard has completed a list of 185 European authors who have written upon the subject. Among the leading clergymen of this century who have publicly expressed their belief in a future life for animals are Joseph Cook and James Freeman Clark. At a recent trial a well known judge declared that one-half the human race believed in the same curious idea.

The Empress Eugenie, though naturally intelligent, was in some respects extremely ignorant. Educated as were the high-born young Spanish girls of her generation—that is to say, not educated at all—she was forced all through her palmy days to struggle against this great disadvantage. She never could learn the art of spelling, and all her private notes and letters are thickly peppered with faults of orthography. She ascended the throne at the age of twenty-six—a period in life rather late for the commencement of one's education. But to her credit be it said, she did her best by incessant reading, to supplement the defects in her early mental training. She spoke English to perfection, and the Emperor and she were wont to converse in that language when they did not want their attendants to know what they were talking about. She was an elegant and fearless horsewoman, and her skill in equestrian was among the first of her accomplishments that attracted the notice of Napoleon III, himself an accomplished rider. But her principal talent was for art, and she drew in crayon exceedingly well.

THE Bell Conservatory Co. SACRAMENTO.



Floral Work and Plant Decoration
A SPECIALTY.
Telephone No. 155.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS
AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

Telephone No. 41.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers

and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK, UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTTENBERGER, Proprietor.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES

CALL AT THE

Sacramento Stove House

813 and 815 J STREET,

—And You Will Save Money.—

H. K. WALLACE & CO.

DR. H. H. PIERSON,



511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

C. E. BAINBRIDGE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to 9:30 P. M.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than

J. SLAUGHTER,

Sixth and M streets.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO.

A Couple of M. Quad's Fables.

THE GOOSE, THE FROG AND THE FARMER.

A Goose, which had Wandered down to a Pond on her Owner's Estate, calculating to Paddle her own Canoe for a bit, Encountered a Frog as she entered the Water, and the latter at once sharply Accosted her with:

"How now, you Impudent Bird! How dare you enter this Pond without asking my Leave?"

"But this Pond was intended by my Owner for his Geese," replied the Fowl.

"Not much! It was left for us Frogs to Disport in."

"I must Deny the Allegation."

"And I insist!"

"Very well; here comes the Farmer, and We will leave it to him to Decide."

The Goose thereupon stated the Case in a clear and succinct manner, putting every Interrogation point in its Proper place, and the Farmer at once Replied:

"There is an abundance of room for both Geese and Frogs, but since you are inclined to Dispute and Quarrel I will remove the cause by removing the Pond."

And he went for a Spade and Dug a Ditch which ran off the Water to the last Drop, and left the Disputants looking at each other across the Mud.

Moral: He who grasps at too Much is pretty certain to Lose All.

THE MULE AND THE BEES.

Once upon a time a Young and Frisky Mule wandered away from its Mother's side towards a Hive of Bees, which the Farmer kept in order to procure Beeswax for the children to chew on. Observing his Tendency to Investigate, the Mother observed:

"Boy! You keep away from that Locality; Bees and Mules never have, and never will Agree."

The Youngster pretended to Submit, but at a Favorable Opportunity he cantered up for a close Investigation. He got an ear full in about half a Minute, and had not the Farmer and his son turned out to his Aid he would have been Stung to death. As it was he was Badly used up by the Sharp and Remorseless stings, and he was standing on Three Legs with his Eyes closed when his Mother drew near and queried:

"Did I not warn you against the Bees?"

"You did."

"Then why didn't you Heed my Words? I told you that the Bees and Mules did not Agree."

"So you did, but I went over to the Hive to ask them why it was."

Moral: Mules, always put confidence in your mother.

Don't Get Sea-sick.

Lemons, oranges, champagne—all these are recommended, says *The Ladies' Home Journal*, but the best recommendation, the most practical and common-sense, is to let the sea-sickness have its way, and then you are over with it. You can modify any possible attack by a little care as to diet a day or two before sailing, by avoiding greasy and rich foods, and this is wise. But don't go on board with the settled idea that you are going to be sick. Dismiss the thought. Keep on your feet the first day out. Walk up and down the deck continuously. By this method you get accustomed to the motion of the ship, tire yourself out, and, if you are any sort of a sleeper, you will sleep soundly the first night. Then the worst is over. But if not, and you do get sick, just accept it philosophically. Of course, you will feel miserable. But, let the spell run its course, and it is done. And you are better for it, and certainly wiser than to try and cure it by a mixture of things, which only give the stomach a reason for a continuance of proceedings. One of the leading medical authorities in the world, says that fifteen grains of sulphate of quinine, administered two hours, or four hours at most, before embarking, will completely free even sensitive subjects from the horrors of sea-sickness.

In a certain passage, Æschylus reports it of the Persians that they were routed on the shore of Lake Strymon. Thereupon, being obliged either to pass over the ice then ready to thaw or else be cut in pieces by their vectors, though before they held, or at least pretended to hold, that there was no God; yet then they fell on their knees and prayed to God that the ice might bear them. Nor is this to be wondered at, since all men by nature seem to have a secret acknowledgment of an invisible power that is able either to help or to hurt them, which is, perhaps, as Robert South remarks, the first rude draught or original seed of the persuasion of a Deity. And it is this (often unconscious) conviction that drives men in a great strait to rely upon and plead for more assistance than they see, and to extend their hope further than their senses. Our instincts are often wiser than our reason. The heart is a better and more trustworthy logician than the head. Intuition is reason in its essence and separated from its processes. We know more than we can explain. Shakespeare makes Hamlet wisely say: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Faith is reason extended beyond the seen and above the temporal—reason etherealized and sublimed.

Laughing Ghosts.

The Chattanooga correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* tells the following ghost story:

Ghosts, solemn, unearthly and terrible, can be found in the old-time cabins in the mountains of East Tennessee, and almost every gorge and cave has its tale of horror. Hideous hobgoblins, the spirits of murderers and their hapless victims, can be seen in various places, but on a recent trip through Polk county I found what was to me a new species of ghost. Riding through the fastnesses of this remote region I lost my way, and night overtook me while still in a rocky gorge, miles from human habitation.

Suddenly I heard a laugh—a merry, hearty laugh—which, as it echoed back from the rocks, brought joy into my heart, for here was a companion, and there was something in the voice which inspired me with confidence. Soon it was repeated, and peal after peal of laughter resounded from a cove near by. I thought it was a party of hunters camping out and having a merry time. I turned my horse and rode into the cove. The voices were just ahead of me, and I hastened to join them. Then they sounded behind me, and I knew that I had passed the party. There was no tent, nor was there any camp-fire, and I had a strange sense as of being in the midst of a crowd, and yet not a human being was visible. Soon the laughter was all around me—in front of me, behind me, and on either side. It seemed as if there were people on every side and within a few feet of me, and yet no one was visible. My horse trembled with fear, and although tired from his long journey, became unmanageable and started on a run for the mouth of the cove. I could not account for it, and when the voices had died away in the distance my feelings were strangely elated, as though I had escaped from some great evil.

Finally I reached a cabin, and the kind-hearted mountaineer arose from his bed when I knocked and gave me a welcome to his humble home. The next morning I told my adventure, and the story was told to me as follows:

Many years ago a party of gay young people camped in this gorge, having a good time hunting and fishing. Days passed into weeks and weeks into months, and still they never returned. Parties were formed and a thorough search made, but no tidings were ever received from the missing sportsmen. How or where they met their fate is not known, but they never returned, and since that time the merry laughter of the huntsmen can be heard in the lonely gorge as though they were still frolicking at the camp-fire as they did in the days of the long ago when they were lost among the rocks.

The Obituaries were Probably in Type.

A reporter called at the house of a prominent city pastor who had been down with pneumonia. His wife answered the door bell.

"How is the doctor?"

"Much better, thank you."

A shade of disappointment mirrored itself on the reporter's face, and he said in a tone which showed that he felt aggrieved as one who had been robbed of a sensational item: "Well, they told me at the office that the Rev. Mr. B— was at the point of death and that your husband was very low. I've just called at Rev. Mr. B—'s and I find he's got well and gone out. And now you tell me your husband is better," sighing. Then, with a hopeful look, he asked quickly: "Is there any likelihood of a relapse?"

"Mercy," cried the frightened wife, "I hope not!"

"Good morning, then," said the sad reporter.

The American who goes to the parliament house is surprised to see the commons and lords sitting with their hats on. The hat worn is invariably the "stovepipe" or "plug." An English M. P. in anything but a high hat would create a greater sensation than the appearance of a Jerry Simpson's feet, sockless upon the top of his desk in the house. Our English friends have some very queer customs handed down to them through the ages, and it will be worth while to read ex-Speaker Reed's comments thereon. For instance, when a member comes into parliament he carries his hat in his hand, but on sitting down he puts it upon his head. If a member wishes to speak he takes off his hat and holds it in his hand; if he wants to make a long speech he puts his hat on the bench, though he does not remove it until he has been recognized by the speaker. But if he wishes simply to make a motion or ask a question he keeps his hat on his head.

The Apache Indians' religious belief prevents them from committing murder in the dark. If a dozen Apaches should discover a man sleeping by his campfire at night no amount of money would hire them to attack him until the sun came up. They believe that if they kill a man at night their own souls will walk in eternal darkness forever. Knowing this curious superstition, hunters, scouts, trappers and others traveling through the Apache nation move about during the night and lay by in some safe retreat during the day.

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE.

228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD, C. A. VIEMEISTER.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors.

Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of J. C. Bainbridge, an insolvent debtor. J. C. Bainbridge having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. C. Bainbridge is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the county of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, on the 19th day of June, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M., of that day to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, May 11th, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET, Judge of the Superior Court. WM. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Petitioner.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Helen A. Grant, Allen D. Grant, Edward N. Grant, Catherine Matzen, Mary M. Miller, John Doe, and Richard Roe, greeting.

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 29th day of January, 1891, in which action EDWARD DIETERLE is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: The said action is brought for the purpose of quieting the title to that certain piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and described according to the plan of said city, as the south twenty (20) feet of the west sixty-eight (68) feet of lot number one, in the block bounded by J and K, and 5th and 6th streets; for the purpose, also, of determining all adverse claims of the said defendants to said property; and for a decree of said Court, declaring and adjudging that the title of plaintiff to said premises is good and valid, and that neither the said defendants have, nor any of them has, any estate or interest in the same; and forever enjoining and debarring the said defendants, and each of them, from asserting any claim to said land adverse to plaintiff, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do herewith set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 20th day of February, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk. A. L. HART, Attorney for Plaintiff. ap4-9t

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

THE PIONEER J Street.

No. 522

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

A. L. HART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON. ALBERT M. JOHNSON.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, LAWYERS.

504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS.

Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER.

Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, LAWYER.

920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Gotham's Justice.

The New York police courts furnish many amusing expositions of the manner in which justice may or may not be dispensed by a magistrate whose short-comings are more than overbalanced by a strong political pull. Justice is a sadly bedraggled jade when the morning trial hour arrives, and "his honor" finds himself still suffering from the effects of the previous night's carousing with "the boys." His temper as well as his judicial wisdom and philanthropy—if he ever possessed these last named attributes commonly supposed to be part and parcel of a judge's mental make-up—are more often than not greatly influenced by the political or domestic atmosphere last breathed by him. Under such conditions Astrea is very apt to be shown to a back seat. Among such cases as are, in the light of the law, regarded as trivial, "drunks" are the most common. For cases of intoxication and the like, the little Rhadamanthuses of Gotham's police courts have as a rule some method more or less habitual, while grave felonies destined for the higher courts, are of course treated with uniform care. But withal a great deal of swing is permitted to the temper of the justice, and its gyrations are at different times humorous, pitiful or shameful. In mercantile houses men are accustomed to seeing the spirit of the day's business affected by the mood of the chief; but it would seem as if the business routine in a court of justice should be free from personal distempers. After all, however, police magistrates are only human, extremely human, and it may be we should not expect to find unflinching equanimity and dignity even in police courts.

At times his honor is in gleeful, humane and lenient mood, and doles out his penalties with facetious advice, or receives testimony with flippant comment. Again it is too plainly shown that a sentence is severe because of personal prejudice behind the judicial bar, or perhaps merely because some private affairs have caused ill nature. Frequently, too, a justice, either tacitly or openly, gives expression to his opinion before all evidence is in. These are all "breaks" on the part of the Court with regard to which he depends upon the good will of the newspaper men that they do not become public. As good feeling and friendliness usually exist between the reporters and the judge, these small blunders are ignored. It is only when some serious miscarriage of justice occurs that the public is given an opportunity to call its minister to account. But are these "little breaks" so inconsequential and harmless? They are certainly not as infrequent as they might be.

The "Foreign Subject."

This Italian question reminds me of the "foreign subject" imposture, as it was practiced in this country during the war, says a writer in *Open Court*. When the draft was ordered, regiments of patriots who for years had been conspicuous as lustlers and knock-downers at the polls, marched gallantly up to the office of the provost marshal and claimed exemption on the ground that they were "foreign subjects" of all sorts of emperors, kings and queens. They owed allegiance to every flag under the sun, excepting the American flag, and they "demanded" that their names be stricken from the lists. Public-spirited fellows, long eminent for skill in that branch of civil engineering which directs caucus machinery, swarmed at the consulates clamoring for safety. In comic paradox appeared Hungarians invoking the aid of Austria, Poles appealing to Russia, and fierce Fenians demanding the protection of the British flag. What is more wonderful still, they got it. The consul knew that the United States could not afford to quarrel with other nations then, and with an air of imperious dictation they required that those "foreign subjects" be released from liability to service in the army. Some of those very same non-combatants went back to the old country, and when arrested for political offenses there, declared themselves to be citizens of the United States, claiming the protecting of the American flag; and what is most wonderful of all, got it.

The Dead Poet.

Theodore de Banville, like M. Octave Feuillet, was a survivor from the manlier "romantic" generation. He was not, of course, one of the men of the first harvest—not a contemporary and fellow-worker of Dumas and Hugo. He came with the second crop—that is to say, he was a pupil and follower of the great men. Like many others of his own generation, he could see and laugh at the mere extravagances, the storm and stress of the early romantic writers. But if he laughed it was with affection and understanding. He sucked what was best from the revolt against the hidebound and mechanical classicism of the "days before the flood." He helped to complete the emancipation of French poetry from the pedantry of the Boileau school. No man in his time understood the structure of French verse better or has written on it more acceptably. Though he was excelled by many contemporaries in native force and creative faculty, he was a master workman and had the good fortune to do his work before French literature was invaded by the prevailing fog of "pessimists" and other bores.

H. WACHHORST *Leading Jeweler of Sacramento*SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,
No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA

Studio, 521 J Street.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J Street, Sacramento.

FRED. SCHREIER,

TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BET. Q AND R,

CEMENT SIDEWALKS,

Garden Walks, Carriage Drives, Etc., constructed at shortest notice, in the most workman-like manner and at lowest rates.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL

HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.

R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

May 1, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

LA.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6-30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11 15 A
3-05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8 40 P
12-50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4 20 A
4-30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7 00 P
7-30 P	Knight's Landing and Marysville	7 10 A
10-50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9 35 A
12-05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2 25 A
11-00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8 15 A
3-00 P	Oroville	10 30 A
3-00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10 30 A
10-40 A	Redding via Willows	4 00 P
2-50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 40 A
4-35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12 35 A
6-30 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 15 A
8-40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10 40 P
3-05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8 40 P
*10-00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26 00 A
10-50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2 50 P
10-50 A	San Jose	2 50 P
4-30 P	Santa Barbara	9 35 A
6-15 A	Santa Rosa	11 40 A
3-05 P	Santa Rosa	8 40 P
8-50 A	Stockton and Gall	7 00 P
4-30 P	Stockton and Gall	9 35 A
12-05 P	Truckee and Reno	2 25 A
11-00 P	Truckee and Reno	8 15 A
6-30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2 30 P
6-15 A	Vallejo	11 40 A
3-05 P	Vallejo	7 40 P
*6-35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2 40 P
*3 10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11 35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.

RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. K. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.

Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

Huntington
HopkinsCompany,
HARDWARE

Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

R. A. OLMSTED.

S. P. OLMSTED.

Fourth Street Cash Grocery.

R. A. OLMSTED & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Fruits and Vegetables, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain, and all kinds of Mill Stuffs.

Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos.

400 L Street, S. E. cor. Fourth, Sacramento.

Fresh Butter and Eggs a Specialty. Goods delivered free of charge to any part of the City, R. R. depot or Steamboat landing. Highest price paid for Country Produce.

THE FARMERS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1891.

No. 14.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

Gotham was a happy name that Washington Irving applied to the great Knickerbocker city of New York. As this is the center of all the great American attractions, and to which every newspaper looks for enlightenment upon cosmopolitan life, it is necessary to have some one at this center who has the experience and tact to catch the many events that afford interesting reading and information to the general public even in the far off west. There are few adapted to this business, but we have found one who is an adept in reproducing Gotham events and experiences, and who is a skillful newspaper correspondent. Hereafter we will present to our readers weekly one of his unique and graphic pictures of Gotham life and experiences.

"The People's Party of the United States" is the outcome of the Farmer's Alliance Convention held in Cincinnati this week. The platform of the new party is broad and emphatic, demanding the free and unlimited coinage of silver, the passage of laws prohibiting the alien ownership of lands, national control and supervision of public communication and transportation, and the election of President and Senators by a direct vote of the people. A National Central Committee was appointed to represent the new party at a national conference, to be held February 22, 1892, for effecting coalition with all the reform organizations and to hold a national convention June 1, 1892, to nominate candidates for President and Vice President of the United States. The name of Jeremiah Simpson—otherwise the "Sockless Statesman"—nowhere appears in the proceedings of the convention. However, that gentleman, to whose individual efforts the Farmers' Alliance is directly traceable, will represent thirty-seven of the distinctively agricultural counties of Kansas in the next Congress, and will exert a potent influence in mapping out the preliminary work of organization in the ranks of the new People's Party.

It is well enough to remark that the public estimate of Jerry Simpson is far from correct. He is by no means the sort of person that his nickname would imply. An adventurer could hardly rise to eminence in the community that he represents—a majority of the population consisting of the overflow of the native stock of the best of the older States. In 1880 Kansas contained 106,000 persons who were natives of Illinois, 77,000 Indianans, 55,000 Iowans, 32,000 Kentuckians, 60,000 Missourians, 93,000 Ohioans, 60,000 Pennsylvanians, 42,000 New Yorkers, a total of 53,000 New Englanders, and about 73,000 from Wisconsin, Michigan, Tennessee and Virginia. The total foreign-born population was 110,000 as against 233,000 natives of the State. Eight hundred and eighty-three thousand of her people out of a little less than a million were born in the United States; nearly four-fifths of her people were natives of the Northern States. Speaking relatively, there has been no change in conditions in the last ten years. We state these facts for the purpose of showing that Kansas is an unpromising locality for the breeding of demagogues. Jerry Simpson is a man of great force of character, of good address and a great store of half-digested knowledge—just such a person as might be expected to be thrown to the surface by a political convulsion.

This article has no reference to persons or political parties, being an examination of the Land-Loan-Public-Warehouse-Sub-Treasury scheme as an economic proposition. The public debt report of Treasury Secretary Foster shows that at the end of last month the bonds that were issued to the various subsidized railroads, for the payment of which the government became responsible, amounted in round numbers to \$64,000,000, and that the interest which the government has paid on such bonds, and which the railroad corporations have not repaid, amounts to \$63,000,000 more. The direct and contingent liability of six railroad corporations to the government is \$127,000,000. In other words, the government has paid \$63,000,000 as interest for the roads and has agreed to pay \$64,000,000 of bonds in case the roads fail to pay it. The amount of the bonds of the Central Pacific railroad is \$25,000,000, on which the government has paid \$28,000,000, exclusive of all payments made by the company. The bonds of the Union Pacific amount to \$27,000,000, the interest which the government has paid, and for which the corporation is liable, amounting to \$24,000,000.

These two corporations have had the benefit of the credit of the government for nearly thirty years to the extent of \$52,000,000, and in the meantime the government has paid \$52,000,000 more, as interest on its own credit, for the benefit of these two corporations. Together the two corporations have paid about \$13,000,000 by allowing the government the use of their roads for transportation purposes, and about a million in cash, and now have a little the rise of \$13,000,000 in bonds and cash in the sinking fund. It will thus be seen that the two corporations have had the use of a great sum of money over a long period of time at a very low rate of interest, as a consequence of which they have acquired vast properties, and established solid credit, every member of either corporation becoming a millionaire in the meantime.

The time being near at hand when the corporations would have to meet their obligations, it became necessary to devise plans for postponing the day of payment and reducing the rate of interest. The plan proposed was to defer the day of payment fifty or a hundred years, consolidate the principal of the bonds and the interest which has been paid by the government, issue new bonds and fix the interest rate at not above two per cent. per annum. In order, however, to reconcile the public to a scheme of this sort, it was necessary to direct the opinion of the country in a channel favorable to it. When one has made up one's mind to loot the money chest of another, the best way to get helpers in the enterprise is to agree to divide the plunder with them. The farmers being the most opposed to the plan of the railroad corporations, it was necessary to buy their peace by inaugurating a scheme whereby they might loot the treasury themselves, or get money at a low rate of interest, which they might pay or not as they pleased, which amounts to the same thing. It was necessary also to divert the agricultural mind from the plans of the railroad corporations, so it was set upon the tariff protected manufacturers. So the wise men behind the scheme for extending the time of payment of the railroad debt and for reducing the interest rate thereon, said to the farmer: "Look there! See Mr. Carnegie; how he makes a big lot of money every year by manufacturing steel, being protected by a tariff tax of from 47 to 93 per cent. See also that blanket-maker; how he is growing rich under tariff protection.

Now, we want to even you up with Mr. Carnegie and the blanket-maker. We can't make your wheat or corn or cotton or tobacco worth more than it is by an Act of Congress, but we can compel the government to lend you money to the extent of half the value of your land at an interest rate not above two per cent. a year. An abundance of money at a low rate of interest will operate in your favor just as the protective tariff operates in favor of Mr. Carnegie and the blanket-maker, and by and by you'll own a castle in Scotland yourself, and have a coach with four gray horses, and outriders and liveried footmen." So the farmer, having his eyes fixed on Mr. Carnegie and the blanket-maker, and the prospect of plenty of cheap money, fell right into the trap, and went out and called in his neighbors and instituted the Farmers' Alliance, of which statesman Jerry Simpson is first prophet.

In the meanwhile the gentlemen who are anxious to have the time for the payment of the railroad debt extended, and the interest rate thereon reduced, are maturing their plans and gaining friends without molestation. This paper has nothing to do with the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the plan to refund and extend the date of payment of the railroad debt; we are merely showing how that scheme led to the formation of the Farmers' Alliance organization, and to the exploitation of all the observed propositions therewith connected—and how the farmers are willing to let the railroad people have their way, provided they are evened up with Mr. Carnegie and the blanket makers.

Leland Stanford and Senator Zebulon Benoni Vance, of North Carolina, are joint authors of the Land-Loan-Public-Warehouse-and-Sub-Treasury scheme; that is, Stanford is the patentee of the land-loan part of it, and Vance is the patentee of the public warehouse part, while the two are joint patentees, or tenants in common, so to speak, of the sub-treasury part.

It was this way: The farmers of the northwest, notably those of Kansas and Nebraska, saw that the Central Pacific and Union Pacific companies had been using the credit of the government to the extent of \$52,000,000 in bonds for twenty-seven years, in addition to which the government had advanced \$52,000,000 more as interest during the same period—they saw also, that in return for these advantages the companies had repaid in cash only a little over a million, and had put \$13,758,000 into the sinking fund, of which only \$18,000 was in cash, the remainder consisting of retired bonds. We say that, seeing all this, the farmers of the northwest did not take kindly to a proposition which would give the two corporations the use of all this money—\$104,000,000—for a further period of fifty or a hundred years, upon the payment of interest at the rate of two per cent. a year. It was to meet and allay this wide-spread feeling of discontent that Senator Stanford brought forward his land-loan scheme.

It happens, however, that there are a great many people throughout the country who follow farming as an occupation who do not own the land that they till. This is notably the case in the south—perhaps a third of the cotton crop and a fourth of the tobacco crop are raised on rented land. Probably five-sevenths of the negro farmers are renters. So, it being highly desirable that the landless farmers should have their share of cheap money, Senator Zebulon Benoni Vance brought in his public warehouse and sub-treasury bill.

When combined, the schemes of Stanford and Vance

comprehend the following provisions: Every land-owner and the owner of every town lot may require the government to lend him an amount of money equal to one-half the value of his realty, exclusive of improvements, at two per cent. interest per year, the loan to run for twenty years. The government shall erect, at its own expense, as many warehouses as shall be necessary for the storage of non-perishable farm products, such as corn, cotton, tobacco, wheat and the like. The farmers are to have the free use of these repositories wherein to store their products. Upon their products, so stored, the farmers may compel the government to loan them an amount of money equal to eighty per cent. of the value thereof, at two per cent. interest per year. In case the land-owner or the storer of farm products does not repay his loan or redeem his pledge, as the case may be, the government becomes the owner of the land or of the products constituting the pledge.

This is the genesis of the Land-Loan-Public-Warehouse-Sub-Treasury scheme. It is also a fresh illustration of how a brace of strange bell-wethers can lead an innumerable flock of sheep in one direction. If the government should be lenient with millionaires in the matter of requiring the repayment of money loaned, how much more urgent would the occasion be for being forbearing with poor farmers and debt-burdened tenants. In this view of the matter, when would pay-day be likely to arrive?

The outcome of the Farmers' Alliance movement may be what it may, the result of the confusion into which public opinion will have been thrown will be that the railroad people will get all they want. We repeat and emphasize the declaration, that we are not attempting to treat of the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the scheme of the railway companies—we are merely showing how the judgment of apparently sane people may be loosed from its moorings and led to embrace the most absurd economic fallacy that has ever been brought forward in the history of the country.

Let us suppose, as a matter of speculation, the Stanford-Vance scheme to be in actual operation. What sort of state of affairs would exist? It is always presupposed, in this country at least, that changes that may be made in economic or fiscal policies are designed to improve the condition of the working people. There are twenty-three millions of people in this country that follow some kind of steady labor for a living. There are two millions and a half of marriagable young women that are not included in this list. Of the twenty-three million working people mentioned, at least one-half—eleven millions, say—are landless; neither do they rent estates for the purpose of farming. They are the mudsills of the land—they run the farms, the factories, and the railroads; they bear the State on their shoulders, yet not one of them acquires any interest in the products of his toil. How would this numerous and deserving class derive any benefit from the Stanford-Vance scheme? What have these burden-bearers to pledge to the government as security for a loan of money? Still, are they not deserving of recognition by the hand of bounty?

Now, suppose a case: For the sake of illustration, without attempting to be entirely accurate, let us say that every healthy man between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-three is worth three thousand dollars to the State; that his expectancy of life would enable him to add that much to the permanent wealth of the nation. Now, suppose that statesman Jerry Simpson should insist that the convention which is to meet in 1892 should adopt this proposition as a part of its policy: that the government shall issue to those eleven millions of landless and propertyless working people paid up insurance policies on their lives, and then lend to each of them an amount of money equal to eighty per cent. of the amount for which his life is insured. You would probably say that statesman Jerry Simpson was as daft as a person could well be. But if Stanford and Vance are right, would Jerry Simpson deserve such a severe judgment as that? Does not the Stanford-Vance plan contemplate giving to those that have and withholding from those that have not? Might it not be that the have-nots are as deserving as those that

have? Seeing that they have created, or have at least added to the value of the possessions of those that have; that without them six figures would have to be stricken from the numerals that denote our national wealth, does not the Stanford-Vance plan for handing around cheap money contemplate mean treatment of this patient and deserving class of our population?

Another point is this: The plan that Stanford and Vance have brought forward is the most vicious piece of class legislation that was ever proposed. Having given the wheat-grower, the tobacco farmer and the cotton planter eighty per cent. of the value of their crops, with what show of reason could we refuse Jay Gould or Collis P. Huntington a loan on the plant and equipments of their vast railroad systems? The National Whisky Trust has 180,000 barrels of whisky in bonded warehouses at this very moment—an article whose quality and commercial value increase with age. Suppose the whisky distillers should ask for a loan? If we intend to conduct business on a reasonable basis, we should have to let them have the money.

Nevertheless, the eleven millions of working people, with hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of labor stored up in their bodies, would be turned away because they have nothing to pledge as security.

We ought to be just all around in this money-lending business. The young women—the child-bearers of the land—ought to receive their share. The young women ought to be put on an even footing with the whisky distillers and the tobacco planters. If the Stanford-Vance plan ever comes up in Congress again, THEMIS has an amendment to offer to the effect following: Every unmarried woman, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five years, shall be entitled to a loan of \$6,000, the principal and interest of which shall be repaid in children, at the rate of \$1,500 per child.

We received recently from Senator Stanford the supplement to the Congressional Directory, which gives a list of the counties in the 44 States of the Union and the boundaries of the Congressional Districts. It contains interesting data. The population of the United States and Territories is 62,622,250, and California is credited with a population of 1,208,130. New York leads with a population of 5,997,853, and Pennsylvania follows with 5,258,014. Nevada is the lowest in the list, having a population of but 45,761. The number of counties in the States is 2,633. Texas bears the palm of having the greatest number of counties—245, and Delaware the least number, only 3. In the New England and Middle States the numbers of the counties are small when the comparison is made with the States of the South and West and those newly admitted. The great State of New York has but 60 counties, and in very many of them there are more people than are in some other States. The State of Delaware, for instance, has a population of 168,493. Montana, Wyoming, Nevada and Idaho have less. The population of each of three counties in New York is largely in excess of that of Delaware, and in most of the sixty it exceeds that of Nevada.

It is noticeable that in most of the States the naming of counties has been largely given in honor of distinguished individuals, and particularly to the Presidents of the nation. The name of Washington is borne by 30 counties in as many different States; Adams has 9; Jefferson, 23; Madison, 19; Monroe, 15; Jackson, 22; Van Buren, 4; Harrison, 8; Tyler, 2; Polk, 12; Taylor, 7; Fillmore, 2; Pierce, 5; Buchanan, 2; Lincoln, 18; Johnson, 12 (there is no doubt, however, that many of these 12 counties were named after individuals of local note); Grant, 11; Garfield, 5; Arthur, 1; Cleveland, 2. The names of statesmen have also been perpetuated in the county names. The name of Clay is borne in 17 States, that of Calhoun in 10, of Lee in 9, of Benton in 7, and of Webster 7. Blaine, Greeley and Fremont also appear in the new States.

In Alabama the names of the counties are mainly from men of the olden time, and a few of the names are of Indian origin. The same can be said of most of the Southern and Western States. In California our county names are mostly of Spanish or Indian derivation. Humboldt, Kern, Lassen, Marin, Glenn and

Sutter were named from individuals. The county names in the New England States are decidedly English, and largely follow the sub-territorial designations of the old country. Texas seems to have been in a strait to select names for some of its many counties. We find one called Deaf Smith, another Jack, another Jeff. Davis, another Maverick, another Tom Green and another Titus.

It is part of the human composition to indulge in dreams and speculations—not only for the future on this earth, but the great hereafter. The poorest and most unfortunate of mankind, lets his fancy wander and builds ethereal castles, just the same as the most favored. The Creator made us dreamers and visionaries. We are so constituted that we must per force accept some of the so-called vagaries. Many believe in the transmigration of souls; others that there is a ruling spirit on earth for each individual which guards and controls his or her action through life, and takes charge of the soul when the mortal bond is severed. But after all, are we not too busy on this earth to waste our substance and vex our spirit in considering such matters? These abstract notions do not aid us in securing employment, or in gaining for us our daily bread and the usual luxuries that the good old earth produces for us. It may be interesting to think and dream of the series of individual existence, and that we may continue to live through unnumbered ages hereafter, becoming more and more etherealized and spiritualized as we advance through the great and, to us, unfathomed realms of the universe. The usually level-headed fellow looks out for the present needs, and takes life as it comes with its joys and woes. Of course, there is a preference for the joys. Yes, we are too much engaged in looking after Number 1 on this earth to be greatly concerned in the vagaries of transcendental cranks, or extremely orthodox advocates. There may be a trifle of irreverence in this, but it is not such that will offend the great Creator; it is only irreverence of those who assume to be his agents on earth. The religious enthusiast may speak of being "conscious of immortality, but how can one have a present consciousness of a supposed future—of something that does not exist?"

The "third party" manifesto has been issued. The threadbare title so long invoked by those who have failed to use the great national organizations for their isms and ultras—"The People's Party"—has been adopted as the name of the "third party." It is not a good omen for these wonderful reform organizations to begin with an olio of song and music. While there was a certain kind of enthusiasm, at the late convention, it was evident the great spirit of genuine patriotism was not present. That platitudes, that taxation shall not be used to build up one interest or class at the expense of another, is so venerable and so meaningless we wonder even at this convention utilizing it; there is no party that has ever favored such a scheme as that against which this thunderbolt has been launched. There is considerable "resolootin'" against railroads, which is always a most fruitful source of invective by all would-be reformers. The election of President and Senators by direct vote of the people is not new, and certainly not a cause for revolt against the old parties. All parties are in favor of limiting the revenue to the expenses of the government, so there is nothing of reform in this precept. Equal rights to all men is fundamental and part of the Declaration of Independence, and our reformers cannot very well improve on that document. The restriction of alien ownership of lands is another principle that has been a tenet of both the national parties. The great plank in the "third party" platform is our Republican Senator's Land-Loan bill, which is certainly not the property of the "third party." Free coinage of silver is not the exclusive property of the "third party," nor is it likely to cause a deflection from the great national parties. Taking it all in all, there has been no just reason shown why a third party is necessary; the issues presented by the platform do not divulge any reforms not already embraced in the tenets of the old parties. There were no great minds in the convention; no one was endowed with the brain power to originate anything, or even to suggest a plank that the most ardent "reformer" could enthuse upon.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Theodore Bromley is engaging some good people to form a company to play with Minna Gale next season. Miss Gale is about to enter the list of stars.

James O'Neill and Louis James are two excellent actors, and they have an opportunity of showing their skill in *The Envoy*, but not to the extent to display the best they can do.

Tschaikowsky, the Russian composer, who is at work on a new opera which he hardly expects to complete inside of two years, says: "The labor of composing is slow, and I never attempt to do anything in a short time. I am sometimes a month doing what most modern composers accomplish in ten minutes. I cannot work rapidly, or at any time except when in the mood."

The adventuress and the roue have too much to say in the modern drama. Their stage work is out of all proportion to their life work. There is a tiresome supererogation in straining for two hours and a half to get them "rounded up," when we know perfectly well that in life they will round themselves up, and we've paid the police to relieve us of the annoyance of watching them. NYM CRINKLE.

Isabella Coe has added to her already well established reputation as an artist this season by her admirable performances of "Mrs. Brown" in *Dr. Bill* and *Barbara*. Miss Coe's interpretation of both characters was entirely different from those of her predecessors. The same sweet, sympathetic charm and manner which were observable as the "Schoolmarm" in *A Midnight Bell*, and the humor and dash with which she invested the "Widow" in *A Gold Mine*, were exercised in her later characterizations. There is a magnetic charm about Miss Coe's interpretation of any character with which she is in perfect sympathy that is very noticeable. There are few more capable and versatile actresses on the American stage.

The magician Houdin had one of the most wonderful local memories ever known. He could go into a room, turn round and walk out immediately without even pausing, but from the brief glance he took of his surroundings he could mention and afterwards describe every article of interest in the apartment. His memory was not a natural gift, but the result of careful training. He and his son would practice every day by walking past a show-window filled, for instance, with toys and notions. They would go rapidly by, each taking a single glance, and after they were past would stop and compare notes as to what they had seen. So expert did they become in this exercise that either would frequently be able to give the names and describe the position of forty or more articles seen in the window at a single glance, and Houdin used to say that the triumph of his life in this line was the enumeration of sixty-three articles which he remembered having seen as he passed the window of a jewelry store on Broadway, New York.

We can never quite rid ourselves of the conviction that the forlorn maiden ought to be won in the last act, and the estranged wife gathered to her repentant husband's bosom. It is of no account that the French tutors, from De Stael to Sardou, remind us it is not that way in real life. Our hearts answer: "Well, that's the way it ought to be. We do not go to the theatre for the accurate representations of the world we leave behind us. For in the world religion and science and law cannot quite rectify these aberrations. But art can." How lastingly lifting were those old dramas in which the hero achieved everything. We forgave the bravado and even the bathos, and in our solidarity we never outgrew "Claude Melnotte." How uninspiring are those modern dramas in which the hero is only a victim of circumstances, and whines about the inevitable, and dies according to the latest hospital study, in proper pessimistic futility! So long as the stage was content to be romantic the world was lifted a little by its bugle summons. It was something to picture endeavor, dauntless courage and success. To make us more romantic was the best thing it could do. To make us more doubtful and despairing is the worst thing it can do. NYM CRINKLE.

Fanny Davenport writes as follows to the *New York World*: The talents required for the successful actress' career would adorn a queen's drawing-room. I am fully aware that there are cases of immorality on the stage. The same applies to society in general. These cases of immorality upon the stage, when discovered, are published far and wide. The telegraph is used to spread them from one end of the country to the other. People somehow seem to gloat over them, and they furnish strength to the argument of the corruption of the stage. On the other hand, the lapses from virtue outside the stage are carefully concealed. The records of divorce courts for the sins of people in private life are not public property. If a comparison were made I fear would think the stage would not suffer in numerical calculation. I admit that there are strong

temptations for a girl to err upon the stage. The old ideas of separating an actor from his fellow men on the ground that his calling is degraded—ideas born of an ignorant, brutal age—still exist. Upon the young and comely, talented and winsome girl adopting the stage as a profession, the eyes of lust are fixed as upon a shining mark. She needs all the remembrance of a mother's early pious teaching, all the strength of her own character, to resist the allurements placed before her. Her reward for such resistance is all the more meritorious.

Book Chat.

The word "preface," used in the beginning of books, was originally a word of welcome to a meal, and was equivalent to "much good may it do you."

"My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn;
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind."—*Southey*.

Lord Tennyson has gone into the dairy business. Now we shall have not only the "poetry of silence" and the "poetry of motion" that people are constantly writing about, but also the "poetry of milk." It is presumed that Lord Tennyson sells his milk by the meter, rather than the quart.

We read "In Darkest England" and "How the Other Half Lives"—two books that every thoughtful man and woman ought to read, and read carefully—and we find a state of things pictured in those pages which has no counterpart in this town. What we want is that these wretched conditions shall never have any counterpart here.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work
And tools to work withal for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arm akimbo set
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.—*Lowell*.

It has been said that a person may be more truly judged by the books and papers he reads than by his associates; for one's companions may be, for the time, thrust upon him, whereas his reading is the result of choice. Some people read a great many books that they do not own and others own many books they do not read. The person of decided literary tastes usually knows his library through, and also reads a great deal outside of his own book shelves. Books constantly before the eyes in the library at home are a perpetual invitation to seek information, and while the tides of fortune and sentiment may ebb and flow the immortal writings of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Dante, Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bacon, Dickens, Coleridge, Tennyson, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Harriet Beecher Stowe and a host of others will remain the same substantial companions and friends.

Professor Traill, a well-known English scholar, suggests that the old romances or the tragedies of Shakespeare might be made excellent use of by writers of the realistic school, there being material enough in them to furnish plot and dialogue for a dozen modern novels. He points out, for example, the extraordinary waste of material of which that romantic prodigal, Shakespeare, was guilty in his treatment of the story of Othello. The speech of the Moor to the Venetian senate would, of itself, make up material for a volume of the realistic school. Observe the possibilities. "Her father loved me, oft invited me." At this juncture it might be explained why a haughty Venetian should have loved a Moor. Senator Brabantio was undoubtedly a candidate for re-election, and was using every means to conciliate the colored voters. The story of the campaign would be good for at least two chapters; and then there might appropriately follow a disquisition on modern politics and parties. Also, Othello, in telling how Desdemona listened to his "travelers' tales," says that "her house affairs would draw her thence, which ever as she could with haste dispatch, she'd come again." A modern novelist might make a great deal out of this first Desdemona, who evidently was her father's housekeeper, and who was called into the kitchen by the cook to inform the butcher whether roast beef or mutton was wanted for dinner. Next, she had to leave the parlor just as Othello was explaining who the Anthropophagi were and engage in an altercation with the washerwoman as to whether there were seventeen or eighteen pieces in the week's wash. Then the card of Signor Matallozzi was sent in, and Desdemona, after again excusing herself to Othello, went out, only to find that the Signor wanted to leave her a free sample of Blobbs' unrivaled stove polish, which could be found at all respectable grocers. The emotions which must have racked Desdemona during the happening of these incidents could be fully analyzed, and from the standpoint of realism some very complex and thrilling situations might be evolved.

Professional Chat.

A young lawyer in Springfield, Mo., took an appeal from a justice because the court was suffering from a severe attack of grippe when he rendered his decision.

Young doctor—"I performed my first surgical operation to-day; a man shot himself and I attended him." Old doctor—"Ah! did you save him?" Young doctor—"No, he died; I had to cut him all to pieces, but I got the bullet."

There's a young doctor up town who will have to improve his methods or he will never have patients enough to maintain him. A woman came in to see him only two days ago, looking haggard and pale. "Well," he said, "what is it?" "I'm troubled with insomnia," she sighed. "What shall I do for it?" "Sleep it off, madam; sleep it off," he advised curtly, and charged her \$2.

A Correct Quotation.—A candidate was being examined by four professors. Feeling extremely nervous, his memory failed him several times. At last one of the professors, growing impatient, thundered out: "Why, you cannot quote a single passage of Scripture correctly!" "Yes, I can!" exclaimed the candidate. "I just happen to remember a passage in the Revelation, 'And I lifted up my eyes and beheld four great beasts!'"

Be still, my child! remain in statu quo,
While I propel thy cradle to and fro.
Let no involved res inter alios
Prevail while we're consulting inter nos.

Was that a little pain in media res?
Too bad! too bad! we'll have no more of these.
I'll send a capias for some wise expert
Who knows how to eject the pain and stay the hurt.

No trespasser shall come to trouble thee;
For thou dost own this house in simple fee—
And thy administrators, heirs, assigns,
To have, to hold, convey, at thy designs.

Correct thy pleadings, my own baby boy,
Let there be an abatement of thy joy;
Quash every tendency to keep awake,
And verdict, costs and judgment thou shalt take.

A Thief who had Broken into a House which was uncared for, was engaged in Packing up a great amount of Plunder when he was suddenly Interrupted and badly Frightened by a Person who Walked in at the back door. "If you are the Owner, then I Beg to remark that all I Want is a chance to go quietly out," observed the Thief, as the two confronted each other. "But I am Not." "If you are an Officer I shall Resist to the Last." "But I am Not." "If you are a Thief, like myself, I am willing to Divide," continued the Depredator. "But I am not a Thief," persisted the other. "Then who can you be?" "A Criminal Lawyer, sir!" "Oh—ah! that settles it! You take all the Plunder and I run all the Risks! I at once Abdicate in your Favor!"

Give Justice her apportioned place,
And rout the fierce and ravening Beast;
In gardens of the human race
She scorns no humblest flower the least.
In her wide realm no arm is bound,
Her share is equal, each with each;
She grants, for all may tread her ground,
The fool and Goethe equal speech.

Justice has never eye for creed,
Nor race, nor outward hue of skin;
Only the color of the deed,
Only the blackness of the sin.
And Justice asketh when he errs,
This brother, sister, mine and thine,
If the misdeeds of his or hers
Be not the fault of yours and mine.

Hers is the saving power that makes
Republics strong; their fabrics sure;
With it a mightier spirit wakes
That longer than the hills endure.
Oh, spirit, urging strong and far,
Teach thou Columbia's sons to see
The rising of a blessed star
Above the cradle of the free.

All Indians greatly dislike what they call the white man's smell, and can detect it with perfect ease. "I have," says a Western man, "entered tepees of the Utes filled with Indians who had not bathed for a year, and whose aroma rose to heaven, and every one of them would complain of the odor that I brought in with me. The same feeling is manifested by the Chinese, who themselves have a very marked odor that is intensely disagreeable to whites. As a matter of fact, each race has its peculiar odor, which is not perceptible by people of similar origin, but which is plainly noticeable by those of different blood."

To publish one's own books has been thought to be a very foolish and unremunerative plan—especially by publishers. It was supposed to be an exceedingly impractical thing for Mr. Ruskin to bring out editions of his works; yet it appears that his profits are growing every year, and that from one book alone—the new edition of his "Modern Painters"—the profit will not be less than \$30,000.

NOTES.

The spike-tail pony, the long-horn cow and the razor back hog are the most intelligent of our dumb animals, as is proven by statistics. They never get killed on railroads.

A boot sole, the bottom covered with iron, was found imbedded in a chunk of coal at Benton Harbor the other day. This coal was made several years B. C., and the sole must have been an old iron one of capital, left in the footprint of the march of time.

This is the latest opinion promulgated by Colonel Ingersoll: "There will never be a really great civilization until women enjoy the same rights as do the men. The highest ambition of any man is to win the love of some noble girl, and the highest ambition of any good girl must be to win the love of some good man."

When a mad dog invaded a Detroit church last Sunday the sexton knocked him in the head with a chair and one of the worshipers dragged the carcass out and emptied into it "five chambers of his revolver." In a congregation like that you will never hear of the services being interrupted by disorderly people. They all go "heeled."

The cost of living was never before so cheap in this country as it is to-day, and this pleasant condition is largely due to the tariff reductions of a Republican Congress. It is hardly necessary to add that the Democratic papers have good reasons for keeping so quiet upon a subject that is particularly interesting to the American people.

The ignorance of American women concerning the politics of their own country has frequently been commented upon by foreigners. In England the women are thoroughly informed on all political questions. Political subjects are discussed there at the fireside and around the dinner table, and the women were able to hold their own in argument with the ablest statesmen. It is a part of their education from childhood.

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that alcohol regularly applied to the thrifty farmer's stomach will remove the boards from the fence, let the cattle into his crops, kill his fruit trees, mortgage his farm and sow his fields with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his buildings, break the glass out of them and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes and polish from his manner, subdue his reason, arouse his passions, bring sorrow and disgrace upon his family and topple him into a drunkard's grave.

Secretary Rusk, in speaking of the recent presidential trip, said that it was a wonderful one. Especially gratifying was the reception in the South, but the great American public was enthusiastic from start to finish, and if the good folks on the route omitted any courtesy it would be more than he could do to discover the gap. "The feature of the trip that impressed me more even than the popular enthusiasm," continued the Secretary, "was the remarkable oratorical ability of the President. He made a greater number of first-class speeches in a month than many public men could think out and deliver in a lifetime; and his efforts were not at all prearranged, for some of the best things he said were spontaneous."

The last census bulletin of date May 11th, is devoted to the distribution of population in accordance with latitude and longitude. Naturally the greater density of population in a square degree is governed by the location of the larger cities. Thus the two square degrees between latitudes 40° and 41° and longitudes 73° and 75°, comprising New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and other large cities, contain 3,653,000 inhabitants. The square degree between latitudes 42° and 43° and longitudes 71° and 72°, comprising Boston and its suburbs, has 1,233,000 inhabitants; that between latitudes 39° and 40° and longitudes 75° and 76°, in which is most of Philadelphia, has 1,414,000, while that between latitudes 41° and 42° and longitudes 87° and 88°, in which is situated most of Chicago, contains 950,000 people.

A family reunion of the heirs of President Millard Fillmore took place in Buffalo recently, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*. They met not only to pay their respects to the memory of the deceased, but to receive their share of the fortune of nearly half a million dollars, which he left to be divided among them. A telegram from Buffalo to the New York *Times* gives the following interesting incident of the meeting: "Those who passed in or out of the Tift House bar-room this afternoon could not have helped noticing a little party of four men. They would have attracted attention in any place, for they were typical farmers and all were happily drunk. To-night they are still more drunk and are drinking cocktails as fast as the drink dispenser can make them." Moralists may prate and protest as much as they please, but when men's heartstrings are stretched and twisted by the death of a dear relative they will drown their sorrow in the flowing bowl.

A new experiment, that of serving a dinner party with salad grown under the guests' own eyes, was successfully tried at the house of Prince and Princess Blucher the other day. Here is the recipe: Take a good germinating lettuce seed and soak it in alcohol for about six hours, sow it into an equal mixture of rich soil and unslacked lime and place it on the table. After the soup, water it with lukewarm water, whereupon it begins to sprout immediately. At the Prince's party the thing worked like a charm, and the lettuces when plucked and prepared for eating were of the size of Barcelona nuts.

Courts of conscience were courts for the recovery of small debts by summary process before commissioners were appointed for that purpose. In the ninth year of King Henry VIII the court of conscience or court of request in London was created, and an act of common council directed that the lord mayor and aldermen should assign monthly two aldermen and four discreet commoners to be commissioners, to sit in their court twice a week to hear and determine all matters brought before them between party and party, between citizens and freemen of London, in all cases where the debt or damage was under 40 shillings. This council was confirmed by Stat. I. Jac. 1, c. 14, which empowered the commissioners of this court to make such orders between the parties touching such debts as they should find stand to equity and good conscience. The jurisdiction of these courts was extended to debts of £5 in the city of London. The courts were superseded in 1847 by the county courts.

It is not such wretched taste, perhaps, as the long skirt, but it is ridiculous all the same, the black "beauty spot" on the veil. Why is it there? Simply to say to the earnest spectator on the street—look at me. I am placed here to draw your attention to my mistress's pretty mouth or shapely nose. I am not a bit of court-plaster, but I look like one, and answer the purpose. It is almost incredible that women whose modesty is beyond reproach can so plainly advertise their personal charms on the streets. When any article of a man's attire is designedly conspicuous he confesses to the weakness of vanity or the misfortune of bad breeding; and difficult and distasteful as it would be to apply the same rule to the sex, it is impossible to find a valid reason for not doing so. The restrictions are fewer for women, of course, in the selection of street dress, and in the matter of color and cut, indeed, her freedom of choice is limited only by the decrees of fashion and the dictates of good taste; but when fashion leaps the boundaries of common sense and decency, as she has a scurvy trick of doing often enough, the woman of character and modesty revolts. That is exactly why the miserable dotlet on the veil should be abolished.

Horace Chilton, who succeeds Senator Regan, is the first native Texan to occupy a seat in the Senate. This calls attention to the fact that a large percentage of Senators do not represent the States of their birth. Four members of the next Senate were born beyond the limits of the United States. McMillan, of Michigan, was born in Hamilton, Ont., and Gallinger, of New Hampshire, first saw the light at Cornwall, in the same province of Canada. Jones, of Nevada, is a native of Herefordshire, England, and Pasco, of Florida, was born in London. New York State leads all others as the birthplace of Senators in the common Congress. Here are the names of thirteen of them: Stanford and Felton, of California; Davis, of Minnesota; Saunders, of Montana; Paddock, of Nebraska; Stewart, of Nevada; McPherson, of New Jersey; Hill and Hiscock, of New York; Casey, of North Dakota; Dolph, of Oregon, and Squire, of Washington. McPherson and Casey were born at York, Livingston county, the former in 1833 and the latter in 1837. Ohio stands next to New York, with eight of her sons in the Senate. Pennsylvania and Kentucky have six each; Vermont, five; Tennessee, Georgia, Massachusetts, Maine and Virginia, each four; North Carolina and Delaware, three each; Illinois, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, South Carolina and West Virginia, two; and there will be one native of each of the following States: Arkansas, Alabama, Connecticut, Louisiana, Maryland, Missouri, Iowa and Indiana. New Jersey is the only Eastern State not represented.

An interesting object in the shape of an uncut copy of Thackeray's "Virginians" was sold in London the other day for \$150. It had acquired a value exclusive of that of its printed contents—Thackeray had himself written this inscription on the fly-leaf:

In the U. States and in the Queen's dominions
All people have a right to their opinions,
And many don't much relish "The Virginians."
Peruse my book, dear R., and if you find it
A little to your taste, I hope you'll bind it.
Peter Rackham, Esqre., with the best regards
of the Author.

"Dear R.," however, refrained from binding his author's presentation copy, much to the joy of the modern collector.

Weehawken and the New York Bay.

Weehawken! In thy mountain scenery yet,
All we adore of nature in her wild
And frolic hour of infancy is met;
And never has a summer's morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene than the full eye
Of the enthusiast revels on—when high

Amid thy forest solitude, he climbs
O'er crags that proudly tower above the deep,
And knows that sense of danger which sublimizes
The breathless moment, when his daring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave, with startled ear,

Like the death music of his coming doom,
And clings to the green turf with desperate force,
As the heart clings to life; and when resume
The currents in his veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling—like the moan
Of wearied ocean when the storm is gone.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view
Ocean and earth and heaven burst before him;
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
Of summer's sky in beauty bending o'er him—
The city bright below; and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air;
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle, and circling shore, are blended there
In wild reality. When life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of this; nor lives there one
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood's days
Of happiness were passed beneath that sun,
That in his manhood's prime can calmly gaze
Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land.

—Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Wandering Bottles on the Sea.

Of all the wonders that those who go down to the sea in ships are brought in contact with, none is so unfathomable or incomprehensible as those mighty rivers that flow through the ocean, and are known as streams where they are well defined, and as currents where they are not. The United States Hydrographic Office has been making, in the last few years, a series of experiments calculated to test fully the theory of streams and currents in the North Atlantic. Lieutenant Nazaro has among his treasures in the branch hydrographic office in this city a little bottle which once held a half-pint of whisky. Subsequent to that it held a paper saying that it was dropped overboard from the steamship Cephalonia, 400 miles east of Boston. It was brought into this port two years after it was dropped overboard by a schooner from Ambergris Key, a little island in the Bahama group.

This bottle, with its paper inside, had proved the theory of ocean currents. It had followed the Gulf Stream until it had been caught by that current which sweeps to the south along the coasts of Eastern Europe and Northern Africa, had been carried thence to the westward until it entered the Caribbean Sea, then passed between the western end of Cuba and Cape Gracias a Dios, the eastern extremity of Yucatan, and, having made the circuit of the Gulf of Mexico, was washed ashore on the western end of Ambergris Key.

Other bottles which have been dropped overboard by outgoing steamers, have, as a rule, been as satisfactory in the result of their drift as the bottle from the Cephalonia, but some of them have developed marked eccentricities in their voyages. Thus, one which was thrown overboard from the steamship Aller, off Cape Race, the southeastern extremity of Newfoundland, seems to have made a "bee line" for the Azores, where it was picked up on the beach near Fayal. In its voyage it went directly across the Gulf Stream, and followed a current never before suspected. A bottle dropped overboard by the steamship Sardinian, about 300 miles southeast of Cape Farewell, the southern extremity of Greenland, was picked up on the shores of Norway, and one dropped overboard about 200 miles off the coast of Scotland, was found in nearly the same place. Both of these bottles, journeying toward the land of the midnight sun, had shown a strong current setting from the North Atlantic on the Norwegian shores.

The general result, so far, seems to be that a strong current sets from the east upon the shores of the British Isles, and a strong one rushes into the Caribbean Sea from the Atlantic. This is a fact long maintained by writers on physical geography, but never before demonstrated as it has been by the Hydrographic Office. But the experiments of the Hydrographic Office have also developed the fact that various other subsidiary currents, acting over a large space, exist which were not before suspected.—N. Y. Tribune.

A work of art entitled "Bust of a Young Man with His Mouth Open" has been stolen from the Dresden museum, and the thief is supposed to have gone to the United States. Young men with their mouths open, however, are already a great nuisance in the United States in most of the walks of life, and the thief will find a poor market for his booty. A young man with his mouth shut and on a "bust" at the same time would meet with a reception hilarious in its enthusiasm.

FLASHES.

A bee is like nature—a sweet restorer.

Sober earnest is good—but how about drunk earnest?

Travel may develop the man, but it envelops his coin.

There may be possibilities in a lazy man, but few probabilities.

You can't get blood out of a turnip—nor money out of a beat.

An easy way to help the devil in his work is to slander your neighbors.

Men can lie to each other by telephone without exposing their blushes.

The charities many men think of and those they do are quite a different thing.

The preacher shows weakness when he attempts an explanation of the miraculous in the Bible. Most of them have little heads any way.

When a fellow flushes up in argument it is a sign he is hot, but when he "flushes up in the little game of draw he is generally cool and deliberate.

Wrangling Trustees.

It is with sincere regret we find the personal differences of members of the City Board of Trustees again obtruded upon the public, and through the medium of undignified statements in interviews with newspaper reporters. The people presumptively elected the members of the Board to intelligently administer the business affairs of the municipality; we see no excuse that advantage should be taken of important official stations to unfavorably advertise this people to the world. That our citizens have made unpardonable blunders in the selection of some of their officers has been long apparent; for the good people we have no sympathy, as it was their own act, and they alone have suffered. That our Board seems incapable of transacting public business until after indulging in a ridiculous "monkey and parrot time"—and even then not transacting it—may afford the amusement comedy is calculated to produce, but we imagine the outside world wonders what manner of people we are. We are, however, disposed to view this matter philosophically. Other cities and other countries have in a measure suffered likewise. We have no other authority than that of Cervantes concerning the government of the island of Baratalia under the administration of Sancho Panza, who, it seems, started his political career as the squire of one Don Quixote de la Mancha, a noble knight-errant, possessed of sufficient influence to bring Sancho to the front. From the account of Cervantes, Sancho was not fitted to fill the office, but he had sense enough to keep his mouth shut, yet even what little he did say was not approved by Don Quixote, for the record shows that the latter, in a communication to the Governor, wrote: "In the next place, Sancho, do not intermix in thy discourse such a multitude of proverbs as thou wert wont to do; for, though proverbs are concise and pithy sentences, thou dost often so drag them in by the head and shoulders that they seem rather the maxims of folly than of wisdom."

Whatever may be said of Governor Panza, it must be conceded to him that he realized his entire incompetence to administer the governmental affairs of his island, for we find him remarking to his political potentates: "Do but call to mind what first put this whim of government into my noddle, you will find it in your own self; for, as for me, I know no more what belongs to islands and governors than a blind buzzard. So if you fancy the devil will have me for being a governor, let me be plain Sancho still, and go to heaven, rather than My Lord Governor, and go to hell." On a close reading of Cervantes, we must conclude that distinguished author esteemed Sancho as one not fitted to administer his trust; our estimate of the governor is, however, different, for throughout the entire narrative of Don Quixote there is a thread showing that Sancho realized he had undertaken a responsibility beyond his capabilities, and that he desired to get out of it. Fortunately for him no newspapers were published in that day, yet had there been, we doubt if he would have availed himself of that avenue to advertise his lack of administrative capacity. Cervantes wrote in an age when criticism of official incapacity was more severe than now. As he is dead, and cannot reply, it would be unjust for us to extensively criticize the estimate he placed on Governor Panza. Cervantes died before the city of Sacramento was founded.

Up the River.

Under the auspices of Sacramento Council No. 27, Y. M. I., a moonlight excursion party of about 900 went up the river Wednesday evening as far as the mouth of the Feather, on the steamer Gov. Dana and the barge Onisbo. The arrangements for the excursion were perfect, and there was no mishap. Throughout it was pleasurable.

The Young Folks.

On Wednesday evening the young folks gave an enjoyable entertainment at the residence of E. C. Parsons, at Seventeenth and G Streets. There were presented "The Lovers' Stratagem"—Squire Hinsdale, rich old bachelor, George W. Larkin; Rowland Hinsdale, the Squire's nephew, Oscar Beatty; Nathalie Gwynne, a cottage girl, engaged to Rowland Hinsdale, Miss Margaret Parsons; Mother Gwynne, Ella Howe; Stella Murdock, a poetess, Miss Alice Willis; Madge, a waiting maid to Stella Murdock, Miss Ethel Keefer. "Who Wins?"—Miss Serana Smart, the old maid, Miss Margaret Parsons; Miss Margaret Bright, another old maid, Miss Eugenie Hughes; Mr. Forlorn Fidgetts, a young man, George W. Larkin; Hetty, the maid, Miss Alice Willis. The evening was pleasantly spent, and it must be said the participants, especially Oscar Beatty and George W. Larkin, acted well their parts. At the conclusion of the entertainment refreshments were served.

Organize.

This would be a good time for the patriotic Republicans to get together and take measures for a permanent organization in the shape of a club or league similar to that now so prominent in San Francisco—the Union League Club. The fact that there might be a possibility of securing the National Convention in 1892 is an incentive for active organization and work. An organization of the Republicans who have the interest of the party and the country at heart is of vital importance. We think there should be something done at once in this direction. Let a number of the thoughtful men meet and formulate a plan, after which the rank and file could put the work into execution and effect or perfect as well as a permanent organization. We rather favor the Union League Club idea. Such an organization in this city would become central so far as the northern and central part of the State is concerned.

Conventional People.

There was a young woman who said with earnestness and sincerity: "I would rather sit in a stupid parlor a whole stupid evening with the stupidest people living; I would rather feel the rain of dullness splashing down over my face and into my eyes, and know it was all right and proper, than be introduced to the brightest people on this earth if there was about them the least trace of unconventionality." And there was a woman who heard this dictum and who went from the hearing of it straightway to eat a dinner given to the only college President in the whole United States, probably, who would sit down in a flannel shirt to a board surrounded in his honor by a hundred of his old students, half in swallow-tailed coats and the other half in rose-decked gowns. And when the woman looked at the fine, simple, scholarly face and then at the gray flannel, she said to herself: "This man would not be the man he is if any self-consciousness had made him so much as question with himself the propriety of wearing or laying aside his unconventional clothes." And so this woman further said to herself: "In this world there are many opinions."—*New York Recorder.*

A Trick With Coppers.

Here is a very simple little trick with pennies that will catch the sharpest of your friends, and is divulged by the *New York Herald*. Place six pennies on the table and arrange them in the form of a Roman cross—that is, four pennies in a perpendicular row for the upright, and one on each side of the second penny for the cross piece. You will then have two rows, the up and the down row with four pennies and the horizontal row with three in it. Ask your friends to place them in two rows with four in a row by only changing the position of one penny. They will try, but they won't succeed.

Then crush them and win the drinks, if you happen to be of that nature, by placing the lower penny of the perpendicular row on the center penny. Of course, you did not stipulate that the coins were not to be placed on top of one another, and you have done the trick fairly. But it always leads to a dispute.

Boiled Chicken, Southern Style—Truss and stuff the chicken as for roasting, dredge it all over with white flour and put it in a pot of boiling water. Take the pot off the fire for five minutes after the chicken is put in or the skin will crack. Then let it boil very gently, according to age and weight, an old fowl requiring twice as long to boil as a young one. Allow fifteen minutes to the pound. Take off the scum as it rises, and when done serve with egg sauce or parsley or oyster sauce and mashed potatoes. This is a nice way to cook an old chicken, as it is much more tender and nourishing than baked, for if the chicken is old baking toughens it. We have given the recipe for egg sauce before. It should be made rich with cream and butter.

Magistrate (to complainant)—Your dog was poisoned on the north side, you say? Complainant—Why, your honor, I think he was poisoned all over.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The White House.

The President's home is like all the other mansions in America, from the humblest to the greatest; within its portals the drama of life has been enacted as in the millions of other homes all over the country. It had been built nearly a century, however, before a President brought a bride there. John Tyler, the fifteenth President, was the first who took a bride to the White House. He had been married in 1813 to Miss Semple, and she came to the presidential mansion with him when he succeeded President Harrison, in April, 1841, but she died a little later, and in 1844 the President married Miss Gardier at her home on Staten Island and took her immediately to the White House. President Cleveland was the only President who married his wife at the White House. That was June 2, 1886, when Miss Frances Folsom became the "first lady in the land."

Mrs. Washington never entered the White House as its mistress. Mrs. John Adams came first in the line of the eminent women who breathed the Potomac malaria within its precincts. Mr. Jefferson, General Jackson, Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Arthur were widowers. Mr. Buchanan was an old bachelor and Mr. Cleveland was a young bachelor when they were inaugurated. Mr. Jefferson's daughter did the honors for him. Mrs. A. J. Donelson and Mrs. Andrew Jackson, the younger, were the leading women of "Old Hickory's" household. Mr. Van Buren's daughters and daughters-in-law made the historic residence gay in his time, and Miss Harriet Lane, who did the honors for her uncle, Mr. Buchanan, is still remembered by hosts of friends whom she entertained. Mr. Arthur's social administration was presided over by his sister, Mrs. McElroy. Miss Elizabeth Cleveland represented Mr. Cleveland until his marriage. The wives of all the other Presidents have enjoyed the triumphs and troubles which attend this exalted station, the struggles for precedence and the jealousies of women whose husbands were rivals politically, for although the President's wife is always the "first lady of the land," without any quibbling, nobody has yet been able to decide positively who is the "second lady." It is said that General Jackson's wife died of excitement incident to his election to the presidency. On the other hand, Mrs. Millard Fillmore, having spent nearly three years in the White House, died a few days after she left it.

The first funeral that ever came out of the executive residence was that of President William Henry Harrison, who served the country one month. Since that time the White House has been the scene of the funerals of Secretary of State Upshur and Secretary of the Navy Gilmer, both killed by the explosion of a great gun on the Princeton in 1844. President Zachary Taylor was also buried from the White House and President Lincoln's funeral came out of the same portals. From its walls President Garfield was brought forth to die at Elberon by the seaside, and the last sad ceremony at the great mansion a little over a year ago is still fresh in the memory of the whole country.

Cucumber as Food.

Many people are under the impression that cucumber is very indigestible, and when they eat it they do so under protest and with apprehensions of possibly dire consequences. How this delusion can have arisen it is difficult to say, unless it be that cucumber is often eaten with salmon and other indigestible, table friends. It is not the cucumber, however, but the salmon that sits so heavy upon our stomach's throne. Cucumber, in fact, is very digestible when eaten properly. It cannot, indeed, be otherwise when it is remembered that it consists mainly of water and that those parts which are not water are almost exclusively cells of a very rapid growth. In eating cucumber it is well to cut it into thin slices and to masticate them thoroughly. Even the vinegar and the pepper that are so often added to it are of service to digestion if not taken in excess. The cucumber, as everyone knows, belongs to the melon tribe; but in our somewhat cold country it does not grow to any very large size, and therefore, it is firmer and looks less digestible than its congener, the melon.—*London Hospital.*

The Saxe Holm stories were attributed to a woman, not a man, and she an American. She was Helen Maria Fiske Jackson. She was born at Amherst, Mass., October 18, 1831, and died in San Francisco, August 12, 1885. She was the daughter of Professor Nathan W. Fiske, of Amherst, and was educated at the Ipswich, Mass., female seminary. In October, 1852, she married Capt. Edward B. Hunt. She had become known as a contributor to periodical literature under the signature of "H. H.," when in October, 1875, she married William S. Jackson, and thereafter spent much of her time in Colorado Springs, where her husband was a banker. She became deeply interested in the cause of the Indian, and on her death-bed wrote to the President an appeal asking for the "righting of the wrongs of the Indian race."

Young Lady—Don't you think fox hunting cruel sport? Escort—Ya-as, it is; it's regular torture, ba jove. I haven't been able to sit down for a week.—*Good News.*

Baron Rothschild's Maxims.

The elder Baron Rothschild had the walls of his bank placarded with the following curious maxims:

Carefully examine every detail of your business.

Be prompt in everything.

Take time to consider and then decide quickly.

Dare to go forward.

Bear trouble patiently.

Be brave in the struggle of life.

Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.

Never tell business lies.

Make no useless acquaintances.

Never to appear something more than you are.

Pay your debts promptly.

Learn how to risk your money at the right moment.

Shun strong liquor.

Employ your time well.

Do not reckon upon chance.

Be polite to everybody.

Never be discouraged.

Then work hard and you will be certain to succeed.

An eminent physician says that with four cuts and a few stitches he can alter a man's face so his own mother would not know him. That's nothing. Any newspaper in this country can do that much with only one cut.—*Washington Star.*

FOURTEENTH

Grand Turner Festival,

OF THE

PACIFIC TURN-BEZIRK,

To be held at Sacramento, on

JUNE 20, 21 and 22, 1891.

THE SACRAMENTO TURN VEREIN HEREBY extends a cordial invitation to all civic and military organizations, as well as the Fire Department of Sacramento, to participate in the torchlight procession at the reception of the visiting societies on SATURDAY EVENING, June 20th. Societies wishing to participate will please communicate to the Secretary and places will be assigned to them in the procession. The citizens of Sacramento are respectfully requested to decorate their places of business and residences along the line of march, and assist in making this event a great success, worthy of the Capital City of the Golden State.

For the Committee.

CHAS. SCHMIDT, Cor. Secretary.

Sacramento, May 14, 1891.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar

Floors, Fence Coping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J

SACRAMENTO.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

Telephone No. 41.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Charles Hambro & Co.
Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

A Product of Modern Culture.

She can tell where every nation
Started in at the creation,
And she much prefers cremation,
When she dies.

She can name each bone and sinew,
And if you're too fat or thin, you
Soon will have her daily din you
Remedies.

She can write the chemie symbols
Of all compounds. Play the timbrels
Till right through your ears she wimbles,
Yes, she can.

She just dotes on Athabasca;
Has a mission in Alaska;
Flannels sends to "Madagascar,"
With a fan.

She'll smile o'er a conic section,
That in you would rouse dejection;
And her love ne'er knows defection
From her books.

But one day her husband fainted;
And her fright cannot be painted,
For she'd never been acquainted
With such looks.

For a cure her fond heart bled;
But of one she'd never read;
So she stood him on his head,
Till he died.

Though the jury learned she cherished
Him next to her Hindoo "Verisht,"
"He of too much learning perished,"
They all cried.

Resources of the American Republic.

Public documents may be useful without being generally interesting, and although the governmental presses issue them with praiseworthy regularity, including some patience, it is only occasionally that a book is sent out from Washington which is calculated to commend itself so much as the *Hand Book of the American Republics*. It is bulletin No. 1 of the issue of the Bureau of the American Republics. The frontispiece is Watling's Island, the first land seen by Columbus. An international American conference met in Washington from October 2, 1889, to April 19, 1890, where all the independent nations of North, Central and South America and the republic of Hayti were represented. This conference recommended the establishment of an association, under the title of "The International Union of American Republics for the Prompt Collection and Distribution of Commercial Information," which was to be represented at Washington, under the supervision of the Secretary of State, by a bureau of the American republics. This bulletin is the first contribution of the kind. Here we have important historical data to become more valuable with age. The "Historical Notes About America" opens the door to a series of glimpses into the past, which are so arranged as to be useful for reference.

The discovery of America by Northmen introduces the reader to a chapter of events which have, first of all, the quality of antiquity. It occurs that in 985 Bjarni, son of Herjulf, an Icelandic, hearing that his father had gone to Greenland, determined to go there and join him. He was driven out of his course and saw an unknown country which, it appears, was the New England shore. Fifteen years later, in 1,000, Lief, son of Eric, undertook an expedition and landed in Helluland, now Newfoundland. Next they made a landing at Markland (Woodland), now Nova Scotia. Their next landing was on an island now known as Nantucket. Another sail brought them to Mount Hope bay and Fall river, where they anchored for the winter. "The country was named Vinland from the abundance of grapes found in the vicinity. The Northmen called the country somewhere south of Vinland the White Man's land, or Great Ireland, and believed that it was occupied by Irish." The following passage contains the names and nativity of early voyagers:

Some were not natives of the country of their service. Christopher Columbus was a native of Cogerio, near Genoa, Italy, born about 1435; he set out on a voyage of discovery in the service of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, August 3, 1492. John Cabot's birthplace is a matter of doubt. If not by birth a citizen of Venice he was by adoption, denization having been granted him in Venice, March 28, 1476, after a residence of fifteen years. He sailed in the service of England, May, 1497. Amerigo Vespucci, born in Florence, Italy, March 9, 1451, sailed in the service of Spain, May 20, 1499; in the service of Portugal, from May 10, 1501, and returned to the service of Spain in 1506. Fernando Magellan, born at Alemejo, Portugal, 1470; in the service of Spain he commanded an expedition which sailed September 20, 1519, which completed the circumnavigation of globe September 8, 1522. Jean Verazzani, a native of Florence, Italy, entered the service of France January 7, 1524. Cabrillo, a native of Portugal, in the Spanish service, explored the coast of California. Henry Hudson, a native of England, entered the service of the Dutch East India Company in 1609 and discovered the site of New York. Vitus Behring, a Dane by birth, entered into the service of Russia in 1728.

Among the useful facts concerning America are some which the reader may find interest-

ing and useful for remembrance. Here are a few of them:

The banana is the most productive of the fruits of the earth, being 44 times more productive than the potato and 131 more productive than wheat.

The highest inhabited altitude is the Buddhist Cloister, Halue, in Thibet—16,000 feet; the next highest is Galera, a railway station in Peru—15,635 feet.

There are about 4,000,000 llamas used in Peru as beasts of burden.

The highest tide in the world is in the Bay of Bengal, 70 feet; the lowest is at Panama, 23 inches.

Midway between the islands of Tristan d'Acunha and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata the bottom was reached at the depth of 7,706 fathoms, equal to 46,236 feet, or 8 1/4 miles; at a point 300 miles from the Bermudas, 5,700 fathoms of line were paid out (nearly 6 1/2 miles) and no bottom found.

The following tabular statement of the dimensions of the earth, coming by authority of all the American governments, may as well be presented as reliable:

	Statute miles.
Diameter at the poles.....	7,804.8809
Diameter, mean.....	7,911.8960
Diameter at the equator.....	7,924.9111
Difference of diameter at poles and equator.....	26.0302
Flattened at each pole.....	13.0151
Circumference around the poles.....	24,815.0452
Circumference, mean.....	24,855.9333
Circumference round the equator.....	24,896.8214
Area of the earth, square miles.....	197,000,000
Area of the water, square miles.....	145,000,000
Area of the land, square miles.....	52,000,000

The following table presents areas in square miles:

Principal Land divisions.	Area.	Principal Water divisions.	Area.
North America.....	9,100,000	Atlantic ocean.....	30,000,000
South America.....	7,000,000	Pacific ocean.....	63,000,000
Europe.....	3,800,000	Indian ocean.....	25,000,000
Asia.....	16,000,000	Arctic ocean.....	4,000,000
Africa.....	11,600,000	Antarctic ocean.....	8,000,000
Oceania.....	4,500,000	Inland waters.....	15,000,000

Population of the world, 1,468,000,000; languages, about 900; dialects, about 5,000; religious creeds, upward of 1,100; the average duration of life throughout the world is 33 years; one-fourth of the population die before the 7th year; one-half of the population die before the 17th year; only one of 10,000 reaches the 100th year; only one of 500 reaches the 80th year, and only one of 100 reaches the 65th year.

Women Like Flowers.

Ellis Wheeler Wilcox, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, claims that there are as many kinds of women as there are flowers and vegetables. That every woman can be analyzed into some department of her mental conservatory. We give her analysis of the "kissable" woman, as taken from her June bouquet:

Her size, age, tints, features, disposition, character—one and all have seemingly nothing to do with her charm. All you are conscious of in her presence is the desire to take her in your arms and kiss her. She may be absolutely devoid of personal beauty, and not young, and yet nine men and a half and seven women out of each ten, will want to kiss her if they are in her presence five minutes. Sometimes she is good and kind and unselfish, and possessed of beauty; and then she is always breaking hearts without meaning to do so, and winning love she cannot return, and incurring criticism she does not deserve. She sees more beautiful women giving more encouragement to men than she gives, and indulging in far more desperate flirtations without causing any such disaster as she causes by one kind, sweet smile; and she cannot understand it all, at least not until she has had all sorts of trouble out of it. But the fact is, that the men who are quite hardened to flirtations with the merely beautiful women, lose their heads in an insane desire to seize the kissable girl in their arms. Women who do not possess this charm, and who play a bold game of flirtation without incurring any such risks and dangers, find it impossible to explain the effect of the kissable girl upon her admirers. They think she must be a very deep and adroit siren at heart, while, in fact, she is often frankness personified. She is inclined to become somewhat selfish, however, as time passes, in her love of admiration, and to take as her natural right more love than belongs to her. But she is never malicious or intentionally unkind. She feels sorry for her lovers after she has won them, and she never wounds another woman if she can help it without a too great sacrifice of the love and devotion which is her native element. She is full of love herself, and her friendships are inclined to be as ardent as the love of the "handsome" woman. Her rejected lovers become her friends almost always, and her husband worships her and finds her a better wife than she was a sweetheart. If she marries a man strong and tactful enough to keep her entire heart, she becomes a great favorite with her own sex, for women have always been inclined to adore her when they were not jealous of her influence over men.

I place the kissable woman among my luscious roses—with now and then a hidden thorn—my spicy carnations, wherein a bee may be concealed, and my fragrant magnolias. Discussing another whom she calls the "designing" woman, with the fair face and voluptuous form, who is politic in all she says or does: She always has her little axe to grind, hidden somewhere in the folds of her costly robe—for she always wears costly dresses and worships jewels. She seeks the love of men who can advance her interests and increase her revenue, and she considers nothing immoral that is not found out. She studies the weaknesses of the sterner sex and is willing to take any risk with an expectation of financial or social benefit. She assumes great virtue, frequents churches, is liberal in public charities, often courts the women who can give her a back-ground of respectability; ignores snubs, and smiles down cold stares. She invites herself to houses where she thinks it is well for her to be seen, and if the society paper chronicles her name as one of the guests she feels repaid for any neglect or indifference she may have received while there. She cares only for men as they may be useful to her, but she is such an adept in the arts of fascination that she is capable of increasing their very intense—if very fleeting—devotion, and they are not infrequently ready to sacrifice name and honor for her. But she disillusions them with her mercenary frivolities, and her husband finds her disloyal, and her career is certain to end in that of an adventuress. She is sure to attract a vast amount of comment and notice wherever she goes, and she is quite content if she can make a sensation. She belongs with the uncanny cactus plants, and the gorgeous-hued tropical flowers from which deadly poisons are distilled.

I place the kissable woman among my luscious roses—with now and then a hidden thorn—my spicy carnations, wherein a bee may be concealed, and my fragrant magnolias. Discussing another whom she calls the "designing" woman, with the fair face and vo-

luptuous form, who is politic in all she says or does: She always has her little axe to grind, hidden somewhere in the folds of her costly robe—for she always wears costly dresses and worships jewels. She seeks the love of men who can advance her interests and increase her revenue, and she considers nothing immoral that is not found out. She studies the weaknesses of the sterner sex and is willing to take any risk with an expectation of financial or social benefit. She assumes great virtue, frequents churches, is liberal in public charities, often courts the women who can give her a back-ground of respectability; ignores snubs, and smiles down cold stares. She invites herself to houses where she thinks it is well for her to be seen, and if the society paper chronicles her name as one of the guests she feels repaid for any neglect or indifference she may have received while there. She cares only for men as they may be useful to her, but she is such an adept in the arts of fascination that she is capable of increasing their very intense—if very fleeting—devotion, and they are not infrequently ready to sacrifice name and honor for her. But she disillusions them with her mercenary frivolities, and her husband finds her disloyal, and her career is certain to end in that of an adventuress. She is sure to attract a vast amount of comment and notice wherever she goes, and she is quite content if she can make a sensation. She belongs with the uncanny cactus plants, and the gorgeous-hued tropical flowers from which deadly poisons are distilled.

PACIFIC HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

M. DUFFY,

Manufacturer of

Carriages, Wagons, Carts, Etc.**REPAIRING**

Done at Short Notice. All Work Warranted.

1111-1113 J Street, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. M. MORRISON,

Southeast Cor. Twelfth and E Streets,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

General Merchandise.**EBNER BROS.**

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

THE

Bell Conservatory Co.

SACRAMENTO.

**Floral Work and Plant Decoration**

A SPECIALTY.

Telephone No. 155.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers**and Shippers.**

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,**UNDERTAKING PARLORS**

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

SACRAMENTO**FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,**

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES

CALL AT THE

Sacramento Stove House

813 and 815 J STREET,

—And You Will Save Money.—

H. K. WALLACE & CO.

DR. H. H. PIERSON,

511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

C. E. BAINBRIDGE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to 10 P. M.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

HOWE'S**High School and Normal Institute**

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening, Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than J. SLAUGHTER, Sixth and M streets. Telephone 318.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO.

NEW ROUTE TO BARTLETT SPRINGS.

Its Many and Varied Attractions.

The Southern Pacific Company, in connection with William Spiers and L. E. McMahan & Sons, have put in operation a new route to Bartlett Springs that gives the visitor to that famous resort the most delightful trip that can be made in the State, for it is a combination of short rail, steamer and stage rides, which bring into view the most charming scenery of Central California. None of the various divisions of the route are long enough to weary the traveler, and all have distinct charms of their own.

Passengers from San Francisco leave by the ferry at 7:30 A. M., cross the bay to Oakland Pier, run up the bay by rail to Vallejo Junction, cross the straits to Vallejo, pass up the Napa valley by rail to Calistoga, arriving at 10:45 A. M.; take Spiers' stage over Mt. St. Helena to Lower Lake Landing, arriving at 4:00 P. M.; take the steamer on Clear Lake for a run of twenty-one miles, arriving at Bartlett Springs Landing at 5:30 P. M.; take stage to Bartlett Springs, arriving at 8:30 P. M.

Passengers from Knights Landing, Marysville and Woodland will leave by train No. 50, connecting at Davis with the train which leaves Sacramento at 6:15 A. M., arriving at Suisun at 7:40 A. M., and connecting there with local train at 7:45 A. M., and at Napa Junction at 9:30 A. M. for the Calistoga train.

This new route is so full of interest, and is so great a novelty, that a short description of its less familiar features is timely. Merely for the sights to be seen on the way, without reference to the attractions of Bartlett Springs as a health resort, the trip has unequalled charms for pleasure seekers and tourists, while for invalids seeking benefit at the springs it is singularly pleasant and exhilarating, and is altogether a delightful novelty.

Not everybody has seen the Napa valley, and yet every mile of it is a picture. Compared with the Santa Clara valley it is narrow, and yet it is wide enough to contain some of the prettiest towns and most famous vineyards in California. In the other wine districts of the State an occasional vineyard may be seen from the train, but the wineries are remote. In the Napa valley the railroad forms a lane through miles of beautiful vineyards, while every one of the great stone wineries of the valley is close to the road. There are fine orchards, too; and it is a pleasant sight to see the highly cultivated orchards and vineyards covering the valley and sweeping over the hills, with handsome homes at short intervals all the way from Napa City to Calistoga. In one single stretch of nine miles the train stops at six pretty stations.

The valley closes in at Calistoga, and to the right towers the gray summit of Mt. St. Helena, 4,500 feet high. Mr. Spiers' fine new Concord stage, drawn by six spirited horses, takes the passengers at Calistoga and dashes away toward the gray old dead volcano. As the road rapidly ascends the mountain the upper end of Napa valley, with Calistoga in the center, unfolds like a panorama, and the scene is charming. Some bold features of the mountains bear witness to the volcanic history of the region.

High rocks, a lofty palisade of perpendicular stone, crowns the summit of the ride to the right, and upon a tall battlement crouches the "petrified bear," a singular stone formation of great size, outlined against the sky. In a few minutes an elevation of 3,000 feet is reached, and Napa valley from this great height looks like the work of a fairy's brush, so soft and minute are the details, and so exquisite the coloring. This is the highest point attained by the stage.

Fresh horses are taken at the Toll House, and then Lake county, that remarkable storehouse of natural wonders and beauties, is entered, and the stage skims along the splendid road as it drops down the canyon in the northern flank of Mt. St. Helena.

Rich and varied verdure in nature's order here, and handsome wild flowers in great abundance and variety, give broad splashes of red and yellow and blue and white to the prevalent shades of green. Bewitching glens and glades and canyons swing into view, and then give way to others just as handsome, and there is always in sight some mountain stream, each seeming cooler and shadier and more winsome than the last one passed. The horses are safe, the driver is alert and skillful, the road smooth and fine, and the big coach swings along as easily as a yacht before the wind.

Middletown is reached at 1.00 P. M. for luncheon, which Hank Moore serves with his old skill. The Langtry-Gebhardt stock farm is near, but not in sight. Fresh horses are taken at Middletown; oak-covered Coyote valley and the broad Putah creek are crossed. At Greene's ranch fresh horses again are taken, and the run is made down through the pretty town of Lower Lake, and then on across Cache creek, the outlet for Clear Lake, to Lower Lake Landing, where L. E. McMahan & Sons, proprietors of Bartlett Springs and of the steamer and stage lines from Lower Lake Landing, take charge of the passengers.

They board the City of Lakeport, the largest, prettiest, swiftest and most comfortable steamer on Clear Lake, and have a charming cruise of twenty-one miles on the lake. The

steamer is commanded by Capt. Cal. C. McMahan, one of the owners, and the graceful little craft clips along at a rate of fourteen miles an hour.

Lower Lake is the southern extension of Clear Lake. It is separated from East Lake by a long peninsula that splits the lower end of Clear Lake into two parts. On emerging from Lower Lake the whole of East Lake comes into view, with the Indian rancheria and the great smelting works of Sulphur Bank Quicksilver Mine.

Soon the lake closes in, by reason of the intrusion of Mt. Kanocti on the western shore. This noble mountain is the monarch of all that region, as Mt. St. Helena is of upper Napa valley. It is 4,700 feet high. The elevation of Clear Lake is 1,200 feet.

It is in this trip only that all the beauties of Clear Lake are brought into review. Those who have never seen this charming sheet of water have a rich treat in store. It lies peacefully in a vast mountain-rimmed cup; and the shore, whether a steep slope or a cosy little valley and sand beach, is every mile of it a most charming picture. In time it will be lined with the villas of wealthy people, Buckingham Park and the late Capt. Floyd's country seat being pioneer manifestations of this inevitable happening.

The boat rapidly skims along under the afternoon shadow of towering double-peaked Kanocti (known better as "Uncle Sam Mountain" to Clear Lake dwellers lacking in fastidiousness); passes through the Narrows and enters the main body of the lake, which is eight miles wide.

Soda Bay lies under the northern wing of Kanocti, and here and there are fine baths and a hotel. Lakeport lies a row of white points on the distant western shore, and the steamer heads straight for Bartlett Springs Landing, arriving at 5:30 P. M.

McMahans' fine stage, drawn by brisk horses, driven by Ed. Walker, now takes the passengers over the splendid new turnpike to Bartlett Springs. For several miles the road ascends the mountains by many devious turns, and Clear Lake is in sight nearly till the summit, 3,500 feet high, is reached.

This view of the lake is of startling beauty; it is the noblest and handsomest bit of scenery between Lake Tahoe and the ocean. The reddening sun, sinking in the west, sends long shafts of red and golden light down to the surface of the deep blue water, and tips the limpid waves with gold. Sheeny stretches of light appear and disappear, and the softest colors float upon the lake. It is a scene to be treasured as long as memory obeys the law of its creation.

The lake and all its glories suddenly disappear, and the horses trot gayly down the grade toward the Springs. Handsome yellow pines and firs, alternating with massive oaks and wild flowers of many kinds, modestly claim attention. Pretty canyons and valleys are passed, and finally the big hotel of Bartlett Springs, nestled among its hundred cottages, welcomes the travelers.

Here guests, in number from eight hundred to a thousand, find many ways of amusing themselves. The owners of the property, enterprising and intelligent men, have been specially fortunate in securing H. S. Greeley as manager. The changes and improvements made by this well-known hotel manager are as radical as they are gratifying, and it is to be hoped that he can be retained permanently.

On this route to Bartlett's the traveler is taken past all the well-known mineral springs of Napa county. At Calistoga stages for the Geysers and the petrified forest connect with the train, and the route in Lake county passes close to such well-known health resorts as Ziegler's Springs, Howard Springs, Adams' Springs, Harbin's Springs and others.

This meager description of the finest trip in this part of the State cannot do justice to the charms and beauties which await the traveler. It will at once become the principal route to Bartlett's.

Many consider the idea that a man can feel pain in an amputated limb as a superstitious absurdity, but this opinion is a mistake. All the sensations that an injury to a foot would occasion, for instance, may be felt by one whose foot is amputated. There is a good physiological reason for this in the fact that many of the nerves that furnish communication between the brain are not injured in their activity by the amputation of their lower portion, and convey sensation as readily as ever. The brain fails to recognize the fact that the function of the nerve has changed, and that the part in which it formerly terminated exists no longer. Therefore, when a sensation is felt conveyed by a nerve that in the unamputated body led to the foot, the feeling is the same as if the foot was still in place. If certain nerves in an amputated leg be touched, the feeling is exactly the same as if the foot was touched, and the sensation of pain is felt not where it is applied, but where the mind has been in the habit of receiving communications from the nerve in question.

Horace Greeley once remarked of America: "We need a damned good licking," and when an Englishman indorsed the statement the old editor retorted: "But there is no nation in the world can lick us."

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT, A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF CHOICE

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE,

228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD, C. A. VIEMEISTER.

WINDSOR HOTEL.

NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors.

Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of J. C. Bainbridge, an insolvent debtor. J. C. Bainbridge having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. C. Bainbridge is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the county of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, on the 19th day of June, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M., of that day to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, May 11th, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,

Judge of the Superior Court.

WM. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Petitioner.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Helen A. Grant, Allen D. Grant, Edward N. Grant, Catherine Matzen, Mary M. Miller, John Doe, and Richard Roe, greeting.

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 29th day of January, 1891, in which action EDWARD DIETERLE is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: The said action is brought for the purpose of quieting the title to that certain piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and described according to the plan of said city, as the south twenty (20) feet of the west sixty-eight (68) feet of lot number one, in the block bounded by J and K, and 5th and 6th streets; for the purpose, also, of determining all adverse claims of the said defendants to said property; and for a decree of said Court, declaring and adjudging that the title of plaintiff to said premises is good and valid, and that neither the said defendants have, nor any of them has, any estate or interest in the same; and forever enjoining and debarring the said defendants, and each of them, from asserting any claim to said land adverse to plaintiff, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 20th day of February, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

A. L. HART, Attorney for Plaintiff.

ap4-9t

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

A. L. HART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON. ALBERT M. JOHNSON. HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, LAWYERS. 504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS. Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 418 J Street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER. Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, LAWYER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, 630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, upstairs in City Hall, front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Origin of the Word Kaiser.
"Kaiser" is the German synonym of Caesar. By recourse to Brewer we obtain an interesting definition of the title. He says, by way of preliminary: "The Roman empire in its decline was divided into east and west. The popes of Rome ignored the east and assumed that the title of the old Roman emperor belonged exclusively to the west." Then in Selden's "Titles of Honor" we find that Charlemagne restored Leo III to the papal chair and, out of gratitude, Leo gave to Charlemagne the empty title of "Carolus Caesar Augustus," or "Karl Kaiser Augustus of the Romans." Keyser is low German for Caesar, and the title given by Leo becomes, in low German, "Karl Keyser Wahzen desz Reichs." The title was continued in the German successors of Charlemagne till the death of Charles le Gros, when it fell into abeyance for seventy-four years. In 962 Pope John XII restored the title, with a slight alteration, and crowned Otto I (the great king of Germany), "Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire," and till 1056 his successors went to Rome, after their coronations as kings of Germany, to receive the additional title of "Kaiser" (of the Holy Roman Empire, or of the West). Heinrich III, just before his death, invented a new title, "King of the Romans," to be borne by the kings elect of Germany, and then the reigning king was kaiser or "Emperor of the Romans," and the king elect was "King of the Romans." In 1338 the electors decreed that it was not needful for a king of Germany to undergo a second coronation at Rome; but, inasmuch, as from the moment of his election he was "King of the Romans," he became ex officio "Emperor of the Romans," or Kaiser the moment he was crowned. From that time till 1508 the king regnant was ex officio "Emperor of the Romans," and the crown prince or king elect was "King of the Romans." In 1508 Maximilian intended to go to Rome to get crowned, but was prevented, and he assumed a somewhat new departure. Being king, he called himself "Emperor elect of the Romans," and henceforth the crown prince was "King of the Romans," but after the death of his father he became "Emperor elect of the Romans," and as soon as he was crowned he became King of Germany and Emperor of Rome. In 1806, Napoleon having mutilated the German empire, Francis II was obliged to abandon the title of "Emperor of the West" and assumed instead the title of "Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary," and the dominion is now styled the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

A Modern Methuselah.
The oldest man in the world is a citizen of Bogota, in Salvador. This Methuselah declares that he is 180 years old, and it would seem he flatters himself, for his neighbors give the assurance that he is older than he says he is, says an English literary paper. He is a half-breed named Michael Solis, whose existence was revealed to Dr. Louis Hernandez by one of the oldest planters in that locality, who as a child knew Solis as a centenarian. They have found in the year 1712 his signature among those person who contributed to the building of a Franciscan convent which exists near San Sebastian. His skin is like parchment, his long hair, of the whiteness of snow, envelopes his head like a turban, and his look is so keen that it made a disagreeable impression on the doctor. "I never eat but once a day," said he, "but I never use any but the strongest and most nourishing foods. My meals last a half hour, for I believe it is impossible to eat more in that time than the body can digest in 24 hours. I fast the first and fifteenth days of each month, and on those days I drink as much water as I can bear. I always let my food become cold before I touch it. It is to these things that I attribute my great age."

The Mean Girl
Unearths unpleasant secrets.
Shifts her burdens on the shoulders of others.
Says she will and conveniently forgets to keep her word.
Sings loudly when the rest of the choir are singing low.
Chooses for her opponent some one weaker than herself.
Is content to spend the time and money of those who cannot afford to lose it.
Never forgets to remind her friends of the favors she has bestowed.
Keeps the bitter memories of others in a healthy state of existence by her continued effort.
Buys a hat like her dearest foe's best one, and gives it away to the servant a fortnight later.
Lets her jealous nature and stinging tongue play false to those who have befriended her.
Contrasts the happiness or goodness of the third person singular with the lot of the person addressed.
Has no real friends, and, after all, deserves our pity because of the weakness of her character.

An old churchgoer remarked the other day: "There are some people who go to church and clasp their hands so tight in prayer that they can't get them apart when the contribution box comes around."

H. WACHHORST *Leading Jeweler of Sacramento*
SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,
No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.
On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK
FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA
Studio, 521 J Street.

W. J. HASSETT. D. JOHNSTON.
D. JOHNSTON & CO.,
Book and Job Printers,
410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Edwin K. Aisip & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1860.
REAL ESTATE
AND INSURANCE AGENTS.
FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.
Catalogues issued monthly.
No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

R. DAVIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent.
Representing the following companies:
Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J Street, Sacramento.

FRED. SCHREIER,
TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BET. Q AND R,
CEMENT SIDEWALKS,
Garden Walks, Carriage Drives, Etc., constructed at shortest notice, in the most workman-like manner and at lowest rates.

WINE ROOMS,
FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.
614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.
FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER
WISSEMAN'S SALOON,
Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,
1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.
GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.
Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.
BOHEMIA PILSENER, BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.
LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

OPERA HOUSE
CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.
R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED
WEINER LAGER BEER
CAPITAL BREWERY
LOUIS NICOLAUS,
Corner Twelfth and I Streets
SACRAMENTO.

CHANGED HANDS.
SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE
(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)
1012 SEVENTH STREET.
Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars.
ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.
Southern Pacific Company
PACIFIC SYSTEM.
May 1, 1891.
Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6:30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11 15 A
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8 40 P
12:50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4 20 A
4:30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7 00 P
7:30 P	Knight's Landing and Marysville	7 10 A
10:50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	2 35 A
12:05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2 25 A
11:00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8 15 A
3:00 P	Oroville	10 30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10 30 A
10:40 A	Redding via Willows	4 00 P
2:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 40 A
4:35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12 35 A
6:30 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 15 A
8:40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10 40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8 40 P
*10:00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26 00 A
10:50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2 50 P
10:50 A	San Jose	2 50 P
4:30 P	Santa Barbara	9 35 A
6:15 A	Santa Rosa	11 40 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	8 40 P
8:50 A	Stockton and Galt	7 00 P
4:30 P	Stockton and Galt	4 35 A
12:05 P	Truckee and Reno	2 25 A
11:00 P	Truckee and Reno	8 15 A
6:30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2 30 P
6:15 A	Vallejo	11 40 A
3:05 P	Vallejo	11 40 P
*6:35 A	Folsom and Placerville	2 40 P
*3:10 P	Folsom and Placerville	11 35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank
DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities of the World.
OFFICERS:
PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER
DIRECTORS:
C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

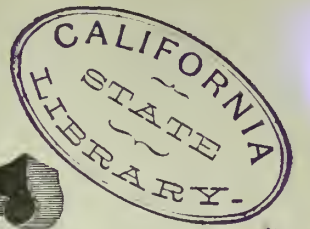
People's Savings Bank
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26
Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.
Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.
WM. BECKMAN, President.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

Huntington Hopkins
Company,
HARDWARE
Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.
SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

BAKER & HAMILTON,
San Francisco and Sacramento,
Importers and Jobbers of
Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,
MACHINERY
And Agricultural Implements.
Send for Catalogue.

R. A. OLMSTED. S. P. OLMSTED.
Fourth Street Cash Grocery
R. A. OLMSTED & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.
Fruits and Vegetables, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain, and all kinds of Mill Stuffs.
Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos.
400 L Street, S. E. cor. Fourth, Sacramento.
Fresh Butter and Eggs a Specialty. Goods delivered free of charge to any part of the City, R. R. depot or Steamboat landing. Highest price paid for Country Produce.

THE HILLS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891.

No. 15.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

We shall ever have a deep and tender interest in the resting place of our heroic dead. Not only those great and brilliant captains—the renowned of the world—but those who have no place in history by name; the private soldier who fell in battle, occupies a place in our memory. The Memorial Day services are one of the means of keeping the memory of our private soldier as well as the gifted captains who have passed away. Our people decorate and guard their graves with sacredness. No wanton foot ever treads rudely the grave of the dead patriot; it is hallowed ground. This beautiful custom of Memorial Day service prevents the ravages of time or neglect, and perpetuates the glory of our nation's heroes for future generations. To-day we call back the faces and forms of our gallant leaders, as well as the ranks. The fields that were wet with their blood are before us to-day, and the veteran's children can look upon them as a memory of the eventful past. The dead are living in our memories to-day. As we look upon the young and handsomely uniformed citizen soldiers as they escort the veterans to the last resting place of our departed comrades, we cannot help drawing the distinction between their elastic and vigorous step in exact time, and the unsteady lines of the old, grey haired, limping veterans who followed. A quarter of a century ago these brave men marched in quick time to the rattle of musketry and the boom of cannon and shell, amid the groans of the dying and the yells of battle frenzied. We see them to-day in that upright strength and valor, not the broken and bent forms they present to-day. Wherever we see an old soldier of the rebellion, we think only of the glory that surrounds him, and make it the means of loyal enthusiasm as well as poetic feeling and fancy. In a few years but few of the men of "62" and "65" will remain—will be only a memory. Every passing year makes their number less. The great fiat will in a very brief number of years muster out the last veteran of the war, and those who are now babes will only be able to point to the monuments of Memorial Day. Possibly there may be here and there a lingering grey-haired and infirm veteran of the ranks that even to-day show that they are not now so full and strong. The grave stones are thickening that bear the names of the survivors. The American people realize what a noble monument to this republic are the graves of the soldiers who stood the battle shocks of "61" and "65."

A large number of the wheel-horses of Republicanism met on Tuesday evening and took the preliminary steps towards the permanent organization of a National League. The lessons of the past show the necessity for this timely action. The great secret of Democratic perpetuity can be attributed to the thorough organization that has been kept up by that party. For years—nearly a quarter of a century—they met national defeat, only to appear again each succeeding campaign with even a more perfect organization. No party has ever lived through such defeats; and organization has been the secret. Minorities have often been victorious by organization. At this time there is only one object in view by Republicans—the welfare of the party and the nation. With such an organization as that contemplated, harmony and success is assured the grand old

party. There was at the meeting mentioned the greatest unity of sentiment. It was apparent that only a patriotic spirit prevailed. There was an entire absence of any individual or personal interest. It is proper that the capital city should take the lead in effecting a State permanent organization upon an impartial basis. The fact that some Republicans may be led off through the medium of other political movements, is quite sufficient reason for the prompt action of the patriotic Republicans to circumvent such a course. It must be patent to all that the "People's Party," "Alliances," "Labor Leagues" are but devices of the Democracy to weaken the Republicans, while the Democratic ranks remain intact. When our Republican brothers discover this they will be likely to return to the fold, and organization is the only way to bring this about.

The last bulletin from the census department discloses some valuable information concerning foreign, national, State and county indebtedness. The United States indebtedness in 1880 was \$1,922,517,364; in 1890, \$915,962,112—a decrease of \$1,006,555,252. The county indebtedness of the various counties in the United States show an increase of \$17,845,818. From statistics of foreign countries, during the last decade, it appears the aggregate increase of the indebtedness is \$2,154,503,655. In France the debt per capita is \$116.35; Great Britain has a per capita debt of \$87.79; Russia, \$30.79; Austria-Hungary, \$70.84; Italy, \$76.06; Belgium, \$63.10; The Netherlands, \$95.56; while the United States has but \$14.63, and the debt is nearly one-half made up of non-interest-bearing notes. In the last ten years the United States has reduced its per capita debt from \$38.33 to \$14.63. Aggregating the national, State and county indebtedness, the per capita has decreased from \$46.59 in 1880, to \$20.45 in 1890. At the same proportionate decrease, in another decade the country would be relieved from its national, State, and county indebtedness, if they could be distributed for that purpose. In 1880 California had a debt of \$3,141,811; in 1890 the debt is \$2,527,624. The per capita for California in 1880 was \$3.63, as against \$2.09 in 1890. The county indebtedness for California in 1880 was \$7,312,489; in 1890, \$5,281,324. The bonded debt of Sacramento county in 1880 was \$686,800, which has been reduced only \$26,300 in the last ten years, leaving the debt still \$660,500. Los Angeles has a debt of \$739,500, as against \$682,311 in 1880. Nevada, Amador and Santa Barbara are nearly out of debt. There is no showing for San Francisco.

It is apparent that the people of the east hold our wines in higher estimate than we do. President Francis D. Clark, of the New York Society of Associated Pioneers of the territorial days of California, writes us from New York: "During the past five years the only wines used at the annual dinners, January 18th, of this society, are *California wines*. When Mr. John S. Ellis was the president of the society he opposed the use of any other wines, and the rule is still adhered to." In his letter, Mr. Clark encloses an editorial from the *New York Herald* of the 13th inst., as follows:

Californians have neither lacked eloquence nor modesty when describing the gorgeous products of their sunny hill-sides and valleys. It has been especially impressed upon us that the excellence of their wines is unequalled; that the vintages of Europe find favor in this country only because we are undeniably prejudiced in favor of everything foreign. And yet, with all this coruscating, crackling oratory in the air, it is reported that at the banquet board [in San Francisco.—ED.] where the President was recently an honored guest the wines used were not Californian, not the product of home industry, but the result of pauper labor in France. We hope the report, which has been given wide circulation

and excited considerable astonishment, will be thunderously denied. To give the President a bird's-eye view of more and better grapevines than he ever dreamed of, to beg him to protect this important home manufacture, and then when he asks for a glass of wine to draw the cork which has a foreign maker's name on it—this is odd and incongruous enough to excite a smile.

For ourselves, we confess to great admiration of California. Its grapes are so luscious that we wish our throats were a mile long, that we might enjoy their sweetness all the way down. And its wines, many of them, are fit even for an American to drink, whether he hails from the White House or elsewhere. If the Californians can't agree with us in these matters, then we must extend to them our most courteous condolences.

We have periodical spasms of virtue and morality. Every few years there arises a clamor for great moral reforms. With some, the present is always the climax of immorality. While it is true that our community would be better if there were less intoxicating liquors used over bars, as a matter of fact there is no greater degree of immorality than in the past. We would like to see some radical changes in the matters of regulating saloons. Indeed, some radical regulations are necessary in order to get rid of the disreputable dives that foster under the name of saloon. But this is a subject that demands thoughtful consideration, in order to avoid discriminating between those engaged in the liquor traffic. It is a difficult matter to say who shall, and who shall not receive the license of the law to conduct saloons. Just where the dividing line should be drawn it is not easy to decide. The trustees have made an attempt to adjust this situation by the selection of the Mayor and Chief of Police as a *quasi* excise committee. This is a proper decree, and from an impartial investigation a way out of the difficulty may be developed. There are some people who are entirely too virtuous, and to them can be credited the greatest drawback to judicious reform.

There is a perfect avalanche of literature in the periodicals treating of the condition of the unfortunate; a writer in the *May Arena* follows up the subject with many terse thoughts. Last week we devoted some space in the discussion of pauperism in this country. We give below an extract from the *Arena*:

When we glance at the way in which the churches practically carry out the teachings of Christ in regard to the mutual relations of men, it is not difficult to explain the loss of faith among large numbers, especially of the poorer classes. We see at once why the churches are repelling the vast number of people known as the "masses." They are not in sympathy with their needs, their suffering, their obstacles and their aims. What wonder that faith is lost in anything supernatural! The life-conditions of swarms of people around us are fearfully hard. They labor from one year to another, with no hope of competence or even of decent comfort. Tens of thousands in our large cities are engaged in a daily and pitiless struggle with hunger, cold and nakedness. Recently I saw a young mother with a baby in her arms, whose husband was sick, evicted from a tenement for non-payment of rent. This is not unusual. Such a family have no credit. Everything they get is under the hardest conditions. They have to buy coal by the pail, and thus pay double and treble what is exacted of well-to-do people. Food and furniture come relatively high. They are sometimes intemperate, usually ignorant and often shiftless.—but whose duty is it to help and educate them? Poverty leads to vice quite as much as vice to poverty. During the past season there came under my observation a pale, slender girl, whose wistful eyes told of hard struggle and scant pleasure, engaged in making scarfs at thirty-five cents a dozen. This involves much labor, which three years ago easily brought a dollar a dozen. Each season, as more hungry applicants have competed, the price has fallen. The economic law rendering it desirable to buy cheap and sell dear applies to labor and makes no account of taking advan-

tage of necessity. Many people are living in an environment that stunts all growth, physical, moral and spiritual. Women with weary, hopeless mien, and children whose pinched, wan faces seem to be a silent reproach for the misery of centuries, in which so many have been crushed down and outwitted in the struggle for subsistence. These women and children are to day dragging out their meager lives in many a wretched hovel and stifling tenement house. They are sick and in prison, but how few have visited them. Under the fierce competition of modern society, the weak and unfortunate are hopelessly crowded to the wall.

There is plenty of work for the philanthropist here.

Our merchants and shop keepers who have a fixed place of business are required by ordinances—city and county—to pay a license tax for this privilege. In some cases this license as exacted amounts to a tax on labor as well as home productions. As an illustration, butchers are required to pay a license where they have a fixed place of business. In this case it is a tax on labor as well as the productions of the State. Now, when this license tax is enforced, there should be some protection against itinerant hawkers and peddlers. When those having a fixed place of business have to bear the burdens of this tax, they should not be brought into competition with the itinerant peddler who is exempt from license tax for peddling the products of the State or of his own labor. We notice that the butchers have to bear this competition as there is an itinerant concern which goes from door to door with butchers' commodities. The Board of Trustees and Supervisors should see to it that a sufficient tax be exacted from them.

Old Maids in Literature.

It is a curious fact that three of the most successful and eminent literary women in England—Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Mitford—should have been typical old maids; not merely unmarried through stress of intervening circumstances—ill health, early disappointment or a self-sacrificing devotion to other cares—but women whose lives were rounded and completed without that element which we are taught to believe is the main-spring and prime motor of existence. To understand how thoroughly this was the case we have but to turn to a later and very different writer, Charlotte Bronte, who married when she was 38 and died one year afterward, and whose literary life was accordingly passed in spinsterhood. Yet if that very grave and respectable gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Nicholls, had never appeared upon the scene at all it would have been impossible to call Miss Bronte a typical old maid. She had the outward signs of one, indeed, the prim demeanor, the methodical habits, the sarcastic attitude toward the male sex, but burning in every fiber of her being and evident in every page of her writings is that fierce unrest, that inarticulate, distressful longing of a woman who craves a mate. We can easily imagine Elizabeth Bennett and the very sensible Elinor Dashwood, and even Emma Woodhouse, dearest and brightest of girls, slipping from their lovers' grasp and growing into old maids as charming as was Miss Austen herself; but poor, plain Jane Eyre and that insignificant little school-mistress, Lucy Snowe, are shaken and consumed with the passion of their own desires. Such women cannot walk from the cradle to the grave handling their lives with delicate satisfaction and content; they must find what they need or die. It is amusing to note how the various critics and biographers of Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Mitford have debated and fretted over the painful lack of romance in their careers. Feminine critics especially find it difficult to believe that there is no hidden tale to tell, no secret and justifiable cause for this otherwise inexplicable behavior, and much time and patience have been exhausted in dragging shadowy memories to light.

An Erroneous Derivation.

"Rodomontade" means "bragging," and comes from Rodomont, king of Sarza or Algiers, in Boiardo's "Orlando Innamorata," and Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." Like the word "hectoring," "rodomontade" is a most unjust imputation on the hero from whose name it is derived, for Hector was no scold and Rodomont no cowardly braggart. The latter prince was famous as the lover of Doralis, princess of Granada, who, however, deserted him and eloped with Manricardo, king of Tartary. Having a quarrel with Rogero, he challenged the latter at his wedding and was killed; but there is nothing in either the challenge or the fight to justify the conception of him as a sort of Eastern Bob Acres, big at talk, but with a valor that oozed out at his finger nails when it really came to fighting. Dryden, in "The Spanish Friar," conveys the proper conception of Rodomont when he gives utterance to this sentence: "Why so meek? I am sure I quake at the thought of him. Why, he's as fierce as Rodomont."

SOME UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

Sacramento in Embryo—How Government was Established from Chaos.

PART XIX.

The City Council met again December 3, 1849. The Trustees passed an ordinance to establish a graveyard, and to regulate interments. Section one provided that "from and after the passage of this ordinance the square donated by John A. Sutter and H. A. Schoolcraft, south of G street, between Ninth and Eleventh streets, shall be a public graveyard where the bodies of deceased persons shall be buried; nor shall any interment take place in any other part of this city, under a penalty of \$80 for each offence." Section two provided that "said graveyard shall be laid off in a suitable manner, by a committee to be appointed by the President and Council, which shall report to the Board, and, if adopted by them, shall be final, and be recorded in the Recorder's office of this district." Section three provided that "family burying grounds shall be of convenient size, which shall be sold for that special use, the Council reserving the right to require uniform improvements." Section four provided for a public plat, the graves of which were to be uniform and not more than two feet apart. Section six provided that "the President of the Council shall make and deliver the deeds on receipt of \$10." The graveyard was placed by the Council in charge of the President until the next election of Councilmen; and it was ordered that no person was to be buried there without a coffin, and all paupers were to be buried at the expense of the city in graves not less than four feet deep.

The Council also passed an ordinance for cleaning and keeping clean the public landings and streets, providing that "it shall not be lawful for any person to erect or continue any tent, shed, house, or shanty on any of the streets, public landings or other public property in the city, under penalty of \$50; and for every day's continuance after conviction an additional \$100 was to be assessed. It is not recorded that there were any convictions under that ordinance, but it is quite probable that it was more or less effective in securing streets and landings to the use of the public.

At this session of the City Council the Harbor Master reported that he had collected harbor dues to the amount of \$209.70, and paid it over to the Treasurer. The Harbor Master reported that a vessel had been sunk at the foot of I street, which was referred to a committee composed of Councilmen Rogers and Chapman.

The Board again met December 6th, and having under consideration the request to Governor Riley that he furnish \$7,000 to aid the city in the construction of a hospital on the north side of the plaza, between I and J, Ninth and Tenth streets [see Part XVIII of this series, THEMIS, Feb. 28, 1891], determined that \$7,000 was not a fair share of the cost, and authorized the President to ask \$12,000 as the proper contribution of the State in constructing a hospital so necessary in the case of the sick of the city and of the emigrants then thronging our streets, many of them without means.

The expenses of the city and county for the indigent sick was reported to be from \$300 to \$500 per day. In addition to this public expense, the Masons and Odd Fellow continued their ministrations to the members of those orders, their headquarters being at Sutter's fort under charge of seven trustees, three Odd Fellows and three Masons, the seventh member being both a Mason and an Odd Fellow.

The Council again met December 8th and proceeded to allow certain bills—one of A. M. Winn for \$801, but no mention is made of the services paid for. At this meeting of the Council Caleb T. Fay petitioned that body to secure for him a berth for the bark *Orb*, the one she then occupied—until the first day of April then next, which petition was granted, thus taking that case out of the rules established by ordinance for other vessels as to the time they might lay at the public levee.

The next meeting of the Council was on December 12th. It had been found that the ordinance concerning auctioneers, and fixing their bonds, was too burdensome, or perhaps the auctioneers found it to their interest to evade the payment of their percentage, and they had influence enough with the members of the Board to secure an amendment at this meeting to the effect that the fourth section of the ordinance to raise revenue for the city of Sacramento "be and the same is hereby suspended, so far as it relates to the bonds and oath of auctioneers." And on motion of Councilman Kewen section seven of the order was suspended so far as the same related keepers of coffee houses. On motion of Councilman Chapman it was resolved by the City Council "that all persons taking out licenses for retailing liquors be permitted to keep a boarding-house and to retail liquors under the same roof; that a license issued to a hotel or boarding-house keeper entitles such person also to the privilege of retailing liquors in connection with his legitimate business. Furthermore, when two or more classes of business are carried on in the same building by the same person it shall be required of him to pay but one license; provided, however, that nothing in this resolution shall

be so construed as to embrace gaming tables, or any species of gaming, or to conflict with the ordinance relating to auctioneers." It is well that the term of office of the City Council was near its close, or the provisions of the ordinance would have become too complex to fully understand and apply them.

It was evident that money was flowing into the city treasury about this time, as at this session of the Council, on motion of Councilman Kewen, it was resolved that each member of the City Council be entitled to receive from the Treasurer of the city the sum of one hundred dollars per month for his services. It will be remembered that the City Council at the time of which we speak (December, 1849,) was mainly self-constituted, most of the members elected August 1st had resigned or been expelled for non-attendance. They were living in flush times, and they had no constitution or State laws to regulate their action. Indeed, there was no tribunal to review their acts, no courts except those constituted to aid them, no guide to their conduct in precedent or statute, and that was enacted and enforced which that tribunal willed. It had command of the treasury, and the vaults of that office opened at the beck and nod of the City Council and money was distributed as the Council willed, limited only by the amount of money which could be collected, mainly from licenses and harbor dues, as the scheme of taxation of realty and personalty could not be enforced. So the City Council determined that the laborer was worthy of his hire, and we may be quite sure that thereafter if there was a shortage in the money on hand the loss would fall on some creditor not so near to the vaults of the treasury as were the members of the City Council.

The City Council again met December 15, 1849. There was at this time little use for a City Assessor of real estate. There was no means of enforcing such assessment. The City Council itself must necessarily terminate its labors in the near future, as the first Legislature of the State met on the 15th December, and the city must secure a legal charter from that body, and so Ambrose Hadley, the assessor of real estate, tendered his resignation, which was by the Council laid on the table. The City Council no doubt had in view the future prosperity of the city as well as its present good, and schemes were projected to that end as well as for the gain of its members and others, for, on motion of Councilman Chapman, it was resolved that A. M. Winn or his assigns be authorized to erect a hall over his bath-house, to be erected at the north end of Third street, in the city, for the use of the Odd Fellows, Masons and the City Council. We take it for granted that it was the hall, not the bath-house, that was for the use of the Council, Masons, etc. But notwithstanding the resolution, the bath-house and hall were never built, and the Masons, Odd Fellows and City Council had to meet elsewhere. At this meeting the City Council appointed Messrs. Miles and Rogers a committee to procure a room for the use of the Council.

The City Council also, on motion of Mr. Rogers, at its meeting of December 15th,

Resolved, That we have seen with deep regret a large population coming into our city without means to support themselves, a great number of whom have died for want of shelter and proper attention. That we are under the disagreeable necessity of requesting Governor Riley to appropriate at least the sum of \$12,000 out of the hospital or unappropriated fund in the hands of the government for the purpose of relieving the sick as far as possible, and for the purpose of erecting a hospital in this city, which is now under way and may be finished soon with governmental assistance. That the President immediately proceed to Monterey and present these resolutions to Governor Riley, and that he be authorized to receive and receipt for such amounts as the Governor may in his judgment see fit to appropriate; and that the President (A. M. Winn) be authorized to draw on the treasury of this city for the amount of his expenses to Monterey and back.

But if the President of the Council went to Monterey on that business he did not report that fact to the Council. Governor Riley could not legally appropriate moneys in his hands to build a hospital for the city, and that movement came to naught. Peter H. Burnett was then Governor-elect for the State of California, and a communication was received from him on the subject of city hospital, and at the meeting of January 2, 1850, ordered filed. The contents of that paper cannot now be given, but we may be sure that no funds were forthcoming either from the general government or the State for such a purpose, as the matter was not again referred to in the City Council. At the meeting of the Council December 15th the accounts of Doctors Boiller and Wright and Dr. Snider were referred to Councilmen Rogers and Miles, and the account of Mr. Eastman for making a seal for the city, amounting to \$100, was allowed. This seal is not now in the possession of the city authorities, and we can get no impression of it to show device engraved on it.

At this meeting J. L. Chapman resigned his place as member of the City Council, and Thomas A. Warbass was elected to succeed him. The name of this latter gentleman filled a large space in the public eye at that time, and his name appears in many of the abstracts of title to our city lots as a member of the firm of Warbass, Heyl & Morse. The Council did not again meet with a quorum until January 2, 1850.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

She—Is Jack trying for the chorus? He—Well, he must be if they are at all sensitive.

The reason it is so hard to speak of a musical composer's work as a whole is because it is generally in pieces.

M. Ambroise Thomas, the veteran composer of *Hamlet* and *Mignon*, is slowly recovering from a serious accident which nearly cost him his life.

"I think," said the disconsolate farce comedian, "that I will go and get vaccinated." "What for?" "To see if I can't find something that will take."

The latest realistic triumph is the introduction of a real sawmill into a new drama. Playwrights with any regard for the laws of copyright will please not monkey with the buzz-saw.

Henry Irving's revival of *The Corsican Brothers* at the Lyceum Theatre will be memorable for its scenic splendor. This production and Ellen Terry's appearance in *Nance Oldfield* were the chief dramatic events of the week.

Adelaide Ristori, the great actress of a former generation, is nearer 70 than 60 years of age, but, says a Roman correspondent, is still a beautiful woman, with voice strong and clear, her fine figure straight and graceful, and face neither wrinkled nor yellow.

Thomas A. Edison says his idea of producing a Shakespearian drama by electricity is practically developed, and will be placed on the stage very soon. In the same general line is a new device, upon which he is now working, to throw pictures on a curtain and make them gesticulate and talk like life. This invention, he says, will do for the eye what the phonograph has done for the ear, and with it will be combined the principles of the phonograph. By this device the electrician will be able to catch the gestures and expression of a man or woman walking along the street, and reproduce them on canvas. The man with the kodak may begin to tremble for his occupation.

The manuscript of *The Merchant* remained in the hands of a New York manager for a long time. The day Miss Morton received her work back from the manager, she went into a stationer's store on Broadway, bought a stamped newspaper wrapper, put it around *The Merchant*, and addressed it to the editor of the *New York World*, and then in an indifferent manner placed it on the top of a street letter-box, giving it no further thought until she was notified that among over three hundred competitors her play, *The Merchant*, had been awarded the prize. That the management and present owners of *The Merchant* exhibited good judgment in buying the play is evinced by the fact of its success at the Madison Square Theatre.

Billy Florence, the actor, when last in Chicago, says the *Post*, related with no little unction the following tale, which he declared had never been in print: "It occurred a number of years ago," he said. "I was on my way with my company from New York. On the train I had struck up an acquaintance with a pretty little miss just entering her teens, and it was not long before we became fast friends, although neither of us knew the other's name. Just before we rolled into Chicago I caught her looking very intently at me, and I asked her what she was thinking about. She blushed as if detected in a guilty act, but upon my repeating the question she said hesitatingly: 'Nothing very much, sir. I was only thinking how much you looked like somebody.'" "Who is it?" "I asked 'Oh, I don't like to tell you,'" she replied. I again asked her to tell me the reason. "'Because,'" she replied, "'he is not a nice man. He is only an actor, and his name is Billy Florence.'" "

Book Chat.

A man who drops into poetry is not hurt much if he touches the soft, spring sort.

The Missouri professor who wrote an essay on "How to Manage a Wife" has applied for a divorce.

Mrs. Davis, in her "Memoirs of Jefferson Davis," pays a deserved tribute to the women of the Confederacy. These women, says Mrs. Davis, knitted like Penelope from daylight until dark. They did it not as a pastime, but to clothe their families and the soldiers. On one occasion the Hon. W. C. Rives made his appearance at the Davis mansion in such an elegant and perfectly fitting suit of gray that some of the young men suggested that he had run the blockade. Mr. Rives overheard the remark, and proudly exclaimed that his wife had knitted every stitch of the garments. She had the yarn spun and dyed and even knitted covering for the buttons. It took close inspection to see that they were knitted, as they appeared to be very fine cloth. During the war Mrs. Robert E. Lee, while a victim of rheumatism and confined to her chair, found

time, with her daughters, when they were not busy in the hospitals, to knit 196 pairs of socks and gloves for Posey's brigade. Mrs. Mary Arnold, of Cowden, Ga., in 1863 made 1,028 yards of cloth, besides knitting gratis socks and gloves for the soldiers.

The story comes by mail from Paris that a rather well-known French bean who prides himself upon his knowledge of the world was presented not long ago to Amelie Rives-Chanler, and at once became rather empress in his attentions. Mrs. Chanler at first took them in good part, but when monsieur insisted upon being her devoted admirer on all occasions, and even manifested a desire to seek tete-a-tetes with her, he at once became odious in her eyes. Drawing herself up, she administered a rebuke to him in this way: "Sir, I do not think that you know who I am!" But not in the least abashed, the gallant Frenchman retorted: "Mais, madame, I know it vair well; you are ze author of ze 'Quick.'" "

The first thing Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher ever wrote for publication, says the *New York Continent*, was in 1859, when she was lying on a sick bed, and, to pass away the time, she wrote what afterwards grew into the story "From Dawn to Daylight." These were sketches of Western life, many of them drawn from her own experience. The sheets of paper upon which the story was written were thrown into a bureau drawer without any thought on the part of the writer of ever making any use of them; but one day her daughter, a young girl of about 12 years old, came across the manuscript and became so much interested in the story that she begged her mother to have it published. "And for that, my first production, I received \$500," she added.

In the year 1781 Cowper made the acquaintance of Lady Austen, who suggested to him the writing of "John Gilpin" under the following circumstances: Cowper, as is well known, suffered from religious melancholy, and to divert his mind from the gloomy thoughts which were oppressing it, Lady Austen related to him an amusing story about a certain Mr. Beyer, an eminent linen draper who lived at the end of Paternoster row, London, where it joins Cheapside. This so tickled Cowper's fancy that in the course of a single night he twisted it into "John Gilpin," which has ever since been so popular and stirring to the minds of children and "children of larger growth." The story, by the way, bears a strong resemblance to the honeymoon adventure of Commodore Truncheon in "Peregrine Pickle." Mr. Beyer died in 1791 at the age of 98 years.

"The Genius of Galilee," by Anson Uriel Hancock, is an historical novel of peculiar interest. The author's treatment of his subject is bold in its aggressiveness; while he claims to advance nothing startlingly new, his methods are novel and instructive. The divinity of Christ, the inspiration and authenticity of the Scriptures are topics which have been almost written and discussed to death. A work of this nature will naturally collide with many opinions; yet those who take any real interest in matters of this kind will do their own thinking and arrive at their own conclusions despite the apparently convincing proof of truths attested in the work. The novel is comprehensive and scholarly and epitomizes many views and holders of the various thinkers in this particular field. Throughout the Christian world there is steadily accumulating a large and valuable literature treating almost entirely of a new spiritual world, molding the minds of many into new vistas of thought and speculation. Its general disposition is broad and liberal yet for all truly spiritual and godly. In the "Genius of Galilee" a thoughtful mind finds food for wide and ample thought, the trend of which will be most edifying.

General Benjamin F. Butler, it is said, has determined to signalize the close of his public career by publishing a book. It will be the record of a long, stormy and varied life of one who has had an unusually extensive experience in politics, in law and in war. General Butler has succeeded in making possibly as many, if not more, bitter enemies than any man in public life during the latter half of the nineteenth century. He is a man of intensely strong feeling. His hatred for a foe is as implacable and unrelenting as his love for a friend is fervid and sincere. His forthcoming book will be interesting, as it will deal with men and measures that have come within the sphere of his own personal experience. The friends of the old warrior anticipate its publication with a great deal of pleasure, but his enemies do not share that feeling. They apprehend, and with good reason, a flaying-alive process. The old man will pillory these unfortunates without the slightest regard for their feelings, and will enjoy the fun. The old-time proverb about the desire one has to induce one's enemy to write a book, that he might in so doing dig the pit into which he must inevitably fall and cover himself with confusion, does not apply in the case of General Butler. His book will be a snare in which his enemies will surely be caught. It will arouse a cyclone of criticism, a wordy warfare as savage and vindictive as any that ever characterized a truly Christian campaign in medieval days.

Professional Chat.

The young college graduate will be with us in a few days, and will kindly drop us a few hints on how to run the universe.

Professor—Name the bones of the skull. Rattled Student—Oh! indeed, sir, I've got them in my head, but I just can't think of their names sir.

Lord Randolph Churchill takes but two books with him on his expedition to South Africa—Shakespeare and Moliere. He doesn't care for the Bible.

Bereaved Widow—"Why, doctor, you have the effrontery to charge me \$500 for treating my poor dear husband, and he died after all." Doctor—"Well, didn't you collect \$25,000 insurance on his life?"

Dr. Talmage commends Dr. Bridgman for resigning when he could no longer preach the doctrine of his sect, and says that when he himself changes his religious views he will also resign and announce that "hereafter he will preach night and morning at Agnostic Hall, corner of Doubtful avenue and Sceptic street." Dr. Talmage forgets that this place of worship is already continuously occupied.

At a Louisville prayer meeting one brother prayed that the Lord "would carry the lambs in his bosom, and lead them on to greater victories." Another that "the wheels of the gospel chariot should go to the hearts of sinners." Still another asked the Lord to be "a father to the fatherless and a widow to the widowless." It is well for brethren who lead in prayer to be careful to avoid set phrases, however finely they may sound.

An old Illinois farmer has come to the conclusion that Mr. Blaine will be the next Presidential nominee of his party. The old man put two scarecrows out in his field—one he named Jim Blaine, the other Ben Harrison. There have been several thunder showers in that vicinity this spring, and the lightning has struck the Jim Blaine scarecrow three times, while the Ben Harrison scarecrow has not even been made damp by the showers. The old farmer is confident this is a direct pointer as to the outcome, and is willing to bet on it.

A man who has been spending the season in Florida tells of a cracker preacher who came to the little church in the pine woods at Altamonte the other Sunday and delivered a very feeling sermon. He was a thoroughly earnest, sober, well-meaning man, and he did his best to impress his audience; but when in his sermon he delivered himself as follows, his northern hearers were perhaps not impressed the way he wished them to be: "Now, there's my wife; she's one of the best women that ever lived, she is; and every day of her life, when she gets her chores done up, she goes inter the closet, shets the door, and prays. Now, do you s'pose you could stop my wife er prayin'? No, sir! you couldn't stop er prayin' not if you was to give her er dollar er day! No, sir! (with much emphasis) not fer er dollar er day you couldn't stop her!"

Rev. Howard MacQueary, the alleged heretic, during his recent visit to Chicago, related in the Leland Hotel an incident of his trial. "During its progress," he said, "I entered the rotunda early one morning and sat down in a chair next that occupied by a nervous little man. He was in a brown study, from which my presence roused him. 'Papers come yet?' he inquired, seeing one in my hand. I nodded, and he jumped up, saying: 'Must get one to see how MacQueary is getting on. Take any interest in the case?' I nodded again, and he moved away with the remark: 'Great case,' and 'great fellow, that MacQueary. Smartest little chap ever came around these parts.' Feeling somewhat complimented, I smiled and was about to introduce myself when he burst out: 'Say, do you know what I'd do if I had a head as full of brains as MacQueary?' I shook my brainy head, and he replied, slapping his knee: 'Play suckers for all they're worth, and take life easy.'" "

Looking at the authentic hat of Daniel Webster in a Boston hat store window one feels as one does in looking at the armor of some old warrior of the middle ages, which nobody could so much as stagger under now-a-days. There is no one now to draw the bow of Ulysses or wear the hat of Webster. Undeniably it is a shocking bad hat, but how many hair-brained statesmen of the present day would be tickled to death to be able to wear it! It would be a good idea for some of the brilliant caricaturists of the Paint and Clay Club to represent the whole congressional delegation from Massachusetts standing up under that great square-crowned hat. One doesn't wonder that even Carlyle, the Scotch Therites, stood aghast before the bow that this ancient hat covered, and exclaimed: "There is your Yankee Englishman!" Carlyle records the incident himself, and it seems that he was so much taken aback by the suggestion of power in Webster that he couldn't say anything contemptuous of him, and was obliged merely to content himself by getting in a little hit at the whole Yankee race, intimating that they were only a variety of Englishmen.

NOTES.

The man who complains that the world does not appreciate him, should not lose heart. If every one were justly appreciated by the world very few of us would be riding in our carriages.

A shrewd old lady cautioned her daughter against worrying her husband too much, and concluded by saying: "My child, a man is like an egg. Keep him in hot water a little while, he may boil soft; but keep him there too long and he hardens."

An Irish-American who thrashed a foreigner for denying that this is the best and freest country on earth has been acquitted in Newark, as was quite proper. Foreigners must not be allowed to come here and vent their prejudices against our glorious liberty of opinion.

Daniel Webster's grave is on a knoll nearly in the center of the little graveyard at Mansfield, Mass. It is marked by a simple headstone that bears only the name "Daniel Webster." There is no other inscription on the stone, and the surroundings are dreary and solemn.

He that is habited to deceptions and artificialities in trifles will try in vain to be true in matters of importance; for truth is a thing of habit, rather than of will. You can not in any given case, by any sudden and single effort, will to be true, if the habit of your life has been insincere.

Clothing, tinware, furniture, cutlery, hardware, boots and shoes, groceries, etc., have been steadily going down in defiance of the Democratic prophets, and farm products of every kind have been as steadily going up. The "poor farmer" who was taught to believe that protection meant destruction to him is rapidly becoming its most enthusiastic friend.

To-day the G. A. R. will appropriately celebrate Memorial Day. This afternoon the veterans, with the military and citizens, will form a procession and proceed to the cemetery, where the graves of soldiers will be decorated with flowers. In the evening, literary and musical programme at the Metropolitan Theatre. Hon. Newton Booth will deliver an address.

The enjoyment of wealth is another delusion. Some there are, who may be able to avail themselves of a literal enjoyment of wealth, but the great majority of wealthy men are actually prohibited from such pleasure as wealth ought to furnish. A majority of our millionaires are too much absorbed in the process of retaining their wealth ever to have any real pleasure of the world.

The following named gentlemen compose the committee chosen to formulate a plan of Republican club, or league organization: F. R. Dray, W. A. Anderson, T. W. Sheehan, J. O. Coleman, C. S. Houghton, Chris. Green, W. W. Rhoads, Frank D. Ryan, A. A. Van Voorhies, R. T. Devlin, T. W. Huntington, Grove L. Johnson, W. H. Ennis, Joseph Steffens and C. H. Hubbard. The committee had an informal meeting yesterday afternoon, but deferred action until a later date.

There are seasons when a fellow would like to be able to go to some quiet nook, lie on his back in the balmy breezes, and just idle his time—indulge in absolute laziness. The great difficulty arises, however, in the fact that few persons are able to throw dull care to the wind. When we are rich enough to do this, there is always some other care that interposes and prevents the free action of the will and mind. When we are in limited financial circumstances, it is impossible for the ordinary mind to discard that fact, or to forget that there is always a pay-day at hand. By the way, is there any such a thing as the enjoyment of absolute idleness?

Criminals and paupers can be prevented from setting sail for America by the simple knowledge that they will not be received on this side. There can be no danger of international complications in a policy so clearly dictated by justice and reason. The law of self-preservation is paramount to all technical interpretations of international treaties. The restriction of American immigration to classes that will make desirable citizens is forced upon this nation by the grossest abuse of American hospitality. A cordial welcome is still open to the thrifty and honest immigrant from whatever clime, and his interests in his new home will be best conserved by rigidly excluding paupers and criminals.

While a fair young daughter of York, Pa., was serenely seated in her aerial bed-chamber the other night, weary with the toils of the day, about to doff her wrap and lay herself down upon her couch to enjoy the kindly embrace of Morpheus, she suddenly heard a strange noise, which affrighted and almost bewildered her. It was that of an old family clock which had

been stored away in the room. Its truthful tones had not been heard for half a century, when all at once its wheels began to vibrate, and the old familiar gong sounded out the time of night—11 o'clock. It did not strike or "tick" again, but stopped, not to go again. The alarm is a mystery, and the timid lassie awaits in breathless silence the sequel of the occasion.

A curious relic of the war is in possession of Charles F. Gillet, of Cleveland, who values it highly, says the *Union Veteran*, of that city. It is the honorable discharge of a faithful dog owned by Mr. Gillet's father, the animal having served for three years in Battery H, Independent Regiment, Pennsylvania Light Artillery. The discharge recites that "Jack Puppy (brindle)" is a "watchman" in Captain E. H. Nevins's company, that he was enlisted January 21, 1862, for three years, and was discharged June 10, 1865, at Camp Barry, D. C., by reason of expiration of term. He was born, according to this record, at Alexandria, Va., and was four years old at the time of discharge; with a yellow complexion and brown eyes, and was by occupation when enrolled "a fighter." The discharge is duly signed by E. H. Nevins, Jr., Captain commanding battery, and by I. A. Torrence, mustering officer, Lieutenant Second United States Artillery.

CHECKMATE.

Fifty years ago, in Mehemet Ali's time, Suleiman Pasha, a naturalized Frenchman, was commander-in-chief of the Egyptian artillery, and universally acknowledged to be the best chess player in Cairo. As a soldier he stood in high favor with the court as well as with the people; for in the war waged by the sultan of Turkey against Mehemet Ali in 1839, the Egyptians owed their victory in the notable battle of Nisib to the prompt decision and strategy of Suleiman Pasha. The Egyptian army had already taken to flight, carrying its commander, the heroic Ibrahim Pasha, away with it, when suddenly, as if by magic, the battle took a favorable turn, changing the fleeing masses into pursuers, who succeeded in completely vanquishing the Turkish troops. This blow proved fatal to Mahmood, the unhappy sultan, whose supreme power hitherto had been unquestioned. He took the loss of his brave army so much to heart that he died of grief barely a week afterward.

When peace had succeeded war, Suleiman Pasha returned to the city of the caliphs to enjoy there his favorite pastime of chess. Punctually every afternoon he made his appearance in a cafe situated on the banks of the Nile, where on the terrace under the shade of mighty palm trees a seat was specially reserved for him, and there he fought a daily battle with the venerable Ulema, Reshid Aga. The field upon which the battle was fought was the 64 black and white squares of the chessboard, where ivory armies strove with each other, each trying hard to decoy the other into some hidden trap. They only ceased when the evening twilight descended, and when the cry of the muezzin from the minaret of the mosque called the faithful to prayers, to resume it again the next day, and to continue for weeks and months, until one of the combatants was defeated. But it was never the Pasha who was beaten, though Reshid Aga was not only highly considered on account of his great learning, but also far-famed for his masterly playing of chess.

The two masters were generally surrounded by all the best players of Cairo, who followed their moves with eager and attentive looks. One afternoon while Suleiman was waiting for Reshid Aga a stranger stepped up to him and addressed him as follows: "Pasha, may I propose a game of chess to thee?"

The persons who as usual had gathered round the latter, were so much startled by this unexpected proposal that their chibouks nearly dropped from their grasp, while a gray-bearded Cadi was almost choked in the act of gulping down his Moca. For who could be so daring as to venture to challenge the conqueror of Reshid Aga?

Suleiman Pasha, however, only casting a searching look upon the stranger, quietly replied: "I am at thy service. What is the stake thou art accustomed to play for?"

"For nothing the first time; for a great stake the next. But it is for thee, Pasha, to name the stake now."

"A hundred ducats won't be too much, then?" Suleiman Pasha replied, again looking inquiringly at the stranger, whose face remained quite unmoved while he calmly took his place.

The board was brought and lots were cast for colors; the Pasha drew black, the stranger white.

A great crowd of enthusiastic spectators soon gathered round the players. After the very first moves it was clear to all that they had a master player before them. The ivory figures seemed to grow into life in the hands of the stranger; it was as if real soldiers moved on the black and white squares, blindly obeying the commands of their leaders. Suleiman Pasha also soon became aware of the crushing power of his adversary; he felt as if the grip of an iron fist held him in bonds. In vain he tried to shake off his opponent; vain was his sacrifice of knight and castle; the stran-

ger's power did not seem to weaken a bit. The Pasha sat in deep, earnest thought; opposite to him the stranger, calm, but with a proud look, like the marble statue of a commander-in-chief.

A gleam of joy spread suddenly over the Pasha's features; he saw the chance for a capital move, and, quite excited, he placed his queen right in front of his opponent's queen. A murmur of discontent arose among the spectators; the game seemed lost for the Pasha; he must have overlooked that his queen was left unprotected. The face of Reshid Aga, who also looked on, beamed with pleasure; at a glance he had thoroughly mastered the combination of his friend. The stranger took a much longer time to consider than usual before he slowly lifted his lean hand.

"No doubt he will take the queen," the spectators whispered to each other.

"Then he will be mate in eight moves," Reshid Aga said, gleefully rubbing his hands.

"And if he does not take her?"

"Then he will lose his own."

For a moment the stranger appeared undecided; but suddenly like lightning his hand descended on the board. Quietly and calmly he moved one of his pawns a square ahead.

All looked surprised at each other, muttering: "To lose the queen is losing the game!" while Suleiman Pasha, smiling triumphantly, removed the hostile queen from the board.

The onlookers, who mostly sided with the Pasha, breathed as if they had been relieved from a heavy load. In their opinion the game was decided, for White could not hold out without his queen. Several of them were already on the point of withdrawing, when they were suddenly startled by the clear ringing voice of the stranger, who called out: "Mate in twelve moves."

Suleiman Pasha's looks grew dark—the smile died on his lips. A change had as suddenly overcast the features of Reshid Aga. Almost beside himself, he jumped on a seat to follow the game from a more elevated point, while the spectators, barely daring to draw breath, counted the moves as they followed each other.

With masterly skill White now led his force into the field, encircling the hostile king in a powerful grasp and keeping him within an iron ring. At the tenth move the Pasha tried to break through the blockade by sacrificing his queen, but in vain. White declined to accept the sacrifice, and moved his knight with "Check to the king." Eleventh move! The spectators, whose excitement had now reached fever-heat, saw that their Pasha, never before vanquished, would be checkmated the next move. Suleiman's king was compelled to withdraw into a corner, and with the twelfth move, as he had predicted, the stranger pronounced "Checkmate!"

A murmur of admiration was heard from the spectators, while the Pasha sat there with bent head, as if trying to search in his memory, when suddenly, as if a thought had flashed upon him, he turned upon the stranger. "Once already in my life," he said, "I have seen chess played in the manner in which thou hast played to-day. The masterly moves are not unknown to me, but I was unable to resist them. The game, however, which was then played before my eyes was a great deal more beautiful even than to-day. Guns of the heaviest calibre represented the castles, fleet cavalry were the knights, and in place of the pawns well-armed infantry formed the vanguard. And when the guns on the one side thundered their 'Check' to the other, the ground beneath our feet seemed to shake, as if burning lava was thrown from a volcano."

"At that time we stood opposed to an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, a terrible number, which, led by the genius of a single man, threatened to crush us completely. And this man whose genius made our brave soldiers take to flight, and whom it was impossible to withstand, was a son of the cold north. It was only to the recklessness of Halfiz Pasha, the Turkish commander-in-chief, who envied the youthful genius his brilliant success, and who, though fully warned, wildly pursued the Egyptians, that we owed the victory of Nisib, which otherwise we never should have gained."

The Pasha stopped, and casting a long and penetrating look on his adversary, suddenly cried out enthusiastically: "Stranger, thy incomparable play to-day recalls to my memory afresh the game of chess at Nisib and its skillful player. Only one man can play like that, and that man is—Col. Moltke!"

"Thou hast hit it, Pasha," the stranger calmly replied. "My name is Moltke."

This, indeed, was Count von Moltke. While a young man he went to the east, and was in the service of Sultan Mahmood from 1835 to 1839. He was present at the battle of Nisib, when, as above said, the Turkish commander-in-chief, jealous of the great abilities of the young soldier, refused to follow Moltke's advice, and so lost the battle.

The editor wrote it correctly: "Let the galled jade wince." But this is the way it appeared in the paper: "Let the gallon jug wait."

FLASHES.

Hoodlums and picnics are kindred spirits. Republicans are putting their fences in order.

Some people are made tired by giving them a rest.

The devil's work is often painfully visible in the churches.

From the mother's horoscope, every boy is a prospective President.

Conservatism with some means to touch everything and hit nothing.

A little lark often becomes a big bat. This is under the developing theory.

There are some people who are too good to laugh. This is their idea of piety.

You can never measure how long a man will be missed by the length of the widow's veil.

There is no opening for the annual circus—we have a little weekly circus of our own at the water works building.

The world is beautiful and seems to be made for peace and quiet, but there is ever a serpent in the garden of Eden.

The glory of the late war seems to come exclusively to those who did not get shot. Only the glory of remembrance falls to our dead soldiers.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Fakir on June 1st and 2d. This is said to be a clever comedy company. The Eastern press is favorable in its criticism of *The Fakir*.

Vernona Jarbeau gave us *Starlight* on Thursday night. If Vernona Jarbeau expects ever to see daylight, she had better get something besides *Starlight*. However, the little artist had some new features this trip.

"The villain still pursued her." Thatcher's Minstrels filled the Clunie Opera House last night. There is a sprinkling of old-time minstrelsy which will always possess a charm. Thatcher, Dockstader and Shepard are a team. We tire of the article now called negro minstrelsy. Thatcher and company again at matinee and to-night.

The Robert Allen Case.

It would seem from the developments that have been made in the Robert Allen assault case, that it is about a counterpart of the Tullis murder in 1878. In both cases the prime mover remained behind the scenes when the culminating act was committed, and in a position that suspicion would not reasonably point to him; the real work upon the victims—what might be termed the manual work—was performed by others than the ones whose brains conceived the plot. In the Tullis case Clark originated the scheme, Dye, Anderson and Lawton, the associates. While the case is generally known as the Dye case, it is manifest to those who knew him that he was led into it, and suffered because of his official and social prominence. Lawton was an astute criminal; Anderson, an ignorant foreigner. In that case Lawton escaped punished by flight, and Clark by his tact and reticence. In the Allen case Smith was evidently the brains, yet most of his subordinates have been schooled in crime—perhaps one of the lot may be entitled to the commiseration that he was weak and blindly led.

"Jack and Jill."

The term, or phrase, "Jack and Jill," so well known in modern days in connection with one of the best known and most popular nursery rhymes, evidently took its origin from two liquid measures bearing the same name, and commonly in use in former days. "Jack" was a pitcher made of waxed leather, and a "Gill," or "Jill," was, as now, a metallic measure of capacity. "Wherefore," says Grumio, in "Taming the Shrew," "be the Jacks fair within and the Gills [jacks] fair without," meaning the leathern jacks clean within and the metal Gills polished without. These became representative of the two sexes, as in the proverbs, "Every Jack must have his Jill," and "A good Jack makes a good Jill." Some say the probable origin of the nursery rhyme itself is that it is a humorous personification of the two vessels, which some one had accidentally upset.

Boys, when you choose a wife, look out for these two or three things: Is her hair nice, sweet and kissable looking? How few girls have kissable hair! Are her dresses neat and nice around the edges, and what about the inside edge of the white skirt? Oh, dear, yes; you are sure to see it some time—when she steps into a car or out of an omnibus. When she gives you a letter to "just post this for me," is it stamped? Oh, but girls are unscrupulous about stamps. Is she on time and with gloves on for the theater or concert to which you take her? How about the lace in the neck of her dress? Oh, you want to notice these things when you think of marrying.

LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS FROM THE BUCKEYE STATE.

The Political Situation in Ohio—American Good Nature at Steamship Departures—The Man Who Makes His First Trip Across the Atlantic.

[Special Correspondence of THEMIS.]

Two very ordinary looking men stood together at the entrance to the Fifth Avenue Hotel last Wednesday, and engaged in a subdued, but earnest conversation. One of the men was ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes and the other Governor James E. Campbell, of Ohio. Mr. Hayes has come on from his home in Fremont, Ohio, to attend a meeting of the Slater Fund Commission. He has none of his old-time vigor and cheerfulness. His face is drawn and haggard, and he walks with feebleness and apparent labor. He said he had recently suffered a severe attack of la grippe, from which he had not yet fully recovered. That was easy to believe, and his appearance testified to the truth of his words. He declares that his memory has failed him, and that he cannot remember the most trifling matters. On the subject of the Slater Fund he refused to give any information, saying that he did not think he was authorized to do so. Relative to the political situation in Ohio, Mr. Hayes was as reticent as a clam at high tide. "I refer you to the New York papers for all political information," he said, "they are quite as conversant with matters in my native State as I am." On general principles the ex-occupant of the White House has for many years refused to talk politics to any one—a wise policy for a man in public life who does not wish to be quoted.

Governor Campbell was in a more communicative mood than his fellow-state-man. "Ohio politics," said Mr. Campbell, "are precisely the same at the present time as they were six years ago, when I was in New York. That Major McKinley will be nominated next fall by the Republicans for Governor of Ohio is a foregone conclusion. The present outlook in Ohio is extremely favorable to the Democrats. The Republicans have everything at stake in the coming Ohio campaign, and if they lose the State their chances of electing the next President will be very materially lessened. If they wish to remain in the Presidential race at all they must hold Ohio. The Democrats can, on the other hand, lose the State without crippling their prospects in the national contest. The Democrats will, I firmly believe, carry Ohio by a big majority next November." Governor Campbell, in all probability, will be the Democratic opponent of Major McKinley in the Ohio gubernatorial combat. Both Cleveland and Hill are popular among the Democrats of the Buckeye State, according to the Governor, and as a Presidential candidate in 1892 either of these leaders would have a large following. At the same time the Republicans are laying very low, and it would not surprise a few people—Governor Campbell among them—if they held a Presidential dark horse in reserve.

The annual exodus to Europe of those who can afford the luxury (and their name is legion) has begun unusually early this year. The steamship companies report that over one thousand cabin passengers left on the five steamers that sailed from New York last Wednesday. Ordinarily, and before the heated term arrives, ocean voyages are classified into four groups—first, second and third class, and steerage passengers—later on in the season, however, when the rush for foreign fields is at its height, one is fortunate to secure so much as standing room in the vessel's hold, unless he has been far-sighted enough to procure a stateroom during the Christmas holidays. It is the sad experience of more than one person who has postponed buying his ocean passport until the day before sailing, to find that the cosy little berth which he fondly imagines he is entitled to and has paid for, is in the hands of some person of greater premeditation, who secured an option on the bunk while it was below cold weather par. The re's small satisfaction to be had in the reflection that some one else is reaping the profits of an early investment which you are convinced rightly belongs to you. Of course, one naturally cries out against the greed of a corporation which willfully defrauds its patrons by false representations. When such an event arises you go at once to the captain of the vessel and lay the matter before him. You swear, by all the gods in the Grecian mythology, that you picked out and paid for the lower berth in stateroom number 53, which you now find occupied by a man who stoutly refuses to be ousted. You are immediately assured, in terms of torturing politeness, that a terrible mistake has been made at the company's office, and with a thousand apologies you are shown to a stateroom, the only unoccupied one in the boat, and usually the worst, and—there the matter drops; you stop swearing, and go on deck for a smoke, and (if you are philosophical) forget all about your recent troubles.

There is a great deal of jollity in a steamship departure. The proverbial good nature of the American crowd is under no other circumstances so well exemplified as when one of the big ocean greyhounds is about to cast off her moorings for a run across the great salt pond, and friends gather around to bid each other *au revoir*. One of the amusing and instructive sights of a steamship departure is the man about to make his maiden trip across the brine. His antics touch the pinnacle of the ridiculous. He is always recognizable by his attire. Usually he wears a large, canvas-covered cork helmet. On one arm he carries a woolly Scotch shawl and a heavy Mackintosh coat; on the other a steamer rug, a new blanket and a linen "duster." In his right hand he grasps a fancy leather traveling bag. His left hand is encumbered with a three-jointed telescope, two stout umbrellas, an assortment of canes (some half dozen varieties, perhaps) and a box of smoking materials. Across his left shoulder will be slung a pair of field glasses in a bright, new sole-leather case; across his right shoulder a knapsack, containing— heaven only knows what number of perfectly useless articles. From the pocket of his Cape Cod blouse two or three notebooks may be seen peeping out. Your traveling tyro is always excited, and does an almost superhuman amount of bustling about without any apparent purpose. At the very outset he gets into hot water. He begins by tumbling into the wrong stateroom, where he carefully arranges his household goods about in the most orderly and artistic fashion. When he has decorated his cabin to suit his own aesthetic taste, the steward's mate raps at the door and tells him that he has made a mistake in taking possession of the room he occupies, as it belongs to an elderly maiden lady, who just then comes upon the scene and scowls at the rash intruder. His baggage is unceremoniously dumped out on deck, and later on is thrown helter-skelter into the right compartment. It is a fact often observed that your novitiate voyager is never seen on deck from the time the vessel passes Sandy Hook until land is touched on the other side of the water. What he does below can only be conjectured. Certain it is that he never displays his expensive outfit on deck, and his \$5 steamer chair grows rusty at the hinges for want of use. Taken all in all, the man

who strives to pass himself off for an ocean traveler while making his first trip, is an object that would raise a grin on the face of old John Calvin himself, were he alive to enjoy the sight.

In marked contrast to the people who "go down to sea in ships" for the first time are the old-timers, who "run across" year after year. They come aboard about three minutes before the steamer casts off her moorings, saunter leisurely on deck, nod familiarly to the Captain, light a cigar and repair to the smoking or reading room. They are usually attired in their ordinary business clothes, and are not overburdened with the gimcracks of travel. After they are well out at sea, they hunt up their respective cabins, see that their few traps are snugly stored away and then refresh themselves with a nap. Their perfect ease and nonchalance is very galling to the feelings of the tyro, especially when at the end of the voyage the old traveler looks into the pallid face of the ocean neophyte and remarks: "Delightfully easy trip that, wasn't it? Never saw the water so smooth before in my life!" When all the while the inexperienced one knows that as sure as drowning the old ship would have gone to Davy Jones' locker if the wind had blown a twentieth of a mile harder.

The facilities afforded by the present system of rapid transit in New York are wholly inadequate to the demands of the traveling public. During certain hours of the day, when the rush for home or business is at its height, all the available means of quick transportation are taxed to their utmost capacity. The elevated roads have long since proved their inability to carry all the passengers who would like to patronize them. The extension of the present roads, or the provision of some other means of travel, has become an imperative necessity. Give us more elevated railroads, is the cry. At the same time, a great many people oppose the erection of any more aerial roads on the ground that they are greater nuisances than conveniences and permanently disfigure the city. Underground roads have been shown to be a practicable means of rapid transportation, but the expensiveness of such an enterprise in New York city would make it a well-nigh impossible undertaking. Subway transit has its drawbacks too, of which smoke, darkness and a greater liability to accident are not the least. Electric cars and cable cars are probably the coming methods of conveyance. A great many things can be said in favor of the cable and electric cars. They have all the advantages of the pokey horse-car with none of the latter's inconveniences. They can attain a high rate of speed and be stopped at will. This, however, will be declared to be a decided disadvantage to some. Whatever new methods are adopted they will be hailed with delight by many thousands whose cars are daily being trodden upon by fellow passengers in the over-crowded cars. New York wants rapid transit, and it wants it at once.

Deafness is on the increase in this town. I am assured by an eminent expert in auristics that failure of acute hearing is more prevalent here in New York than in any other thickly populated city on the globe. And no wonder, for Gotham is unquestionably the noisiest city in the world, not excepting London, Paris and Berlin. Day by day this overgrown village becomes more noisy and restless. The byways as well as the highways are full of the wildest kind of clamor. Interminable sounds of every conceivable description fill the air. The loud bellowing of street vendors (of every degree of lung power), the interminable racket of elevated roads and surface cars, the rumbling and bumping of a thousand or more ponderous trucks, carriages and wagons, the clang and clatter incident to the rush of business, and the shrieking of factory whistles, together with a million other sounds heard in large cities, become in New York a pandemonium in its highest state of development. In some of the smaller, down-town thoroughfares, where the press of business is greatest, the din reaches a point of exaggerated Bedlam. Conversation between pedestrians is out of the question. In the afternoon, the yelling of the news-boys forms no inconsiderable portion of the general uproar. Any one of these young newspaper fiends would outscreeam the loudest-voiced man in the Stock Exchange. It would not be a matter of very great surprise to me if the entire population of New York should some fine morning wake from their slumbers to find themselves deprived of their sense of hearing. Perhaps the punishment would be a just one for persistence in living in the dizziest, dirtiest and most dinful of modern cities.

The spoon fad is the latest caprice of the ennuied elite. It is now quite the proper caper to present the girl you hope to be divorced from some day with a dainty little spoon, appropriately carved in the handle and engraved in the bowl. These spoons of infinite variety and design—are much used as wedding and birthday gifts. I made an effort to trace the origin of this newest fad the other day, and appealed to the proprietor of one of New York's biggest silversmithing concerns for assistance. I was unsuccessful in locating the fad's starting point, but I picked up some tid-bits of information about the spoon that may interest THEMIS readers. It seems that the spoon is anything but a recent invention, as many rare specimens of this indispensable table utensil still in existence antedate the Christian era. Some of these early examples of the spoon-maker's art are extremely beautiful. One which I had the pleasure of examining was made during the reign of King Henry VII. It was of purest gold, exquisitely modeled with delicate ornamentation and rich chasings. Designed for the use of pampered royalty, it seemed too frail and beautiful a toy for the soft caress of even a princess's lips. The very first spoons were of lead, and clumsy, uncouth things they were. The spoon figured quite frequently and conspicuously, too, in certain religious rites of ancient times. Long before spoon-collecting and spoon-giving was adopted by a society as a pleasing pastime, lovers of the beautiful began to gather in the quaint and curious specimens to be picked up in European bazars and curio-shops. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art may be seen some of the rarest and most superb examples of spoons to be found in the world. Strange to say, many of these first spoons compare favorably with the best work of English, French and American silversmiths of to-day. All in all, the spoon is an object of interest for many reasons, and this new spoon fad is a highly interesting and commendable one.

I was not a little amused the other day by watching a game of shrewdness played by a couple of Gotham's typical street Arabs. They were only two dirty little urchins, who looked guileless enough as they strolled along, apparently oblivious of everything about them. As a matter of fact, however, they were sharply watching something a considerable distance in advance of them. That something was revealed later on. The two lads suddenly separated, the youngest darted to the opposite side of Broadway, and walking rapidly forward a block, quickly recrossed the street and returned on the same side from which he started, fetching up in the rear of an elegantly dressed gentleman, attired in the newest of new spring suits and jauntily swinging a heavy silver-mounted cane. Daintily the exquisite picked his steps through the grime, when the gamine behind him suddenly stumbled, and falling

against the gentleman's cane sent it spinning into the middle of the street, where it lay half buried in the mud. Apparently halfscared to death, the clumsy lad took to his heels and was soon lost to sight in the crowd. At this critical point in rushed gamine number two. Recovering the mud-reeking cane, he carefully rubbed it clean on his ragged coat-sleeve, and with a look that was saintly in its innocence and a grace that was Chesterfieldian in its elegance, handed the unsoiled walking stick to its owner. To say that the well-dressed man was both pleased and surprised by this exhibition of gallantry from a ragamuffin is to put it mildly. Tossing the boy a fifty-cent piece, the man of good clothes ejaculated, "By Jove," and passed on. Later on I passed through one of the cross streets in time to see the young rascal of the cane-rescuing affair and his accomplice each enjoying a huge slice of pie, purchased out of the proceeds of their clever little ruse. "Jimmie," I heard the young Chesterfield exclaim, "dere's no use talkin', but dis racket of ours is a dead straight snap. Dere's millions in it! Gimme some more pie, cully." May 23, 1891. M.

C. T. MILLIKIN,
DENTIST,
1008 Eighth Street, Between J and K,
Over Dr. W. A. Hughson's office.



PANTS to ORDER
\$3.50 to \$13.50
SUITS TO ORDER
\$15.00 to \$50.00
1000 Patterns to Select from.
GABEL the TAILOR
426 J STREET.

J. H. MIDDLEMASS. J. H. DOLAN.
DOLAN & MIDDLEMASS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES,
Produce and Provisions,

Northwest Corner of Seventh and N Streets,
SACRAMENTO.

GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.
Telephone 248.

D. J. MANNIX,
Contractor of Plastering
Kalsomining and Repairing

In all its branches.

Insulation of Steam Pipes and Boilers a Specialty.

Center Pieces, Brackets, and all kinds of
Plaster Ornaments for sale.

Residence, 2215 O St. Shop, 1220 J St.

UNION ICE COMPANY

ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH

Pure Mountain Ice

NEW QUARTERS:

521 AND 523 I STREET.

CHARLES SELLINGER, Agent.

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated
Orleans
Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

An Indian Challenge.

Two tribes of Indians in the upper part of California had as boundary between their districts a low ridge where the streams headed. If you should go to where one of these streams, Potter river, rises, you would see still standing a tall pile of stones beside a never failing spring. On one side of this cairn was the territory of the Pomo Indians, and the other the land of the Chumia. These tribes were enemies, and were often at war. When the Chumia wished to challenge the others to battle, they took three little sticks, cut notches round their ends and the middle, tied them at the ends into a faggot, and laid it on this cairn. If the Pomo accepted the challenge they tied a string around the middle of the three sticks and left them in their place. Then agents of both tribes met on neutral ground and arranged the time and place of battle, which took place accordingly.—*St. Nicholas.*

William Tell may be a myth, as the Swiss government now maintains, but the people of that republic keep on putting up statues of him. A fine one in bronze has been offered to the city of Lausanne by a Portuguese Jew now living in Paris, M. Osiris Iffia, but the citizens are uncertain whether they ought to accept it or not as the would-be donor does not enjoy the highest reputation. The city of Nancy, in France, however, took without hesitation last year his gift of a statue of Joan of Arc.

PACIFIC HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

M. DUFFY,

Manufacturer of

Carriages, Wagons, Carts, Etc

REPAIRING

Done at Short Notice. All Work Warranted.

1111-1113 J Street, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. M. MORRISON,

Southeast Cor. Twelfth and E Streets,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

General Merchandise.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

THE

Bell Conservatory Co.

SACRAMENTO.



Floral Work and Plant Decoration

A SPECIALTY.

Telephone No. 155.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers

and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

* Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and Blauk Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET.

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK, UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

BEFORE BUYING STOVES

CALL AT THE

Sacramento Stove House

813 and 815 J STREET,

—And You Will Save Money.—

H. K. WALLACE & CO.

DR. H. H. PIERSON,



511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

C. E. BAINBRIDGE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 627 J Street. Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., 7:30 to 10 P. M.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening, Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than J. SLAUGHTER, Sixth and M streets.

Telephone 318.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO.

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

—Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE,

228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD, C. A. VIEMEISTER.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

NEARY & FLAHERTY, Proprietors.

Corner Eighth and J Streets, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of J. C. Bainbridge, an insolvent debtor. J. C. Bainbridge having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. C. Bainbridge is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the county of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, on the 10th day of June, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M., of that day to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, May 11th, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,

Judge of the Superior Court.

WM. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Petitioner.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Helen A. Grant, Allen D. Grant, Edward N. Grant, Catherine Matzen, Mary M. Miller, John Doe, and Richard Roe, greeting.

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State of California, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 25th day of January, 1891, in which action EDWARD DIETERLE is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: The said action is brought for the purpose of quieting the title to that certain piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and described according to the plan of said city, as the south twenty (20) feet of the west sixty-eight (68) feet of lot number one, in the block bounded by J and K, and 5th and 6th streets; for the purpose, also, of determining all adverse claims of the said defendants to said property; and for a decree of said Court, declaring and adjudging that the title of plaintiff to said premises is good and valid, and that neither the said defendants have, nor any of them has any estate or interest in the same; and forever enjoining and debarring the said defendants, and each of them, from asserting any claim to said land adverse to plaintiff, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 20th day of February, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

A. L. HART, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PIONEERS.

Roster of the Living and Dead Members of the Sacramento Society—Names of Some Distinguished Men—Organization of the Sons and Daughters.

The last roster of the Sacramento Society of California Pioneers was published in 1877; since then important changes have occurred, and very many of the Argonauts have passed away. Feeling that in time the Society may become extinct, and with a view of arranging for the proper disposition of its property, a meeting of the Society was held February 28th, and it was determined to invite the sons and daughters of the Pioneers to form a corporation that will in future time take the place of the present organization. The report of the committee of the Society was published in detail in THEMIS on March 7th. In pursuance of this recommendation a meeting of some of the sons and daughters was held, and an organization effected. In the meantime a revised roster of the members present and past was prepared, and it will be issued in pamphlet form by the Society. We present the list below, as we deem it of historical and permanent interest.

Miss Leila J. Lindley, Secretary pro tem. of the Sons and Daughters of Pioneers, has sent the following to the press for publication:

There has been a society formed here called the "Sons and Daughters of Sacramento Pioneers." The duties of the members of the new organization will be nominal at present, but at such time as the Society of Sacramento Pioneers shall cease to exist, the Sons and Daughters will assume all responsibilities and inherit all property, including the lot in the City Cemetery, which the new society pledges itself to keep in good order.

That all sons and daughters of living members—and of deceased members who died in good standing—may be given the opportunity to join the new society, this article is published, inviting all to send in their names before the 6th day of June, 1891, when the charter closes, as all charter members will be exempt from initiation fees.

The installation of officers will take place Saturday evening, June 6th, at 8 o'clock, in Pioneer Hall. All communications after that date must be addressed to the new Secretary, Miss Anna Luther, 1626 G street, Sacramento.

Persons under 18 years of age are not eligible to join the society. Parents must join in order to admit grandchildren. No other notification will be given to join the society other than this invitation, which will appear once in each of the daily papers of Sacramento.

The list of the Pioneers contains the names of very many distinguished men—men who have been United States Senators, Congressmen, Governors, State Legislators, Judges, journalists, authors and warriors. It was carefully compiled by the committee, and all available data obtained. It has, of course, been impossible to trace out some who removed in early days. We had occasion to search out the identity of some of the members, noted among the early dead. Among others James E. Birch, the date of whose death in the roster printed in 1877, is —, 1857. Birch is now about forgotten; he figured prominently here in the early '50s. He was the owner of the old Adams & Co. building, on the west side of Second street, between J and K. The building was erected during the fall of 1853, by the house of Adams & Co., at an expense, including the ground, of \$85,000. Birch afterward became the owner, in 1855, of the property. Of him an early city directory says: "In connection with the name of Mr. Birch, it is but due him to state that he is the pioneer stage proprietor of California, and from his success in this business may be attributed the organization of the California Stage Company." This company was organized in 1854, with a capital of \$1,000,000. In 1856 they had 1,100 head of horses, 80 Concord coaches, and 125 Concord wagons. They ran 24 stage lines, and covered a distance of 1,474 miles daily. It was perhaps the most extensive stage company that has ever existed. In 1857 Birch left for the East, and was on the ill-fated steamship Central America when she went down off Cape Hatteras. She carried some 600 persons, and about three-fourths were lost, together with perhaps more treasure than in any vessel in modern times. When it was apparent the vessel was doomed, and the passengers were making frantic efforts to save themselves, it is related that Birch was asked why he did not attempt an effort; he replied, "I can't swim; what's the use?" The last seen of him, he was coolly standing at the railing, with his coat buttoned up, and smoking a cigar, when the steamer sank.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Benton, Rev. J. A.,	Marshall, J. W.
Booth, Hon. Newton,	Martin, B. T.
Burr, E. A.,	McNasser, James,
Carey, R. S.,	Merkley, R. J.,
Clark, J. Frank,	Sherman, Gen. Wm. T.,
Cummings, C. H.,	Taylor, A. S.,
Curtis, N. Greene,	Vallejo, Gen. M. G.,
Davis, Winfield J.,	Warren, J. L. F.,
Foster, Francis,	Wheeler, Rev. O. C.
Grant, Gen. U. S.,	

LIFE MEMBERS.

Name.	Date of Arrival.
Andrews, John N.	June 13, 1849
Bayer, Ulrich.	April 22, 1849

Burnett, P. W.	October 11, 1849
Burns, Daniel M.	February 15, 1849
Butterfield, Rufus	July 4, 1849
Chamberlain, W. E.	August 20, 1849
Chesley, George W.	June 20, 1849
Coleman, W. P.	August 16, 1849
Dangherty, C. K.	September 13, 1849
Drew, N. L.	December 20, 1849
Figg, E. P.	September 16, 1849
Gett, W. A.	September 5, 1849
Goodell, N. D.	August 13, 1849
Gwynn, William	May 18, 1849
Haines, J. W.	July 21, 1849
Harkness, H. W.	September 21, 1849
Heather, Seaton	September 21, 1849
Holmes, H. T.	June 1, 1849
Humphries, J. W.	September 5, 1849
Ing, J. C.	August 30, 1849
Knox, W. F.	September 1, 1849
Lincoln, L. M.	October 15, 1849
Lorenz, George	October 10, 1849
Madden, Jerome	June 20, 1849
McDonald, R. H.	June 26, 1849
McGuire, James	August 21, 1849
Mills, Edgar	July 18, 1849
Palmer, T. W.	July 26, 1849
Phelan, G. J.	July 28, 1849
Richardson, Luke B.	July 28, 1849
Schreiber, Simon	June 1, 1849
Shirland, E. D.	December 19, 1849
Siddons, William M.	November 17, 1849
Stephens, J. D.	August 17, 1849
Stephenson, J. M.	October 16, 1849
Sweetser, A. C.	September 27, 1849
Treichler, Henry	December 27, 1849
Wilcoxson, Jefferson	September 4, 1849
Winter, Charles	October 16, 1849
Winters, Theodore	October 29, 1849

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Aiken, E. F.	September 1, 1849
Allen, Robert	September 13, 1849
Arenz, Martin	October 1, 1849
Ballard, J. Q. A.	August 29, 1849
Bates, Zelous	September 6, 1849
Bailey, A. J.	July 6, 1849
Bell, George W.	September 20, 1849
Bryan, John E.	September 14, 1849
Callisch, Louis	September 14, 1849
Caples, James	August 28, 1849
Catliu, A. P.	July 8, 1849
Chandler, L. C.	August 23, 1849
Churchill, L. B.	August 18, 1849
Clark, Howell	October 13, 1849
Clark, W. J.	July 4, 1849
Clock, Hiram	May 18, 1849
Cross, G. J.	November 12, 1849
Croxall, J. D.	December 7, 1849
Cummings, Wm.	July 7, 1849
Deal, Samuel	August 3, 1849
DeValin, W. H.	June 3, 1849
Drescher, Philip E.	September 1, 1849
Dunlap, William	November 1, 1849
Farnsworth, W. C.	September 1, 1849
Fisch, Walton C.	September 27, 1849
Fiske, George D.	September 9, 1849
Freeman, W. B.	March 13, 1849
Gordie, Robert	June 10, 1849
Harper, Thomas B.	August 23, 1849
Harris, Leonard	June 1, 1849
Haskell, D. H.	September 16, 1849
Hedenberg, W. A.	November 1, 1849
Hoag, I. N.	June 1, 1849
Hotchkiss, F. S.	July 1, 1849
Howe, Leland	September 29, 1849
Hutchinson, John J.	November 27, 1849
Jennings, William	September 1, 1849
Johnston, Henry F.	September 24, 1849
Johnston, Wm.	April 7, 1849
La Rue, H. M.	August 20, 1849
Lawson, P. S.	November 27, 1849
Leimbach, Herman	August 4, 1849
Leonard, Albert	August 20, 1849
Lig, T. W. W.	August 30, 1849
Lindley, W. M.	January 9, 1849
Lusol, Archibald	July 22, 1849
Luther, W. H.	September 15, 1849
Mack, Charles E.	September 16, 1849
McCants, Thomas	September 16, 1849
McKune, John H.	September 3, 1849
Megowan, David	August 2, 1849
Miller, John S.	July 31, 1849
Miller, Joseph	July 2, 1849
Monson, A. C.	July 2, 1849
Mott, F. N.	July 2, 1849
Mouton, August	July 21, 1849
O'Neil, C. P.	July 7, 1849
Oswald, John	August 12, 1849
Powers, A. H.	July 6, 1849
Putnam, George A.	July 5, 1849
Quinn, John	September 12, 1849
Reed, Charles F.	April 25, 1849
Reid, James	July 4, 1849
Richards, John	September 9, 1849
Ross, David S.	July 4, 1849
Russell, F. H.	August 5, 1849
Schmidt, John B.	August 20, 1849
Sims, Joseph	February 1, 1849
Smith, Stephen	July 1, 1849
Sonle, A. J.	July 1, 1849
Strong, W. R.	December 27, 1849
Tracy, Felix	September 18, 1849
Turton, William	October 1, 1849
Twitchell, E.	September 18, 1849
Werner, Frederick	September 17, 1849
Wheatley, E. D.	August 22, 1849
Wishart, W.	June 1, 1849
Woodward, F.	July 1, 1849
Young, James E.	July 19, 1849
Zinewaldt, Charles J.	July 19, 1849

EX-MEMBERS.

Abbott, Austin R.	March 26, 1847
Abbott, Charles E.	June 17, 1849
Allen, Lyman	July 6, 1849
Anderson, William A.	September 4, 1849
Armstead, William Oakley	September 26, 1849
Atar, Simon	August 19, 1849
Babcock, I. N.	September 17, 1849
Bachelder, John R.	August 21, 1849
Backus, Gordon	October 4, 1848
Bailey, Joshua H.	August 18, 1849
Baker, L. L.	August 25, 1849
Baldwin, S. S.	July 8, 1849
Baldwin, Stephen F.	August 3, 1849
Barton, Horace	July 4, 1849
Bates, Benjamin	September 20, 1849
Bell, George W.	December 20, 1848
Benton, A. P.	October 5, 1849
Berry, George G.	August 11, 1849
Berry, S. A.	September 1, 1849
Bingham, George R.	September 15, 1849
Binney, A. J.	October 1, 1849
Bird, Charles L.	August 1, 1849
Blackleach, D. W.	August 28, 1849
Blauvelt, William H.	August 16, 1849
Bolse, C. D.	August 5, 1849
Booth, L. A.	July 7, 1849
Booraem, H. Toller	October 15, 1849
Bradford, Charles H.	October 9, 1849
Brown, Thomas R.	June 4, 1849
Brown, W. F.	January 4, 1847
Brown, W. W.	June 11, 1849
Bugbey, B. N.	July 8, 1849
Burger, Edmund G.	August 15, 1849
Burns, Peter	November 17, 1849
Burton, R. B.	July 4, 1849
Bush, Frank, J.	November 3, 1849
Cady, W. J.	June 4, 1849
Cahoon, Benjamin	September 15, 1849
Callahan, George W.	June 18, 1849
Calvin, James M.	October 10, 1849
Campbell, J. W. H.	September 20, 1849
Campbell, W. B.	September 17, 1849
Carolan, James	September 9, 1849
Carroll, John A.	September 9, 1849

Cassidy, Michael	June 9, 1849
Chadwick, George	August 11, 1849
Chedic, George	July 4, 1849
Chiles, James W.	August 19, 1849
Clough, Abner B.	September 1, 1849
Coffee, Daniel	October 20, 1849
Cole, Cornelius	July 24, 1849
Cole, E. T.	August 14, 1849
Coleby, G. W.	June 18, 1849
Coleman, Thomas	July 22, 1849
Coleman, Thomas E.	September 22, 1849
Collins, James	August 10, 1849
Colville, Samuel	August 1, 1849
Comstock, Lucien B.	August 10, 1849
Cook, Thomas H.	August 1, 1849
Cornwall, P. B.	October 21, 1849
Cotton, Chester H.	December 28, 1849
Couch, Jesse	August 5, 1849
Cowden, John	September 29, 1849
Craig, John L.	October 15, 1849
Crandall, J. R.	September 17, 1849
Culver, Leander	September 16, 1849
Cummings, H. N.	October 1, 1849
Cunningham, John Q. A.	September 15, 1849
Curtiss, H. K.	September 23, 1849
Dalrymple, Henry	September 10, 1849
Dam, J. W.	August 4, 1849
Davis, J. Z.	August 5, 1849
Davis, Peter	August 5, 1849
Dayton, J. B.	July 20, 1849
Denn, John	October 5, 1849
Dexter, Thomas J.	July 24, 1849
Dudley, William L.	July 5, 1849
Dunbar, J. K.	July 18, 1849
Durfee, A. A.	February 14, 1832
Dyer, J. P.	August 13, 1849
Dye, J. F.	September 16, 1849
Egbert, Robert S.	August 6, 1849
Elbridge, Joseph	September 15, 1849
Estell, Andrew	July 24, 1849
Evans, John	August 15, 1849
Everett, W. L.	July 30, 1849
Eyre, E. E.	June 28, 1849
Ferguson, R. D.	September 1, 1849
Ferris, L. W.	August 7, 1849
Folger, Robert M.	July 27, 1849
Foran, Ferris	July 5, 1849
Foster, George J.	August 1, 1849
Foster, George W.	July 5, 1849
Freer, Peter	August 1, 1849
Freeman, F. S.	August 14, 1849
Fry, D. B.	August 25, 1849
Gaines, John P.	November 16, 1849
Gordon, A. C.	August 1, 1849
Gould, George P.	September 18, 1849
Greenhood, Herman	September 17, 1849
Gregory, T. M.	July 6, 1849
Griffith, A.	September 26, 1849
Griggs, George	September 15, 1849
Grigsby, B. W.	December 14, 1849
Griswold, Gilbert	October 26, 1849
Gunn, James W.	June 12, 1849
Hale, James E.	September 20, 1849
Hagan, Louis Zum	September 30, 1849
Hall, Elisha	September 30, 1849
Hall, Thomas J.	September 30, 1849
Hamilton, David	December 18, 1849
Hamilton, Robert	September 20, 1849
Harkness, M. K.	August 7, 1849
Harris, E. A.	September 20, 1849
Harris, Joseph	October 26, 1871
Harris, L. B.	February 17, 1891
Hatfield, William H.	October 31, 1886
Haworth, James	June 4, 1849
Hayden, Uriah P.	November 15, 1849
Heacock, Josiah	October 9, 1849
Hietzel, George	August 9, 1849
Hiller, E. W.	July 1, 1849
Hoffman, Augustus	October 12, 1849
Hoit, Charles W.	August 3, 1849
Hollister, Dwight	September 9, 1849
Hollman, W. C.	August 15, 1849
Hornblower, F. A.	October 12, 1849
Howard, B. F.	July 19, 1849
Howard, J. L.	July 12, 1849
Howell, M. D.	October 1, 1849
Hull, Joseph	November 1, 1849
Hull, Thomas C.	April 25, 1849
Humphries, Charles W.	December 21, 1849
Hunt, Henry B.	April 1, 1849
Hunt, John A.	November 11, 1849
Hunt, Stephen H.	October 15, 1849
Hunt, W. G.	September 1, 1849
Huntington, C. P.	August 27, 1849
Hustin, W. S.	December 14, 1849
Hyatt, J. B.	September 3, 1849
Isbell, Philo J.	September 8, 1849
Jaques, James H.	July 1, 1849
Jobson, David	July 27, 1849
Johnston, John C.	August 6, 1849
Johnston, William Sacramento	August 6, 1849
Kearner, Philip H.	August 25, 1849
Kelley, J. M.	May 25, 1849
Kibbe, Henry C.	August 9, 1849
Kipp, Alpheus	July 5, 1849
Kneeland, D. W.	July 5, 1849
Kneeland, Seth R.	September 15, 1849
Koppikus, Adolphus	August 3, 1849
Kosta, Frank	June 29, 1849
Lake, H. B.	October 10, 1849
Lamoureux, G. W.	October 10, 1849
Laufkotter, C.	October 10, 1849
Laufkotter, W.	June 24, 1849
Lawrence, J. E.	November 28, 1849
Ledlie, J. C.	August 1, 1849
Levitt, John	August 1, 1849
Lewis, John H.	August 10, 1849
Lightner, C. W.	September 17, 1849
Linn, D. R.	October 11, 1849
Linton, C. B.	October 11, 1849
Litchfield, Charles A.	October 1, 1849
Littlefield, T. P.	June 4, 1849
Low, Frederick F.	September 13, 1849
Lowell, C. S.	December 19, 1849
Lowell, Marcus	December 19, 1849
Lyman, Charles D.	October 1, 1849
Marchey, David O.	November 4, 1849
Marshall, John E.	June 1, 1849
Martin, James P.	August 22, 1849
Mayo, Ed	July 22, 1849
McClintock, John	September 23, 1849
McDonald, Archibald	October 12, 1849
McGarvey, Robert	July 8, 1849
McManus, P.	October 12, 1849
McWilliams, W. A.	July 8, 1849
Meeks, Washington	October 27, 1849
Merrill, M. L.	August 27, 1849
Merwin, Henry	August 27, 1849
Meserve, Charles	July 30, 1849
Messenger, W. L.	June 4, 1849
Miller, John E.	October 1, 1849
Miller, John H.	April 4, 1849
Mills, D. O.	September 28, 1849
Monell, George I. N.	September 26, 1849
Moore, James M., Jr.	September 26, 1849
Moore, J. Q.	October 11, 1849
Morrill, George P.	September 10, 1849
Morse, O. N.	September 10, 1849
Murphy, J. H.	October 5, 1849
Murphy, M. K.	August 9, 1849
Murphy, R. W.	September 1, 1849
Myers, Henry	October 28, 1849
Myers, Joseph R.	December 5, 1849
Myers, William	August 12, 1849
Newton, Charles L.	July 1, 1849
Nickeson, James Robert	August 5, 1849
Nourse, G. F.	August 31, 1849
O'Brien, J. H.	August 31, 1849
O'Flynn, C. C.	June 21, 1849
Oliver, David	September 12, 1849
Palmer, C. T. H.	November 18, 1849
Parker, George H.	December 17, 1849
Pearce, William	October 8, 1849
Pearl, Sylvester	October 8, 1849
Peasley, John	October 8, 1849
Perrin, E. R.	October 8, 1849
Pettit, A. P.	October 8, 1849

Poor, George A.	September 20, 1849
Post, A. V. V.	June 17, 1849
Preble, Charles S.	July 15, 1849
Priest, Albert	January 30, 1849
Quigbey, Benjamin Cook	September 23, 1849
Ransom, William A.	August 28, 1849
Reed, Robert	December 1, 1849
Reeves, Bartley	June 3, 1849
Reid, C. C.	September 9, 1849
Reynolds, L.	August 7, 1849
Rice, Charles C.	August 13, 1849
Rich, George T.	November 10, 1849
Richardson, Monroe	November 12, 1849
Rightmire, A. D.	September 13, 1849
Roberts, Edmund W.	August 24, 1849
Robinson, Mark	September 9, 1849
Rose, James H.	September 12, 1849
Rousch, William	October 7, 1849
Ruddock, Calvin	June 12, 1849
Sanderson, Levi T.	April 27, 1849
Schmaelzle, Louis	September 7, 1849
Seeley, John D.	October 10, 1849
Sherman, E. A.	June 30, 1849
Shew, Jacob	October 8, 1849
Shipman, C. G.	June 30, 1849
Simons, Silas	October 8, 1849
Skinker, John	November 1, 1849
Sloss, Louis	August 25, 1848
Smith, Edwin Gay	October 1, 1849
Smith, Enoch H.	November 1, 1849
Smith, Myron	October 1, 1849
Smith, Samuel R.	October 1, 1849
Spencer, J. C.	May 1, 1849
Stevens, Frank S.	June 1, 1849
Stevenson, James	July 8, 1849
Stone, J. M.	June 26, 1849
Strobridge, James H.	August 17, 1849
Strutz, Julius	August 4, 1849
Stuber, John	June 4, 1849
Stump, John F.	August 5, 1849
Sutterfield, Daniel	June 4, 1849
Suydam, John F.	June 4, 1849
Torrey, Midian	November 13, 1849
Turner, Samuel S.	August 6, 1849
Wyer, J. A.	July 2, 1849
Winkle, I. S.	November 5, 1849
Wadsworth, Eden	June 7, 1849
Wallace, William	September 26, 1849
Wallace, W. C.	October 21, 1849
Welch, Samuel E.	October 5, 1848
West, E. O.	October 5, 1848
West, Philo	October 5, 1848
Weston, William	October 5, 1848
Whitmore, A. S.	August 6, 1849
Wiggins, George	August 7, 1849
Wilkinson, T. S.	October 10, 1849
Willbaum, Thomas J.	September 4, 1849
Willett, W. H.	August 9, 1849
Williamson, P. T.	July 5, 1849
Withington, George	November 2, 1849
Woods, David	August 28, 1849
Woodin, S. B.	August 28, 1849
Woodward, E. F.	August 28, 1849
Wortell, Frederick	August 28, 1849
Wright, W. G.	August 28, 1849
Wright, William C.	May 15, 1849
Young, Samuel	October 10, 1849
Zumwalt, Joseph	October 10, 1849

DECEASED MEMBERS.

Name.	Date of Death.
Ackley, William	October 26, 1871
Alford, Harvey	February 17, 1891
Alford, Henry	October 31, 1886
Ambrose, Goodhue	
Andrews, Asa P.	June 7, 1885
Andrews, Moses	December 9, 1883
Androit, Peter B.	March 14, 1879
Anthony, James	January 4, 1876
Arents, Hiram	July 22, 1890
Austin, Joseph C.	November 6, 1888
Ball, N. A. H.	August 23, 1870
Bampton, R. L.	June 23, 1889
Bannon, Patrick	August 11, 1881
Barber, E. L.	
Barr, John C.	February 22, 1862
Barroll, E. J.	
Bayley, John T.	
Beck, Robert	December —, 1887
Bell, K.	
Bennett, A. A.	December 1, 1890
Bentley, Henry	May 8, 1867
Bidleman, H. J.	
Bidwell, Stephen S.	December 28, 1849
Bigler, John	November 29, 1871
Binninger, A. C.	January 7, 1867
Birch, James E.	September 12, 1857
Boice, Nathaniel	January 27, 1877
Bonnell, G. B.	October 24, 1856
Boren, L. E.	
Botts, Charles T.	October 4, 1884
Boutwell, S. A.	May 31, 1881
Boyd, D. M.	October 3, 1865
Brockway, Charles V.	April 1, 1884
Brooks, W. N.	December 19, 1890
Brown, E. L.	
Brown, Robert T.	November 19, 1878
Brown, Thomas R.	July 12, 1873
Brush, George D.	
Burns, Alexander W.	August 26, 1874
Burton, John	
Butler, M. F.	
Cadwalader, Allen	
Cadwalader, George	April 28, 1884
Callahan, D. E.	July 24, 1883
Camp, Charles E.	October 5, 1880
Carlisle, S. S.	August 14, 1880
Carroll, John H.	November 24, 1887
Carothers, Andrew	December 13, 1876
Cassini, Stephen J.	February 13, 1873
Caswell, Harvey	April 3, 1879
Cavanagh, Charles F.	
Chapin, Samuel M.	October 18, 1875
Chase, Charles	August 15, 1871
Chase, Harry A.	December 16, 1873
Chesley, William	July 24, 1866
Clark, W. L.	December 7, 1875
Cleal, John G.	October 31, 1886
Chiles, I. S.	June 6, 1874
Coffroth, James W.	October 9, 1872
Colby, Gilbert W.	August 20, 1881
Cobins, Edward	January 6, 1868
Collins, James	July 18, 1864
Conrad, Samuel	February 17, 1864
Cook, Reuben	January 20, 1861
Cooley, Charles B.	May 15, 1890
Cooper, James B.	February 6, 1891
Cooper, J. H.	February 4, 1883
Corbusier, W. M.	October 21, 1880
Corse, M. D.	
Crackhon, Joseph	December 2, 1874
Crandall, J. R.	September 15, 1885
Crane, S. S.	
Cross, Samuel	June 13, 1886
Crowell, Edward	
Culver, Edgar	May 23, 1871
Culver, John H.	May 12, 1864
Dankers, Charles W.	May 4, 1871
Day, James T.	February —, 1888
Davis, Jerome C.	October 5, 1881
Deal, W. Grove	
DeBose, Thomas L.	December 24, 1879
DeLoe, A.	December —, 1874
Druke, George	
Dunlap, Presley	September 23, 1883
Dye, Job F.	March 4, 1883
Edwards, John	
Ellison, Captain John S.	October 13, 1871
Elwell, Stephen B.	March 27, 1875
Engish, William G.	August 16, 1878
Evans, George S.	September, 17, 1883
Flint, Wilson	January 4, 1867
Folger, Francis R.	
Forister, George H.	July 19, 1872
Foster, Francis (honorary)	January 30, 1888
Fourcade, V. J.	January 1, 1875
Fowler, John S.	February 16, 1866
Freeland, S. B.	February 8, 1866

Smith, A. P.	August 17, 1877
Smith, Edward L.	January 2, 1868
Smith, E. M.	November 24, 1868
Smith, Ralph	October 27, 1870
Soule, A. P.	
Spaulding, Volney	March 22, 1886
Starr, James B.	October 13, 1862
Stedeman, Louis	April 16, 1870
Stevens, Nathan	July 25, 1875
Stewart, Thomas K.	
Stillman, J. D. B.	March 2, 1888
Stockton, Edward	June 1, 1868
Sullivan, James H.	November 13, 1889
Sunderland, Thomas	October 10, 1886
Swift, C. J.	July 15, 1885
Taylor, Gustavus	
Taylor, John B.	September 3, 1889
Thomas, William H.	February 12, 1876
Tingman, John	October 28, 1875
Tooker, Lansing	February 19, 1870
Toole, William	April 5, 1875
Torbert, Charles J.	May 9, 1889
Tutt, John A.	
Tweed, Charles A.	July 22, 1887
Vallejo, Gen. M. G. (honorary)	January 18, 1891
Van Dyke, W. B.	
Van Hensen, G. K.	April 20, 1885
Virgo, Joseph H.	December 8, 1860
Vutiner, Philip	
Wade, David E.	
Waddilove, H. B.	September 9, 1864
Wallace, George W.	
Wallace, W. H.	October 4, 1882
Waring, Amos	October 9, 1879
Warner, Louis	May 22, 1860
Waters, W. R.	
Webb, James	May 7, 1874
Weber, Augustus	August 19, 1880
Weeks, J. E. P.	August 28, 1877
Wetzlar, Julius	April 30, 1878
Wheeler, Rev. O. C. (honorary)	April 17, 1891
White, O. H. P.	February 14, 1863
Whitesides, W. Bolen	
Whiting, B. C.	June 7, 1881
Whitney, D. G.	June 22, 1870
Wilcoxson, Jackson	
Williams, J. C.	July 1, 1884
Williams, Jonathan	
Williard, Daniel	October 19, 1871
Winans, Joseph W.	March 13, 1887
Winders, John	March 27, 1872
Winn, A. M.	August 26, 1883
Wolfensberger, William	
Wolfe, Charles	December 21, 1883
Wood, W. G.	April 30, 1869
Woodward, R. H.	May 21, 1866
Woodworth, B. A.	December 20, 1869
Woolaver, John	April 26, 1869
Wright, George G.	June 8, 1856
Ybuseta, John de Dios	
Yule, William	July 17, 1878

It is customary for the Emperor of China to offer prayers every New Year's Day for the welfare and bright prospects of his subjects in the eighteen provinces of his empire. At the ceremony eighteen pairs of candles are burnt, and the name of a province is marked on each pair. Any of the candles that burn badly signify that such provinces as are named thereon will suffer great calamities—sickness and the like.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar Floors, Fence Coping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J
SACRAMENTO.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT
BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.
M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Grubler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO

H. WACHHORST

Leading Jeweler of Sacramento

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,

No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA

Studio, 521 J Street.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street. Sacramento.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS
AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

Telephone No. 41.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh,
Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J Street, Sacramento.

FRED. SCHREIER,

TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BET. Q AND R,

CEMENT SIDEWALKS,

Garden Walks, Carriage Drives, Etc., constructed
at shortest notice, in the most workman-like
manner and at lowest rates.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS
LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klehetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL

HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers

410 J STREET.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813
K street.

R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors
and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN,
Formerly of Agricultural Park

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

May 1, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11 15 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8 40 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico.	4 20 A
4.30 P	Deming, El Paso and East.	7 00 P
7.30 P	Knight's Landing and Marysville.	7 10 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave.	9 35 A
12.05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East.	2-25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express.	8 15 A
3.00 P	Oroville	10-30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville.	10 30 A
10.40 A	Redding via Willows.	4 00 P
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia.	11 40 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia.	12 35 A
6.30 A	San Francisco via Benicia.	11 15 A
8.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia.	10 40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia.	8-40 P
10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamers.	26 00 A
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore.	2 50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	2 50 P
4.30 P	Santa Barbara	9 35 A
6.15 A	Santa Rosa	11 40 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8-40 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt.	7 00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt.	9 35 A
12.05 P	Truckee and Reno.	2 25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno.	8-15 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations.	2 30 P
6.15 A	Vallejo	11 40 A
3.05 P	Vallejo	18 40 P
*6.35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2 40 P
*3.10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11 35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities
of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 76

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.

Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

Huntington

Hopkins

Company,

HARDWARE

Iron, Steel, Coal, Etc.

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

R. A. OLMSTED.

S. P. OLMSTED.

Fourth Street Cash Grocery

R. A. OLMSTED & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Fruits and Vegetables, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain,
and all kinds of Mill Stuffs.
Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos.

400 L Street, S. E. cor. Fourth, Sacramento.

Fresh Butter and Eggs a Specialty. Goods delivered
free of charge to any part of the City. R. R.
depot or Steamboat landing. Highest price paid for
Country Produce.

THEMIS

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1891.

No. 16.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

The decision of the Supreme Court affirming Judge Hunt in the case of Bates vs. Gregory, is of importance to this city. While the amount involved in this particular case is not great, the principle established is of value. As the matter now stands, the statute of limitations runs against bonds more than four years over due. Some years ago there was a decision of the old Supreme Court which declared that the statute of limitations did not run against coupons of the bonds of 1859. This was against the settled doctrines laid down by the Federal Supreme Court, and owing to a mistaken policy of our city authorities this determination of our State Supreme Court was allowed to stand without invoking the Federal Court. This cost the city \$400,000. The present Supreme Court has determined that over due coupons do not bear interest, and it is by the same rule of action settled that over due bonds will not draw interest. The bond creditors may yet find that notwithstanding the fact that the old Supreme Court afforded them much consolation—and coin—the Court as at present constituted has a tendency to give the people a little justice in the matter of these iniquitous bonds. There is no funding scheme available for the bonds of 1859. What will be the situation of these bonds when they become due? According to the late ruling, if they are four years over due the statute of limitations runs against them. In 1888, \$320,000 of these bonds became due; on January 1st, 1892, they will be barred. The question arises: "How are the bond creditors going to prevent the statute from running?" There is no provision made for their payment or funding, except under the act of 1858, and it is difficult to see what remedy the bondholders have in this matter other than to depend on the Interest and Sinking Fund provided for by the act of 1858. When we contemplate that it takes all the accumulations of this fund to meet the interest, and that there is no Sinking Fund unless there is some other resource, the bonds will be barred before there are any sinking accumulations. The city cannot be sued on these bonds, nor is it subject to any process, mesne or final in relation thereto, and unless the creditors can invoke some means to create a fund for the liquidation of these bonds, or their funding, before they are barred, they will be at the mercy of the city. From this standpoint the recent decision of the Supreme Court is far-reaching in favor of the city.

The curiosities of crime have furnished material for very many interesting books, and the works on criminal jurisprudence are perhaps the most entertaining reading in law. This county has furnished many noted cases, and we will refer to a few of those that transpired during our connection with the courts. The case of Charles J. Flynn, alias Mortimer, who killed Mary Gibson, attracted a great deal of attention at the time. Flynn was a native of Lynn, Mass., and came from excellent family. He early embarked on a career of crime, and became one of the most dangerous criminals on this coast. In 1872 he came to Sacramento in company with a woman named Carrie Spencer, and they lodged at an I-street hotel. Visiting Mrs. Gibson's saloon, back of the station house, Mortimer knocked her down with a broken beer glass, horribly disfiguring

her face, and, after a desperate struggle, she was killed. The premises were then pillaged, and, woman-like, Carrie Spencer took away wearing apparel belonging to the dead woman. Clenched in the hand of the corpse was a mass of whiskers, and that furnished the first clue. Mortimer was arrested, and it was found that the whiskers corresponded with those he wore, and that his face showed that he had recently had a considerable quantity of his beard pulled out. Afterward the Spencer woman confessed, and testified against Mortimer. He was convicted and hanged. A remarkable feature of the case was the attempt made by his brother to rescue him from the county jail. The brother was a business man of Lynn; he came here unknown, scaled the jail wall, rang the bell in the jail yard, concealed himself until the jailer passed by to the yard door, and then entered the jail through the open door. He was observed by the jailer and mortally shot, but ran the length of the corridor, and fell dead at the cell door of his brother. Mortimer then exhibited evidences of violent insanity, and kept them up to the very last. It will always be a mooted question whether his mental derangement was real or simulated.

Filomena Cotta and Domingo Estrada stabbed John Cruse to death, and robbed him, on the night of April 7, 1874, at Front and N streets. There was at first no clue, but after the pair was arrested and placed in separate cells, the result followed that is almost universal in cases where more than one are implicated—one became alarmed lest the other would make a statement in his own favor. Both made confessions, and each tried to throw the responsibility on the other. A very bitter feeling was engendered between them, and they did not become reconciled until they stood upon the gallows. After their limbs had been strapped Cotta requested that his arm be released for a moment, and he extended it to his companion and, shaking his hand, remarked that it was time they made up. The Troy Dye case is familiar to our readers. The first clue in that case was a piece of redwood board that had been a portion of the duck-boat that conveyed the assassins down the river. Written on the wood were some lead-pencil figures that were identified by a salesman in a lumber yard. From that it developed that the lumber had been taken to Dye's house, where the boat was constructed. The confessions of Dye and Anderson followed soon after their arrests, but when the trial of Clark came on both declined to testify against him, and he escaped punishment. The Lowell murder case is another striking illustration of the danger to criminals to have more than one concerned. Confessions were made immediately after the arrests, and the criminations and recriminations afforded the officers full light on the tragedy.

The Robert Allen assault case is no exception to this general rule, and it has applied to the most astute and experienced criminals. In the murder case of officer Scott four convicts with records were the perpetrators, yet two of the three captured made extended confessions. The other held out stubbornly, in the face of the knowledge that there was sufficient evidence against him to send him to the gallows. He was finally permitted, however, to take a life sentence with his companions. The case of Zwalt, the murderer of his wives, presents some remarkable features: He was beyond fear of detection, and the knowledge of his crimes would have died with him had he not years afterward made a voluntary confession. It is evidently

a case of troubled conscience, and thinking about the matter has unbalanced his mind; yet it is apparent he was not laboring under a hallucination, as his story is corroborated in the East. Such cases have occurred before, and it has even been that men have confessed to crimes they had no connection with.

There is much to commend in the vigilance and zeal of our police department of late. Some splendid work has been done. The officers have brought down some big game. This is work worthy the dignity of officers. In place of devoting their time and energies to taking some poor unfortunate mongolian for selling a ten-cent lottery ticket, or some weak, frail woman for infraction of the ordinances relating to houses of ill fame, our officers have looked to the welfare of the community in capturing those dangerous criminals who are a terror to all. It looks like our officers are beginning to realize what constitutes the duty of a peace officer. The settled condition of the department no doubt has much to do with the present efficiency. When the officers are not disturbed with the thoughts and expectations of removal, and the uncertain tenure of their office, they are in a position to do better work. It was the original intention of the police law to make the officers of the department permanent, and not subject to this annual change. The present officers evidently feel that their tenure is safer under the existing rule than heretofore, which may be a reason why they enter into the spirit of their work with more energy. We say to the officers, Chief and Captain of Police, well done! Go on with your good work, and there will be little cause for complaint hereafter. Rid us of the vicious, dangerous criminals, and we will have no serious complaints of those petty offenders that seem in the past to have absorbed the entire attention of the department.

We have been disposed always to be just, and to render credit where it is due. It has often happened we have felt ourselves called upon to defend the police department from unreasonable and unjust assault by citizens who are unfair enough to adversely criticize without knowledge of what they are talking about. A favorite hobby with some is the gambling question, and it would seem that with some of the more narrow-minded, the entire energies of the police should be directed to protect the idiots who seek out faro games and lose their money.

Every man charged with crime is presumed to be innocent until the contrary appears by competent testimony in a Court of the land. Every person charged with a public offense is entitled to counsel and a fair and impartial trial. It is too common for public sentiment to be unduly excited at times, and incline to pre-judge those suspected of crime. Trifles light as air are often magnified into proof strong and convincing. We often hear from unthinking—we might say unreasoning—people, that certain parties ought not to be allowed a trial; that no attorney should defend them. Some are so radical that they pronounce an attorney dishonest who is called into one of these cases which public sentiment has magnified into the class of desperate. It is the duty of a lawyer to labor to free his client; of necessity he can do this with a clear conscience and with absolute composure. A lawyer trains himself to think and speak only on the legal aspect of his case. Whether his client did or did not do anything does not concern him in the least. The question with the lawyer is whether it can be proven. If it cannot be established by competent evidence, then per

force the client is not guilty, and it is here the lawyer performs his labor—that labor for which his careful and critical training fits him. Recently an outrageous crime has been committed in our midst. Certain parties have been accused of complicity in the commission thereof. We hear frequent expressions that none of the parties accused should be granted a trial, but dealt with summarily. Others go to the extent of unfavorable criticism of attorneys who are employed to conduct the defense of the accused. This is un-American. Whatever may be the individual opinion of the citizen, it is not just to condemn a person unheard. Circumstances may point very strongly towards the guilt of a party, and yet a full development of the facts disclose his absolute innocence. Public sentiment should never deprive a fellow-being from a fair and impartial trial, as well as the aid of counsel.

So far from insisting on the same stereotype modes of thinking and forms of speaking in all his pupils, the teacher should encourage all that variety of expression and action which suits their diverse natures, and which alone sets naturally and gracefully upon them. A machine can manufacture machines to order, all after exactly the same pattern; but it takes a man to educate men after the original and diverse patterns, according to which they were created. Socrates put himself on the same level with his pupils; was himself as much a learner as any of them; assumed to know as little as any of them; and so, by that method of question and answer, which has ever since been called the Socrates method, he sat down with them, and examined each topic as if it were entirely new—worked out each problem with them as if he knew no better than they to what result it would lead. The teacher should be always a learner, always an inquirer after new truths, or new views of old truths; or, if he must in any instance travel in just the old beaten path, he should always travel it with the same fresh and eager curiosity as if he had never traveled it before. He must never grow old in his methods, still less in his feelings and sympathies. In the province of teaching, and indeed in the whole realm of intellect, just as in the kingdom of heaven, he that would be greatest, must be constantly *becoming as a little child*. Socrates put his mind in direct communication with the minds of his pupils. He taught them much that was in books—the whole range of literature and science—but he never taught it *from* or *with* books. He first appropriated, digested, incorporated, the knowledge of whatever kind with the very elements of his spiritual being; and thus having made it his own, he was then prepared to guide and aid his pupils in doing the same.

All influence that would be powerful must be more or less personal. Mind must grapple directly with mind. Spirit must inter-penetrate spirit. In each conversation—lesson, it might be called—Socrates began with the simplest elements of the subject, took nothing for granted, and never proceeded a step farther than the pupil understood, and was prepared to give his intelligent and cordial assent. And thus he went on, adding question to question, and building one lesson upon upon another, like the series of demonstrations in Euclid's geometry, till the pupil was master of the whole. He taught but one thing at a time, looked at one thing in every possible light, brought up all the difficulties that were connected with it, and then returned to the starting point and went over the whole ground again in the additional light thus shed upon it. In short, he seems to have adopted the same method in which God taught the old world by the prophets, and indeed always teaches men by his providence and spirit; "line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little." And if there is any one thing in which great teachers have excelled more than in anything else, it is in this method of thorough and patient investigation adapted to the knowledge and capacity of the particular pupils now under instruction, however great the apparent loss of time, and their repetition and review, re-repetition and re-review, till the whole science or subject, whatever it may be, is not only at their tongue's end, but inwrought into the very structure of their minds, and part and parcel of themselves.

It will be seen at once that in order to secure the full

and perfect application of these Socratic ideas and methods, the teacher must not have too many pupils; the school must be small, or must be subdivided into small classes. And this is greatly to be desired for many other reasons, among which we only specify the great value to each individual of the *process of personal recitation* in giving him command of his faculties, readiness and felicity of expression, and in general executive power. The Socratic method is especially adapted to private instruction and home education. There is nothing to prevent private tutors, governesses and parents (unless it is their own personal incompetency), from adopting this method to the full. And this is one great recommendation of home education, especially for young children. With proper instruction in the Socratic method they may learn to speak foreign languages just as they acquire their vernacular tongue, and may drink in the arts and sciences just as naturally, almost as unconsciously, as they eat and drink and converse about the fireside. These brief and disconnected ideas are thrown out not as rules to be adopted without discretion and applied without discrimination, but as hints that can be hardly otherwise than food for thought to the reflecting mind, fruitful in suggestions to the wise, helps in self-education and in the education of others, to discriminating and aspiring teachers who would make the most of the best that there is in them in one of the greatest and best of the professions.

A housewife has contributed to one of the numerous journals that devote themselves to ameliorating the condition of her sex a heartfelt protest against the practice of early rising. She contends that if there be anything in the world that a woman needs it is rest. "If she feel tired and languid in the morning, and hate to get up, it is a sure sign that she is overdoing and wearing out. Six o'clock is as early as any one ought to get up and go to work." If a languid feeling in the morning be a sign of wearing out, the marvel would be that the major portion of the sex did not wear out generations ago. Moreover, these same symptoms have from time immemorial been so hopelessly chronic with the masculine sex as to suggest that men likewise have been overworking themselves, in accord with the alluring but perilous notion that it is better to wear out than to rust out. It is a curious fact that the whole trend of proverbial philosophy upon this subject has been in the direction of instigating people to commit the indiscretion of early rising. They have been promised health, wealth and wisdom, if they would only do violence to one of the most clearly defined instincts of our common humanity and arise in the morning with the lower orders of creation, and especially with certain birds, which, from their exposed mode of living in the open air and sunshine, are necessarily awakened at an early hour, and are therefore entitled to no laudation whatever for their conduct. It is refreshing to find some one with sufficient independence of mind to step out of the beaten path and put in a word in behalf of a judicious indulgence in slothfulness.

JANET'S ROUGH LESSON.

Judge Seaton had arranged to take his daughter to Long Branch for the season, and he invited Janet to accompany them. Janet was a beautiful girl, graceful and well bred, and the Seaton's fancied her; and the Judge, being a remote relative of her mother, felt it a kind of duty to look after Janet a little and to do what he reasonably could for her.

"'Twill do the child good," he explained to his wife; "and no one knows what a pretty girl may accomplish in the run of a Long Branch season."

Mrs. Seaton elevated her delicate brows in well-bred surprise, but she was too amiable and lady-like to raise any objection to her husband's will, so the matter was settled.

On the very afternoon before their departure, while Janet was packing her crisp muslins and her one silk, an old camphor-wood box arrived. Captain Larrimer, of the brig Nautilus, brought it down. He had just got into port and had spoken with the White Swan on his homeward voyage. Jack Hilliard was first mate on the Swan and sent the old sweet-scented chest as a present to Janet. They were not formally engaged, but they had been lovers ever since childhood, and Janet wore Jack's plain gold ring on her engagement finger. Jack never forgot her, and now he had sent

the camphor-wood box over the seas as a birthday present.

But Janet was too much excited, too full of her trip to Long Branch to notice it. She went on with her packing, and when Tom Seaton, the Judge's handsome son, drove down to take her over to the Cedars, she hurried off, not even pausing to bestow a glance upon the queer old box. When Janet had fairly gone the old farmer shouldered it and carried it up to her chamber.

"Ah, my girl," he muttered, "ye'll be glad enough to come home to Jack's box by and by—this sudden fever'll soon burn itself out."

Janet found her sojourn at Long Branch perfectly entrancing; the gay company, the balls, the music, and more than all else, Tom Seaton's constant and flattering devotion, bewildered her brain and silenced both conscience and common sense.

From Long Branch the Judge's party went to the mountains, and one hazy September afternoon Janet found herself all alone with Tom Seaton in one of the most romantic haunts of the Catskills.

"What in the world makes you wear this old fashioned ring, Janet? Is it a love gift or anything of the kind?"

"No," replied Janet, coloring with embarrassment. "Then let me take it off and put something prettier in its place."

Janet was too weak, too fond of flattery to resist, but a sharp pain pierced her heart as he drew the plain gold band from her finger and put a costly diamond in its place.

"Now, that's something like," he said. "You must wear it for my sake, Janie, and I'll keep this."

He dropped Jack's ring in his pocket, and Janet sat silent, a vivid remembrance crowding through her mind of the night Jack put it upon her finger. Poor Jack! Her eyes grew dim with tears as she thought of him, but she made no effort to remove the flashing diamond.

The season was over at last, and the travelers turned their faces homeward. It was the middle of October when Janet returned to the farm-house. Farmer Gresham was busy gathering in his store of grain, and his thrifty wife was up to her eyes in her preparations for winter.

After the first greetings were over, Janet ran over to her own chamber, with its sweet and simple appointments. She sat down on the snowy couch and looked about her. Not an article had changed, and there in one corner stood the old camphor-wood box.

A vague curiosity stirred the girl's heart as her eyes fell upon it. What had Jack sent her, she wondered, and she glanced down at the showy diamond with a sudden pang.

Presently she stole down to her father's chest and obtained a hammer and chisel, and then she set to work at the battered lid.

The box was lined with silk, and emitted a quaint odor. Down in the very bottom she came to a marvel of loveliness. A snow-white shawl, with long-trailing fringes and a web of folded silk that gleamed like the bosom of a swan; and deeper still a little casket, and in it a lace veil that looked like a film of moonlight, and a string of great milky pearls, as lustrous as Eastern moons.

There was a strip of paper, and scrawled on it were these words:

"My darling. When I come home, I shall ask you to be my wife; and if you say 'yes,' these may help for your wedding things."

Janet let the battered lid fall, and dropped her head upon it. Then she broke into a storm of passionate tears. Poor good Jack, and she had forgotten him and given away his ring! Then she went on with her sobbing till the sound of a voice below interrupted her—Miss Tabitha Turner's voice raised to a high pitch.

"Yes, it's so, an' no mistake! Jake Miller got here this mornin', and he was pilot o' the White Swan, ye know. He says she tuk fire in the mid-ocean an' every soul was lost 'cept the second mate, Joe Jarvin, an' him. Jake says that poor Jack worked like a hero, but he saw him go down wi' his own eyes. Poor Miss Hilliard's like one crazy sence she's got the news."

The girl rose to her feet and crept down to the sitting-room with a face like death.

"Tell me the truth," she gasped. "Tell me, mother, what is it about Jack?"

"He's lost," put in Miss Tabitha; "his ship burnt at sea; the pilot got here this mornin'."

Janet crossed the room and sat down on the doorstep. The same familiar sights and sounds; the same old life, and Jack gone.

A dull aching pain filled her heart, a pain that nothing in all the after years of her life could ever alleviate.

Miss Pamela came out on her way home. "Good-bye, child," she said kindly; "don't take it to heart, but 'tis awful sudden, I know. How I pity poor Jack's mother! I'd go down and try to comfort her, but they have sent for me at Judge Seaton's. The Davenport's got in from Europe this mornin', an' Tom Seaton's engaged to Lizzie Davenport—the weddin's to come off this winter, they say."

Janet heard the words like one in a dream. Tom Seaton to be married! and for his meaningless flattery she had been false to poor Jack!

Christmas day came, and, according to established custom, farmer Gresham and his wife went to dine with an old uncle; but Janet begged to remain at home.

The great logs mouldered into glowing coals. Presently the old watch dog began to bay in his kennel and a footstep crouched the sleet upon the porch. She took the candle in her hand and opened the door.

A tall figure confronted her, a man dressed in sailor's garb and all bronzed and bearded and changed, but she knew him in an instant.

"Oh, Jack—Jack, are you alive? Has God sent you back to me?"

His strong, claspings arms, his hot kisses on her lips and face answered. She clung to him, sobbing like a child. He drew her into the room and up to the glowing fire.

"My beautiful darling," he cried, gazing down enraptured into her sweet face, "and you do love me, you are my own?"

"Your own forevermore, please God," she answered solemnly.

Then, sitting beside him in the firelight, she heard the story of his miraculous escape from death, and in turn told the story of her own folly and unfaithfulness. But he only clasped her all the closer as he listened.

And when the spring came and the bluebirds sang, the contents of the camphor-wood box were brought to light, and the sheeny silk was fashioned into a bridal robe, and with the lustrous pearls amid her gold-brown braids, Janet looked the loveliest bride that ever the sun shone on.

Book Chat.

Did you ever know a man who wrote a shockingly bad hand who didn't seem to be a little proud of it?

Tennyson is said to make \$30,000 out of his poetry. He makes dollars out of it when others can't make sense.

"What are you studying?" "Metaphysics." "And what is that?" "I don't know any better than you. I only study it for pleasure."

Mme. Paul Blouet, the wife of the well known writer and lecturer, Max O'Reil, will accompany her husband on his next lecturing tour, which will be through Australia, and which will commence in September next.

Poet (to his practical friend)—"Is there anything more beautiful than to see those magnificent swans float upon the lake's silver surface? How I would love to be like them!" "What! Go around with one's stomach on that cold water all the day! Not for me, thank you."

Says the Boston *Record*: "If anything could be more snobbish and supercilious than Howell's literary critiques in *Harper's Monthly* it is a batch of those criticisms bound up together in a small volume. After a man has read far enough to hear Thackeray called theatrical, and Zola praised at the expense of Scott and Dickens, he is ready to curse himself for paying money for such namby-pamby *fin de siecle* rubbish!" And Mr. Howell is a formerly-of-Boston man, too! But perhaps the "formerly" accounts for it.

Reading novels at midnight by the light of the moon, says the Chicago *Tribune*, is not known of in the United States, but according to the English wife of Sig. Gregorio Revuelto of Guatemala it is no uncommon thing to see a senorita reclining in a hammock with a book in her hand, on her father's veranda in the Costa Cuca District, Guatemala, between 12 and 1 o'clock in the morning. Sig. Revuelto is a wealthy coffee planter, and is in this country, accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law, on a pleasure trip. The travelers reached Chicago recently, and registered at the Grand Pacific Hotel. "There are no moonlight nights in this country or in England like we have in Guatemala," said the Spanish planter's wife yesterday. "The moon at certain periods of the month is so bright that it is as light out-doors as during the day. English and American poets write about the sublime August moon, etc. They should see a moon in Guatemala during the time it is full. They would then have something to go into ecstasies about. It is too hot during the day in Costa Cuca to be out for pleasure, and all our little excursions around the country are arranged to take place at night when the moon is bright. For instance, when a few friends desire to take a horseback ride around the country the pleasure is never arranged to take place during the daytime. The night is always selected, and the moon furnishes the light. Picnics, boat rides and all pleasure excursions take place when it is known the moon will furnish the light. I do not exaggerate when I say that it is no uncommon thing to see a young woman reading a novel early in the morning by moonlight." Sig. Revuelto does not speak much English, but could speak enough yesterday to inform all callers that the coffee crop this year will be an immense one in Guatemala, and the cost of the article certainly ought to be cheaper this fall.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

If it were necessary Mayor Shakespeare could get Ignatius Donnelly to prove an alibi for him.

They are so strict in a certain Connecticut town that the authorities will not allow a public fountain to play on Sundays.

The artist's requirements are more exacting than the actor's; to attain success, he has to do something more than "draw a good house."

Annie Louise Carey, at one time considered among the greatest of contraltos, is a large blonde woman in whose handsome countenance beams the benevolence of her heart. Domestic affairs and charity work now engage the greater share of her daily time and attention.

John A. Lane and Ben. Rogers will join the dramatic forces of Mojeska next season. Mr. Rogers, who is a sterling old actor, was for the past sixteen years connected with Edwin Booth. Mme. Mojeska, in addition to her repertory, which is already very extensive, will produce a new play called "Magic Mask."

Margaret Mather proposes to revive the tragedy of "Medea" next season, which has been rewritten for her. It will be given as a double bill with a new light comedy. Her repertory will also include "Romeo and Juliet," "Leah," "As You Like It," "The Lady of Lyons," "The Honeymoon," and "Joan d' Arc."

The new semi-religious and historical play which Thomas W. Keene intends adding to his repertory next season is nearly completed. It will appeal, it is claimed, to a class of patronage that now but rarely go to the theatre, while at the same time it is intended to interest the better class of theatre-goers everywhere.

Who was it that first applied to Boston the sobriquet of the Athens of America or the Modern Athens? Was it Edmund Kean, the actor? In a volume written by an Englishman forty years ago we find Kean credited with that performance, and we are wondering whether Boston owes that pet name to no more distinguished an origin.

"When I was in the show business," said a retired showman, "the most drawing card we could devise was just to board up an empty cage and put it near the entrance where people on the outside could see it. Crowds of curious people would gather about it, and all sorts of wild speculations would be indulged in as to what it contained. There's no card like a 'curiosity arouser.'"

Playwriter (to his friend): "So meditative, old fellow; whose thoughts are you busy with now?" Uncle Wayback (at Metropolitan concert)—"I can't make head or tail out of that tune the fiddlers is playin'. City Niece (whispering)—"It's a symphony." "It don't seem funny a bit. Who wrote it?" "Beethoven." "Who's he?" "A great German composer, uncle." "Oh! no wonder I can't understand it. But considering the price they charge for tickets, I think they might play it in English."

At church, the theatre, and other assemblies the Japanese take off their shoes. "At the large theatre in Trukiji, Tokio," says a correspondent, "the rush for shoes is sometimes tremendous. Imagine 2,000 people after a matinee crowding and elbowing and pushing to get at their shoes, so as not to be late for their supper! Further, imagine what anxieties and distress of mind the attendants must undergo who have in charge the task of getting the multitude properly shod. The famous problem propounded by Carlyle in the opening chapter of 'Past and Present' of 'getting the thousands of shirts on the thousands of backs' doesn't offer more difficulties."

Probably the most romantic villain of history is Richard III. Nobody wishes to lose him. He gives artistic verisimilitude to the age in which he lived; and yet there now comes an apologist who would strip him of his gloomy scowl, of his impish mockery and fiendish cruelty, and make him to be "a marvelous proper man." In the latest number of the *English Historical Review*, Mr. Clements Markham, a very interesting essayist, takes up the cudgels on behalf of Richard, and argues that, instead of having been the arch-villain that history has painted him, he was a perfect model of uprightness, gentleness and propriety. Archbishop Morton was, it appears, the author of that account of Richard which was attributed to Sir Thomas More; and Mr. Markham blames Richard for not having served that ecclesiastic as he did Lord Hastings, instead of permitting him to circulate such vile and atrocious libels on a man who was "too childish-foolish for this world." But what is likely to create the greatest surprise is the assertion that the real murderer of the young princes in the tower was no less a person than Richmond, afterward Henry VII. He, not Richard, instigated the death of these innocents; and his wretched after-life and premature decease show that he suffered the torturing pangs of remorse.

Professional Chat.

The steel pen is mightier than the boxing-glove. And when Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes asserts that he likes to see a good sparring match he knows that he can spar with the dictionary of President's English as well as any other man living. The autocrat of the breakfast table can also handle objectionable characters without gloves if need be.

We now have the information that very few of the many girls who are studying law ever expect to practice the profession at the bar. Many of the students are typewriters in law offices, and they expect simply to gain sufficient knowledge of Blackstone to make their services more valuable in that capacity. Typewriting and law will be a very happy combination.

An Austin lawyer caught a tramp in his office stealing some law books, which the latter intended to pawn. Seizing the intruder by the collar, the lawyer exclaimed: "You scoundrel, I'll have you tried and sent to the penitentiary." "Let go my neck, Colonel. If you are going to have me tried, I reckon I'd better engage you as my lawyer, as you have the luck to be on hand," replied the tramp.

James Whitcomb Riley, having been asked what he did to warm up an irresponsible audience when he was lecturing, answered: "I do not try. You know I am near-sighted, and without my glasses I'm not worth a straw. Well, when I see I have a cold and critical audience, I just take off my glasses and lay them on the desk. Then the house can be just as uneasy as it likes, for I can't see a thing. The whole house might get up and leave and I'd never know it. It doesn't pay for an audience of mine to be cold, for I let them do all the freezing."

From the Omaha *Bee* we get the following: In a trial in the United States Court where a young man had been indicted for passing a counterfeit \$10 bill, the counsel of the latter, C. A. Baldwin, Esq., objected to Gen. Strickland's course in endeavoring to prove by business men the fact that the bill in question was a counterfeit, but to no purpose. Finally, improving a favorable chance, Mr. Baldwin substituted a good bill for the counterfeit, which genuine money Gen. Strickland then proved by three business men to be the rankest kind of counterfeit. Thereupon Mr. Baldwin vehemently demanded that attention be given to his objections and Judge Dundy insisted that the District Attorney send out for a bank cashier and an expert. With great confidence Gen. Strickland handed to the expert the bill—after establishing his business and his experience in handling money—and said: "State to the jury whether, in your opinion, that bill is good or bad?" "This is a good bill, sir," returned the witness. "What!" shouted the attorney, "do you mean to say that bill is not a counterfeit?" "Yes, sir; if you will bring it down to the Omaha National Bank we will give you the gold for it." Then there was a scene, in the midst of which Mr. Baldwin managed to explain to the Court that he had changed bills without the knowledge of the District Attorney, and that in view of the fact that three good business men had testified that a genuine bill was a counterfeit, he thought considerable allowance should be made for his client—an ignorant country boy—in mistaking a counterfeit for a good bill. The jury were evidently impressed with the idea, for they rendered a verdict of acquittal.

The following tough story is related by a writer for a daily paper: "Foxcroft Cole and J. Appleton Brown, two of Boston's most prominent landscape painters, were in a dime museum in that city one day and among the freaks was an artist with flowing chestnut locks that fell in ripples over his shoulders. He was attired in the traditional velvet jacket, and in an unassuming voice that could not have been heard more than a block away he announced to the multitude that he could teach the most thick-headed person to paint a landscape in twelve minutes for 50 cents. Mr. Brown and Mr. Cole, never having had the agility to achieve such a piece of artistic gymnastics during their careers, thought that there was money in the scheme, so they paid their 50 cents each and asked, to be enlightened. After having learned the proper color to paint foregrounds, still water and autumn leaves in the approved Hudson-river school style, they called time and started. At the eleventh minute fifteen second Mr. Brown had finished a beautiful symphony in green and apple blossoms, Mr. Cole coming in on the twelfth minute eighth second with an autumn landscape of a brilliancy that would have made Monet green with envy. The museum artist looked on approvingly, and, patting them on the back with a generosity of feeling that characterizes a great genius, remarked that it was almost as good as he did himself when he began. At this praise both artists bowed in awed reverence before the great man and asked permission to paint each other's portraits on the spot to see what they could do without tuition. The result was two stirring sketches of their respective heads, a complete prostration of the velvet-coated genius and an offer of \$15 a week from the manager of the museum. They refused."

CALIFORNIA IN 1837.

Interesting Notes by General Bidwell on the Diary of Colonel Philip L. Edwards—A Contribution to Our Early History.

Last year there was published in *THEMIS* the diary of the late Colonel Philip L. Edwards, by authority of the Board of Directors of the State Library. The original manuscript is the property of the State, and is an account of a trip made by Col. Edwards and a small party to California, in 1837. Later, our articles were issued in book form by the State. General John Bidwell, of Chico, one of the earliest American settlers in the State, was sent a copy of the diary by an editor of this journal, and concerning it the General writes:

I scarcely can find words sufficient to thank you for the diary of Col. Edwards. It brings to me a return of early scenes almost as vivid as a photograph, and must be most interesting at least to those who know how to interpret and appreciate it. * * * Some of the cattle lost by Capt. Young [who accompanied Col. Edwards—Eds.] in 1837 were occasionally seen even after 1841. Cow Creek, in Shasta county, took its name from a cow found there before any grants of land or settlements were made in the Upper Sacramento.

The only published work we have been able to find referring to this early visit of Edwards is "The Exploring Expedition to Oregon," written by Rev. Gustavus Hines, printed in 1850. Upon its authority, in 1832, four Flathead Indians, living west of the Rocky Mountains, journeyed on foot to St. Louis, for the purpose of inquiring for the Christian Bible and the white man's God. Early in 1833 this fact was published in a religious paper in New York, and the Methodist Church authorities determined to establish a mission among the Indians. Rev. Jason Lee was chosen superintendent of the proposed mission in June, 1833, and in August following his nephew, Rev. Daniel Lee, was appointed to assist him. They knew of no way of reaching the field of their labors by land or sea, until November, when a notice was published that Capt. N. J. Wyeth, who had returned overland from Oregon, contemplated to recross the continent in the Spring. The Lees obtained permission to accompany that party. Early in March, 1834, they left New England for the West, "and on arriving in Missouri, P. L. Edwards, also a lay member, was connected with the mission party, which now numbered four." Cyrus Shepard was the fourth member. On April 24, 1834, they met Capt. Wyeth and his party at Fort Independence, Missouri, and the next day commenced their wearisome journey across the plains.

After a journey of 152 days they arrived at Fort Vancouver, and for the first night in that interval were enabled to sleep under a roof. Later on, the site of the mission was decided upon "after much prayer for direction as to the place," in the Willamette Valley, seventy-five miles from the sea coast. A vessel called the *May Dacre* brought out the goods for the mission around Cape Horn, and she arrived in Oregon in October. Houses were constructed, and it would appear that considerable hardships were suffered by the pioneer missionaries. They, however, went to work with assiduity. The soil was tilled, the Indians converted, educated and taught to labor. In September, 1835, Edwards left the mission to embark on board the *May Dacre* for the United States, but he relinquished his idea of leaving the country, and returning to the mission in October, established a school at Campment du Sable. In February, 1836, it being rumored that there was in contemplation by certain Americans the establishment of a distillery, the missionaries effected the organization of the first temperance society formed on the Pacific coast. It consisted of eighteen members. It seems the parties who contemplated the establishment of the distillery were Young and Carmichael. On January 2, 1837, a meeting was held of the Oregon Temperance Society, and resolutions were passed requesting the parties to forever abandon their enterprise, and agreeing to reimburse them for their outlay to that date. Col. Edwards was one of four who promised in writing to advance the money. Young and Carmichael sent back a communication announcing their determination to abandon the enterprise, and declined to accept the tendered recompense.

In the year 1837 a disagreement arose between the Hudson Bay Company and the settlers, concerning

cattle, and the latter formed the California Cattle Company, the object of which was to purchase cattle in California and drive them into Oregon. Col. Edwards and Ewing Young were chosen managers of the company, and January 19, 1837, was the day appointed for the vessel to sail. The diary of Edwards commences with an entry dated January 14, 1837, and ends abruptly on September 18th. In March, 1838, Edwards and a party returned overland to Missouri.

General Bidwell has returned to us, temporarily, the copy sent him of Colonel Edwards' diary, and upon the margins of the pages he has made annotations that add to the historical interest of the original manuscript. From a resume of the annotations the General states that he became acquainted with Colonel Edwards in this city in 1850-51; that the law partner of Edwards was B. F. Farr, who afterward became the attorney and most intimate friend of General Bidwell. By referring to the first directory published in Sacramento city we find Farr registered as a lawyer, and officing at 102 J street. Concerning the numbers of the party who left Oregon with Colonel Edwards in January, 1837, General Bidwell writes: "None of these names are familiar, except that of Young; never saw him, but he was often mentioned in the early forties in connection with events in Oregon." From our investigations, if we have located the right person, Young died in Oregon many years ago. General Bidwell notes that he knew the Mr. Birnie, or his son, spoken of by Edwards. Birnie was an agent of a fur company.

Speaking of the Russian establishments in Sonoma county, the General says: "The Russians, in possession of Fort Ross, Bodega, and intervening coast, sold to Sutter in 1841, including all personal property. I had charge during 1841, and until the spring of 1842." Of Captain Cooper's mill in Sonoma county, he says: "Captain John Cooper, I knew him well; this was the first saw-mill ever erected in California, but was never used, I think. It was on Russian river, several miles from its mouth, at the bend below Healdsburg, where the river turns west." Speaking of the late General Vallejo, General Bidwell notes that he knew him and his family well, and that "he was Comandante General (Commander-in-Chief of the military) during the administration of Governor Juan Bautista Alvarado." Jacob P. Leese built the first frame house in San Francisco, and was a brother-in-law of General Vallejo. Of Dr. John Marsh, Bidwell says: "I knew him well; he lived near the present town of Antioch." We may add, that Marsh was one of the earliest American settlers in this country, that he was a man of much more than ordinary education; that his writings in the way of correspondence to leading eastern newspapers did much to attract attention to the then undeveloped resources of California. His life was a romance; his death tragical. In September, 1856, while driving to his magnificent rancho he was waylaid by three Mexicans and brutally murdered. They escaped, and it was not until 1867 that judicial punishment was visited upon them. Of John Reed, General Bidwell notes: "His ranch was called San Clemente, and located at or near the base of Mount Tamalpais."

Edwards notes that at Santa Cruz his party met David Spence. Concerning Spence, General Bidwell says: "He was a Scotchman, and a very intelligent and reputable man." Of Job F. Dye, the General states that he was the original grantee of the Dye ranch, near Red Bluff, now owned by J. S. Conc. Dye arrived in this country February 14, 1832, and died March 4, 1883. Of Wm. Gulnac the General writes: "Knew him well; he lived at the Pueblo de San Jose, and was the original grantee of the ranch on which the city of Stockton is now located." On August 14th, Colonel Edwards records that they reached the Jesus Maria (Bonaventura). In explanation General Bidwell notes: "American, river called originally by the Mexicans Jesus Maria, or Santa Maria, or possibly (Bonaventura) at Sacramento." In the diary of Colonel Edwards there is a spelling "Chastas." General Bidwell notes: "I first wrote it Shasta, as nearest the Indian pronunciation. Fremont spelled the name Tshastl, I think." There are other annotations made by General Bidwell that are of interest. It is gratifying that one so well informed as he is should take the pains he has to perpetuate the early history of this State and coast.

NOTES.

Speculative philosophy, like a "speculative" business, affords more blanks than prizes, and abounds in risks, but not in satisfactory results.

All bars are to be closed after 12 o'clock midnight. This edict will apply to mosquito bars in a few weeks. Mosquito bars are not likely to remain open after dark.

Honest, good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.

A perfect sapphire is one of the rarest gems, and consequently when found commands a very high price. It is curious that a test of its perfection is that it shall show red in a strong artificial light.

How potent the spirit of the age is may be inferred from a proverb, which, strange to say, was made by the Arabs—that "a man is not so much the child of his father as the child of the age in which he lives."

"U. O. D." are the mystic initials under which a new society is announced having for its object the proscription of Roman Catholics in all the relations of life. "U. O. D." must mean United Order of Damfools.

The purchaser of the log cabin built by Gen. Grant has announced that he will move it from its present site. Fortunately the old Grant farm on which the cabin was built cannot be removed by the most avaricious of speculators.

Charity is said to be a divine inspiration. There is little charity, however, in the composition of the ordinary religious exhorter. The so-called man of God is rarely given to charity in thought or act. Charity to himself is all he knows.

The English crown is made of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and emeralds, set in silver and gold bands; it weighs thirty-nine ounces and five pennyweights, troy; in it there are 3,452 diamonds, 273 pearls, 9 rubies, 17 sapphires and 11 emeralds.

J. A. Moynihan and Miss Lizzie Lynn were united in marriage on Wednesday last. The nuptial knot was tied good and fast through the agency of two ministers. Our young friends are deservedly popular, and are entitled to the full allowance of joy and happiness for the remainder of their lives.

The Kansas Alliance farmer has adopted a summary way of getting rid of his mortgage debt. When he refused to pay the debt, his farm was sold under foreclosure. The Farmers' Alliance of his district would not allow the purchaser under sale to take possession, but reinstated the original owner. This is one way of enforcing the principles of Alliances.

Many a man, a philosophical writer says, is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good heart, limbs, and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold, tough muscle than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and lands. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother.

It is natural to speak of lovely woman as "stooping" to folly as from a superior height, even if the male critic takes refuge in the epigram that "woman's at best a contradiction still." Nay, even if we agree with that couplet of Tuke's play so much liked by Charles II:

"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will"—

we must, nevertheless, admit that in the history of the world there has been nothing quite so potent.

Many of the uninformed people who are clamoring for reform in everything have little idea of what constitutes equal rights. There are so-called working-men and farmers that have an idea that they have a constitutional right to take what belongs to another without compensation. Thousands follow the lead of demagogues under the idea that they are, by some inevitable process, to get something for nothing. Indeed, the tenets of all these radical schemes seem to be: "How can we obtain the greatest amount of money for giving the very least consideration?"

A gentleman who is voluntarily residing in Boston, and who is described as "an excellent philologist and a lover of elegant speech," expresses horror at the use of the word "hello" as a telephonic salutation. "Hello," he thinks, is a vulgarism and a corruption, and should be eschewed. Perhaps it will not be encroaching too much upon his time to ask this gentleman to prepare a select assortment of Greek epigrams, Shakespearean soliloquies and poetic quotations for use in telephonic conversations. Business men in a hurry would be sure to observe any little delicacy like that, for instance, of being greeted with a theorem from Euclid or an Æschylean couplet.

FLASHES.

The early bird gets the finest cherries.

Never trust your watch with a musician—he is given to keeping time.

We are not so often condemned for what we do as for what we do not do.

Some wives know the wishes of their husbands, and go contrary thereto.

A feline orchestra ought not to complain of a high purr critical audience.

We may not be able to hear the grass grow, but we have seen it *mown*.

There is nothing a man will not promise to the woman he is not yet married to.

Some know more than they tell, but there are others who tell more than they know.

When a fellow has made an ass of himself he can realize what fun there is for others.

Patience may get down from her monument and disturb things some of these days.

The quality of a man's religion is best shown when he has an enemy in his power.

When playing poker with an expert you need have no alarm until you get a good hand.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

June 12th and 13th Gunter's popular drama *Mr. Barnes of New York* will be given at the Metropolitan. There has been a change in the caste since the last production in this city. We think it would be difficult to supply the place of Emily Rigl as "Marina Paoli." This is one of the strongest plays on the stage. The plot is always alive, and there is no want of incident or sensation throughout.

Last Monday and Tuesday nights *The Fakir* combination played to empty seats. Artists can generally supply the deficiency of plot, but there was a plentiful lack of artists on this occasion. It was announced in the house programmes that "The plot obscures the stage." This must have referred to the stage curtain which granted a relief even to the meager audience by obscuring plot, company, and all. There was not tact enough in this company to discard venerable variety songs and business taken from other farce comedies. It is difficult to understand why experienced managers allow such travesties to drift out in the theatrical world. This is a case of alleged farce comedy run mad. The foolkiller should come from under cover when next such a combination is started on the road.

Ancient Native Sons.

There is a general impression that the Native Sons are generally young men, upon whom age has made no marked ravages. Particularly has this impression prevailed since the death of General Vallejo, the oldest Native Son. An incident occurred a few years ago, however, that convinced the State Board of Agriculture there were some antique specimens among California's sons. A committee of the natives was appointed to wait on the Board to secure some concessions for one of the periodical outbursts of the Parlors. The committee consisted of General H. I. Willey, County Auditor Frank T. Johnson and J. O. Funston. Willey and Johnson are about as bald as men are made; and while in some respects a bald head is an inconvenience, particularly in fly-time, in the cases of these gentlemen it gives them a reflective look, and impresses one with a feeling that the loss of the hair is but an unmasking of wisdom. Funston's baldness is eccentric. It does not involve the entire upper hemisphere of the head, but is much after the style affected by young ministers. It is perceptible, and yet not so. It can be seen that the hair on the extreme north of the head is thin and short, but in commendation of it there is not exposed an extensive area of shining scalp. At the time the committee waited on the board, Judge Shafter was in the chair. The petitioners were heard with patience, when the Judge looked over his spectacles and facetiously said: "Native Sons! What, such a delegation of bald-headed old men come here and tell me they are native sons of a State so young as this; it really makes me feel old." The "boys," however, had their request granted, but it is noticeable since the Parlors have taken away committee duty from their bald-headed members.

Sad Bereavement.

We note, regretfully, the death of Louis B. Mohr, Jr., that occurred here on the 1st. Mr. Mohr was but 20 years of age, and had been married but a few months. It would seem the visitations of the Angel of Death, in some cases, are unjustly severe. A few years ago Richard, an older brother, and a young man of exceptionally bright promise, was stricken down, leaving a wife and young child. Mrs. Brune, a daughter of Mr. Mohr, died recently while traveling in Europe. Mr. Mohr and his family have the sympathy of their very many friends.

LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE INTERESTING CASE OF PASQUALINA ROBERTIELLO

How Cemeteries May be Transformed into Gold Mines—The Squabbles of the Ministers—Photomania and its Victims.

[Special Correspondence of THEMIS.]

NEW YORK, May 29th.

Truly pitiful appeared the case of little Pasqualina Robertello, the young and pretty Italian girl who was on trial during the first part of the week for the murder of her false lover, Nicolo Pierro. A great deal of sympathy was felt all through the trial for the petite little body who handled her pistol so effectively. That Pierre was an unmitigated scoundrel no one has ever doubted. Pasqualina loved her paramour not wisely but too well, and it was only when she was about to become a mother that she importuned the unprincipled Nicolo to accompany her to the house of a priest where they would be married, and then live happily together as man and wife. From time to time she was put off with meager promises. Finally a day was fixed upon for the marriage ceremony, but Nicolo once more broke his promise. Pasqualina again pleaded that a time be named, and to quiet her importunities Pierro mentioned another definite date, all the while determined to avoid the little woman who still had faith in him. Time rolled on and Pierro studiously kept out of sight. He persistently avoided his former sweetheart, who by this time had begun to grow desperate. The warm Italian blood in her veins surged wildly when she thought of her faithless lover. Finally the two met, and to Pasqualina's repeated pleadings Pierro roughly told her to "go on the street" and make her livelihood there. As for him, he would start for Italy immediately. He had had enough of her, and did not want to be bothered by her again. This cruel treatment was too much for Pasqualina's patience, and she killed her betrayer at their next meeting. Describing her sensations at the moment the tragedy was being enacted, Pasqualina told the jury how, just before the fatal shot was fired, her eyesight seemed to fail her. "I saw everything black," she said. "My head was going round. When I was taken home by the police I did not know what I had done." The scene as rehearsed in open Court was a truly dramatic one, and not a few eyes were moist when the child told her simple story. All this had a greater effect upon the jury than the lofty eloquence or fine logic of the lawyers. It was not surprising, therefore, when the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty," and the poor little prisoner fell on her mother's bosom in a swoon of joy. The great cheer that went up from the spectators when the words "not guilty" rung out full and clear, has been seldom if ever before equalled in a New York Court of justice. The interesting case of little Pasqualina Robertello only further proves the growing popular dislike for the infliction of capital punishment, especially when the law is to visit its vengeance upon a woman.

An experienced dentist, who is also something of a statistician, said to me yesterday: "At the risk of being called a monumental liar, I am ready to assert and prove by the facts in my possession that more than fifteen hundred pounds of pure gold is inserted every year in the teeth of American citizens. Of course this gold is never recovered, but goes down into the grave with the men and women in whose mouths the precious metal is placed. With proper allowance for the rapid increasing of the country's population, and the fact that American teeth are steadily deteriorating in soundness, it is clear that in the course of a hundred years or so the cemeteries of the United States will contain more gold than is now to be found in the vaults of the treasury at Washington." The assertions of my tooth-pulling friend are not so fanciful as they would at first blush seem. Though the value of the gold filling set in American teeth, according to my informant's statistics, is equivalent to about four hundred thousand of Uncle Sam's hard round silver dollars, it will not appear enormous to those whose defective molars force upon them the necessity of frequent and painful interviews with their dental advisers. The pocket books of such unfortunates will attest the truth of my statistical tooth doctor's figures.

For a whole fortnight theatre-goers have discussed but one subject—Richard Mansfield's new play of *Don Juan*. So that there might be no misunderstanding as to whom rightly belonged the honors of the playwright in this instance, Mr. Mansfield tabooed all ideas of collaboration with any one else, and set himself to work to evolve an original play from his inner consciousness and rich experience. The result of his lonely labors is the much talked of *Don Juan*. That Mr. Mansfield has made a grave mistake in picking a foolish quarrel with his former collaborator on the question of the real authorship of *Beau Brummel*, was manifestly shown at

the first performance of *Don Juan*. The clever touches in the dialogue of the former play which make it fairly scintillate with sparkling wit and humor, are conspicuously absent in the latest addition to Mr. Mansfield's unusual repertory. I do not mean by this to imply that *Don Juan* was a failure because Clyde Fitch had no hand in its making, but rather that it was not a great success because the combined genius of the finished playwright and the finished actor was not brought to bear upon its construction. That Clyde Fitch could not write a great play alone was easily proven by himself in his recent sketchy and entirely uninteresting drama *Frederic Lemaire*, which failed to make the hit that its author had confidently expected it would. The case of Mansfield and *Don Juan* is a parallel one. For more reasons than one the latter play is open to serious criticism. Its greatest fault lies in its unevenness of construction. Then, too, there is a lack of probability about the whole thing which detracts from its interest. There is no coherency of events in the play; a fact especially noticeable in the final act where the brilliantly clever comedy is suddenly plunged into a veritable chaos of wild and stormy melodrama. The act is not a pleasant one, or one likely to be remembered. It comes upon the spectator with cruel suddenness and shocks the sensibilities into numbness. In spite of its many glaring faults, however, *Don Juan* seems destined to have a long run. Unquestionably it takes rank among the notable dramatic events of an unusually productive season. There is one thing which Richard Mansfield seems to understand very thoroughly, and that is the art of making himself the subject of much popular discussion. He is a shrewd but delicate self-advertiser. But when all has been said, Mansfield remains one of the most interesting figures on the New York stage to-day.

No one who has taken a hand in the lively discussions which have been agitating the world of religion of late has put the situation with greater succinctness or force of logic than did the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church of this city in his stirring sermon of last Sunday. Speaking of the case of Dr. Briggs, and his alleged heresies, Dr. Parkhurst said: "To tie us to the sixteenth century, is an attempt to drive the Presbyterian buggy with a hitched horse." The facts advanced in recent ministerial trials would seem to indicate that the most advanced theologians are at least three centuries behind the times, and can therefore never be in harmony with the ideas advanced by the more progressive teachers of right living and right thinking. To the purely secular mind the squabbling over mere matters of creed which is now going on in the camps of the Christian teachers is intensely amusing. How the controversy will end, if it end at all, I for one do not care to consider. The situation, as it now stands, is at all events a highly interesting one, and seems to hinge upon the belief of certain factions of religionists who think that the world has moved forward during the past three centuries, and those who think it has not.

The season is now ripe for the advent of the amateur photographer. He is already a much too numerous person in the metropolis, but he will assuredly increase in number as the days roll on. Once in a while the wanderer in a side street will run afoul of a tall, pale-complexioned youth, with a bravely struggling mustache and an absorbed expression of countenance, who has just posed the members of his family (to say nothing of the neighbors' children) on the steps of the front stoop, and is busily engaged in taking a snap-shot of the group. That's him in his first stage of evolution. There's no mistaking the amateur photographer. Soon he will pick up his lilliputian camera-box and flimsy tripod and start out on his annual rampage in the country. Just at present, however, he infests city and suburbs alike. There is no retreat so secure, be it urban or rural, that is proof against the incursions of the photomaniacs. Your photographic enthusiast is a person before whom you should go down on your knees with fear and trembling. Of personal rights he knows nothing and cares less; of public property ditto, only more so. He will "take" anything that can be brought within the focus of his dreadful machine. He will steal your wife's pretty face and figure and your own carelessly posed person, and you may never perhaps be conscious of the theft. When strongly smitten with the fascinations of his awful hobby, his energy is boundless; his audacity sublime. There comes a dull, hot day, and you go down into the country and quickly repair to a quiet piece of woodland, where you know there is a crystal pool, and you plunge in and disport yourself playfully for an hour or so, and then come forth invigorated, happy and refreshed—and you won't discover until next fall that the camera fiend was in the woods before you, and that from his retreat behind the shrubbery he aimed his deadly picture-gun at your inoffensive person and secured for posterity a "full-length view" of your unadorned anatomy. There are other unfortunate happenings

which make you a victim of the amateur photographer. Perhaps you fall into a doze and an ungraceful position at the same time; you are by an open window and within easy range of a Kodak—snap! he has got you, open mouth and all. Does it please your fancy to take an aimless stroll through the park accompanied by your sweetest Sunday smile and your best girl! the demon incarnate is on hand. But you don't know it, and so perhaps you are a trifle careless in your deportment. You may be a very poor young man, but it's greenbacks against gooseberries that you would cheerfully give a week's salary to have known that you were going to be put on record in an unmistakable way when you allowed your right arm to steal around the waist of your fair companion. There is seemingly no use of railing against this crying evil of our times. The law has decreed certain things against the indiscriminate criminalities of the amateur photographer, but the law is helpless in this as in many other matters. From New Zealand to the North Pole, from Gotham to the Golden Gate, from Dan to Beersheba—go where you will, you cannot escape the ubiquitous nuisance. He is everywhere at all times; his only baggage is his diminutive trunk, with its wicked, winking eye. You can jump from a tower, climb a flag-pole, dive into the ocean, board a passing street-car or fall into a coal-pit, and your most ambitious activity will never be too agile for the all-seeing vision of the little black box with a button. When you least expect it you are neatly impaled and you writhe in agony, but the only redress for the wrongs you suffer at the hands of the amateur photographer is to buy a cheap outfit yourself and photograph him and his unworthy actions (out of focus), and then send the finished picture to an exhibition of amateur work, labeled "Study of a Mule."

Matrimonial.

Thomas W. Humphrey, a member of the Sacramento bar, and well known throughout the county, and Edith C. Smith were married at Folsom on the 31st inst. We extend to the young couple our congratulations. Mr. Humphrey, though a young practitioner comparatively, has built up an enviable practice, due in large measure that he attends strictly and promptly to business placed in his hands. While Mr. Humphrey finds it more advantageous to conduct his law office without a partner, he has wisely determined that rule will not prevail in domestic matters.

WENT T. CROWELL & CO.

Real Estate and General

AUCTIONEERS

Salesroom: 817 J Street.

J. SCHACHT,

DEALER IN

FAMILY GROCERIES

Provisions, Flour,

Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco

Southeast Corner Second and M Sts.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

Orders Solicited.

Fine Table
Wines
From our Celebrated
Orleans
Vineyard.

Producers of
the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

Apple Blossoms.

Only the day before we left the Rapidan, the apple trees had come out in full bloom, and it was a sight to soften a soldier's heart to behold them clothed in robes of peace and purity. Every breath of wind brought the odor of the blossoms to our nostrils, and it was something to take us back home to the old apple tree growing beside the well-curb at the kitchen door.

The enemy had fallen back before our advance until they got the shelter of a forest-crowned ridge with a creek meandering along its front. At the first gun from them our battery wheeled to the left, rushed for the high ground covered by a farm-house orchard, and as we unlimbered and began firing long-fuse shell I discovered that the limbs of a grand old apple tree spread out over our heads until every man was sheltered. How pure and delicate those blossoms looked! How refreshing the odor exhaled! The powder smoke blew back among them, but they seemed to shake it off, and, though our faces were soon begrimed, the odor of those white blossoms was still in our nostrils!

Like the soft, lazy snowflake of a Spring day, the blossoms came floating down among us, detached from the limbs by the concussion. I even brushed them off the gun as I sighted it to send a shell with murderous intent. Some one said the enemy was advancing. I brushed the falling blossoms right and left to enable me to see. Some one said that one of our men had been killed just behind me. The blossoms pelted my cheek as I turned to look.

Well, it was over in half an hour, with less than a hundred killed and wounded. We sponged out our gun, limbered up, and then I turned to the poor fellow who would never answer roll-call again. He had already been buried. The ground about us was as white as if snow had fallen, and ten feet away lay our dead comrade—shrouded in the white apple blossoms—buried under the beautiful and delicate petals which the crash of war had shaken down! Wasn't it a glorious shroud and a peaceful grave for a warrior? A bullet fired by a sharpshooter who had crept up a ravine had entered his heart, and he had fallen on his back and lay with eyes open wide and the blood welling out of his death wound. And the blossoms had hidden his eyes and their awful stare—had veiled his face until we could not see its pallor—had fallen so thickly upon his broad breast that there was no trace of the bullet and its work!

It was the soft, tender hands of Nature seeking for the moment to hide the murderous work of war—to soften the hearts of men armed with every device to slay their fellow-men. And the soft breeze carried the smoke away behind the farm-house, to be lost over the meadows, and in its place came again the odor of blossoms and the songs of red-breasted robins. Blossoms fell upon the dead as they were laid in the shallow trenches to sleep forever more, and above them the robins called to each other and returned to their deserted nests.—*N. Y. World.*

An Unenjoyable Ride.

A young gentleman had an engagement with the daughter of a prosperous citizen to attend theater. The young lady suggested that they use the family carriage, and the gallant was too polite to decline. On the morning of the engagement the young lady asked her father to please to stop in Mr. Bowersox's office and inquire where he wanted the carriage to call for him. The kindly old gentleman did so. He stepped in the office and, calling to the young man, said:

"I want to see about that carriage."
"Wait a moment," said the youth, evidently agitated. He laid down his pen and, coming from behind the desk, led his visitor into a dark corner and continued: "I can't settle that right now, as I am decidedly hard up. I'll fix it by the middle of the month, dead sure."

"What do you mean?" said the old gentleman.

"Why, ain't you the collector for the Gougeon Transfer Company?"

"No; I'm not. I'm Miss Bondholder's father, and I want to know where my carriage is to be sent for you to-night."

He went to the theater in the carriage, but he did not enjoy it much.

The Most Destructive Epidemic.

The most appalling epidemic that ever desolated the world was the terrible black death, or the great pestilence, as it was called, which appeared in the fourteenth century. There are no proper materials for estimating the mortality which this plague produced, as it occurred before the value of statistics was appreciated. But in China, 13,000,000 are said to have died, and in the rest of the East nearly 24,000,000. In Europe the horror was increased by the greater exactness of details. London alone lost over 100,000; fifteen European cities lost among them 300,000; Germany was calculated to have lost 1,250,000 and Italy one-half of its population. On a moderate calculation it may be assumed that there perished in Europe 25,000,000 human beings, while the total mortality from this fearful scourge can hardly have fallen short of 70,000,000 of people.

One of the Fat Man's Miseries.

Perhaps there are a great many people who know a great many things who do not know how a fat man sits down. We lean people, says the *Detroit News*, who, unless from an æsthetic motive, do not have to make a study of the art of sitting down, cannot appreciate the difficulties a fat man may have in placing himself in a chair. He cannot, as we do, swing himself to any frail seat, turn with an easy motion, and, with a general and graceful collapse, be seated. E. W. Voygt, whose known weight is 313 pounds, was recently carefully watched as he endeavored to seat himself. As he approached the chair he measured it carefully with a trained eye. Then he backed up to it as he would back up to a cart. Looking over his shoulder he saw that his position was geographically correct. Then, with a droll, uncertain expression on his dumpling face, he humped his shoulders and scrooged up the small of his back, thus shortening himself six inches. He placed his hands at his sides a little back of him, and firmly grasped the arms of his chair, and a pleased expression came over that chubby face. He leaned his whole body forward, breaking at the hips, the chair presenting a rear elevation something like the complicated eaves of a house, or the broken section of a cantilever. He braced himself for a mighty effort and began tugging resolutely at the chair. It was like pulling on a tight boot, and this chair was a very close fit indeed. But presently it went on with a snap, and again the clouds cleared from his face. Slowly and carefully he settled back on the floor, pushed himself well back in the heel, and the fat man was in his chair. Getting up is another task for this fat man. He must not arise with thoughtless celerity, for then he will prance about the room with the chair firmly attached, presenting anything but a decorous appearance. He firmly grasps the arms and removes the chair as he would pull off a congress gaiter, and then the fat man is free again.

Origin of Foot-ball.

According to adepts in classical antiquities the game of foot-ball was a favorite one among both the Greeks and the Romans; the former called it "espiskuros" and the latter "harpastum." Some authorities claim that foot-ball is mentioned by Fitz Stephen as an amusement of the English in the reign of Henry II, about 1160. This, however, is doubtful, and depends upon the interpretation of a word, which many people hold to mean tennis. The first undisputed mention of foot-ball occurs in a public edict of the reign of Edward III, 1347, by which foot-ball is prohibited, not, perhaps, from any objection to the game itself, but because it impeded the progress of archery. James II of Scotland also prohibited the game in the year 1457. Sir Thomas Elyot, who wrote in the time of Henry VIII, denounced the game as being "nothyng but beastly fury and extreme violence; whereof procedeth hurte, and consequently rancour and malice do remayn with them that be wounded, whereof it is to be put in perpetual sylence." James I was so impressed with the danger attending this pastime that he wrote in his "Basilicon Doron," "from this court I debarre all rough and violent exercises as the foot ball, meeter for lameing than making able the users thereof." Barclay, in his fifth Eclogue, A. D. 1508, has these lines:

The sturdy plowman, lustie, strong and bold,
Overcometh the winter with driving the foote ball,
Forgetting labour, and many a grievous fall.

The poet Waller also addressed himself to this point in the following lines:

As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
Their force at foot ball, care of victory
Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast
That their encounter seems too rough for jest.

"The Hammer of the Earth."

A correspondent asks, "what city has been called 'the hammer of the earth?'" Babylon receives that appellation in the Bible. You will find the passage in which it occurs in Jeremiah 1:23: "How is the hammer of the whole earth cut asunder and broken? How is Babylon become a desolation among the nations?" Babylon, it has been estimated, must have covered an area equal to five times that of London. Its walls and gates, the great palace of Nebuchadnezzar (the admiration of mankind), the hanging gardens and temple of Bel give some idea of the immense human force at the disposal of its monarch and of how Jeremiah came to use the expression, "the hammer of the whole earth."

Quentin Durward, one of Scott's heroes, is described as an archer in the Scottish guard. He leaves Scotland to seek his fortune in France, a feudal enemy having reduced him to poverty. Unexpected circumstances recommend him to the king's favor, and he becomes a trusted archer in Louis' body guard. Quentin was intrusted with the protection of the women of Croye during a dangerous journey. With courage and presence of mind he extricated them from their perplexities and perils. The Countess Isabelle de Croye and Quentin soon became victims of a romantic passion. After suffering and difficulty they were permitted to marry. Crevecoeur says of Quentin Durward: "It is sense, firmness and gallantry which have put him in possession of wealth, rank and beauty."

UNION ICE COMPANY

ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH

Pure Mountain Ice

NEW QUARTERS:

521 AND 523 I STREET.

CHARLES SELLINGER, Agent.



PANTS to ORDER
\$3.50 to \$13.50
SUITS TO ORDER
\$15.00 to \$50.00
1000 Patterns to Select from.
GABEL the TAILOR
426 J STREET.

D. J. MANNIX,

Contractor of Plastering

Kalsomining and Repairing

In all its branches.

Insulation of Steam Pipes and Boilers a Specialty

Center Pieces, Brackets, and all kinds of Plaster Ornaments for sale.

Residence, 2215 O St. Shop, 1220 J St.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than
J. SLAUGHTER,
Sixth and M streets.
Telephone 318.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.

R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

THE

Bell Conservatory Co.

SACRAMENTO.



Floral Work and Plant Decoration

A SPECIALTY.

Telephone No. 155.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET.

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar

Floors, Fence Coping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J

SACRAMENTO.

M. DUFFY,

Manufacturer of

Carriages, Wagons, Carts, Etc.

REPAIRING

Done at Short Notice. All Work Warranted.

1111-1113 J Street, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. M. MORRISON,

Southeast Cor. Twelfth and E Streets,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

General Merchandise.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

The Newest Game Out.

In Brooklyn a short time ago, says the New York *Sun*, a bright young married woman introduced an abominable game. This game, so far as known, hasn't been christened yet. This is the scheme: Ten virtues, or characteristics, or qualities, are set down in a row, like this:

Honesty,	Affability,
Tact,	Beauty,
Politeness,	Modesty,
Intelligence,	Generosity,
Sobriety,	Consideration.

Then the names of the persons present are set down, and they are taken one at a time and picked to pieces by their friends. The maximum is ten for every virtue, and then the per cent. awarded is added up and the person whose total is nearest 100 is considered the nicest one present.

The appalling brutality of this game can only be appreciated by one who has taken part in it. Imagine yourself in the company of half a dozen girls whose chief characteristic is bluntness, who consider truth the crowning virtue. Suppose you have only recently been introduced to five of the girls, and are not on intimate terms with the men present, and are selected as the first victim of this horrible scheme. The question of your honesty is broached, and every girl instantly bends her brows upon you, and after deliberating for a moment concludes that you are not any too honest, and that 7½ per cent. is all that you are entitled to. This thing recently happened to the writer, and this was the per cent. he got in spite of his own frenzied assertion that he had never swindled a man out of a cent.

Then the merciless young ladies they got down to the same subject's tact, and gave him 6½, while his politeness was estimated at 6½. He got 8 for intelligence, however, which was a comparative pleasure, and then he got 6½ for sobriety and 7 for affability.

Then the trying moment came when the question of his beauty was to be decided. He is sure that he never appeared so ungainly and homely in his life as he did at that moment while sitting with his hands out of sight and his feet as far under the chair as he could get them. There were several whispered conferences and many minute examinations of his person, and then he got only a stingy 5 per cent. This ranked his beauty among the average, and it makes him hot in the collar even now when he thinks of it.

He felt at home, however, when the question of modesty was reached. He didn't care how low he was ranked in this respect, for he always believed that modesty was a stumbling-block in the path of any man. But those terrible girls almost instantly agreed, on the authority of one whom the unfortunate man knows almost well enough to ask for a kiss, that his per cent in this respect was, at least, 8½, or mighty near the maximum. This made the man think, and if the result of this thought doesn't astonish the girl and make her sorry she didn't put the per cent. down to one, why then it'll be a funny thing.

He got 7 for generosity and 8½ for consideration, in spite of his own conviction that these figures should be reversed. His total was 70½, which he was assured was mighty high for a new man.

He got square though by taking an active part in the per cent. of the other members of the company, and the way he insisted that a man he never saw before was a confirmed drunkard, liar and thief made many bitter enemies for him. The horrible game went on until the girls were reached, and then it was a shameful thing to see those down-trodden and abject men vote in chorus for the maximum every time.

The "Grace Card."

The "grace card" is the six of hearts, and the name arose during the English revolution of 1688, when John Grace of Courtstown, Ireland, espoused the cause of King James and raised an armed force on his behalf. William of Orange, knowing what power Grace's high character and reputation would have among the Irish nobility, early solicited him, with splendid promises of royal favor, to join the new party. But on perusing the proposal he instantly seized a card lying near him and returned this indignant answer upon it: "Go tell your master I despise his offer. Tell him that honor and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth a prince can bestow." This card happened to be the six of hearts, and to this day it is generally known, in the city of Kilkenny at least, as "Grace's card."

The Loftiest Waterfall.

The loftiest waterfall in the world is to be seen in the Yosemite Valley, Mariposa county. It is formed by the descent of the Yosemite creek down the wall on the north side of the valley, and is divided into three parts. First there is a fall of 1,500 feet, then 626 feet of cascades and finally a plunge of 400 feet to the level of the valley. With a total height of not less than about 2,600 feet this wonderful fall

* * * Rushes from his mountain home All beautiful, but terrible in might. One desperate bound from yonder cloud capped height. Flushing him from his unseen throne, Shot like a flying minister of light. High o'er the chaos wreck his crown is shown Of rainbow glories faded, still upheld alone.

How Col. Ingersoll Got His Start.

In 1859 or 1860, Colonel Ingersoll was a promising young lawyer at Peoria, Ill., fighting hard to secure a practice. He was not very widely known, even in his own locality, at that time, but there were a few who recognized his abilities as a public speaker, and were anxious to give him an opportunity to show what he could do. The opportunity, however, obstinately refused to present itself, but the young attorney kept steadily at work, while his most intimate friend was unable to recognize in him one of the future masters of platform oratory. But his chance finally came in one of the years above mentioned, and in a wholly unexpected way.

The German residents of Peoria concluded to celebrate the Fourth of July, which happened to occur on Sunday that year. The proposition was strongly opposed by the ministers, because they regarded it as a double desecration. So strong became the opposition that the Germans were refused permission to celebrate the day within the corporate limits of Peoria—the mayor expressing his readiness to enforce the prohibitory order. Under such circumstances the Germans were compelled to take to the woods outside the limits in order to give full vent to their patriotism.

The next point was to engage an orator to fill the bill, and after much canvassing and thought over the matter, R. Mueller, then a resident of Peoria, happened to think that young Mr. Ingersoll might do in a pinch. The invitation was extended, he accepted, and his German fellow citizens were happy. Col. Ingersoll delivered his first public oration before a large audience, and it was pronounced a brilliant success, bearing some cutting allusions to what he regarded as the illiberality and narrowness of his ministerial friends.

Of course they replied at the first opportunity, and the young orator was scored rhetorically from head to heels. Mr. Ingersoll replied to the pulpit denunciation of his course, and then the fight began between the cloth and the great agnostic, Pope Bob, which even now shows not the slightest sign of an armistice. The name of the previously unknown young lawyer soon spread beyond the boundaries of Peoria and Illinois.

That Col. Ingersoll appreciates the favor unconsciously rendered him by Mr. Mueller is demonstrated by subsequent events. The latter has been a resident of Minneapolis for several years as agent of the Best Brewing Company, and whenever Col. Ingersoll comes here he invariably notifies his old friend. If there are courtesies to be extended, Mr. Mueller is sure to be one of the fortunates, and Col. Ingersoll's distinguished consideration is too bountiful to be exhausted while the two remain on earth.

Peculiarities of Champagne.

There are two peculiarities about champagne drinking which are capable of explanation. The one is the rapidity with which it exhilarates, notwithstanding the small proportion of alcohol it contains. This is due to the carbonic-acid gas evolved, which is inhaled while drinking, for it is the property of the gas to expedite the action of anything with which it is associated. It is estimated that one glass of champagne is equal in effect to two glasses of still wine of the same strength and is more rapid in action. The other peculiarity is the sort of lethargy or deadness which follows after excessive champagne drinking. This is analogous to the stupor produced by carbonic-acid gas; but it is assisted and intensified by the excess of sugar deranging the stomach. The undigested sugar turns into acid and thus it is that too much champagne is apt to produce dyspepsia. Sweetness is often confused with richness in wines; but, as a matter of fact, sweetness is often produced by the addition of sugar, especially in champagnes. It has been compared to charity, in that it covers a multitude of sins. The richness proceeding from natural saccharine is produced by a natural arrest of the process of fermentation. It occurs mostly in hot climates, but in port making a richness is produced by the artificial arrest of fermentation. As a medicine, however, champagne is best "dry" and its tendency then is to thin the blood.

The Mystery of Second-Growth Forests

Among the curious enigmas of nature which have remained unsolved to the present day is the growth of a forest upon the site once occupied by one which differed in character from the latter growth. Some have supposed that the seeds from which the second forest sprang had been lying undeveloped in the ground for a great length of time, perhaps centuries, but the improbability of seeds retaining their vitality for such a length of time, and under the conditions to which they would necessarily be exposed, makes that theory rather implausible; and, besides, this speculation fails to account for the origin of the seeds necessary to produce the second growth. What reader of "Notes for the Curious" can explain this riddle or tell us why species of weeds and grass wholly different from those found in the surrounding country spring up wherever the earth is turned, even if the point of disturbance be in the center of a grassy plain 500 or 1,000 miles from where such weeds are known to flourish?

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE,

228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD, C. A. VIEMEISTER.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter. M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMANN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMANN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO.

C. T. MILLIKIN,

DENTIST,

1008 Eighth Street, Between J and K,

Over Dr. W. A. Hughson's office.

DR. H. H. PIERSON.



511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

A. L. HART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON, HIRAM W. JOHNSON, JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, LAWYERS.

504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEO. A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER, Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEO. G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, LAWYER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, 630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of J. C. Bainbridge, an insolvent debtor. J. C. Bainbridge having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. C. Bainbridge is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the county of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, on the 10th day of June, 1891, at 130 o'clock P. M., of that day to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, May 11th, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET, Judge of the Superior Court. Wm. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Petitioner.

Number of Species of Animals.

As nearly every distinguished naturalist has adopted a classification of the animal world differing from all preceding systems, and as each such naturalist has used the word species, but each in a somewhat different sense, it happens that when a novice wishes to learn what the accurate and scientific meaning of the term is he is apt to be puzzled rather than enlightened. However, assuming that species is not the same as genus, that genus means a group of like species, and that species means a group of like individuals supposed to have descended from the same pair of ancestors, then the number of known species of animals amounts to about 155,000, which zoologists have classed as follows:

	Species.
1. Vertebrata—Mammalia, 1,700; birds, 6,000; reptiles, 1,500; fishes, 6,000.....	15,200
2. Mollusca.....	10,000
3. Articulata, including insects.....	120,000
4. Radiata.....	10,000
Total.....	155,200

The ancient Finns believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Vainamoinen, who hatched it in his bosom. He let it fall into the water and it broke, the lower portion of the shell forming the earth, the upper the sky; the liquid white became the sun and the yolk the moon, while the little fragments of broken shell were transformed into stars.

ORDINANCE NO. 29.

An Ordinance Regulating Saloons, Dance-houses, Theaters, and Places where Intoxicating Liquors are Disposed of by Retail, and Providing for Licenses Therefor.

The Board of Supervisors of the County of Sacramento do ordain as follows:

Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to hereafter open, establish, or conduct, or cause to be opened, established, or conducted, any barroom, public saloon, theater, variety show, dance-house, or other place where wines, spirituous or malt liquors are sold by the glass, bottle, or otherwise, by retail, within the limits of the County of Sacramento, without first obtaining permission from the Board of Supervisors. The application for such permission shall be made by petition in writing to the Board of Supervisors, which petition must contain the names and signatures of a majority of the resident taxpayers in the election precinct, as it at the time exists, in which such saloon or place in which such liquors are to be dispensed is proposed to be opened or conducted.

Sec. 2. If, after due consideration of the same by the Board of Supervisors, the petition be favorably acted upon, it shall be the duty of the person in whose favor the petition was presented, and the prayer of which was granted, before opening the said place to file with the Board of Supervisors a good and sufficient bond, to be approved by the Chairman of the Board, with two sureties in the sum of \$1,000, conditioned that the applicant shall maintain said place in a quiet, orderly and decent manner.

Sec. 3. A written verified complaint filed with said Board of Supervisors setting forth that any saloon or place mentioned in Section 1 of this Ordinance is conducted in other than a quiet, orderly, lawful and decent manner shall be foundation for action by the Board of Supervisors concerning the place complained of in said complaint. If after a full investigation of which both sides shall have due notice and the privilege of being represented in person and by counsel and producing and examining witnesses the Board of Supervisors find the allegations of the complaint to be true it shall make an order revoking the license issued to the person owning or conducting the place complained of and shall declare the bond given in such case forfeited.

Sec. 4. On and after July 1st, 1891, persons conducting the business mentioned in Section 1 of this Ordinance and in compliance with the provisions hereof, must pay a license tax to the License Collector of said county in the sum of \$30 quarterly in advance; provided, that all licenses in full force at the time of the passage of this Ordinance shall entitle their holders to continue business thereunder until the expiration of the same.

Sec. 5. All parts of Ordinances in so far as they conflict with the provisions of this Ordinance are hereby repealed.

Sec. 6. This Ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after July 1, 1891.

E. GREER, Chairman.
Attest: W. W. RHODES, Clerk.
Adopted by the votes of Miller, Black, Bates, Jenkins and Greer.
Attest: W. W. RHODES, Clerk.

THE PASTEUR

GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER, WHEN FOR a trifling amount expended in the purchase of one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

H. WACHHORST

Leading Jeweler of Sacramento

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,

No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA

Studio, 521 J Street.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co. FRED. SCHNEIDER

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

R. DAVIS, NOTARY PUBLIC, Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh,
Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J Street, Sacramento.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

FRED. SCHREIER,

TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BET. Q AND R,

CEMENT SIDEWALKS,

Garden Walks, Carriage Drives, Etc., constructed
at shortest notice, in the most workman-like
manner and at lowest rates.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-
ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS
AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

Telephone No. 41.

J. H. MIDDLEMASS.

J. H. DOLAN.

DOLAN & MIDDLEMASS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES,

Produce and Provisions,

Northwest Corner of Seventh and N Streets,

SACRAMENTO.

GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.

Telephone 248.

PACIFIC HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of
Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUHLDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

May 1, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6:30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11 15 A
3 05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8 40 P
12 50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico.	4 20 A
4 30 P	Deming, El Paso and East.	7 00 P
7 30 P	Knight's Landing and Marysville	7 10 A
10 50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9 35 A
12 05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East.	2 25 A
11 00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8 15 A
	Ogden and East.	
3 00 P	Oroville	10 30 A
3 00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10 30 A
10 40 A	Redding via Willows.	4 00 P
2 50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 40 A
4 35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12 35 A
6 30 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 15 A
8 40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10 40 P
3 05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8 40 P
*10 00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26 00 A
10 50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2 50 P
10 50 A	San Jose	2 50 P
4 30 P	Santa Barbara	9 35 A
6 15 A	Santa Rosa	11 40 A
3 05 P	Santa Rosa	8 40 P
8 50 A	Stockton and Galt	7 00 P
4 30 P	Stockton and Galt	9 35 A
12 05 P	Truckee and Reno.	2 25 A
11 00 P	Truckee and Reno	8 15 A
6 30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2 30 P
6 15 A	Vallejo	11 40 A
3 05 P	Vallejo	18 40 P
*6 35 A	Folsom and Placerville	2 40 P
*3 10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11 35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday ex-
cepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities
of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDGOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Ridgout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.

Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

R. A. OLMSTED.

S. P. OLMSTED.

Fourth Street Cash Grocery.

R. A. OLMSTED & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Fruits and Vegetables, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain,
and all kinds of Mill Stuffs,
Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos.

400 L Street, S. E. cor. Fourth, Sacramento.

Fresh Butter and Eggs a Specialty. Goods deliv-
ered free of charge to any part of the City. R. R.
depot or Steamboat landing. Highest price paid for
Country Produce.



THEMIS

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1891.

No. 17.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

There should be added to English literature a carefully prepared work on the subject of "cranks," or "crankles," or possibly "cringles." Webster prepared an extensive vocabulary of our language, but failed to describe what a crank is, as the term is now applied. That Webster did not live in Sacramento may excuse the omission from his famous dictionary. It is the inalienable right of any man to make as great a fool of himself as he desires; it is the right of others who live in the same community, and who do not exhibit themselves, to prayerfully await the coming of what perhaps is mythical, but should be a reality—the foolkiller. Other towns may be similarly afflicted; we are not, however, aware where they are located. Our remarks do not of course apply to but the able thinkers who esteem the general populace need the borrowing of special brains to properly manage their affairs. Years ago we read with interest a series of articles on the subject "The Moral Uses of Dark Things," written by Rev. Horace Bushnell, and published in a religious magazine. The learned writer followed closely the ground work of Dr. Paley's "Evidences of Christianity." It was argued that the destruction of life and property by fire and shipwreck, the depredations of wild beasts, the creation of snakes, sharks and injurious animals and insects, was rather a benefit, but that man had no right to question the wisdom of his Maker, and take issue as to the utility of the creation of rattlesnakes, lions, sharks and locusts, and other destroying and apparently unnecessary agents of destruction. Upon paper, theories are quite plausible. We imagine, however, a man seized by a shark or pursued by a man-eating lion would, if he had time for reflection, fail to see precisely wherein the "moral use of the dark thing" came in. However, gunpowder and knives come in good play to combat the dangers that arise from the lower animals.

The "crank" is, however, more dangerous; the law does not permit he shall be killed; in that regard justice is not justice. He is allowed to give expression to his opinions concerning public matters, and the fact that he is styled a "prominent citizen," and assumes an air of apparent intelligence, is sufficient to open up to him the anonymous column of "Voice of the People" in the daily press, and to make him sought after by the reporters and interviewed upon such important questions as whether the throwing of tin cans into China slough will injuriously affect the cat fish, or whether the street-car companies are furnishing the accommodation they should for the five-cent fare they receive. In this regard we do not blame the "cranks" so much as the newspaper managers. Some men have egotism, and esteem their names in a public journal are in larger and more prominent type than the heading of the paper. It is the experience of every man who has published a paper that in every community there is a sprinkling of persons who will load down the "Public Echo" column, and willingly seek an interview on any subject. We are not particularly concerned in the publication of any journal save THEMIS, but we must say our daily contemporaries should take the measurement of our waste-basket, and provide themselves with similar ones; they are handy, and the best

place to file away "Public Echoes;" we find our readers appreciate more that which we do print than that we omit. There are elements of ridiculousness about this thing that it would seem journalists would see in the same light that intelligent readers view them, and a paper worthy to be read should direct its matter to the more intelligent class. Not long since a local journal created much of a stir, and wasted much space and good white paper, upon the matter of the erection of a new hotel in Sacramento. If we remember rightly, the proposition was made to place it on the plaza. It is our recollection the interviews of our prominent citizens favored the plan—they were lengthy, and why that hotel was not built cannot be explained, else it was that a level-headed banker queried: "Where is the money to come from? have you found a man who is willing to undertake this enterprise?" Lately we have had, through interviews with prominent citizens, the surprising information that the division of the Haggin grant would be of benefit to the city; that if it would be cut up it would sustain more families. We assume such would be the result.

Most of the anonymous "public echoes and interviews" are, however, harmless; perhaps beneficial, that they afford work for printers in the setting up in type of valueless matter, but there is a feature about it we must condemn. The policy of this journal has been—and in that regard it has stood alone—to sustain honest and efficient public officers. The abuse that has been heaped upon the police department from some quarters has been shameless, and at times resulted in almost its crippling. We spoke truthfully in a former issue that the Chief of Police of this city has ever been compelled to perform his official duties under the fire of unjust and unreasonable criticism. Looking back, we esteem the people have been fortunate in their selections for that office; there has, however, been no man in that office whose worth has been appreciated. It should be recollected the force is too small; that it has been so efficient is of remark. In San Francisco, Chief Crowley has held the position for over twenty years; he has a skilled corps of detectives and a numerous force of drilled officers. He is an expert, and concerning the recent actions of our little guard he remarked, "I am surprised you do so well, handicapped as you are." There can be no blinding to the fact that Sacramento is now infested with dangerous criminals. The striking of Mr. Allen on the head with a hammer, closely approached murder. No one familiar with the facts can doubt that murder was committed in the cases of Mrs. Spillner and Philip Peyran. That in the latter cases no arrests have been made is simply due to the fact that no clue has been discovered. In the case of Mrs. Spillner, it is manifest to all who heard her dying statement, that she did not tell the truth; her injury was inflicted in the room in which she was found, and not in the hall-way; she certainly knew her assailant; her motive for concealing his identity cannot be surmised, and death has sealed her lips. In the Peyran case, it would seem he was murdered by mistake for Mr. Olsen. He had not gone to bed, for the charred remains showed that he had on his pants and suspenders.

It is no flattering commentary of this city that during the present week we have been called upon to report the proceedings three times in cases where the deaths resulted from criminal violence. It is a fact that, compared with work in civil cases, the

shorthand work in this county in matters of crime, is much paramount—in fact, of late the civil business has been insignificant. There is, however, a cause for this state of affairs, but it would seem about wastage of words to again refer to it. Disreputable drinking places should be closed absolutely. In the case of the assault upon Mr. Allen, it did appear in the testimony of Gordon, Brady and McKaig that they frequented Lafayette Hall, that there the plan was discussed as to how Mr. Allen should be "done up." The testimony is on file with the County Clerk, and it would seem the trustees should revoke the license of a place apparently the rendezvous of brutal thugs. We are of the opinion high license will not accomplish the object sought. The places most dangerous can afford to pay the increased tax, and will do so willingly. It must be recollected that while drinking places are of positive detriment, some are conducted that little harm comes from them, others are a menace to life and property—they are, however, few, and a little exhibition of backbone by the trustees would close them up in twenty-four hours. The police power of the municipality is absolute; let it be exercised; the people will sustain their officers.

To speak with reference to men whose worth is not appreciated by the people, we will instance Captain Lee of the police force, and it will be understood we do not in referring to him detract from his superior, the chief. Of Captain Lee we speak, in that he has been made the target of ignorant attack from men who should have enough pride in their intelligence to keep out of print, and not seek out a newspaper as a medium through which to advertise their entire lack of knowledge of matters upon which they assume to advise the public. Lee ranks among men familiar with crime and its detection as an officer equal in ability and judgment to any in the State. Notably was he successful in the cases of Tullis, Scott, Lowell, and Allen. Of the numerous minor cases he has handled we speak not. Yet it has been that prominent citizens have published interviews concerning him that were absolutely absurd. That he has not been removed is not due to the opinions of the "thinkers;" that he would be removed would be a calamity to this people. There is another man who is receiving a considerable share of execration because he is intelligent and progressive—Health Officer C. B. Nichols. It would not surprise us if the "prominent" "thinkers" of the city will march him across the Yolo bridge and order him to leave town. His offense is that he desires to save this people from a pestilence. That we have not had a visitation of contagious disease since the cholera of 1850 is due more to the kindness of Providence than to what we have done for ourselves. We observe the grave members of the Improvement Association condemn the publication of the truth; that it may hurt this fair city. In sanitary matters, we opine the nose of a stranger will gather convincing proof that the capital city of California is not as well regulated as was the City of Mexico under the rule of the Montezumas. We have in Sacramento two small but distinct elements. To the main body of the people respect is due—they have sense enough to do their thinking to themselves, and not impose it on their fellows. Jeremiah wrote magnificent chapters in the Old Testament; however he was a man of despondency. His first work can be, perhaps, excused; there was, however, no excuse for his writing his Lamentations, else he published them in the daily press of Sacramento. We

are not aware that Jeremiah has been made an honorary member of our local Improvement Association; it is doubtless an oversight.

On the other hand, what is to be thought of this, which we extract from a daily contemporary. The man who penned it was a different type from Jeremiah, quite evidently:

Sacramento is one of the most healthy cities in the world. That cannot be gainsaid. She stands at the head of the cities of the world in cleanliness.

This fact is admitted by the most prominent medical men in the world.

The death-rate is smaller than many cities one-half the size of Sacramento.

Sacramento is the flower city of the universe.

Epidemics to her are strangers, and sickness is a rare visitor.

The streets are in a cleanly condition, and are kept so.

Recent reports regarding the healthfulness of the city have given rise to many reports, and *The News* to day presents the views of some of the most prominent physicians in the city.

A prophet of old said there was a time to laugh, a time to sing, and a time to dance, etc. Can we not laugh?

The result of the congressional elections last fall should be a warning to Republicans. This was brought about by the active work and organization of the Democracy, and by cunningly sowing the seeds of discord in the Republican ranks. Several of the western and northwestern States were divided through the Farmers' Alliances, which was part of the democratic plan of action. No southern Democratic State will be affected by any of these schemes, but each will roll up its accustomed democratic majority, free from the "People's party" and "Alliances." It is certain that the national contest in 1892 will be the most determined in American politics. We find the Democrats earnestly at work repeating their tactics of last year. They are distributing tons of literature calculated to reach the eye and ear of those dissatisfied Republicans who are now ready to snap at any bait thrown out, even under the name of "Alliance" or "People's Party." The only way to circumvent the enemy is to also work, and proceed to organize in every precinct. Industry and an intelligent system will bring out the invincible strength of the Republicans, and prevent those with imaginary grievances from following the illusive schemes prepared by the Democrats under the above mentioned names. We are glad to see that the Republicans of the capital city are alive to the necessities of the times.

The census bulletin of May 27, 1891, shows the total number of inmates of juvenile reformatories in the United States to be 14,846; an increase of 3,378 over that of 1880. It will be observed that there is no juvenile reformatory in Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indian territory, Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, or Wyoming. Generally speaking, there are juvenile reformatories in all the States of the North Atlantic division, and in all but two of the North Central division, while there are but three States which have them in the South Atlantic division, two in the South Central, and two in the Western. It is a noticeable fact that a majority of the inmates of these institutions are of foreign parentage. In respect to sex, it appears there are 11,535 boys and 3,311 girls in these institutions. A very large percentage of the crime and pauperism in this country springs from the criminal and pauper immigration from the old world.

The United States has more international questions on hand than any nation of the world. There are few who can comprehend the magnitude of the labor attached to the office of our minister of state. It is little wonder that the drain upon the energies of Secretary Blaine has weakened his physical strength, and that he needs rest. There is the Italian question, the clash with England on the Behring sea matter, the Chilean troubles, involving the intricate problem of neutrality laws; Canada, Newfoundland, and Spain are involved in delicate commercial relations requiring the first order of diplomatic skill; the Chinese immigration and diplomatic relations demand great thought. Taking all these diverse interests into consideration, the department of state has been placed in a position of severe

trial. While our country is independent of the world, still there are diplomatic relations that demand our constant attention as one of the leading nations of the world. It is certain that the United States is an important factor in the politics of the old as well as the controlling element in the new world. George Ticknor Curtis says that Blaine's administration of the department of state is able, and that he clearly defines the relations of the government in all diplomatic matters. We trust the Secretary may soon resume his post of duty and honor.

Virtue, according to Horace, is always found between two vices. There never is any real good without a corresponding degree of evil. Our people just now are experiencing a surfeit of the latter. It is not that the moral atmosphere is any denser than at other times, but there is an application of an old proverb—"misfortunes never come singly." The epidemic of crime will spend its force, and even these evils will result in cleansing the moral atmosphere. Those things which we deem great, unbearable evils often redound in the greatest good. The war and pestilence which devastates the earth serves the most beneficial ends. Indeed, our greatest evils prove blessings in disguise. It may seem difficult to bring our mental vision upon this process of reasoning, but it is a truth withal. The injuries inflicted upon a few of our fellow citizens by the robbers and thugs have aroused the people to a realization of our situation. Reforms that never would have developed are now in a fair way of being adopted, which will purify the body politic for generations. It requires desperate crimes to arouse the people to the proper degree of desperation—in other words, the necessities of the hour.

There is such a thing as excessive goodness, and from this is often adduced excessive evil. The very good and righteous in a community often defeat the ends of righteousness. As an illustration, the radical temperance people defeat genuine reform by their ultra demands. Excellent moral regulations have been defeated, repealed and rendered dead letters by a too zealous advocacy of prohibition. The same may be urged with regard to excessive high license for any particular branch of business. It is well to "be not righteous overmuch." Avoid fanaticism and excess on any subject. We are not invited into this world to be angels or demons. We may strive to either, but always fail. Thus, in the contemplated reforms in the conduct of the body politic, there should be adopted the middle and, of necessity, the safer course. All radical extremes should be avoided. We have digested Major McLaughlin's ordinance regulating the retail liquor traffic, and we think it is by all means the safer middle course. If it becomes the law, the next step should be the prompt action of the Board of Supervisors to make the city and county ordinances and regulations uniform in their effect and operation. Such a course would avert much confusion, and not impose unnecessary difficulties on those who are legitimate business men.

Census on Insanity.

The census authorities are judicious in warning the public not to rely too much upon the natural conclusions of their statistics in the matter of insanity. The compilations show an increase of inmates of insane asylums in the decade of 41,330, or at the rate of 73.53 per cent., while the growth of the country was but 22.5 per cent. in that period. This showing would, without explanation, induce some solicitude. The suggestion, however, is that the number and capacity of asylums have been greatly multiplied, and the remarkable increase of numbers of insane persons is in the sections where the provision for them has been notably great. Insane asylums, as a rule, are well filled. They seldom solicit patronage. The solution of the growth of the figures is, that as opportunities are afforded in asylums, the insane are sent to them. Thousands who have been cared for privately, because the asylums had no room for them, have been sent to the new or enlarged institutions. The humane tendency of the times has been shown in the better provision for them. Still, after all the allowance made in this direction, it is evidently true that insanity is increasing out of proportion to the population. It is found that the proportion of the insane is the greatest where the forces of life are most active. Indians in their primitive condition do not become demented, and it is believed that the proportion is small among the illiterate classes anywhere.

[Written for THEMIS.]

The most sacred place on earth should be the family homestead. Therein is created the domestic altar from which the smoke of the first devotion arises to the God of love, peace, and happiness. Therein all human love begins, ante-dating the birth of every son and daughter of the race. Therein is stamped the signal of character upon every human being. Therein commences the intelligence or ignorance, the virtue or vice, the wisdom or folly, the happiness or misery of every child of humanity. The home, then, is the most interior sanctuary, the holiest of the holies, and above all other forms should the family temple be revered and adored. Therein does every human being commence the worship of Almighty God in spirit and truth; and if all could continue in the holiness of infancy and childhood through life, the earth would rival the heavens themselves in beauty and bliss. From the family home is all government projected, and all society extended. If, therefore, there be corruption in the various departments of human action, let it be remembered that every stream of depravity has its spring tide under the altar of home. And yet, how slight is the popular reverence, how feeble the attachment of our people to the homestead. How small is the number of our American homes that are sufficiently attractive to secure the attachment of those who are born in the dreary places where our intelligent but avaricious population reside? How high is our appreciation of the home? Ask the ten per cent. shavers and speculators, what value they place upon the house of God, where the people must worship in the beauty of holiness, if they worship at all, and you get the reply, "it will not pay ten per cent., nor compound every sixty days!" The man of money cannot afford a home, because a rented home worth twenty thousand, commands but one thousand, while the money invested therein would bring two thousand at the most moderate calculation! Home, humanity, and all the joys within the reach of man, are nothing in the balance against money. Ask the lady of fashion, though a wife and mother, of what value is her home, and her actions speak louder than words, that it is a convenient place for depositing the paraphernalia with which she decorates herself for the fantastic worship of her deity, on whose altar she offers up father, mother, husband, children and herself in recompense for the hostless smiles of the brilliant pageants that glitter without, or rather within. Ask the petulant, the peevish, and the morose wife and mother how much she loves her home, and the answer is heard in the discord and turbulence which her evil disposition engenders. Ask the tyrannical husband and father how much of sacredness he attaches to his homestead, and the answer is seen in the outrageous blasphemies he perpetrates in the abuse of wife and children, and the uniform desolation within and without. Ask the treacherous wretch, who, like a snake in the grass, steals across the threshold of the happy home, and, coiling around the domestic altar, charms only to sting with its deadliest venom, what respect he has for the sanctities of home, the endearments of life, the bliss of virtue, or the sureties of happiness, and, without awaiting the profanity of his filthy tongue, I must call him the vilest of all scoundrels that touch but to blast and destroy! Such is the contempt with which our laws regard the home, that while they doom to disgrace and the prison the man that steals less than half a hundred, they let the corruptest of all scoundrels, that overwhelms the whole family with mortification and woe irremediable, escape unimpeached and unhurt. So lightly does our legal system appreciate the home, that it permits not one-half of our population a place on God's earth on which to build a family temple, wherein father, mother, son and daughter, can find peace, plenty, intelligence and happiness. On the contrary, our system so far exalts money above all that is holy, beautiful and glorious, that it sends its sheriffs and constables with their infamous writs into the bosom of the family! No! Send the seducer to the penitentiary for twenty years, exempt the whole of the homestead from execution, send the sheriff or constable within to arrest only the wretch who has thrown the household into disorder, that he or she may be tried and punished, and hold the unoccupied earth free for the establishment of homesteads. In addition, let all cultivate more the love of home—aim to make their abodes the most heavenly places, by beautifying without and hushing every note of discord within.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Mrs. Langtry is said to have won \$250,000 at the Derby, and her creditors are mighty glad of it.

Eugene Bertrand, the new director of the Grand Opera House, of Paris, served an apprenticeship as a theatrical manager in the United States. He is 57 years old, and abandoned medicine for the stage.

The world's a stage, and each man is a player;

His work is good or ill, delights or shocks,

According as his conscience—dark or fair—

Is found presiding o'er the prompter's box.

—*Harpers.*

Mr. Barnes of New York was given last night at the Metropolitan, to a good house. The cast is not the same as when the drama was presented here before. Same bill to-night.

Duncan Harrison's combination, including John L. Sullivan, will appear at the Clunie Opera House on Monday and Tuesday evenings next. Curiosity may be set down as the reason for the full attendance on both nights.]

"And what do you think of Wagner?" asked a musical enthusiast, addressing a Philistine. "I think as a classifier and adapter of noises he was the greatest man that ever lived." "But his music?" asked the enthusiast. "I never heard any of his music," said the other. "Did he essay music?"

The project of a "theatre libre" in Boston is now mooted. The "theatre libre," or a free theatre, is one at which ambitious authors can have their plays acted—presumably at their own expense. The promoters of this enterprise are calculating upon a rush at the box office from the playwrights, and if they secure that the rush from the theater-goers will be an important matter in both senses of the word.

Playwrights and theatrical managers have a difficulty to contend with in Europe which is entirely unknown in the United States. They are obliged to take into consideration not only the taste and the disposition of the public, but also the character and the temper of the arbitrary government official who acts as censor of the stage. As a rule he is a man of narrow mind, of numerous prejudices, and of petty, officious character.

Anita Fallon has just completed a four-act comedy which she has called "Boys Together." Its story is of sustained interest and thoroughly original, and the dialogue is brilliant and witty. Played by a company who thoroughly understand the possibilities of the higher form of comedy there can be no doubt it would achieve success. Miss Fallon should have in "Boys Together" a very valuable property.—*S. F. Music and Drama.*

It is with deep regret we chronicle the death of Harry Edwards, that old-time popular actor and manager. Harry Edwards was one of the most popular actors on the stage, and a gentleman of culture. He was the warm personal friend and companion of John McCullough in his palmy days; indeed, the success of McCullough was largely due to the skill and management of Harry Edwards. Mr. Edwards was a scientist as well as actor. His love of natural history was proverbial, and during his lifetime he made a valuable collection of rare specimens in that branch of science. He was about the last of the old school of actors.

Dancing is a natural form of expressing joy or anger. Men and women dance for pleasure, and frequently it may be noticed that children dance to express their anger, or to find vent for what is called bad temper. There are ladies who dance as a relief for impatience, but the majority of the fair sex love to dance for the agreeable social exercise it affords. Dancing is, figuratively speaking, as old as the hills. The Egyptians and the Jews indulged in solemn dances at their festivals. The Jews became sacrilegious some time before David had danced before the ark and pirouetted around the golden calf. The Greeks subsequently introduced dances aided by a chorus into their theaters. Their Bacchic dance was, however, religious in character, and was not only consecrated to Bacchus, but to all their other duties. Theseus instituted a dance at which himself and a numerous band of noble youths waltzed around the altar of Apollo. From Greece the dance crossed the Adriatic, and Rome adopted it as a detail of her festivals. In the reign of Augustus, Pylades and Bathyllus created a sensation by the introduction of what may be called a ballet d'action, wherein the participants danced and acted certain parts, which founded the school of pantomime. Since that distant period dancing has made great strides, and every nation boasts of its own peculiar dance. The Russians have the mazurka, the Poles the cracovienne, the Hungarians the csardas, the English the Roger de Coverley and the hornpipe, the Germans affect the waltz, the Spaniards the sprightly castanet dances, the French what is technically termed fairy dances, the Italians classic dances, the Irish are fond of a jig and the Scotch a reel and highland fling.

Book Chat.

Mrs. Blotter (of a literary turn)—And, John, send up a gallon of midnight oil. All our best writers, I'm told, burn it.

The late oriental professor at Cornell University, Prof. L. O. Roehrig, had familiar acquaintance, it is said, with thirty different languages.

We cannot all learn to write like Shakespeare, but most of us, if we try hard, can learn to spell, and that was something Shakespeare couldn't do.

"When I was twenty," wrote Paul du Chaillu, the discoverer of the gorilla, "nothing would keep me out of Africa; now that I am older, nothing could possibly get me there."

Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," though written after its author had made a success as a novelist, was, nevertheless, refused by every reputable house in London, the writer finally being forced to bear half the expense of publication.

"It was truth the poet sang" when Josh Billings remarked that "it is better not to know so much than to know so much that ain't so." But there are persons and newspapers that seem persistently to forget the fact when gossiping about the affairs of their neighbors.

Hardly any better comment on the latest products of the ultra school of American realism in fiction is needed than the report that Ouida is protesting against their indecency. When Zola joins in the protests, our most advanced novelists will know how to rank themselves.

The late Count von Moltke was once asked to name the books which had exercised the greatest influence upon his life. In reply he mentioned the following: The Bible, Homer's "Iliad," Littrou's "Wonders of the Heavens," Liebig's "Letter on Chemistry," and Clausewitz' "On War." The works of Schiller, Goethe, Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Rankins and Carlyle he gave as those which he never tired of reading. The Iliad in translation he read when 9 years old.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe entered on the study of Plato in the original only a few years ago, when she was nearing her seventieth year, and quite recently read for the first time the plays of Sophocles in the original. It is, in fact, this scholarly habit of constant study which finds the woman of seventy and more as vigorous in mental energy as the maiden of seventeen—it is this which has made her, as Dr. Holmes so felicitously said, "seventy years young" on that birth-day which all Boston celebrated two years ago. On May 27, by the way, Mrs. Howe will be seventy-two years.

Professional Chat.

The lawyers are a great help to the railroads because they express so many opinions.

Robert Ingersoll has had a reputation as an orator since 1858, when he was stumping Illinois for Senator Douglas. And time has not grazed his gift of eloquence around the edges.

A St. Paul law student fell into a well and nearly perished before he could get out. Truth is said to be located at the bottom of a well, and that being the case the young man was in closer proximity to that virtue than he will ever be during his professional career.

The statue of the late Hon. S. S. Cox, which has been paid for by contributions from the letter-carriers of the different cities, and is to be unveiled in New York on July 4th, is now completed. Upon the pedestal will appear the names of the cities subscribing, in which Boston will appear second to New York.

Ex-Governor Ames was once asked to pay a physician \$1,000 for services which the wealthy patient did not consider worth that much. But as the medical adviser would not reduce the bill one cent, two checks for \$500 each were sent in payment, one distinctly stating that it was for professional attendance, and the other "for extortion." The doctor framed the latter check and has it in view in his office to-day.

Speaker Reed is a graduate of Bowdoin College. By his classmates he is remembered as a tall, gawky country boy when he entered college, in '56. A friend told a story about the speaker's first declamation in college. Reed wrote one that didn't suit him, and he tore it up. And what do you suppose he finally settled upon? Not the tariff! It was "The Fear of Death," and it was the weirdest, quaintest essay a college boy ever prepared. You could always find Reed either in his room or else in the college library. He was a thorough student. Reed hasn't forgot any of his learning.

They do say that this is an exact copy of a letter one doctor in southwest Missouri wrote to a doctor living not a thousand miles from Joplin: "dear Dock I have a pashunt whos physical sines show that the windpipe has ulcerated off and his lungs have dropped down into his stomick I have given hym every thin without effect his fother is wealthy honorable influenshal as he is

member of accembly and god nose I dont want to loss hym what shall i do ans by return male. Your frat. Jacob Johnson, M. D." It is to be hoped that the "ans by return male" enabled Dr. Johnson to restore the lungs to their proper place.

Some years ago, says the Boston *Globe*, General John M. Corcoran was engaged to defend, before a country Justice, a boy of nine years who had been arrested on the charge of killing a horse. The animal had been driven downhill at a very rapid pace, and, as Corcoran still maintains, the wagon had suddenly jumped forward and killed him. "Now, your honor is, of course, aware," said Corcoran, after considerable evidence had been adduced, "that until seven years of age a child is not considered capable, in law, of committing a crime; between seven and fourteen he may be adjudged capable if capacity can be proved. I respectfully submit, your honor, that in this case capacity has not been proved, and on that ground I ask the discharge of my client." "That is a very good point, a very good point, Mr. Corcoran," remarked the Court, sagely and reflectively scratching his head; and for a moment it seemed as if the lawyer for the defense had won. "But—but, sir, the horse was killed, wasn't he?" "He died," admitted Corcoran. The old man's eye gleamed rather too triumphantly for that of a judge. "And if the boy killed him, didn't that prove capacity?"

The Midnight Ocean.

It is the midnight hour; the beauteous sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes,
As if the ocean's heart were stirr'd
With inward life, a sound is heard,

Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep;
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy deep.

The sea, I ween, cannot be fanned
By even freshness from the land,
For the land it is far away;
But God hath will'd that the skyborn breeze
In the center of the loneliest seas
Should ever sport and play.

The mighty moon, she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light
That makes her wakeful eye more bright;
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellow'd day!
The gracious mistress of the main
Hath now an undisturbed reign,
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest! —*John Wilson.*

Political Emancipation of the Jews.

The political and intellectual emancipation of the Jews, and their admission into modern society, begins properly with Moses Mendelssohn. Born in 1729, at Dessau, in Germany, he studied under Frankel, and was a friend of Lessing. By his philosophical writings, and still more by his translations into German of the Pentateuch and the Psalms, he contributed powerfully to the moral and intellectual improvement of his people; and by his exemplary life, more eloquent than all his writings, he succeeded in raising Judaism in the estimation of the christian world. He died in 1784, and his death was mourned not only by all the Jewish people, but also by literary men of all creeds and countries. His work, however, was not lost. He had given to the cause of the emancipation of his race a strong impulse, and it was continued by Wesseley, Friedlander and a galaxy of distinguished Israelites trained by his example.

At about that time we find in Berlin the famous and beautiful Henrietta Hertz, in whose salon used to meet all the intellectual and literary world of Germany. There it was that Mirabeau met Dohm, an admirer of Mendelssohn, and though a Christian, a co-worker in the Jewish cause. Mirabeau, who was there intrusted with a secret mission from the French government, conceived immediately the great advantage that France would obtain by heading the movement for the liberation and emancipation of the Hebrews, and wrote a report on the work in process in Berlin.

The Grumbler.

A grumbler is one whom nobody can please and who pleases nobody. He looks for selfishness in every motive and evil in every act; and he finds what he looks for. He grumbles at the weather, whether it is foul or fair, and at the harvest, whether scant or abundant. He grumbles at his wife, his children, his minister, at Christians, at the church, at the government; in short, he grumbles at everything but that at which he ought to grumble most, his own mean little self.

His life is a discord set to a grumbling key. His presence in the house is a guarantee of decided misery. He could be easily spared from the family who are tired of him, and from the community who are weary of him, but unfortunately he is long-lived.

The causes of this evil are several. Sometimes it is the result of heredity, sometimes it comes from an unfortunate training; it may come from the disappointments of life, and it may also come from conceit.

NOTES.

When a fellow is in good health and cheerful, with a few dollars in his pockets, he is on good terms with everybody on earth he does not owe.

The earth is gradually growing larger from the fall of meteoric matter. An astronomer estimates that the globe is annually pelted with 146,000,000 projectiles.

The Prince of Wales is a direct descendant of King Alfred, being the thirty-third great-grandson; thus the English throne has remained in the same family for over one thousand years.

In China all the land belongs to the state, and a trifling sum per acre, never altered through long centuries, is paid as rent. This is the only tax in the country, and it amounts to but about 60 cents per head.

A writer in *Chambers' Journal* describes the wonderful effect a young woman's singing had upon a drove of cattle on a Western ranch. The writer might have enjoyed equal opportunities for observation by attending the opera at Nevada.

If old Maxim is right, and old maxims usually do have some truth in them, we shall soon be able to fly and drop dynamite on folks from the blue empyrean. If that comes out true, foreign ironclads will be careful how they come over to interview us with hostile intent.

So the Prince of Wales carries his own counters as he travels from house to house among his friends seeking whom he may rope in at baccarat. Well, the only difference between his method and that of the American black-leg who carries loaded dice is, that the Prince is in expectation of the crown of England, and every American gentleman is a crowned prince from birth.

A thoughtful and considerate sobriety of mind, so that one always knows what he is about, and what he means to do, and what he means not to do, as contrasted with a headlong, impetuous and reckless mode of acting, is a cardinal quality in living a successful and a virtuous life. Men must think, and do so seasonably, if they would make the journey of life wisely. Every young man needs to learn this lesson.

Charles J. Wetmore has resigned his position as chief executive officer of the State Viticultural Commission. However, the office is not to be lost to the family, for Clarence J. Wetmore has been elected to the place. Now it will be Clarence's opportunity to manage the grape and wine business of the State with such thrift and economy as to enable him to purchase a valuable ranch in the Livermore or some equally rich valley of the State.

It is a significant coincidence that the Premiers of the United States and of Canada should have been prostrated almost simultaneously by overwork. Public office is usually regarded as a sinecure, full of dignities and perquisites, and with few duties that may not as a rule be delegated to others. But when the office involves the continuous exercise of high intellectual qualities, there is no station in life that can use up a man more rapidly or more thoroughly.

Some evening soon there will be a moonlight pleasure trip down the river by a club of young gentlemen and their friends. Their motto, so it is written, is "pleasure and sobriety." Has it come to pass that those youngsters have discovered the philosopher's stone by which they can keep sober and have their fun besides? If so, they had better make public proclamation of their method for the benefit of modern humanity. But it is an experiment, and we patiently await the result.

Yale College may justly plume herself on the fact that her graduating class this year will be the largest she has ever sent forth. In the class are fifty students who have supported themselves by private teaching, canvassing, and in other ways. As might have been anticipated, these self-supporting students have ranked highest in scholarship; and it is safe to say that their training in the art of getting a livelihood has been one of the most valuable studies in their college course.

Ignatius Donnelly will be the third party candidate for President. We suggest the following epitaph after the demise of the third party:

Forbear, good friend, to touch these bones,
For underneath these piled stones
Lies party third, ne'er to awaken,
Killed by Ignatius Donnelly Bacon.

We are keeping the cryptogram to ourselves, but there is quite enough in it to indicate that it was written by a very prominent poet.—*Mail and Express*.

It is an example of the fair and impartial administration of justice in the Courts of England to see the Prince of Wales occupying a seat by the side of the Lord Chief Jus-

tice during every day of the trial of the infamous baccarat scandal, in order that his presence may influence the jury to return a verdict in favor of the defense, the Prince being as deep in that mud as the defendants are in the mire. Yet English Court methods are held up to us as examples of perfect procedure.

It is not possible that a California gold miner could ever insult or injure a woman. We must hear from the other side before we can believe that the well known chivalry of the California miner has vanished. The story of Mrs. Virginia Wolcott of the outrage perpetrated upon her, is not in keeping with the generous impulses of the old-time gold miner. The acts of vandalism could only spring from depraved creatures whom it would be a libel to call men.

San Francisco Star: The famous Gordon Cumming, whose favorite game was hunted in the Asian jungles and African wastes, should not have left it to one of his family to bring down and bag a prince of the blood at baccarat in his own dominions. The lion is royal game; but the lair of Tranby Croft is more dangerous to royalty than the wilds of Asia, and Wales seems to be destined to wallow. Scotch Cumming may be sacrificed, but if nobility shall be stricken, royalty will be forced to tumble.

Last Monday a young man tired of the long walk of life that was before him, found an easy way of ending the fatiguing and monotonous tramp by jumping into the bay from one of the Oakland ferry-boats. All he left after him was his hat, which was found floating on the water. The telegram bearing the information graciously tells us that the inside of that head protector was inscribed "Best London Make." Was this an indication that the hat was the best that could be turned out in that town of baccarat princes, or that its late wearer was the perfection of creation hailing from London town?

A phantom surprise party was given last evening to Miss F. May Zimmerman, the popular and accomplished vocalist, at her home at 1614 K street. Among the distinguished visitors present were Chancellor Commander W. A. Gilbert and his estimable wife, L. E. Vandercook, W. H. Gibson, Frank L. Mallory, C. E. Dunkell, C. H. Lyons, and Misses Annie Robbins, Rose Jopson, Kittie Bateman, Jessie Logan, Mamie McCaw, Daisy Logan, and Minnie Stevenson. Misses Zimmerman and Jopson delighted the audience with a duet, and Mr. Charles M. Campbell likewise distinguished himself as a vocalist. Refreshments were served and the affair was voted a grand success.

He is only a printer. Such was the sneering remark of a leader in a circle of aristocracy—the codfish quality. Who was the Earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. What was Prince Edward William and the Prince Napoleon? Proud to call themselves printers. The present Czar of Russia, the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Duke of Battenburg are printers, and the Emperor of China works in the private printing office almost every day. William Caxton, the father of English literature, was a practical printer. What were G. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, James Gales, Charles Richardson, James Parker, Horace Greeley, Charles Dickens, James Buchanan, Simon Cameron and Schuyler Colfax? Printers, all, and practical ones. Mark Twain, Amos Cummings, Bret Harte and Opie Reed are plain, practical printers, as were Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby and Sut Lovingood. Senator Plumb, of Kansas, and James S. Hogg, of Texas, are both printers; and the leader of science and philosophy in his day made it his boast that he was a join printer. In fact, thousands of the most brilliant minds in this country are to be found toiling in the publishing houses of large cities and towns. It is not every one that can be a printer—brains are absolutely necessary.

In a Chilian Prison.

Describing the horrors of solitary confinement in a prison at Santiago, Chili, Mrs. Fannie Ward says:

"One man of education and refinement kept himself in tolerable condition through his half year of solitary confinement by means of the use of a handful of melon seeds. As he was going in, somebody gave him part of a muskmelon. Strange to say, it was not taken from him, and he carefully hoarded the seeds, which he put to a variety of ingenious uses. With them, and from reckoning the number of times the food pan slid in and out, he contrived to keep track of the number of days of his incarceration; he invented games of 'solitaire,' which he played thousands of times in the darkness, and, to vary the monotony, he would throw away the precious handful, and grope around on his hands and knees until they were all recollected. He says that to those little seeds alone he is indebted for his almost miraculous escape from insanity, idiocy or death."

Young America's Day.

The citizens of Sacramento are alive to the spirit of '76. Some of the croakers put up a pitiful month, and wished to dispense with a gratification of the patriotism of Young America. A regular old-time celebration is in order, and the gentlemen who are directing things will see to it that our children shall not be deprived of an ounce of patriotism. There will be a parade with soul-stirring music, a rousing oration by a native Californian, Hon. Frank L. Coombs. Another native Californian, S. Luke Howe, will read the declaration of independence. The American eagle will spread his wings in grand style. Young America will rejoice in pin wheels, fire crackers, bombs and flags—there will be no flagging in enthusiasm. Tonight the General Executive Committee will meet to lay out further plans. The Literary Committee advise that the exercises be held in the Assembly Chamber. Rabbi Jos. Levy will officiate in the invocation, and Rev. J. B. Silcox will deliver the benediction. It is probable that Addie Carter will arrange the musical programme for the literary exercises, and that there will be some splendid selections rendered by a fine body of musicians. The only remaining shoal against smooth sailing is the "fireworks" question. Indeed, there has been a pyrotechnic display in the committee, but old pyrotechnic seems to have the best of it. The Literary Committee waited on Governor Markham yesterday and invited him to act as President of the Day at the celebration on July 4th. The Governor spoke warmly of the people of Sacramento, and expressed a willingness to comply with their wishes. He cordially accepted the invitation.

Tom Baker.

Our old-time friend Tom Baker is with us as manager of the *Mr. Barnes of New York* company. The memory of Tom Baker will never die out among the old residents of this city. In his day, while with us, he was always foremost in any public enterprise, and endeared himself to the children and charitable institutions, as well as to the general public. No one ever saw Tom Baker without a cheerful smile and kind word for all. His hand and pocket were always open. It is difficult to understand how he can travel around the world with those whose previous peculiarities are well known—stage people—and yet continue to have that genial disposition. We have heretofore, at Tom Baker's occasional visits, spoken of his generous impulses. Briefly, all can be said in the words "Tom Baker is one of God's men."

Republican Union League.

On Tuesday evening at the Court House there will be a meeting of all Republicans devoted to the cause, for the purpose of effecting a permanent league organization. Heretofore there has never been organized any other than temporary campaign clubs. This organization is intended to be similar to the Union Leagues throughout the Eastern and New England States. For many years the democracy have followed the lead of the Tammany, Manhattan, and Iroquois clubs, which indeed virtually control the party organization. The Union Leagues of the Republicans are rapidly shaping the course and policy of the Republican party.

Death of Guy Platt.

We note regretfully the death of Guy Thornton Platt, the son of P. E. Platt of the fruit house of W. R. Strong & Co. He was an extremely promising boy, and was but fifteen years of age. For six months he had suffered from inflammatory rheumatism, and it extended to his heart. He was a pupil in the Sacramento Grammar School, the same school from which his father graduated in 1870. Called away at an age of promise, and with the qualities he had, it is a bereavement that invokes sympathy, and to his parents we extend, as do their other friends, our sincere regrets.

Pacific Turn-Bezirk.

The fourteenth annual festival of the Pacific Turn-Bezirk will be held in this city on June 20, 21, and 22. There will be a general parade of the society under escort of the military. The festivals of this society are exceedingly enjoyable. Hospitality is an attribute of the Turn-Bezirk, as well as other German societies. A large attendance is expected.

An Important Document.

We have received from Signal Service James A. Barwick the annual Meteorological Review of this State for 1890. The volume embraces 118 pages of matter of extreme value.

"Laws a mussey," sighed old Miss Left-out, "here's another case of discriminating against us women folk." "What is it?" "This yere paper gives special terms to mail subscribers. Ye can jest bet that sheet never gits this female subscription."

FLASHES.

Why women kiss each other.

Why lean folks want to be fat, and fat people lean.

Why doctors who denounce advertising like to see their names in print.

Why do women always distrust each other, when there is no reason for distrust.

An oily tongue often speaks light of people.

The most heroic deed is to say no to yourself.

A female gambler should have winning ways.

We would not be satisfied if we could see into futurity.

The short crops this season will be confined to the hair.

Corrupt politics always aim high—Sacramento is a living example.

When you see a fellow looking for a fight, let him alone, he will find it.

The open air concerts might be more appropriately named open mouth concerts.

We sneer at superstitions—but where is the person who is entirely without them.

The bondholders take considerable interest in municipal affairs—about 55 per cent. of the gross revenue of the city.

A commission that never discovers anything is scarcely worth a salary. How about the very many California Commissions and Boards?

It is one of nature's mysteries to ascertain what some women are good for. Pursuing the proposition further, it might be asked what some men are good for.

Society's Exiles.

It is difficult to over-estimate the gravity of the problem presented by those compelled to exist in the slums of our populous cities, even when considered from a purely economic point of view. From the midst of this commonwealth of degradation, there emanates a moral contagion, scourging society in all its ramifications, coupled with an atmosphere of physical decay—an atmosphere reeking with filth, heavy with foul odors, laden with disease. In time of any contagion, the social cellar becomes the hot-bed of death, sending forth myriads of fatal germs which permeate the air for miles around, causing thousands to die, because society is too short-sighted to understand that the interest of its humblest member is the interest of all. The slums of our cities are the reservoirs of physical and moral death, an enormous expense to the State, a constant menace to society, a reality whose shadow is at once colossal and portentous. In time of social evils, they will prove magazines of destruction; for, while revolution will not originate in them, once let a popular uprising take form, and the cellars will reinforce it in a manner more terrible than words can portray. Considered ethically, the problem is even more embarrassing and deplorable; here, as nowhere else in civilized society, thousands of our fellow men are exiled from the enjoyments of civilization, forced into life's lowest strata of existence, branded with that fatal word "seum." If they aspire to rise, society shrinks from them; they seem of another world; they are of another world, driven into the darkness of a hopeless existence, viewed much as were lepers in olden times. Over their heads perpetually rest the dread of eviction, of sickness, and of failure to obtain sufficient work to keep life in the forms of their loved ones, making existence a perpetual nightmare, from which death alone brings release. Say not that they do not feel this; I have talked with them; I have seen the agony born of a fear that rests heavy on their souls, stamped in their wrinkled faces, and peering forth from great pathetic eyes. For them, winter has real terror; for they possess neither clothes to keep comfortable the body, nor means with which to properly warm their miserable tenements. Summer is scarcely less frightful in their quarters, with the heat at once stifling, suffocating, almost intolerable heat which, acting on the myriad germs of disease, produces fever, often ending in death, or, what is still more dreaded, chronic invalidism. Starvation, misery and vice—the trinity of despair—haunt their every step. The Golden Rule—the foundation of true civilization, the key-note of human happiness—reaches not their wretched quarters. Placed by society under the ban, life is one long and terrible night. But tragic as is the fate of the present generation, still more appalling is the picture when we contemplate the thousands of little waves of life yearly washed into the cellar of being; fragile, helpless innocents, responsible in no way for their presence or environment, yet condemned to a fate more frightful than that of the beasts of the field; human beings wandering in the dark, existing in the sewer, ever feeling the crushing weight of the gay world above, which thinks little and cares less for them. Infinitely pathetic is their lot.—B. O. FLOWER in June *Arena*.

LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

DOINGS OF THE WEEK IN KNICKERBOCKER TOWN.

The Theater Ticket-Sellers' Vade Mecum—The Imitative Son of a Famous Preacher—An Advertising Novelty—A Word About the Average Barber of To-day.

[Special Correspondence of THEMIS.]

NEW YORK, June 5th.

The events of the week about which people are talking most, are the opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Sundays, admission to which is free on that day; the abolishment of the penny toll hitherto demanded of pedestrians who wished to "foot it" across the big East River bridge, and the annual parades of the police of New York and Brooklyn in their respective cities. Both the free opening of New York's great art show, and the granting of the gratuitous use of the bridge foot-path, were brought about after a considerable verbal struggle in which corporations and trustees were arrayed against the people, championed by the press, and as usual the people and the press were victorious, as why should they not be? A funny feature of the affair was the claim of at least four of the big newspapers that the victory belonged to each one of them solely and alone. For a real, old-fashioned, up-and-out case of self-puffery and monumental conceit, recommend me to one of the "enterprising" New York dailies. Of the Metropolitan police as a body, nothing can be said that does not redound to their honor. A handsomer array of wide-awake, swartly fellows was never paraded in any city. If there were any among the throngs which gathered to witness the passing of "the finest" who contemplated crime, the picture of these muscular, broad-shouldered guardians of the peace, nearly three thousand strong, should have discouraged them in their ambitions. There are a number of ignorant, chumpish fellows now on the "force" who merit only an immediate dismissal, but taken as a whole, the police of both Brooklyn and New York are a body of men to be proud of.

While lounging in the box office of one of Gotham's biggest theaters the other evening, I engaged the mild-looking young man who deals out paste-boards to patrons of the house, in a conversation which naturally turned upon the humors and vexations of his peculiar vocation. "There never was a more advantageous point from which to study the vagaries of human nature than that which is afforded by a seat behind the little glass window of a theater box office," said the man of tickets. "If people only knew how much Job-like patience and consummate tact is required by the incumbent of a theater box office, they would probably have more compassion on the miserable being who hands them their passports to the show. Barring baseball umpires, there is no other class of men upon whose head is heaped so much unmerited abuse as falls to the lot of the ticket seller. I have just drafted out a set of rules governing the conduct of box-office men, and I'm thinking very seriously of having them published for the edification of the public at large and the direct benefit of the downtrodden members of our profession. Here are a few of the suggestions that are thrown out for the guidance of the latter. To begin with, it is absolutely essential that the theatre Jack-in-the-box should be a mind-reader. Then he must be always polite, but never familiar. Should he ever assert what he fondly supposes are his rights, he should be discharged on the spot. He should never make a sharp retort—that is an unforgivable transgression. He should give every patron what seats he or she asks for, even though it becomes necessary to get them back from the person who purchased them a week in advance. The worst crime that a ticket seller can commit is to argue with a patron. No one experienced in the business will do that. Never ask 'how many?' 'what price?' 'what date?' You should know all these things, without asking. Wear a perpetual smile. Look pleasant when a man on the other side of the window calls you an infernal liar and a horse-thief. Beg his pardon profusely. He will then go away and call you a good fellow behind your back. If a lady takes up a position before the window and squanders the best part of an hour in selecting one of the cheapest seats in the house, it is best not to suggest that she send for her relatives and spend the summer in the theater lobby. She might become offended by such a proposition. When a man goes up to the ticket window and blows a cloud of smoke from a rank cigar into the face of the inoffensive purveyor of card-boards, the latter should sniff the air and smile as if the perfumes of Araby were greeting his nostrils. If the same man should hurry away leaving half a dollar behind him, call him back, or he will return later on and swear that he left a dollar. If your opinion of the play is asked, always praise it, no matter how bad it really is. It is business policy to do so, and people won't believe you anyway. Last and

most important is it that the genuinely expert ticket seller should be familiar with the contents of all current periodicals, almanacs, time-tables, weather reports, etc., for if information is sought on any of these subjects, and the questions fired at you are not promptly and accurately answered, it were better that you had never seen the interior of a box-office. To use a Hibernicism, there is only one time in a ticket seller's life when he can feel perfectly at peace with the world, and that's when he's dead."

One of the annoyances which pedestrians are subjected to these days in New York, is the frequency with which the debris of some old building in course of demolition strews itself across one's pathway. It is impossible to walk half a dozen blocks in any direction without finding it necessary to make a wide detour in order to escape a crumbling wall or an avalanche of old lathes and dry mortar. Great pyramids of dust-laden lumber, broken bricks, and scraps of useless iron, wood, tin, and what-not-else, lay piled in confused masses all about the city's streets. Of course all this forebodes great building activity later on, but the staring, unsightly holes left by the removal of the old buildings are not things pleasant to contemplate. To the passer-by the sight of itself might not prove so distressing were it not usually accompanied by great blinding and choking clouds of lime dust, and a truly awful recklessness on the part of the men engaged in the business of destruction, in their manner of throwing around great chunks of lumber. But New Yorkers are as a whole a patient, long-suffering race. It is very fortunate for some people that this is so. If it were otherwise, the number of murders might be more frequent here than they are now, which I venture to say would in a great many instances be a decided gain to the city—especially if the slaughter occurred in some of our public offices.

There probably never existed a more striking resemblance between son and sire than that which exists between Frank Talmage and his father, the famous preacher, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. This likeness very forcibly presented itself when the younger Talmage preached for his father in the big Tabernacle to a congregation of nearly five thousand persons last Sunday night. There is not a single mannerism of the great Brooklyn divine that has not been duplicated in the person of his son. The latter's style of utterance, his every posture and gesticulation, his whole manner of delivery were as much like those of his popular father as any two things can become. An ordinary young man might well have felt abashed before such a multitude as that which confronted Frank Talmage when he stepped upon the great platform of the Tabernacle to preach the first important sermon of his ministerial career. But Frank Talmage is not an ordinary young man. His perfect ease and self-command almost evoked a round of applause. He bore the ordeal with as much composure as if he had been doing just this sort of thing for many years. He has only just rounded his twenty-second year. His voice was clear and steady; his step firm but elastic. After he had given out the hymn in that peculiarly inflexible tone of voice so familiar in his father, and the congregation having sung it, he read the story of Paul's defense before Agrippa, pausing between each passage to make explanations and comments, precisely the same as does the elder Talmage. To many of his hearers, Frank Talmage was a disappointment. They had expected to see and hear a man of some original parts, rather than a mere mimic of someone else, even though that someone else were no less a personage than the famous Dr. Talmage. Though his sermonizing was forceful and rich in those pleasing illustrations which abound in the discourses of his paternal model and master, young Talmage did not make a popular impression of the kind he thought he should. There is room for only one Dr. Talmage at a time on this planet, and if the youthful imitator of his noted father would strive to give more of himself in his preachings and less of his sire, he will, I think, find greater favor among thoughtful people, and at the same time escape a great deal of that barbed ridicule and adverse criticism which has so often been flung at the head of the eccentric but always original T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

Dropping in to my barber's the other morning—for even newspaper men indulge in the luxuries of the tonsor's shop now-a-days—my eye was attracted by a large placard printed in red and black inks and showing by drawings six different styles of hair trimming in vogue just now. By pointing out on the placard the cut most in harmony with one's own peculiar type of beauty, one could very easily convey to the knight of the shears and razor the exact style in which one wished to have his hirsute adornment chiseled. The best part of this exceedingly convenient cranial map (so to speak) was the fact that it was only a clever means used by the publishers in advertising that enterpris-

ing little magazine, the *Cosmopolitan*. In neat letters over the face of the placard was an announcement setting forth the superior qualities of the magazine named, but so unobtrusive was the advertisement that no fair-minded barber could refuse to give it a conspicuous position in his shop. To make the card doubly attractive, the drawings used to display the various styles of hair trimming were artistic and accurate portraits from recent photos of James Gordon Bennett, Col. Elliott F. Shepard, the late Lawrence Barrett (whose locks were of the soft, tight-curling kind), John Jacob Astor (reputed to be the richest man in America, and who looks like an imbecile), the present Marquis de Lafayette (who wears a bristling French "pompadour" growth on the top of his head), and Henry M. Stanley, who combs his hair—or has his wife comb it for him—after the usual simple fashion that has been popular for a century.

Apropos of barbers and shaving, it is the testimony of a great many men who have passed the meridian of life, that shaving as it is now conducted in New York barber shops is not the luxury that it was twenty-five or thirty years ago. A friend of mine, and an old New Yorker, who has spent the last two decades abroad, complained to me recently that he found Gotham barbers much less attentive and careful than they were in former years. "They are always in too great a hurry," said my friend. "I am one of those old duffers who heartily enjoy a careful, deliberate shave. It is a great nuisance to have to admonish the chap who lathers your face to proceed slowly. I would as soon think of submitting my face to the manipulation of a steam hash-making machine as to place myself in the hands of an average New York barber. Not that I like to spend a little vacation in the tonsorial chair. That is not necessary in getting a good shave by one who fully understands his art. In any of the European capitals one can get a really refreshing shave in eight minutes. Of course I can shave myself, but I find it a horrible bore, and my hand is not quite so steady as it once was. To be shaved by a man who is deliberate, painstaking and deft of touch, is an enjoyment which once experienced is ever afterward remembered. Shaving in its true sense is indeed an art, but nine-tenths of the so-called tonsorial artists of this town would be more successful in the line of hog sticking than as removers of superfluous hair from the human countenance divine." And the old man was right—correct in every particular, wasn't he? M.

Lost Part of the Outfit.

A Chinese wedding party in Canton recently lost one of the most important items in the wedding ceremony—the bride. The little lady had been carried to her bridegroom's home, hidden in the customary embroidered red satin chair, decorated with flowers, and put down at the door to await the auspicious moment for crossing the threshold. Her escort had come a long way and were weary, so they retired into a neighboring opium den and went to sleep.

They awoke late in the evening, rushed to the door, and concluding the bride had left, carried the empty chair back to its loft. Soon after, the bridegroom and his family, dressed in their best, lighted the candles and their incense sticks, laid out rice and the orthodox viands, and opened the door. No sign of either chair or bride.

They immediately decided that she had been carried off by brigands, and alarmed the whole district, the search going on fruitlessly. At last the distracted bridegroom woke up the chair-bearers, and they, struck by a sudden idea, ran off to the loft.

They opened the chair, and there sat the poor little bride, stiff, frightened and hungry. She had felt that she was being carried off, but dared not cry out, as no well-bred bride ought to open her lips till after the marriage ceremony. Hence all the trouble.

He Hung to His Traps.

"Talking about Bull Run," said the veteran, "that's where I won my stripes as Sergeant, and I got them just because I was too green to know any better. I was a little mite of a lad, and I got into the Third Connecticut as a drummer boy, but when we were in camp at Alexandria the drum major complained that I put the other drummers out of tune, and to my delight I was intrusted with a musket and place in the ranks. Our regiment stood in a field of long grass at Bull Run until the heavy fire compelled us to retreat across a brook. Soon we returned, then there was a crash of rebel cavalry, and I couldn't find my regiment. Instinct told me it had gone the Washington way, and I started out to look for it. The road was strewn with rifles and knapsacks, and I, thinking that each represented a dead man, was appalled with the extent of the slaughter. My musket and knapsack were my dearest possessions, and I never dreamed that anybody could throw them away willfully, even to save his life. I was in heavy marching order when I got into camp next day, and I was promoted to a sergeantcy as one of the only two that saved their accoutrements out of the wreck."

Planetary Years.

The number of days in the years of the principal planets in the solar system is as follows: Vulcan, 24.25 days; Mercury, 87.9693; Venus, 224.7008; Earth, 365.2425; Jupiter, 4,332.585; Mars, 686.9797; Saturn, 10,759.22; Uranus, 30,686.82; Neptune, 60,127.72.

"See here, my friend, that dog of yours killed three sheep of mine last night, and I want to know what you propose to do about it." "Are you sure it was my dog?" "Yes." "Well, I hardly know what to do. I guess I had better sell him. You don't want to buy a good dog, do you?"

Weeds are often made to typify sin; they more resemble truth, however, since if "crushed to earth they will surely rise again."

Republican Meeting.

THERE WILL BE A MEETING OF THE REPUBLICANS of Sacramento City and County at the COURT HOUSE, on

Tuesday Evening, June 16, 1891,
AT 8 O'CLOCK.

For the purpose of hearing the reports of Committees previously appointed and adopting a Constitution and By-laws for a permanent Republican organization. All Republicans who are devoted to the principles of the Republican party and of promoting its interest—national, state, county and municipal—are invited to attend.

WM. M. PETRIE, President.
H. BENNETT, Secretary.

ORDINANCE NO. 29.

An Ordinance Regulating Saloons, Dance-houses, Theaters, and Places where Intoxicating Liquors are Disposed of by Retail, and Providing for Licenses Therefor.

The Board of Supervisors of the County of Sacramento do ordain as follows:

Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to hereafter open, establish, or conduct, or cause to be opened, established, or conducted, any barroom, public saloon, theater, variety show, dance-house, or other place where wines, spirituous or malt liquors are sold by the glass, bottle, or otherwise, in less quantities than one quart, within the limits of the County of Sacramento, without first obtaining permission from the Board of Supervisors. The application for such permission shall be made by petition in writing to the Board of Supervisors, which petition must contain the names and signatures of a majority of the resident taxpayers in the election precinct, as it at the time exists, in which such saloon or place in which such liquors are to be dispensed is proposed to be opened or conducted.

Sec. 2. If, after due consideration of the same by the Board of Supervisors, the petition be favorably acted upon, it shall be the duty of the person in whose favor the petition was presented, and the prayer of which was granted, before opening the said place to file with the Board of Supervisors a good and sufficient bond, to be approved by the Chairman of the Board, with two sureties in the sum of \$1,000, conditioned that the applicant shall maintain said place in a quiet, orderly and decent manner.

Sec. 3. A written verified complaint filed with said Board of Supervisors setting forth that any saloon or place mentioned in Section 1 of this Ordinance is conducted in other than a quiet, orderly, lawful and decent manner shall be foundation for action by the Board of Supervisors concerning the place complained of, of which both sides shall have due notice and the privilege of being represented in person and by counsel and producing and examining witnesses, the Board of Supervisors find the allegations of the complaint to be true it shall make an order revoking the license issued to the person owning or conducting the place complained of and shall declare the bond given in such case forfeited.

Sec. 4. On and after July 1st, 1891, persons conducting the business mentioned in Section 1 of this Ordinance and in compliance with the provisions hereof, must pay a license tax to the License Collector of said county in the sum of \$30 quarterly in advance; provided, that all licenses in full force at the time of the passage of this Ordinance shall entitle their holders to continue business thereunder until the expiration of the same.

Sec. 5. All parts of Ordinances in so far as they conflict with the provisions of this Ordinance are hereby repealed.

Sec. 6. This Ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after July 1, 1891.

E. GREER, Chairman.
Attest: W. W. RHODES, Clerk.
Adopted by the votes of Miller, Black, Bates, Jenkins and Greer.
Attest: W. W. RHODES, Clerk.

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

BESSIE KNIGHT'S TRAMP.

It is near the close of a hot day in August. The air is still uncomfortably warm, and the cattle are cooling themselves in the shady brook which runs right through John Knight's farm.

Bessie Knight, the farmer's only daughter, is calling the cows from the cool waters of the brook.

"Co, boss! Co, boss! Co! co! co!"

The cows reluctantly wade out, climb the grassy bank and slowly walk on to where Bessie is standing with stool and milk-pail in hand.

Brindle, Cherry, Bess and Sue patiently stand, chewing their cud and rolling their large handsome eyes about, while the foaming milk streams into the bucket with musical rhythm.

Just as she has finished "stripping" the last cow and is about to leave, out of the hot, dusty road steps a tramp, all ragged and dirty. This much Bessie sees at the first glance. She is frightened, but as he raises the battered hat and she sees the sad, pale young face, the dark, pleading, feverish eyes, and his hair all grimy with the yellow dust of the highway, pity takes the place of fright.

"Please, miss, will you give me a cup of that milk? I am almost starved. I have never begged before."

He leaned on the fence as though tired out. Bessie filled the cup with milk. He took it with eager, trembling hand and drained it. He blushed with shame at his own eagerness.

"Thank you—thanks. You are very kind," Bessie looked at the tramp. He was quite young. Not more than 21, and in spite of the dust and rags he was handsome—marble pale face, dark eye, which had a pleasing look.

He raised his hat and stopped to give one swift, wistful glance at the country scene spread out before him. The white farmhouse on the knoll, the large barn to the rear, the broad fields of corn bearing high their tasseled plumes.

He sighed wearily and turned to leave, when a sharp pain stabbed him as with a knife, and he fell face downward in the dust of the road.

Bessie leaped the fence and raised him up and did her best to restore him. Finding her efforts did no good she ran to the house and called her father.

John Knight was a broad-shouldered, good-natured fellow, and when he lifted the poor boy out of the dust and saw his face pale and pinched with hunger he readily listened to Bessie as she said: "O, father, please take him into the house. He said he was almost starved."

"Yes, Bessie; his face shows that. Poor fellow," and taking the tramp in his strong arms he carried him into the house.

"Mother, here is a tramp Bessie found. He's very sick; we must do something for him," and Farmer Knight laid him on the bed.

"A tramp! My goodness gracious, John." Just then the boy opened his eyes. He heard the words and saw the look of horror that accompanied them.

A look of pain came into his face. "Only a tramp!" he muttered in an incoherent way, and again became unconscious.

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Knight, who was really a very kind-hearted little woman, but like all farmers' wives had a mortal dread of tramps. She immediately began to bustle about to do something for him.

"He's no common tramp, father," she said. "You can see that from his looks."

"No, mother, he's just some young fellow that's out of work, and he's took to tramping because there was nothing else to do."

"Well, we'll do what we can for him. Suppose it was Tom or Harry?" said the kind-hearted little woman.

In a few weeks the tramp was able to be out.

One evening after he had been with the Knights three weeks, he walked out to the barn, where Mr. Knight was chopping feed for the cattle.

"Mr. Knight, I can never repay you your kindness; you have been, you and your family, my good Samaritan. Some day, who knows? I may be able to return it all. But I am well now, and—well, sir," and he flushed crimson. "Even a tramp may have some pride. I cannot stay here on your bounty longer; I must leave."

"Leave! No, indeed, you are not strong enough yet. Then, where are you going? What are you going to do? Back in the dust of the road? I need some help. How would you like to stay here and be one of us, be my hired hand? I will pay you \$12 a month and board, and when you are stronger will pay you more. Come, what do you say?"

"Mr. Knight, I would like to stay, but you don't know what I am. You found me a tarving tramp, I may be worse."

"I don't care a continental what you have been, your eyes are honest. Bessie and mother and I have all talked it over; will you stay?"

The tramp looked around on the country scene and said, "I'll stay."

"Well, what's your name?"

"You may call me Charley—Charley

Smith—although, to be frank, that is not my name."

And so the tramp became "Knight's hired hand."

He worked honestly and faithfully. Bessie Knight, like most daughters of well-to-do farmers, had received a good education, and had quite a nice, well chosen little library.

It was not very long until she found that the hired hand was well read, and had good ideas of books.

Very frequently he would bring from town, to which he went with Mr. Knight, the latest books. These they would read and discuss.

One evening at the supper table Mr. Knight said: "Charley, how would you like to teach the school here. I am one of the directors, and I know you can pass the examination."

Charley demurred at first, but when Bessie and her mother joined Mr. Knight he agreed to take the school.

So the tramp became the district master, and a very successful one he made.

Now the young fellow found out that there was no one in the world like Bessie Knight, and he thought that he could see that Bessie regarded him in much the same way. But he never spoke to her until the school had closed.

He told them a few days before the close that he would go to C— when the term was ended.

He had thought of going away without telling Bessie of his love for her. But who is able to keep love from expressing itself?

Charley leaves in the morning.

Bessie is out in the spring twilight milking the cows. He walks out to the bars. "Miss Bessie," he said. She looked up with a start, and he saw her face flush in the dusk.

"Well, Mr. Smith," she said.

"No, that is not my name," he went on hurriedly. She had always called him Charley, and he had called her Bessie, with that informality peculiar to the country.

"Well, Charley, then," she said, and laughed.

"No, not, Charley, either, Bessie," and his voice is trembling.

"I am an imposter, Bessie. I am sailing under false colors. Even the name by which you know me is false. I am not worthy of your respect. I am or have been worse than a tramp. But my God, Bessie, I can't, O I can't tell you what I am! You would shrink from me. I could not stand that. I am going away in the morning."

He looks down. In the dusk her face is pale, and he sees her lips quivering. "And yet I have been so happy here." And he looks around the old farm wistfully.

"Bessie, I had thought not to tell you, but I must. I am not worthy to stand in your presence, but I love you. O Bessie, I love you!"

He had folded his arms lightly across his chest, and his face became white as when he leaped against the fence that evening—a starving tramp.

She arose from the milk-stool and came up to him. He shrank back. O, he loved her so! and, yet, for that very reason he must not even touch the little hand she stretched out to him. He was like a leper, he thought, and must stand afar off and cry, "Unclean!"

"Charley," and her hands are on his shoulders now. He sees her eyes aglow with the light of love.

"Oh, Bessie! Bessie!"

"Charley, I don't care what the past has been; I don't care what you were, I only care, I only know, I love you."

"Listen, Bessie. Three years ago a young man just out of school began to clerk in a large store in C—. He won the confidence of his employer. After awhile—I must make the story brief—he fell in with a lot of young fellows who were 'fast.' It is the same story repeated every day in the large cities. He became dissipated. He—he gambled, he drank. One night while drunk he staked \$500 of his employer's money, and lost. Next morning he awoke sober and knew he was a thief. He listened to the set who had ruined him, and, coward like, fled. He became a tramp. Bessie, you know the rest. Bessie, I—I am a thief." How he writhed as he said the word!

She put her arms around his neck and would have kissed him, but he gently unwound her hands, saying: "No, Bessie, I am not worthy to kiss you now. Listen, I am going back to C—, tell them all, take what punishment they may inflict, then work hard, pay the money, and then—"

"Come back to me, Charley, I will wait." That night he told Mr. and Mrs. Knight all.

They loved Bessie, and if she loved him they would consent. * * *

Three times the corn in the bottom land has tasseled and rustled its sword-like blades.

"Co, boss; co, boss; co, co, co." Bessie

Knight is again calling the cows. As she calls, up the dusty road some one is coming. The "some one" comes up to the fence, leaps it.

"Bessie—Bessie!" She turns with a glad cry, "Charley."

"I am free, darling, free! They took me into their service. It's paid, and I am free, free!"

He gathers her close in his arms and rains warm kisses on her upturned face.

UNION ICE COMPANY

ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH

Pure Mountain Ice

NEW QUARTERS:

521 AND 523 I STREET.

CHARLES SELLINGER, Agent.



PANTS to ORDER

\$3.50 to \$13.50

SUITS TO ORDER

\$15.00 to \$50.00

1000 Patterns to Select from.

GABEL the TAILOR

426 J STREET.

D. J. MANNIX,

Contractor of Plastering

Kalsomining and Repairing

In all its branches.

Insulation of Steam Pipes and Boilers a Specialty.

Center Pieces, Brackets, and all kinds of Plaster Ornaments for sale.

Residence, 2215 O St. Shop, 1220 J St.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a thorough education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening, Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated. Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than J. SLAUGHTER, Sixth and M streets. Telephone 318.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street. R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

THE

Bell Conservatory Co.

SACRAMENTO.



Floral Work and Plant Decoration

A SPECIALTY.

Telephone No. 155.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar Floors, Fence Coping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J

SACRAMENTO.

M. DUFFY,

Manufacturer of

Carriages, Wagons, Carts, Etc.

REPAIRING

Done at Short Notice. All Work Warranted.

1111-1113 J Street, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. M. MORRISON,

Southeast Cor. Twelfth and E Streets,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

General Merchandise.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

Ghosts.

A turn of the head, a gesture slight
Of that girl unknown in the window there,
Recall in a flash to my mind the night,
The fateful night, of our parting—where
We stood opposed—her angry glance—
Her small hands clenched in passionate
rage;
Ah! that was the end of our romance,
And we both wrote "Finis" upon the page.

And yet, was it ended, when here to-night
A girl's slight movement, as it appears,
Can call up memories, clear and bright,
That I thought were dead for all the years
Of life for me? And the thought comes now—
If she, by chance, some man should see
Whose face or whose ways were mine, some-
how—
Just what and how would she think of me?

Endurance of Man.

Man has greater powers of endurance than any other animal. He is the only animal that can endure all varieties of climate, and live in either the hottest or the coldest. Man can subsist on all kinds of food, and his tenacity of life is almost marvelous. The only animal that can compete with man in powers of endurance is the camel, which can live for ten or even fifteen days without water, and can perform its tedious journeys across the arid deserts of the East for days without nutriment. The camel not only carries its own supply of water, but has in its hump a natural storehouse of nutriment upon which it can draw as occasion requires. The flesh of which the hump consists is gradually drawn into the system, and no Arab will allow his camel to start on a journey until its hump is in perfect condition and hard to the touch. Little is seen of it by the time the animal reaches its destination but folds of skin lying loosely on the back. The reindeer probably stands next to the camel in powers of endurance. It is capable of drawing a sledge containing a load of 200 pounds at the rate of ten miles an hour for twelve hours. It is said that one of these creatures carried a Swedish officer, bearing important dispatches, 320 leagues in forty-eight hours, an uninterrupted pace of 6½ leagues an hour; it died at the end of the journey, and its portrait is in the palace at Stockholm. It is said that the reindeer will trot sixty miles without stopping, but will seldom recover from the exertion. A case is mentioned of a stag and hounds in the north of England. The run is supposed to have been 120 miles in length. The deer regained its park and fell dead, the two hounds that had kept up the pursuit dying close beside it.

Dog Days.

The dog days last from the beginning of July to August 11th. The popular theory is that they are so called because dogs then go mad; but the notion is etymologically false, beside being untrue in fact. Dogs, strange to say, are rather less liable to rabies than at other times. "Dog days" is really a translation of the Latin "dies caniculares"—the twenty days before and the twenty after the heliacal rising (that is, appearance in the morning just before the sun) of the star Sirius, whom the Romans called "Canicula," or "little dog." The ancients attributed a most malevolent influence to this star—our "dog star," and sacrificed a brown dog to it to appease its rage. If this were not done they thought that the sea would boil, the wine turn sour and dogs begin to grow mad, the bile increase and all animals grow languid. It is unnecessary to say that, in the course of some ages, Sirius will rise at midwinter instead of midsummer. Perhaps some wise-acres, like those who are ready to believe in dog days and new moons changing the weather and similar impossibilities, will then give him credit for the frost and snow.

Custom of Bell Tolling.

The tolling of bells at funerals has its origin in pagan custom. During the dark ages bells were popularly supposed to have the power of driving away evil spirits and thus came to be used when persons died; that is, on the "passing away" of the soul to the future world, hence the term "passing bell." This custom, like many others of pagan times, was adopted by the early church, the bell being tolled as an invitation to Christians to pray for the departing or passing spirit. The venerable Bede mentions that at St. Hilda's death one of her nuns, at a distance from Whitby, heard suddenly the well known sound of the bell which roused or called them to prayer when one departed from this world. This shows that funeral bells were used in the church in the sixth century. St. Sturn, when dying, ordered all the bells of his convent to be rung.

Under the directions of the German ministry of worship and education, the famous Croy tapestry of Grettswald University, has been sent to Berlin to be mended. This tapestry, which pictures in life-size figures the grand ducal families of Saxony and Pomerania at the feet of Luther, was given to the university in 1680 by the duke of Croy. Every ten years the tapestry is exposed, and a great festival is held in honor of the occasion. All the rest of the time it is secluded from sight.

Reuben's Old Dad.

I got off at a small railroad station in Tennessee to find a crowd in front of a saloon, and as I began inquiring the cause of the excitement a young man of twenty turned and replied:

"Stranger, I kin tell ye all about it. Do ye want to see the corpse?"
"Then some one is dead?"
"Dead as a coon-track, and it's my old dad at that!"

"Been a row here?"
"Not a bit of it. Dad jest made a fule of hisself. He's in thar' waitin' fur a cart to take hisself home to be laid out and buried."
"Never seed unthin' to ekal it in all my bo'n days!" said a man in the crowd.

"I was right here, or I wouldn't hev sniggered to it, no how," added a second.
"It was jest this way, stranger," continued the son as he picked a sliver off a pine box and began to whittle at it with a spring-back jackknife. "Dad an' me comes down yere this mawin' to buy a mawl. Dad was powerful frisky all the way down, and he sez to me, sez he:

"'Reube, I kin out-walk, out-run, out-shute, out-holler, and out-lick anythin' on top of this yere airth's surface, and I'll bet our farm agin a drink of Nashville whisky on it!'"

"I sees dad was purty clucky, and I sez to him, sez I:

"'Dad, you's top of the heap around here, and nobody kin deny, but doan' you go and meet up with no fight in town. We's arter a mawl, we is, and we doan' want no fussin' nor nuthin'.'" "

"And with that dad jumps fo' feet high and cracks his heels together and whoops out that he's b'ar-traps, pizen, powder and catamount, all biled down into one, and that he's dangerous if anybody goes to pick up his hind foot."

"Yaas, and I hears him holler when he's a mile away," said one of the crowd.

"Of co'se you did," replied Reuben, "of co'se. Dad was powerful on the holler. H'd holler a b'ar out'n a tree half a mile away. When we got down yere thar' was a feller from Memphis with a patent liftin' masheen a-standin' right yere. Thar's the pieces of it agin the fence, while the feller hisself is ten miles away and still runnin'."

"But twasn't his fault," protested a man on mule-back.

"I ain't sayin' as 'twas," placidly answered Reuben. "I'm a-sayin' as dad got unixed up and made a fule of hisself. No sooner had he sot eyes on the masheen than he cracks his heels together and crows like a rooster, and sez to me, sez he:

"'Reube, I kin pull the hull durned State of Tennessee right up by the roots if I kin git a brace fur my feet, and I'm a-goin' to try it.'" "

"I tried to sly him off by talkin' mawl, but dad was powerful sot in his ways, and he crows some more and hollers:

"'Whoop—whoop! Lemme git hold of them 'ere handles, and all yous who don't want to tip over when the airth comes up had better hang to the fences! Reube stand back and gimme room!'" "

"Yaas, I heard him say them remarks," put in one of the crowd.

"So'd I," added half a dozen others.

"Of co'se he said 'em," continued Reuben—"of co'se. Nobody's denyin' that he said 'em. Dad jest figgered on pullin' most of this yere airth up as easy as you kin lift the top crust of a pie. He spit on his hands, grabbed them 'ere handles, and when he straightened up I jest felt the ground trimplin' all around."

"So'd I!" called seven or eight voices in chorus.

"Dad had one side of the hull county lifted up two foot high, when there was a rip and a smash—them handles tore out, the masheen flew to pieces and the airth smk back with a chugg, which made us dizzy."

"Then your father had broken a blood-vessel or something of the sort?" I queried.

"Skerce, stranger—skerce. Dad wadn't no man to stop at one blood-vessel. He jest busted hisself all to pieces, and was a goner afore we could reach him. I might say he sort o' run together and caked. He was six feet high when he grabbed them handles, and now you can't make him over four foot ten as he lies in thar' on a board. Jest pulled his knees up and his shoulders down, and I reckon his lungs would hold his galluses up if thar was any buttons on 'em. The man who owned the masheen wasn't to blame—of co'se he wasn't—but when he seed the calamity he started for Knoxville on the jump, and he was jumpin' when he turned the co'ner of the hill up thar! Dad's in yere, stranger. Come and take a look. Mighty good man, dad was, but a leetle too coltish when he had about fo' drinks of applejack under his shirt bosom. Crowd back thar, boys, and make room! Doan' act like you never dun met up with a calamitous spectacle befo'!"—*M. Quad in N. Y. World.*

A small goat ate a tomato can
And then eight pounds of nails,
He finished his meal, by way of dessert,
By consuming four large fence rails.
He said to himself, with a jovial smile,
As off to his home he ran:
"I'm sure the nails can't disturb me,
But I think the tomato cau."

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE,

228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD, C. A. VIEMEISTER.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.
M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO.

C. T. MILLIKIN, DENTIST,

1008 Eighth Street, Between J and K,
Over Dr. W. A. Hughson's office.

DR. H. H. PIERSON,

511 J STREET, bet. 5th and 6th, SACRAMENTO.

A. L. HART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON. ALBERT M. JOHNSON. HIRAM W. JOHNSON. JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, LAWYERS. 504 J street. Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 607 J Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER, Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, LAWYER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, 630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of J. C. Bainbridge, an insolvent debtor. J. C. Bainbridge having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. C. Bainbridge is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the county of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, on the 19th day of June, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M., of that day to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, May 11th, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET, Judge of the Superior Court.
WM. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Petitioner.

Educational Advance in the South.

The latest census bulletin gives much interesting information as to the state of public education in several of the Southern States where it has been supposed to be most backward. Mississippi is one of these States, and the facts show that while during the last decade the gain in population was but 14 per cent., the school enrollment gained nearly 48 per cent. A still stronger showing is made by Arkansas, which gained in population nearly 41 per cent. and in the public school enrollment 106 per cent. Still more notable has been the educational progress in Texas, where the gain for the decade was 133 per cent. in school enrollment and a little less than 41 per cent. in population. In Mississippi the colored enrollment exceeds the whites, the figures being, respectively, in round numbers 193,000 and 157,000. In Arkansas the number of whites enrolled is 163,000 and the number of colored 59,000. In Texas the disparity is greater, the number of colored pupils enrolled being 98,000 out of a total enrollment of 410,000. In the three States there are a little over sixteen thousand white teachers and about seven thousand colored teachers.

If you want to keep your beauty intact have plenty of sleep. Want of proper rest will age a woman quite as much as anxiety. A certain lady, high in the social world, makes it a rule to stay in bed one day a week in order to sleep off all feeling of fatigue. Women who believe in the "beauty sleep," and get two hours' sleep every night before 12, manage to keep fresh and un-wrinkled up to thirty-five. It's seven hours for a man, eight for a woman and nine for a fool, according to the old saying; but many ambitious women complain that they have to do with six hours' sleep, as their social and other duties are so heavy. Women can stand late hours better than girls. Many women make it a rule to have a nap every afternoon.

Curio dealer—"Here's a skeleton of George Washington's pet cat." Collector—"I don't want one so large. What's this small one?" Curio dealer—"That's a skeleton of the same cat when it was a kitten."—*American Stationer.*

WENT T. CROWELL & CO.
Real Estate and General
AUCTIONEERS
Salesroom: 817 J Street.

J. SCHACHT,
DEALER IN
FAMILY GROCERIES
Provisions, Flour,
Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco
Southeast Corner Second and M Sts.
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. H. CAMPBELL,
No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.
Cesspools and Vaults
CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.
SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.
Orders Solicited.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY
WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER, WHEN FOR a trifling amount expended in the purchase of one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can obtain an abundance of
Pure Wholesome Water
Every person who has a
PASTEUR FILTER
Placed in his residence has
A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.
Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.
F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.
OFFICE AND SALESROOM:
408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

H. WACHHORST *Leading Jeweler of Sacramento*
SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,
No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.
W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.
On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK
FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA
Studio, 521 J Street.

W. J. HASSETT. D. JOHNSTON.
D. JOHNSTON & CO.,
Book and Job Printers,
410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.
LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.
400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

R. DAVIS.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent.
Representing the following companies:
Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh,
Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J Street, Sacramento.

Waterhouse & Lester
DEALERS IN
IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,
Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,
SACRAMENTO.

FRED. SCHREIER,
TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BET. Q AND R,
CEMENT SIDEWALKS,
Garden Walks, Carriage Drives, Etc., constructed
at shortest notice, in the most workman-like
manner and at lowest rates.

B. Ruhl Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.
Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-
ing neatly done at the lowest prices.
No. 409 J STREET. SACRAMENTO.

FRED. SCHNEIDER
N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FAMILY GROCERIES
PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS
AND TOBACCO.
Our Specialties:
The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.
Telephone No. 41.

J. H. MIDDLEMASS. J. H. DOLAN
DOLAN & MIDDLEMASS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
GROCERIES,
Produce and Provisions,
Northwest Corner of Seventh and N Streets,
SACRAMENTO.
GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.
Telephone 248.

PACIFIC
HOTEL,
Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.
MEALS, 25 CENTS.
Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of
Amusement.
C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.
WINE ROOMS,
FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.
614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.
FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.
Southern Pacific Company
PACIFIC SYSTEM.
June 7, 1891.
Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.15 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8.40 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.20 A
4.35 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7.00 P
7.00 P	Knight's Landing and Marysville	7.25 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9.35 A
12.05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2.25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8.15 A
	Ogden and East	
3.00 P	Oroville	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.40 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.40 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12.35 A
6.30 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.15 A
8.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8.40 P
*10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	6.00 A
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	2.50 P
4.30 P	Santa Barbara	9.35 A
6.15 A	Santa Rosa	11.40 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8.40 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt	7.00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	9.35 A
12.05 P	Truckee and Reno	2.25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	8.15 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2.30 P
6.15 A	Vallejo	11.40 A
3.05 P	Vallejo	8.40 P
*6.35 A	Folsom and Placerville	2.40 P
*3.10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11.35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen'l Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank
DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities
of the World.
OFFICERS:
PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER
DIRECTORS:
C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26
Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.
Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.
WM. BECKMAN, President.
Geo. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1860.
REAL ESTATE
AND INSURANCE AGENTS.
FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.
Catalogues issued monthly.
No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

BAKER & HAMILTON,
San Francisco and Sacramento,
Importers and Jobbers of
Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,
MACHINERY
And Agricultural Implements.
Send for Catalogue.

R. A. OLMSTED. S. P. OLMSTED.
Fourth Street Cash Grocery.
R. A. OLMSTED & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.
Fruits and Vegetables, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain,
and all kinds of Mill Stuffs.
Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos.
400 L Street, S. E. cor. Fourth, Sacramento.
Fresh Butter and Eggs a Specialty. Goods delivered
free of charge to any part of the City, R. R.
depot or Steamboat landing. Highest price paid for
Country Produce.



THEMIS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1891.

No. 18.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Missouri with regard to the methods used by certain alleged collection agencies in this country, might furnish those engaged with food for thought. A young lady of St. Louis visited an interior town of Missouri, and on her return to her home was followed by a bill of \$3.50 for goods alleged to have been sold to her during her visit. She claimed to have paid the bill, but had no receipt. The merchant placed the bill in the hands of a Chicago collecting agency, who annoyed her with notices that injured her reputation. She sued the merchant for libel and was awarded \$500 damages. An appeal was taken, and the Supreme Court of Missouri a few days ago affirmed the judgment. The point settled is, that a merchant who employs these notorious black-mailing agencies is liable both for civil damages and to criminal prosecution. It amounts to a judicial declaration that debt is not necessarily a crime or disgraceful.

The Board of Trustees gave it to be understood that all the legislation regarding the liquor traffic would be directed against the disreputable places and "dives." The accomplishment of the closing up of all disreputable places is so easy under the great police power in that body, that it goes without saying. There is no necessity for any additional ordinances for the consummation of that object. A simple edict, "We will not issue any license to a disreputable place," would end the matter. It is now proposed to levy the additional license for revenue only, and not as a reform measure. This increase of burden is not in accord with the spirit of the law, which declares all taxes must be equal and uniform. In fact, an undue proportion of the expenses of government is imposed on a particular class. Now, if this was exacted for regulating purposes, and with a view of destroying the disreputable places, there could be no question of the legitimate right to do so. But when we consider that the dives and disreputable places would thrive under the contemplated burden and restrictions, and that the injury and unequal restrictions and taxes would fall on the innocent and legitimate business men, it is time to look upon the situation in the light of political economy and science of government. The midnight regulation, at first glance, seemed proper; but a closer consideration of the subject discloses that the restriction would fall heavily on many legitimate dealers, while the lawless and disreputable places could easily evade the provision, and continue their nefarious business amid the cloak of darkness elsewhere. It is, then, no reform to add to the burdens of the legitimate business man, or to impose restrictions that would injure him, while the lawless could thrive.

The enforcement of this midnight ordinance might and would work an injury upon the city. Hundreds of people are arriving and departing from this city after midnight, and liquid refreshments are demanded by them. Political conventions will certainly not come to a city where there is an attempt to regulate the appetite of the delegates. Our legislators are not generally noted for their temperance proclivities. In fact, this regulation, on mature reflection, has the smack of a sumptuary enactment. The people of Sacramento do not want to kill enterprise. Now, would not the re-

strictions and burdens imposed in the name of revenue inflict a blow on those gentlemen who have expended \$600,000 in that brewery enterprise? We understand that the brewers and wholesale dealers will guarantee not to furnish supplies for dives or disreputable places, and will aid the authorities to abolish them. We have an illustration of the evil effects of the midnight ordinance through the Turn Bezirk which assembles here to-day. The enforcement of the midnight restrictions on them would certainly deter them from again coming to this city. The visitors to the State Fair would not relish the idea that their appetites should be regulated by ordinance. Such unnecessary regulations would only serve to drive away all public exhibitions or conventions. Even the legislature and State fair might be taken from us. Sumptuary laws are not popular with the American people. The tax proposed by the trustees is unjust and unequal. The large and small dealers are taxed alike, which is contrary to the spirit of the law.

The poet has always sung peans to midnight's holy hour. The silence of the hour has been likened unto a gentle spirit brooding over dreaming sorrow. There is no room for poetic fancy in our large cities. No midnight's holy hour appears. In these days of push and rush with the ceaseless and uneasy trend of busy commercial life there is no rest. Busy enterprise is no respecter of hours, and the heretofore solemn chimes of the midnight bells bode anything but silence, sleep, and rest. The rumble and whistle of approaching and departing trains bearing their cargoes of freight, human as well as the golden treasure, are heard at all hours from dewy eve to early morn. Restless humanity is constantly on the move. It is true the great mass of respectability sleeps—the daily toilers rest. It is true that the hideous skeletons of crime stalk forth after midnight's holy hour, and hold their lawless carnival. There is a general unmasking when church yards yawn and graves give up the dead. Hollow cheeks and jagged teeth are exposed. Revelers embrace the skeletons and haunt the shadows of sin, and sip the scum of what they call pleasure. It is after midnight that the secret closet doors of many habitations where peace and honor are thought to dwell, are opened and the skeletons join the procession and march along where the red lights of sin and shame are exposed. The darkness of midnight hides much of the threadbare character and permits the glitter of tinsel being taken for gold. The demon Asmonens does not, however, have to go upon the streets, or amid the dim lights of sin, to reveal the acts and thoughts of humanity. He peers beneath the roof of respectability, and there reveals often the greatest vices. Vice sows under a bright sky. Pleasure sips in the day, and staggers at night.

Laws are enacted to prevent evil. Officers are appointed and detailed to detect crime. But in the dread silence of night all laws and officers are powerless. The skeletons hold high carnival undisturbed. Does not the push and enterprise of the present tend to avert crime? The bright lights of business houses, burning on every block; the rumble of carriages to and from the arriving and departing trains; the tread of pedestrians in their pursuits, or the traveler coming or going, would seem to afford no room for the procession of skeletons, or for the thug or thief. It is only in darkness that these can thrive. It is only when the great mass of respectability slumbers, that evil holds sway. Plots are planned in the light and executed in the darkness. Is it not safest and best that legitimate business

enterprises should be encouraged after the dread solemn hour of midnight? Would not the presence of the bright light and respectable enterprise deter the criminal? Those who have lived in the country and experienced the lonesome silence of the night, can attest what a feeling of pleasure there is in even hearing the gentle mooing of old bossy, or the complacent grunt of the self-satisfied swine. The quiet of night is always solemn and sad to the wakeful.

Men occupying public positions, and upon whom great trusts are to be imposed, should be thoughtful and independent. Act according to the dictates of conscience, and never strive to please ever croaker that has advice and counsel to give. It is impossible to please everybody. The old fable of Æsop will apply where the farmer and his son drove their ass to market for sale, trudging contentedly alongside. They passed some young girls who railed them for fools because they walked when they could ride, so the old man told the boy to mount. Then they passed some men who screamed in passion at the illustration of disrespect to age in the boy riding while the father walked. So the old man told the boy to get down while he mounted. Then they passed some old women who railed at him for a selfish old man in making the boy walk while he rode, so he told the boy to mount behind him. Then they passed some young men who cried in ridicule at two able-bodied men riding a little beast, saying they were better able to carry it instead of it carrying them. So the old man bade the boy get down, and doing so himself they tied the feet of the ass, strung him on a pole and started to carry him. This attracted a great crowd whose ridicule made such noise as frightened the ass, which wriggled itself loose just as they were on a bridge, and falling into the stream was drowned. The old man's reflection was that in trying to please everybody they had pleased nobody, and lost their ass into the bargain.

The thorough education of a young woman or a young man means a broadening of their ideas, a desire to be advantageous to their day and generation. Science is not studied for knowledge only, but for the power to put that knowledge to some practical use. We can be proud of our young women, not only for their successes in many of the avocations and their attainments, but for their unselfishness and usefulness. An exchange says: "The women of America are progressing in all directions at such a rate as to call forth comment from many parts of the world. They have taken off their little pinching, thin-soled shoes and let their toes spread out. They consequently walk more in the open air. They have untied their corset strings and breathe freer. They have cut down and opened up the high collar and can turn their heads about freely. They formerly knew little about personal comfort, and now they long for it. The young girl clings to her tennis or boating suit, while the older sister and mother wear their bed-room gowns as late as possible, and create occasions when they can appear in tea gowns. To the stout woman has got to come some new form of dress, something entirely different from that we now have, and when women are as free as birds and look well, then we will have really advanced. An anatomist of national reputation says that women—that is, women generally—will not be able to do the brain work of men until the arterial blood is not restrained in passage by the bands, gages, bones or steels."

[Written for THEMIS.]

Truth is eternal. It is vested with omnipotent energies. When the Son of God came down from heaven and assumed our nature, he said, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life." Truth, then, is allied to the Diety. In the administration of the Divine Government, truth occupies a commanding position. It holds companionship with mercy, and peace, and righteousness of God. When righteousness looks down from heaven well pleased with the moral changes taking place among the children of men, truth is springing out of the earth, as if to indicate that the land shall fully yield her increase when the precious seeds of truth are everywhere deposited on the soil. When mercy and peace unite in any work of benevolence, it is with the coöperation and approving smiles of Truth. Is a sinner forgiven? Truth satisfies the sentence of pardon. Is the Christian believer sanctified? This is done in accordance with the prayer of Jesus—"Sanctify them Thy truth—Thy word is truth." Is the worship of God enjoined upon us in the Holy Scriptures? Even this great duty of honoring God must be performed not in spirit only, but in truth. How often do we hear that true remark, that "truth is mighty and must prevail." The moral history of the world illustrates the correctness of this aphorism. Truth is always sure of a final triumph in every conflict. It is invincible. It is mighty in all defensive operations. It has, moreover, an aggressive mission in the world. It shall invade the territories of the ancient "Father of Lies," and overthrowing "principalities and powers," shall bear the trophies of conquest into every land and nation under heaven. Before the triumphant march of Truth shall alien armies be put to flight; the mighty ramparts of infidelity shall be demolished; heathen temples shall be left without worshipers, and the blighting curse of religious error, and all organized opposition to truth shall cease to exist. Who, then, will have the hardihood wantonly to assail the truth? Let such a one know that his course is sure to involve him troubles of a serious nature, and the end shall be degradation and ruin. Truth can never be destroyed. It may be for a time obscured by error, derided by ignorance, and assailed by persecution. It may be overborne by hostile forces and "crushed to earth," as the poet has expressed it; but it will rise from the conflict and show forth its irresistible power in demonstrations "terrible as an army with banners." Truth, heavenly truth, like the sacred oracles of olden time, is "a light shining in a dark place." Happy are they who walk in its light. They shall see good days in the land of the living; their path shall be as the shining light that shineth more and more to the perfect day. As the sun in the midst of heaven, so is truth—it has light in itself; it shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. It shall continue to shine in spite of the darkness that covers the people. It shall shine on in spite of all malice, in spite of all persecution, and in spite of all the combined opposition of earth and hell. And although the very clouds and smoke of the bottomless pit should commingle and roll up in dense masses from beneath, and cast their dismal shadows around the truth, and threaten to enclose it in the darkness of an eternal night, yet would the truth be seen struggling for the mastery; and darting its bright and burning beams through the sullen gloom, would chase away the darkness, and dissolve every cloud, and light up all the earth around with its heaven-born splendors.

Arab Maxims.

Here are five Arab maxims which have underlying them a bedrock of truth: Never tell all you know, for he who tells everything he knows often tells more than he knows.

Never attempt all you can do; for he who attempts everything he can do often attempts more than he can do.

Never believe all you may hear; for he who believes all that he hears often believes more than he hears.

Never lay out all you can afford; for he who lays out everything he can afford often lays out more than he can afford.

Never decide upon all you may see; for he who decides upon all that he sees often decides on more than he sees.

The difference between a young actor and an old critic is, one wants to get ahead while the other likes to hit a head.

INTERESTING CHURCH STATISTICS.

The last census bulletin gives the return of seven churches. This does not include the Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, Russian Orthodox, Greek Orthodox, Armenian, Old Catholic, and Converted Reformed Catholic churches. The statistics concerning these will be published soon.

The Cumberland Presbyterian Church is presbyterian in polity, has a creed which is described as a *via media* between Calvinism and Arminianism, and owes its origin to a revival movement at the beginning of the present century.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has a hierarchical organization, and bases its faith chiefly on the Book of Mormon. It is divided into "stakes," and has apostles, bishops, elders, evangelists, etc.

The Reformed Episcopal Church was organized in 1873. It has no dioceses, but it has synods or episcopal jurisdictions.

The Moravian Church, officially called the Unitas Fratrum, is an episcopal body, consisting of three provinces, of which the churches in this country form one, those in England another, and those in Germany, where the church originated, or rather, was revived early in the eighteenth century, a third. It has bishops, but they are spiritual, not ecclesiastical, officers.

The German Evangelical Synod of North America celebrated October 12, 1890, the semi-centennial anniversary of its organization in this country. It accepts the symbolical books of the Lutheran and Reformed churches, representing in the United States the State Church of Prussia, which is a union of the Lutheran and Reformed bodies.

The German Evangelical Protestant Church is liberal in doctrinal belief, having no confession of faith. It is opposed to synodical organization, but its ministers are associated in Verein, or district unions. Some of its churches are older than the century.

The Brethren, as they wish to be known, represent a movement which began in 1830 in Plymouth, England, whence they are popularly designated Plymouth Brethren. There are three branches of them in this country. They have no ordained or paid ministry, and own no houses of worship. It is with extreme difficulty that information is obtained of the two branches not represented in this bulletin.

The largest body, as will be seen, is the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. It has 118 presbyteries, which are divided among eighteen synods, and it has 164,940 communicants. It is represented in twenty-two States, lying chiefly in the south and southwest. It has also congregations in the Indian Territory.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, though its chief strength lies in the territory of Utah, is also represented in nineteen States and two other Territories.

The territory of the Reformed Episcopal Church embraces twelve States, of which four belong to the South Atlantic, four to the North Atlantic, and four to the North Central division.

The Moravian Church has congregations in seventeen States and two Territories, including Alaska.

The German Evangelical Church is represented in twenty-two States, nearly half its strength being in Illinois, Missouri, and Ohio.

The churches of the German Evangelical Protestant Church are found chiefly in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Louisiana; they exist also in seven other States.

The congregations of the (Plymouth) Brethren are widely scattered, being found in twenty-seven States and the District of Columbia.

A glance at the statistics herewith presented will show that of the 2,791 organizations of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, 551, or about one-fifth, meet in halls, school-houses, and private houses. Of the 425 organizations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 265 have edifices of their own, but 166, or more than one-third, meet in halls. Of the 83 organizations of the Reformed Episcopal Church only two meet in halls. The 94 organizations of the Moravian Church have 114 edifices, and only four meet in halls. Eighty-three of the 870 organizations of the German Evangelical Synod meet in halls. All the 52 organizations of the German Evangelical Protestant Church have edifices of their own, except one, which meets in a private house. All the organizations of the (Plymouth) Brethren meet in halls.

A Couple of General Grant's Army Stories.

It was in a field hospital within whose canvas walls many of our brave boys lay wounded and dying. Among them were two comrades who were more nearly like Damon and Pythias than any other two men I ever knew in real life. They had been born and bred in the same town, and enlisted at the same time, and had never been separated for a moment since they first donned Uncle Sam's blue uniform. I am sure that either would have gladly laid down his life for the other. They had both been slightly wounded before, the one having received a bayonet thrust in the left arm, and the other having had the index and middle fingers of his right hand shot away.

Now, as they lay side by side, however, their injuries were of a much more serious character. The surgeon looked very grave as he turned from one to the other, and the gravity of his expression deepened as he concluded his second examination. Then, as was his custom—for he held it a physician's duty to always inform a patient of the true state of his case—he told them plainly, but not without feeling, that they both had but a very few minutes to live. "All right," said one faintly but firmly, "we will die together, as I always hoped we would."

"I want to go if Tom goes," murmured the other. "Give me your hand, dear old boy," he continued, and he reached out his left hand toward his comrade.

The dying man grasped the extended hand, but finding it whole and unmaimed, he cast it from him saying, "No, no! not that hand! I want the one that was partly shot away on the battlefield."

His comrade extended his wounded hand, and Tom, his eyes fast glazing in death, clasped it and felt for the stumps of the missing fingers.

"This is the hand I want," he exclaimed, and raising it to his lips his spirit passed without a struggle. His friend, by a great exertion, raised his head and looked at his comrade. Seeing that he was no more, he uttered a loud cry, and the two friends were reunited.

There is no better, more fearless, or more loyal soldier than old Jack Dubbin, but he had one fault, and that was an overweening fondness for the whisky bottle, or rather for its contents. He had a boon companion whose real name I never knew, but everyone called him Uncle Si. While in camp old Jack was taken ill of a fever, and, despite the unremitting attentions of Uncle Si, died. The corpse developed an unusual rigidity, after death, and a strange tendency to fly up into a sitting posture. Accordingly, on the night before its burial it was stretched out at full length upon a board resting upon two wooden trestles, with its head and feet tied down by ropes.

Old Uncle Si insisted upon watching the remains of his dead friend. Shortly after midnight he became very thirsty, and stepped out to a neighboring sutler's to procure a drink. During his somewhat protracted absence two large cats found their way to the tent containing the remains of old Jack, and when Uncle Si returned he was naturally indignant at seeing these felines sitting on the corpse—one at the head, the other at the feet.

Seizing a billet of wood from the ground he aimed a powerful blow with it at the pussy sitting near the head. It missed its mark and struck and severed the rope holding down the head of the corpse, which immediately flew into a sitting posture. Seizing the dead man by the shoulders and forcing him back into a recumbent position, Uncle Si exclaimed in an aggravated tone: "Darn ye, old man, lie down and keep quiet. I'll attend to the cats."

Love and Genius.

Men of genius are popularly supposed to adore pretty little brainless simpletons. Fiction is apt to represent them as needing in a wife a sort of mental pillow—a restful vacuous mind, which will not weary their own great brains by demands on their thinking forces. That is the reason usually given when a man of marked mental power allies himself to a fool, as he sometimes does. The world regards these occasions with great satisfaction, for in its heart of hearts it esteems genius a kind of lunacy on which public opinion has set a premium, and finds it correct and proper that it should wed imbecility. But is a genius in love a pleasing object for the contemplation of his admirers? When Bulwer's love-letters were given to an amazed and nauseated reading public, and it perused with unquenchable laughter dozens of letters in which that great novelist addressed the object of his affection as "Itty doggy," and subscribed himself—to the extreme satisfaction of the reader—as "Puppy," our reverence for the man trembled on its foundations, and he seemed scarcely more a hero to us than he possibly did to his valet. Keat's letters to his sweetheart, Fanny Browne, while they rise at times to a mournful power, at other times are as common-place as the billet-doux of any college boy, while Fanny Browne herself did not seem to appreciate the distinction of being the lover of a poet. We are told she was "dark, sensuous and leopard-like." Perhaps the only pure and sincere passion that ever graced the stormy life of Byron was his boy-love for the beautiful Mary Chaworth, and there was said to be an element of dignity about it that checked the onlooker's inclination to treat it with the lightness usually accorded to the fancies of youth. Little is known of the young girl except that she was both lovely and brilliant. Many of Byron's poems are said to contain allusions to this early passion. Perhaps—who knows?—he was happier to have kept this simple romance intact, for he asks bitterly:

Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

A man would do pretty poor fishing if he used a book-worm for bait.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Frequently when a funny man sings a comic song his face looks as if he were delivering a funeral oration.

Massenet has agreed to compose an opera for Harris, who, in collaboration with Muzzicato, will write the libretto, which is founded on Kenilworth.

Lillian Russell's pretty, artistic gowns, which she wears in "Apollo," were designed by herself. She studied pictures of Grecian dress and received suggestions from Alma Tadema.

Miss Eames, the American prima donna, had the honor of singing in Marlborough house on Sunday to a large family party. Signor Maurel also sang, and Signor Tosti accompanied them.

Theater goers may as well screw their courage up to the sticking place and brace themselves to face the ordeal. Eva Ray Hamilton has confirmed the report of her proposed raid on the stage.

A Philadelphia society girl, Miss Susanna Massey, has written a comedy of such merit that it is said Mr. Augustin Daly will produce it next season. It is called "The Merry Masqueraders." Miss Massey will spend the Summer in Europe.

A new cantata on the subject of "The Light of Asia" is to be produced as an opera in London next July, in the Italian language, with Miss Eames and M. Maurel in the cast. The composer of the music is Isadore de Lara. The Princess of Wales has interested herself in the production.

That American lady best known to all Americans as Mary Anderson, after achieving an altogether exceptional triumph upon the dramatic stage and winning the respect and admiration of her countrymen and of Englishmen, not alone by her talents, but by her character, chose to relinquish her profession at the very moment of her greatest success, and, laying down her laurels and her ambition, passed quietly into private life entirely of her own volition. In this and in many other respects the woman showed that although she was in the profession she was not of it. The hard, cold facts of the dramatic world show that this is an entirely exceptional case. The stage is an exacting and tyrannical mistress; indeed, art of any kind is; and once that the golden chains of success are fastened upon the actress she is unfitted in inclination, if not in character, for the performance of the soberer and higher duties of life away from the acclaim of the public and the publicity of the press. This is indeed the rule, and we have innumerable examples of players who have long outlived their public usefulness, but who still cling to the boards and are unable to exist, or at least to enjoy themselves, out of the glare and the glitter of an artificial condition. Miss Mary Anderson deliberately chose to leave the stage at the very moment when she was most successful upon it. It is only a just tribute to what we know of her character to say that this step was prompted by the conviction that it is indeed better to be than to seem to be, and was carried out in belief that a woman even with the most brilliant histrionic talents may find in the serene walks of life some higher duties than those imposed by the contemporaneous stage. It is not pleasant to note that the gossips of the coulisse lacked the chivalric good taste to let her alone when she ceased to be an object of public criticism. She escaped from the manager, but not from the paragrapher, who has informed the world regularly since her departure from the public vestibule of her personal discontents, her marital unhappiness and her restless desire to return to the footlights. These persistent pandects of the foyer at last called forth a modest but dignified protest from the lady herself, as noted in the *World* of last Sunday, who says "they are most unpleasant, rather malicious and altogether untrue. I am," she declares, "in perfect health, and although it is nearly a year since we were married, in that short space we have known more happiness than in the whole course of our lives. I am also happy in thinking I am done forever with the glare and publicity of the stage." This is the declaration of a married lady in private life begging to be let alone, and it is somewhat remarkable that the annoyances of the stage should follow her when she is fairly rid of its duties, and that she should have to bulletin her own content in order to neutralize the malice of others. Nothing can account for the fact except the existence of a vulgar and vicious notion that once an actress always public property. It is about time that decent journalism put its heel on that iniquity. All of us who understand how far superior a true woman is to a fine artist, seeing that one involves character and the other only ability, will never forget that in her brilliant passage from Kentucky to London—a passage that may be said to have been made on such laurels as few American artists have walked upon—she never once forgot her womanhood or stained her white robes with any of the grime of the playhouse.—*Nym Crynkle*.

Book Chat.

The college graduates are now preparing to leave their respective *alma maters* and step forth into the busy world. A good many of them will find it a much larger place than they had expected.

Miss Bessie Neater of Boston—Her books are simply delightful. Indeed, I think she is the most liberal writer I know of. Miss Hattie Bacon of Chicago—Well, I don't know. I don't think she is as liberal as Mrs. Southworth. Mrs. Southworth gives you 400 pages for a quarter every time.

The oldest printed book in Germany has been acquired by the Royal Library in Berlin. It is an early edition of the Chinese Art Treasury, Po-ku-t'u-lu, printed from metal blocks, and dating from the years 1308 to 1312. The impressions of both the text and the illustrations are said to be beautifully clear and distinct.

Mr. Connery's second novel, which he is now preparing for the printers, will be called "The American Prince," and is said to supply some entertaining chapters in the life of a well-known New Yorker. The true inwardness of a certain event in city politics, which caused much excitement and bitterness some years ago, is explained, and if all that is reported of it be true, "The American Prince" is likely to stir up a perfect hornet's nest.

There are but four college dailies in the world—the Harvard *Crimson*, Yale *News*, Cornell *Sun*, and U. of M. *Daily*. The *Daily* is published at Ann Arbor, at an expense of \$2,000 a year. It is the cheapest of the four to the students, the subscription price being \$2 50 per year, while the *News* is \$4, the *Crimson* \$3 50, and the *Sun* \$3. There are about 180 issues of the *Daily* each year. The *Crimson* is 19 years old, the *News* 14, the *Sun* 11, and the *Daily* is just completing its first year. The managing editors spend about two and one-half hours a day in preparing the paper for the press.

Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson, of high Boston lineage and culture, wrote in her book on dress reform which Miss Louisa Alcott said contained more truth than any book she knew of except the Bible, as follows: "Why should woman, whose shape differs so little from that of her brother man, be expected to hide and confuse the contours of this common human form, as if they were a disgrace to her, and to her alone, and walk, and work, and live at perpetual disadvantage, because the wonderful mechanisms of the body, provided for her use in such work and such living, are clogged and weakened by masses of superimposed and useless drapery?"

Literature and art occupy an essential place in civilization. They are part and parcel of a liberal education. Yet they do not necessarily tend to promote morality. This is a fact familiar to every scholar. There should seem to be some truth in Lander's sneer that there is a spice of scoundrelism in most literary men. We all know, or know of, artists and literati who are more heathenish than the heathen, more Philistine than Goliath of Gath. In Athens the artistic and literary period was precisely that of the grossest moral degeneracy. Demosthenes thundered; but the people quailed and surrendered to Philip. They worshiped pictures and statues, poems and orations, and despised men and women. What is true of classic Greece is equally true of the Middle Ages. The dreariest midnight of immorality occurred when art and letters were most flourishing under the patronage of the Florentine Medici.

Professional Chat.

It is only when he brings in his bill, that the physician declares himself in favor of high heels.

Some women would rather be notorious than happy; strange to say, the men encourage them in this fad.

People pay two prices for the justice they get in the courts, and ten prices, with no end of compound interest, on cost for the justice which they try and fail to get by short and forcible cuts outside the law and the courts.

To the student the ministry still presents the surest and easiest way to a comfortable and highly respectable livelihood, and even worldly renown—looking at it from that point of view—as against the overcrowded callings that would otherwise be likely to attract him. Piety, ability and fitness are not taken into consideration.

It appears that Mr. Kyle, the reverend Indecrat who will represent South Dakota in the next session of the Senate, was sent out west by his church as a "missionary," on a stipend of \$500 a year. The heathens of Dakota concluded that the east needs missionaries worse than the west, and sent him back again with ten times as large a salary.

"I had rather a remarkable experience while I was chaplain in the army," remarked one of the ministers at the pastors' union. "What was it?" "I had been working and talking to the boys about gambling, and

they finally turned all the cards in the camp over to me. The next day they were paid off. The following day I was passing out, and saw a blanket spread out with two lumps of sugar on one corner, and about half the money in the camp spread out." "What were they doing?" "They were betting on which lump of sugar a fly would first light, and all the money on the blanket changed hands on the result." "What did you say to the boys?" "I said, 'Here, boys, come get your cards.'"

Once in camp, said Phil. Sheridan at a camp fire several years before his death, myself and some of my brother officers fell desperately in love with a female voice we used to hear singing at night. It was simply angelic, and resolved to see the singer we followed its sound through thickets and ravines till we came to a lonely cabin whence the singing proceeded. Creeping up to the window I peered in and beheld a fat, greasy, middle-aged negress, barefooted and clad in a single garment of dirty calico, browning coffee with a long iron spoon, while she gave vent to the sweetest notes I had ever heard. In my surprise I staggered forward with a noise that attracted her attention. Grasping her coffee skillet and waving it around her head, she bawled out: "G'way from dah, white man. Ef yo' don't, I'll frow dis yeah fryin' pan right at yo' head."

Daniel Webster, when a small boy, was very careless, not to say untidy, in the matter of personal cleanliness. His teacher had many times reproved him for not washing his hands. He had both coaxed and scolded him, but it was to no purpose—Daniel would come to school with dirty hands. One day, out of all patience with him, he called Daniel to his desk, made him hold up his hands in the presence of the whole school, and solemnly warned him, that if he ever came to school again with his hands in that condition he would give him a flogging that he would long remember. Daniel promised better behavior, and for a while there was a great improvement. His reformation, however, did not prove to be permanent, his hands being in a few days as dirty as ever. The teacher's eyes detected them, and as soon as school had opened for the day, with a loud voice he said, "Daniel, come here!" Daniel stealthily brought the palm of his right hand into contact with his tongue, and as he walked slowly toward the teacher, rubbed it upon his trousers in the effort to remove from it some of the dirt. "Hold out your hand!" said the teacher. Daniel extended his right hand, palm upward. "Do you call that a clean hand?" sternly demanded the teacher. "Not very, sir," modestly replied Daniel. "I should say 'not very!'" said the teacher. "I promised you a flogging, but I will let you off this time, if in this whole school-room you will show me a dirtier hand than that." "There it is, sir," exclaimed Daniel, quickly extending his left hand, which had not undergone the summary cleansing of the right.

The Island of the Seven-Headed Devil.

The little island of Pootoo, about 150 miles from Shanghai and forty from Ningpo, is a beautiful little dot in the China Sea, some four miles square, and is sacred to the worship of Buddha. Being a sacred island, Pootoo has its temple, and the temple has its idol, a monster figure hammered from pure gold, holding a cornucopia filled with bamboo sticks. A devil with seven red heads, each provided with seven mouths filled with blue teeth and white tongues, is said to have once threatened the Chinese and their Buddhist institutions. He came by way of the China Sea, and the people prepared to defend themselves and their religion. Although floating on the crest of the waves forty miles out from Ningpo, the awful red heads and blue teeth of the devil were plainly visible night and day to those on land. The priests implored Buddha and the common people passed sleepless nights. Finally an old mandarin bethought himself of a plan to rid the country of the impending calamity. He went to the spot where Buddha had been seen to kneel and pray. Removing the turf, he delved in the clay with a sacred knife and made a round ball and fashioned the image of Buddha's face on one of its sides. With this peculiar relic carefully wrapped in a turban of yellow silk he joined the grief-stricken throng at the seashore. Again imploring Buddha for divine assistance, he hurled the sacred clay with might and main at the many-headed demon in the sea. As the ball receded from the shore it seemed to grow in size; so also did the red-headed, blue-toothed devil. But the ball enlarged much more rapidly than the imp of his Satanic Majesty, and finally dropped prone upon the horrid creature. With a howl of baffled rage and pain the devil sunk beneath the weight of the ball, but not until he had given it one furious lash with his spiked tail. The ball of sacred clay continued to grow, and is now the island of Pootoo; a great gorge through its center marking the spot where the furious devil lashed it in his dying rage. Chinese tradition says that in his last struggles the devil loosened several of his scales, which were eventually washed upon the sacred island and used in laying the foundation of the temple above mentioned. The cornucopia in the arms of the golden idol now in the temple is made from one of the blue teeth of the monster.

NOTES.

Money cannot improve a mean man. It may have the effect of admitting him into so-called good society, however.

Hot water is one of the best among simple remedies. For instance, headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

Every virtue gives a man a degree of felicity in some kind; honesty, a good report, justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and liberality, affection; temperance, good health; fortitude, a quiet mind.

They have a law in Boston that if a man loses money at gambling and does not make demand for it within three months anybody may seek to recover three times the amount so lost from the winner. A case is on now based on this law.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes believes that the body and mind are both affected by the character of food consumed. "An exclusively pork diet gives a bristly character to the beard and hair," and too much food from the sea gives the shine and motions of a fish.

A preacher over in Illinois has been discovered making counterfeit money because his salary was so small he could not live on it. This is probably the only case of this kind on record, but there have doubtless been many instances where desperate measures would be justifiable.

Mr. Gladstone is strongly in favor of admitting women to the board of county councilors, and his answer to the deputation proposing the bill was extremely lucid and straightforward. He had gathered that in county-council work there was a field for women's energies and a real want for them to supply, and he heartily indorsed the bill.

Franklin is credited with the statement that the flesh of a goose killed by an electric current is particularly fine eating. This brings up interesting possibilities in the culinary art and shows the far-reaching nature of the electrician's science. An electric current will replace the boarding-house axe and tough steaks will become a thing of the past.

The Massachusetts House has passed a bill repealing the much-talked of food and drink law of that State, which was expected to promote temperance by the requirement that no liquor should be sold over the bar, but that the drinker must be seated and food served. The law was, of course, evaded and made ridiculous. It is doubtful whether it accomplished any good.

The national spirit of unrest in Russia appears to have spread even to the peasants, who have been considered hitherto as hardened by custom to the endurance of tyranny. But mere repression is never a remedy for political and social evils, and the crater upon which the Russian government have been sitting so long bids fair to break forth into a state of active eruption almost any day.

Mr. Grundy is a name often heard in the half-playful, half-satirical question, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Her name stands for the neighborhood, the society, in which one moves. This particular Mrs. Grundy was the wife of Farmer Grundy, in Morton's "Speed the Plough," a comedy first presented in 1798. Dame Ashfield, wife of another farmer, is jealous of her neighbor, and forever wondering "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

The Queen Regent of Spain is a very devoted mother, and lives as quietly as any of her most humble subjects, bathing with the little King and Princesses in the morning, and driving or sailing with them in the afternoon. The baby King asserts his prerogative full royally even now, to the despair of his governess, who cannot persuade him to conform to the conventionalities of life, or to address his titled subjects by other than their Christian names.

The following is to be found in Bellamy's "Looking Backward." It is very appropriate, and might well be read with profit at the present time by the interested: "I cannot sufficiently celebrate the glorious liberty that reigns in the public libraries of the twentieth century as compared with the intolerable management of those of the nineteenth century, in which the books were jealously railed away from the people, and obtainable only at an expenditure of time and red tape calculated to discourage any ordinary taste for literature."

According to the terms of a new law in New York, "any person who shall by any offensive or disorderly act or language annoy or interfere with any person or persons in any place or with the passengers of any public stage, railroad car, ferryboat or other public conveyance, or who shall disturb or offend the occupants of such stage, car, boat or conveyance by any disorderly act, language or display, although such act, conduct or display may not amount to an assault or bat-

tery, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor." This is very well as far as it goes; but the boor may still cross his legs and dust his shoes upon the skirts of passing ladies; and madame may sit edgewise so as to occupy two seats while she pays for but one. It is a swift lawmaker who can keep track of social lawlessness on board cars, boats and stages.

There is a very familiar maxim which directs us to "do one thing at a time," and it applies to our eating duty as much as to any other. For, although light reading, requiring little thought, may not do much harm, yet, as a rule, all brain labor withdraws blood from the stomach and affects the secretion of the digestive juices, so bringing on indigestion. Violent emotions put an immediate stop to the digestive process and suspend the salivary secretion. Commercial and literary men have often complained of attacks of vomiting when they took their dinner alone and allowed the mind to dwell deeply on some absorbing subject, and yet they could dine out and eat and drink all sorts of rich things with impunity. When the stomach is full the less the mind has to do the better.

If you ever observe it, the electric light is responsible for many grotesqueries nightly painted on respectable walls and matter-of-fact sidewalks. Shadows are only shadows, but they give one the shivers sometimes, especially at a late hour, when honest folk are supposed to be in bed. Giants of despair then stretch out long arms at the corners of silent streets, and strange profiles are thrown against the unconscious houses, and weird traceries of dancing branches make the pavement rise and fall in a style that must puzzle a person who knows he is sober. Alone, without the presence of humanity, these electric shadows lend the sleeping city a mystic animation that even conventional moonshine fails to dispel. The sputter, the swish of the lights, too, add to the uncanny effect, and their fluctuations would, in time, drive the sane mad if thought was taken of them. Luckily, man can accustom himself to almost anything.

All influences that promote selfishness, intolerance, and a love of vice and immorality, or that take from life its great and noble purposes, and encourage a butterfly existence, are essentially demoralizing, and destructive to the proper growth of man's higher nature. When we measure a life by the work it accomplishes in ameliorating the sufferings, elevating the impulses, and brightening the existence of the toiling and struggling brotherhood of man; in creating an ideal home where the soul is cultured, where the fruits of the spirit ripen into the richest maturity; where the flowers of truth, clarity, and gentleness send forth their fragrance on every hand; where day by day man advances nearer and nearer the great throbbing soul of Infinity, while his heart expands and becomes more Godlike at every step that is taken—we say, measured by this standard (and only by this can we regard life worth living), many whose names are great, and whose fame hangs on the lips of ten thousands, are only skeletons, fleshless, soulless, and lifeless, while thousands whose names the mad world little notes, are in truth grandly great.

Some cynic has said that "a woman is at the top or bottom of everything either good or bad." To those who accept this estimate of all pervading qualities of the tender sex, it will be no surprise to learn that the baccarat scandal, now convulsing English society, had its origin in jealousy about a woman. As the story goes, Lady Brooke, whose name has for some time been coupled with that of the Prince of Wales as his "favorite," saw fit to smile upon Gordon Cumming, and that the Prince, in order to "get even" with his rival, made public the charge of cheating at cards preferred against Cumming by some of those in the party upon that eventful night. The explanation as to the affair makes two things quite apparent. One is, that a noble name, assured position, and all the concomitants of the very highest of high life does not eliminate the baser passions; and the second is, that gilded society is about on a par with any other society the world over. Should the sensational developments but serve to tone down the erratic course of "Grandfather" Wales, who is old enough to keep better company, the baccarat scandal will not be an unmixed evil.

Don't listen to it, girls. It may be very amusing, it may cause you to laugh, but when you remember it afterward a blush will certainly come, not only over your face, but in your heart. Listening to stories the wording and meaning of which are not nice is the first step toward making a woman coarse and vulgar.

Good Man (sadly)—Ah, my son, you have been to the circus; it pains me greatly to think that one so young should have crossed the threshold of iniquity. Bad Small Boy—I didn't cross no threshold; I crawled in under the tent.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

"The Limited Mail" was given last night to a good house. There are some fine sensational acts in the play. To-night the drama will be repeated.

Katie Emmet, in "The Waifs of New York," is booked for June 22 and 23. This is one of the popular sensational dramas of the day. The company is said to be strong.

If there could be anything worse than the Sullivan combination, it has never been brought to our notice. The alleged play and alleged actors were individually and collectively absolutely void of merit. Such travesties are but the prostitution of the stage.

J. J. McClosky, an old-time California actor, has been recounting some reminiscences of the days of gold, when he and Edwin Booth were associates on the stage in '49 and '50. In a chat with a New York reporter, McClosky, who is a member of the Society of California Pioneers in New York, produced a souvenir in an old play bill of December 10, 1850. The play was "Marble Heart," or "The Sculptor's Dream," and was performed at the Sacramento Theater, December 10, 1850. The cast was as follows:

Phidias.....(the Sculptor).....	Mr. Edwin Booth
Gorgias.....(a Rich Citizen of Athens).....	Mr. J. J. McClosky
Alcibiades.....(the General).....	Mr. C. Rogers
Diogenes.....(the Philosopher).....	Mr. Henry Sedley
Strabon.....(a Slave).....	Mr. McCabe
Thea.....(a Slave).....	Miss Sopia Edwin
Aspasia.....	Mrs. C. W. Sinclair
Lais.....(the Statues).....	Mrs. George Chapman
Phryne.....	Miss Adelaide
Athenians.....Messrs. Reeves, Griffiths, Long, Vincent, etc., etc.	

J. J. McClosky is remembered by "49ers," and was often seen on the stage in early days at Stockton, Sacramento and San Francisco. One of the incidents of the early stage is given thus:

"One night we were playing 'Hamlet' in the Downieville Theater, which was built over a 'drift.' Murdock was Hamlet, and just as he picked up the skull of Yorick, after the First Gravedigger had left the grave, a slouch-hatted, red-shirted miner appeared in the hole. He was the foremost of the night-shift men, and in following the 'lead' had come across the grave. His astonishment, as well as Murdock's, can well be imagined, and a lively and acrimonious debate ensued between Hamlet and the miner, the latter refusing to go down until Pritchard, the owner of the theater, who was in the audience, yelled out, with his pistol aimed at the miner's head:

"Hey, you, Bill Mills, get down out o' there, or I'll bore a hole in yer!"

"Bill Mills then disappeared, and the play went on. Booth simply roared at this incident not down in Shakespeare's play."

Brilliant Social Event.

Few young couples set out on life's matrimonial voyage under such radiance as that attending Dwight Henry Miller and Celia May Simmons. The scenes surrounding the nuptials were suggestive of Arabian Nights tales. The ceremony and reception was given at the elegant residence of the bride's father, Dr. G. L. Simmons, and nothing was left undone to render the occasion memorable. The young bride and groom did, indeed, appear to be under a spell of enchantment. The enchantment of eternal love was there—the mutual love of each other—and the great devout love of the parents certainly made up the enchanted scene. Add to this the adoration of the multitude of friends, and the fairy picture is complete. If this couple were not mated, then none were ever mated before. They were born and raised in this city, and have known each other from infancy. Fortune has been kind to each, and while their pathway has been smooth, they have realized that they must sooner or later depend upon their own resources. The youthful groom is educated and trained for a business career, and the intellectual young bride has the accomplishments as well as the training to fit her for the great battle of life. The sterling and practical example of their respective parents is a sufficient guarantee that the true lessons of life will not be lost on the youthful couple. The wedding gifts were numerous, and little is left to be added to commence housekeeping on a large scale. The reception was indeed a magnificent affair, and attended by legions of the friends of both families. The fairies have thrown their jeweled slippers after this happy young couple. Dr. Simmons has lost a daughter, but gained a son. Frank Miller has gained a daughter.

Rev. Carroll M. Davis.

That Rev. Carroll M. Davis has returned to Sacramento, though temporarily, is of gratification to his very many friends. That he cannot permanently abide with us is of regret. It is gratifying, however, that so young a man should have been called to the important station in the field he now occupies—St. Louis. The views of Rev. Davis are liberal and progressive; that more others with his ideas would be in the ministry would be of benefit to the cause of Christianity.

FLASHES.

Culture is not morality, by any means.

Some women are not as bad as they are painted.

A kind word and smile is often fine stock in trade.

A girl may be vain, but then she is not made-in vain.

Never fool with an electric wire, or red-headed woman.

Always refuse what you can't get. This is a motto in politics.

A round of pleasure is fine, but it is difficult to square up after.

A fellow will trip over a straw in doing good, but climb over mountains to get into mischief.

The party leaders are always agreed on one thing—they all want to hold or control the offices.

A young liar always develops into an old one. Calumny would soon starve out if there was no place for it to lodge.

We congratulate the jokers of the country press upon their self-control in so far suppressing the remark that it is about time for the mosquito to send in his bill.

Replying to the question, "When is a man too smart?" we have to say that he is always too smart when he imagines that all of his fellow mortals are jackasses, and that the earth is his livery stable.

The First Celestial Charts.

Aniximander of Miletus is said to have been the inventor of celestial charts about 570 B. C. This may be the earliest record of a map of the heavens, but considering the antiquity of astrology and astronomy it is difficult to understand that celestial maps or diagrams were not in existence long prior to this date. The heavenly houses laid out by the astrologers of old to foretell the fortunes of their clients must have been charts of some parts of the heavens. As a fact, the Chinese are known to have understood astronomy so far back as 2857 B. C., and the Hindus about 3102 B. C., irrespective of the Chaldeans, Egyptians and ancient Greeks. The Alexandrian school of philosophy, which flourished about 200 B. C., was the first to commence a regular system of observation. It was not till then that the paths of the planets in the orbits were determined, the relative positions of the fixed stars clearly laid down and the constellations or clusters of stars in various regions of the heavens, that had been grouped together and denoted by fanciful beasts and birds and human beings, duly mapped out and catalogued.

The Toad Grew Up With the Tree.

While a huge pine log was being sawed into lumber at a saw mill on a small creek some two miles from Athens, as the workmen were turning it over preparatory to squaring it, what was their astonishment to see the head of a huge frog bob out, where he was embedded and barely escaped being cut by the saw. How in the world his toadship got there is a mystery, as he was completely incased without any possible means of ingress or egress. As the log was the fourth or fifth from the butt of the tree, the frog must have had his apartment some fifty or sixty feet from the ground. The tree was perfectly sound with the exception of a decayed spot some inches below the hermetically sealed prison of the frog. The animal was very fat and was unable to move when pulled out of his den, and he was taken in hand by one of the negroes who discovered him in his singular domicile.—*Albany News*.

Trees of the palm family have larger leaves than others. The inaja palm, which grows on the banks of the Amazon, has leaves which reach a length of from thirty to fifty feet and are ten or twelve feet in breadth. Specimens of the leaves of the talipot palm, a native of Ceylon, have been met with that were twenty feet long and eighteen feet broad. These leaves are used by the natives to make tents and form very efficient shelters from the rain. The leaves of the double coconut palm are often thirty feet long and several feet wide. When the wind is strong they clash together with a noise that may be heard a great distance. Only one leaf is produced each year, and they are so firmly attached to the stem of the tree and so strong in themselves that a man may sit on the end of one of them and rock to and fro in perfect safety.

A gentleman heard a young visitor in his house ask his own son, aged six: "Which would you rather be, a walking policeman or a mounted policeman?" "A mounted policeman, of course," said the boy. "Why?" asked the other. "Cause, if the robbers came I could get away quicker!"

Six pairs of breeches, each pair warranted to be those worn by Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar, have been offered for show at the Royal Naval Exhibition.

TWO BRAVE "COWARDS."

The Famous Duel Between General Johnston and General Huston.

One of the bravest men that ever lived was Felix Huston, of Texas, who, in 1836, commanded the army in the field of the Lone Star State. Probably his nearest counterpart since was General Joe Hooker. Huston was as oratorically magnetic and passionate as Patrick Henry, E. D. Baker, or Thomas Starr King; as intrepid as Custer, Sheridan, or Kilpatrick, and as fond of wine and women as Luther, Magruder, or Van Dorn. And, while he was truly a tactician, discipline with this rollicking Hotspur was a lost or an unknown art.

About this time Albert Sidney Johnston was Adjutant General of the army of the Republic of Texas, during the administration of President Sam Houston. This was subsequent to the battle of San Jacinto, and the Texans were encamped on that territory lying between Galveston Island and Indianola. Thomas J. Morgan and George W. Morgan, of Ohio, who were Colonels of Ohio regiments during the Mexican war, and who were general officers during the rebellion upon the Federal side, were officers in the army of the Lone Star State in 1836! The latter is now living at Mount Vernon, Ohio.

One day in November, 1836, Albert Sidney Johnston was directed to assume command of the Texan army, much to his own surprise, and much against his wish. Indeed, he called at once upon President Houston and stated that he would greatly prefer to remain undisturbed, and incidentally declared that the heroic army of the Texas Republic would be the loser thereby. But Houston and Congress had decided to place Johnston in command, and to accept the resignation of the gallant Huston if necessary. Huston at once turned over his command to Johnston, and, upon meeting his successor, raised his cap and extending his hand pleasantly, and otherwise exhibited evidences of real or seeming friendship, all of which was cordially and courteously accepted.

Upon the following evening Huston invited Johnston and his staff to supper, which was as fine as could be given, and wines, cigars, mirth and melody made the time pass merrily until the so-called witching hour, when Johnston and his staff took their leave. In exactly twenty minutes afterward, however, Major Izzard, of Huston's staff, called at Johnston's quarters and presented the following note:

"General Huston has the honor to present his compliments to General Johnston, and begs to assure him that there is no man in the Republic of Texas under whom he would be more proud to serve; but that the President and Congress had put upon him an insult; and as he could not demand that satisfaction of the President and Congress as he would wish, he had the honor to request that General Johnston, as their representative, would state when it would be convenient for him to meet General Huston on the field of honor; and that Major Izzard was authorized to return with a reply."

In proportion to its population no section of country on earth contained so many able, ambitious, gallant, and chivalrous men as the Republic of Texas at that time. And, of course, dueling—or, rather, the code of the duello—was a high and honored custom, if not, indeed, the law of that land, and many of the best men of the famous new republic had fallen victims to its stern requirements. Therefore, Johnston had only one thing to do—accept Huston's mean, unchivalrous, uncalled for challenge. True, he had given his predecessor no earthly offense. On the contrary, he had accepted his invitation to join him at a well-served repast, and made merry with his host until midnight, and each had wished the other well at parting. Still, the requirements of polished barbarism, or the fear of being "posted," compelled a brave, good man to weaken for the first and only time, and he replied as follows:

"Gen. Johnston reciprocates the sentiments so kindly expressed by Gen. Huston, and begs to inform him through Col. Morehouse that it will afford the General commanding pleasure to meet Gen. Huston on the west bank of La Baca on the following morning, at a point to be determined by their respective friends."

"This is an outrage," said Col. Morehouse to Maj. Izzard.

"I know it," responded the latter.

"Gen. Johnston never pulled a hair trigger in his life, while Gen. Huston can put a pistol ball into a dollar thrown into the air. Gen. Johnston is inviting murder!"

"Sir!"

"Yes, sir; I mean what I say. But he is a splendid shot with a rifle, and I shall advise him to use that weapon."

"The rifle is not allowed by the code, Col. Morehouse."

"I believe you are right," responded the Colonel, "but it is unfortunate that the only brace of dueling pistols in camp is owned by Gen. Huston."

This was true, and it was the opinion of all that Johnston would not select rifles as weapons, as he was the soul of honor, and would rather surrender his life than take the very advantage that his rival, in a state of great

mortification, might willingly use over him. The only pocket case of instruments in camp was owned by Assistant Surgeon Coates, and this case was borrowed at about five in the morning by Medical Examiner Ezra Reed on the pretext that a soldier had mashed a finger.

But "Bang!" "Bang!" was heard an hour later, and the whole camp was abreast for the river, shouting: "Johnston and Huston are fighting."

And so they were, on the west side of the river.

At the first fire the ball from Johnston's weapon cut a twig from a tree, which fell at Huston's feet, while the ball from Huston's pistol went through the lappel of his opponent's coat. Huston picked up the twig and said:

"That was a capital shot, General."

"So was this," serenely responded Johnston, running his thumb through the hole of his coat; "much better than mine, I apprehend."

"You shall have another chance, then, General."

"All right, my friend, if it is strictly agreeable to you. Gentlemen, load again."

The principals again fired, Huston's missile going no one knows where, and Johnston's hitting the ground a few feet in front of his antagonist, and scattering some dirt on the clothes of the latter. At the third shot Johnston missed, and the flint of Huston's pistol failed to fire in consequence of the weakness of the spring, at which Huston sat down at the foot of a tree and braced the spring with a wedge. They then fired again, and Johnston was shot through the hip and fell, as if dead. But he at once raised himself on his elbow and said:

"Gentlemen, I had no grievance against Gen. Huston whatever, and I call upon you all to bear witness that this meeting has been conducted according to the laws of honor."

Gen. Johnston was then lifted up tenderly by Col. Morehouse and Dr. Reed and borne from the field, and although he suffered a great deal physically, it was nothing compared to the remorse that Huston carried with him to his death-bed, for there was no earthly cause for the challenge, as Johnston had done him no wrong. Further, the challenged man might have chosen rifles, and was strongly urged to do so by Col. Morehouse, but declined because he was an expert shot with that weapon.

In speaking of the duel some time afterward, Huston said to Gen. John H. King, who commanded the regulars in the Atlanta campaign, and who lately died in Washington of pneumonia:

"There are two kinds of cowards in this world—the brave coward is one of them. In our duel in 1836 Albert Sidney Johnston was one and so was I. I knew he had put upon me no wrong, and out of respect for me he had assumed the command of the army with reluctance. I had no more right to challenge him to mortal combat than I have you. It was a shameful piece of business, and I wouldn't do it again under any circumstances. I was what may be termed a brave coward, if I may coin the name. And so was Johnston in accepting the challenge. I have reproached myself many times for my attitude. I invited him to supper, treated him cordially, and in half an hour afterward challenged him to mortal combat. And he not only accepted it, but named 6 o'clock the following morning as the hour of meeting, and selected pistols instead of guns. Why, when I reflect upon the circumstance I hate myself, for the General was an expert with a rifle, but didn't know a dueling pistol from a sailor's knot. I owned the only dueling pistols in camp, and could hit the ace of diamonds at dueling distance at the drop of a handkerchief. And I kept setting him up until I hit him. Why, that one act blackened all the good ones of my life. But I couldn't challenge Congress, and President Houston, although a duelist, was too far ahead of me in rank. Well, thank God, I didn't kill him. And, mark my word, Lieut. King, some day, if occasion requires it, Albert Sidney Johnston will display a gallantry that may possibly carry him to his grave!"

The writer once met Albert Sidney Johnston in Utah, nearly thirty-five years ago, and was greatly fascinated by him. He looked every inch a soldier. He stood at least 6 feet 2 inches, was massive in proportion, but possessed no superfluity of flesh. As he remembers him there was the most perfect symmetry in his physique, and in his face and manner there was a combination of elegance, serenity, dignity and benignity that made him at once august, winning and heroic. He was killed at Shiloh at 11:30 o'clock on Sunday, April 6, 1862, while seated on a magnificent gray horse, in full uniform, leading his army through as dreadful carnage as has ever been seen on any field of battle. The historian of the future will pay him no small tribute. His whole career will be chronicled by unimpassioned writers after the turbulent and prejudiced ones are gone, and probably no character upon either our own or the Confederate side will stand out more luminous, chivalrous or sublime than that of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston.

Last July I was a guest at the house of his son, Hancock Johnston, who owns a beauti-

ful ranch near San Jacinto, San Diego county, Cal. Hancock Johnston is about 45 years old, and has thousands of fine horses, sheep and goats, while his "cattle feed upon a thousand hills." He has a lovely wife and a number of handsome grown-up children. His latch-string is always out, and he has a happy way of making one feel, while partaking of his hospitality, that he is monarch of all he surveys. Mr. Johnston has mountains of game and forests of song-birds and streamlets of fish all around him, and blue skies above him 350 out of 365 days of the year.

I have known him intimately but twenty-four years, and I cannot resist saying that he has one of the prettiest places on the face of the earth, and that, happy as he is with his family and surroundings, he is never so happy as when there are guests in the house. Fruits and vegetables grow the year round. Probably there is no night that the windows and doors are not all open, and there are servants and Jerseys and horses and peacocks and turkeys and good cheer at all times, and when I say that Mrs. Johnston, who was a Miss Eaton, of Virginia, can take a Winchester and shoot a butterfly on the wing, I do not exaggerate in the least. Indeed, there are a great many ladies in Southern California who can converse with you in Spanish and French, and who sing and play and paint, but who can also kill a quail or a deer from the top of a moving coach and whip out fifty pounds of trout in half a day.—N. Y. Times.

What a Daughter Costs.

Since the accumulation of large fortunes in this country, and notably in New York, and the establishment of a moneyed aristocracy, one of the greatest problems presented to rich parents is the marrying of their daughters. To the father it is as much concern as his affairs in stocks, and to the mother it is a matter of daily care. The daughter is no sooner born than her future becomes a subject for reflection. In a few weeks it is known whether she will be plain or pretty. If she is plain that means the expenditure of a good-sized fortune to take her after years to the bridal altar. If she is pretty the parents are jubilant, for her future can pretty well take care of itself.

Wealthy New York parents make it a point of surrounding their daughters with all the form and luxury that fall to the lot of a princess. They are not willing when their daughter goes to boarding-school that she live in a neat, plain room like the conventional quarters assigned to young ladies in olden times in English boarding-schools and French pensions, but they must surround her with every display that the modern institution will tolerate. Her room is a boudoir of Oriental luxury. Entering it, you sink to the ankles in Persian, Smyrna, and every description of Turkish rugs, in colors Tyre could not rival; the walls are hung with beautiful tapestries with chaste Dianas upon them; there is a divan with great elder-down pillows, and made savagely luxurious by a tiger skin thrown carelessly across it to give the gilded maiden rest when she comes wearied from the street or the class-room. There are Turkish or Chinese slippers, cool and soft to her feet; Oriental wrappers of the softest and costliest stuffs, and the loveliest of colors; a dressing-case studded with everything dear to a girl's heart, not the least of which are perfumes costing from 50 cents an ounce to \$1 a drop. In her wardrobe are her hand-embroidered night dresses of silk as soft as down and beautifully designed; and her white iron bed, with brass knobs, is made so inviting with its Marseilles or quilted India silk coverlid in summer, its elder-down spreads in winter, the hanging cherub above and the hangings, with their beautiful hand-painted designs, that it might tempt Saint Agnes herself to come and lie there. But what money it all costs!

When she reaches her eighteenth year she graduates from the boarding-school, and is, perhaps, sent to a finishing school, where she becomes a parlor boarder surrounded with her usual luxury, and gets finishing touches on deportment. All this, it must be borne in mind, is a preparation for the matrimonial market. Then my young lady goes home and the real expenses commence.

If she is a very plain girl she must have every accomplishment that money can give her. She must learn to draw and to paint on silk and china, for European princesses have lately made this fashionable. A select dancing master is engaged to give her private lessons, for that is supposed to make her more graceful in her movements.

Every rich man's daughter in New York learns to ride; and if it is the intention to send her to England, she must learn to ride "cross country," so she joins a private hunt club, and follows the hounds on the trail of the anise seed. Then she must have an expert French teacher one day in the week for conversation, and a German teacher for the same purpose another day. The knowledge of the music she acquired at the boarding-school is not considered sufficient, so she is at once put under the care of a pale, mild gentleman, with fierce hair and many diplomas, who brings Wagner into her life; to which is added the offices of some melancholy and extinct Italian nobleman, who teaches her the guitar. It is also considered

an accomplishment to be able to fence; so to the fencing master she goes, and she varies this exercise by attending at a gymnasium, where she develops her muscles. Of course, if she is pretty all this is not necessary.

She makes many other calls on her father's pocketbook. She must formally come out. She must now have dresses made by Worth or Felix, and pay as high as \$500 for the making of one of these. If no family jewels have descended to her, she must have diamonds, pearls, and other precious stones, and her equipment must compare with girls already out. When bills for the ball are paid, then comes the allowance for pin money, out of which she has to assist several fashionable charities. She appears at grand opera at least one evening in the week, at theater another, and she can sit only in a box; then come flowers, bouillons, and the latest perfumes. The manicure comes regularly to beautify her hands and nails, and the chiropodist to tend her feet. Her maid she has always with her; a companion, if she has no sisters, and frequently a paid chaperon at the telephone waiting to be called.

Although it may seem strange, it is true, that the richer a New Yorker is, the more wealth does he look for in the man who is to marry his daughter. He and his wife make it a point to keep the daughter as far as possible from making the acquaintance of young men who are not rich. They will not permit her to visit houses where she is likely to make such acquaintances, and they constantly impress upon her that an admirer without money is altogether below her station, and not to be dreamt of. Unless she is romantic she comes to look upon young men as articles of merchandise, and falls entirely into line with her parents.

The hare has the power of seeing objects in its rear in a marked degree. Its eyes are large, prominent and placed laterally. Its power of seeing in the rear is very noticeable in greyhound coursing, for though this dog is mute while running, the hare is able to judge to a nicety the exact moment at which it will be best to double. Horses furnish another instance. It is only necessary to watch a horse driven invariably without blinders, to prove this. Take, for instance, those on street railroads. Let the driver even attempt to take the whip in hand, and if the horse is used to the work he will at once increase his pace. The giraffe, which is a very timid animal, is approached with the utmost difficulty, on account of its eyes being so placed that it can see as well behind as in front. When approached, this same faculty enables it to direct with great precision the rapid storm of kicks with which it defends itself.

FOURTEENTH

Grand Turner Festival

OF THE

PACIFIC TURN BEZIRK,

To be held at SACRAMENTO,

On JUNE 20, 21, 22 and 23, 1891.

Saturday Evening, June 20th.

Grand reception of the visiting societies, with torchlight procession and fireworks, under escort of the military and civic societies.

Sunday, June 21st.

Grand Picnic at Richmond Grove; grand chorus of all the singing societies; competition in gymnastic exercises by classes and individuals; concert, dancing and games. At 8 P. M., gala performance at the Clunie Opera House.

Reserved seats for the performance on Sunday evening can be obtained at Houghton's Book Store, 615 J street, and on Sunday from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. at the Clunie Opera House.

Monday, June 22d.

Continuation of the picnic at Richmond Grove; continuation of gymnastic exercises for prizes.

Monday Evening.

Grand Concert and Ball at the New Pavilion and distribution of prizes.

Tuesday, June 23d.

Prize shooting and swimming; visiting the principal places of interest; escorting the guests from Turner Hall to the Depot.

The citizens are kindly requested to assist in making the Festival a success worthy of the Capital City of the Golden State, by decorating their premises along the line of march.

THE COMMITTEE.

Fine Table
WinesFrom our Celebrated Orleans
Vineyard.Producers of
the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

A BATTLE WITHIN A BATTLE.

Our battery had been doing splendid service.

From our position on the right we could see the shells drop into the woods and break up the formation of the Confederate cavalry every time they left cover.

We knew where they were. Jeb Stuart's old troopers were there. Wade Hampton's dragoons were there. Fitz Lee's hard fighters were there—Imboden, Rosser, Mosby—every Confederate cavalry command we had fought in Virginia was making ready in the shelter of the woods to charge on our left flank.

Boom! boom! boom!
The gunners knew what was at stake. The orders were to die at the guns if the position could not be held. For half an hour their bursting shells kept the front clear, and we of the cavalry cheered them.
"What's that?"

Out from the cover of the forest at half a dozen places gallop the gray troopers by hundreds. They wheel to the right and left, form in two lines, take their distance, close up with a trembling motion, and now there will be a grand charge. The shells burst in front of them, over them, among them, but discipline is stronger than the fear of death.

Less than three hundred of us—all cavalry—to support the battery! If that mob of gray riders ever reaches the foot of the slope we shall be picked up and sent whirling like dry leaves in a hurricane. The fire of the six guns becomes more rapid—it is truly terrific; but in their haste the gunners do less execution.

"Left wheel—forward—half-right dress!"
Just 278 of us by actual count, as we dress in two ranks. What are we going to do?

"Draw sabres—forward—trot—gallop—charge!"

They are driving us down at that body of men—ten times our number—to break and check the charge. If we can stop them for ten minutes the battery will be saved by the infantry. We oblique to the left as we go to close up. We are a living wedge, driving down to enter a living mass and split it in twain.

Afraid? No! There is an exultation—a sort of drunkenness—about it which drowns all fear. It's taking awful chances—odds of a hundred to one—but there comes a species of insane delight when one figures such desperate odds. They are coming at a gallop—we are charging with full speed. Every carbine is slung to its owner's back; the sabre is to settle this. They are yelling as they come; we "yi! yi! yi!" in reply.

Can the wedge enter? Is the impetus strong enough to break a way into the solid wall of living men and horses? I look along their line as the distance decreases with fearful rapidity, and I realize that the shock will be tremendous.

Here it comes! Brace for it! Shut your teeth hard—grip with your knees—mind your stirrups! Crash—smash—whirl—dust—smoke!

The wedge enters! The wedge drives ahead over fallen horses and dismounted riders—yellings, slashing, cutting—keeping its pace. A trooper slashes at me—a horse goes down in front of mine—I feel myself falling with my horse, and then I am out of the fight for a moment.

The darkness which enshrouded things passes away after a bit, and I find my horse lying across my feet, with the saddle flap so holding them that his dead body must be lifted up to get me clear.

The charge of the gray troopers was broken. That wedge drove right through the mass and turned to attack them in rear. Swirling about in circles like the Vulture of War, the mass of men edges away until the field around me is clear of all but dead and wounded. I've got a sabre cut on the shoulder, and can feel the warm blood bathing my arm, but I know I could walk away if I could get my feet clear. I am working to extricate them, when I hear hoof-beats behind me, and next moment a riderless horse dashes up and comes to a halt.

Ah! but how the glory of battle excites a horse! See how red his nostrils—how high his head—the glare in his eyes—the tail held out like a plume—the ears working and the legs dancing! He has not been hit, but he has left his rider dead back there in the stubble—a Federal captain.

The horse stands pawing and snorting, when out from the whirl of death, half a mile away, breaks a chestnut charger and comes galloping down upon us. There is blood on the saddle-flaps—drops of blood on his shiny flanks. It is not his blood, but that of the Confederate Major who rode him, and who has been cut down by a stroke of the sabre.

It is gray vs. chestnut—Federal vs. Confederate. The new comer is still a hundred feet away, when the gray horse rushes at him with ears laid back and mouth open, and as I watch them I forget that shells are screaming, bullets whistling, and the sabre doing bloody work within sound of my voice. As the two horses come together they rear up, neigh defiance at each other, and a fight begins—a battle within a battle. Each seems imbued with a deadly hatred for the other, and to be determined to destroy his antagonist.

Now they rear up and strike viciously at each other.

Now they wheel as one, and kick and utter shrill screams.

Now they bear off to the left—now to the right—now crash together and strike and bite as if possessed of the spirit of furies.

Of a sudden I realize that they are close upon me. In their mad fury they see neither dead nor wounded—hear not the shot and shout of battle. The gray kicks a dead man aside as he backs up for a fresh effort; the chestnut tramples the life out of a wounded man as he dances about. They will be over me if I do not stop them! The heels of the gray are throwing dirt into my face as I nuzzling my carbine and rest it across my dead horse for a shot. I fire at the gray, as he is nearest and the greatest menace, but the bullet missed the target. At that moment they began to work to the left, and in the next they are past me, leaping over dead horses and trampling on dead men as they scream and bite and kick.

Above the roar of battle I hear a rifle shell coming. It gives out a growling, complaining sound which no man ever hears without a chill. The sound grows louder—nearer—crash! The horses were fifty feet away, and it must have struck one of them. There was a cloud of smoke—a whizzing of ragged fragments, and when I could see again both horses were down—torn and mangled and almost blotted off the face of the earth by the awful force of the explosion.—V. F. World.

Only the same old story, told in a different strain;
Sometimes a smile of gladness, and then a stab of pain;
Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the drifting rain.

Sometimes it seems to borrow from the crimson rose its hue;
Sometimes black with thunder, then changed to a brilliant blue;
Sometimes as false as Satan, sometimes as Heaven true.

Only the same old story! But, oh! how the changes ring!
Prophet and priest and peasant, soldier and scholar and king;
Sometimes the warmest hand clasp leaves in the palm a sting.

Sometimes in the hush of even, sometimes in the midday strife,
Sometimes with dove-like calmness, sometimes with passions rife,
We dream it, write it, live it—this weird wild story of life.

Gossip.

Gossip is from *God*, and the Anglo-Saxon *sib*, related, and first meant a relation by religious obligation, a sponsor in baptism. In early days this embraced the god-mother, the father and the child. Then, from the feasting and good-fellowship which the christening caused, the word came to mean friend, neighbor, then a tattler, a news-monger, and at last the chat and scandal of the gad about.

"First, whispering Gossips were in parties seen;
Then louder Scandal walked the village green;
Next babbling Folly told the growing ill,
And busy Malice dropt it at the mill."

Feed the Heart.

"Is any miserliness so mean as that which holds loving words in the heart unspoken when dear lives are starving close beside us which our words would save and feed? Use your gift of speech to give comfort, joy, cheer and hope to all about you. Use it to encourage the disheartened, to warn those who are treading in the paths of danger, to inspire the indolent with holy motives, to kindle the fires of heavenly aspiration on cold heart-altars."

Here's a boy's essay on tobacco: "Tobacco grows something like cabbage, but I never saw none cooked. I have heard men say that cigars given 'em on 'lection day for nothin' was mostly cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are kep' by wooden Injun's that stand at the door and fool boys by offerin' 'em a bunch of cigars what's glued into the Injun's hands, and is made of wood too. I tried to smoke a cigar once, and felt like epsom salts. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh, whose head was cut off. When the people first saw him smoke they thought he was a steamboat and was frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. There is a fellow that comes to see her named Leroy. He was standing on the steps one night and had a cigar in his hand, and said: 'I don't know whether you like smoking or not.' And she said: 'Leroy, the perfume is agreeable.' But when my big brother, Tom, lighted his pipe, she said: 'Get out of the house, you horrid creature; the smell of your tobacco makes me sick!' Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once, and then I sneezed."

Tommy—"Paw, what is a hold-over senator?" Mr. Figg—"The qualifications of a hold-over senator vary in different States. In Kentucky he is expected to hold over half a gallon without staggering."

The heraldic motto on the crest of the Prince of Wales is "Ich Dean," "I serve." It ought to be substituted by "I deal."

UNION ICE COMPANY

ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH

Pure Mountain Ice

NEW QUARTERS:

521 AND 523 I STREET.

CHARLES SELLINGER, Agent.



PANTS to ORDER

\$3.50 to \$13.50

SUITS TO ORDER

\$15.00 to \$50.00

1000 Patterns to Select from.

GABEL the TAILOR

426 J STREET.

D. J. MANNIX,

Contractor of Plastering

Kalsomining and Repairing

In all its branches.

Insulation of Steam Pipes and Boilers a Specialty.

Center Pieces, Brackets, and all kinds of Plaster Ornaments for sale.

Residence, 2215 O St. Shop, 1220 J St.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening, Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than J. SLAUGHTER, Sixth and M streets.

Telephone 318.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.

R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

THE

Bell Conservatory Co.

SACRAMENTO.



Floral Work and Plant Decoration

A SPECIALTY.

Telephone No. 155.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES. in lots to suit.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET.

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar Floors, Fence Coping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J

SACRAMENTO.

M. DUFFY,

Manufacturer of

Carriages, Wagons, Carts, Etc.

REPAIRING

Done at Short Notice. All Work Warranted.

1111-1113 J Street, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. M. MORRISON,

Southeast Cor. Twelfth and E Streets,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

General Merchandise.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

HOW BOB WON A BRIDE.

"Polly Lawson weren't what one might call handsome," remarked the old sailor as he sat in the old tavern one Christmas eve, with a number of veteran tars around him, all drinking hot spiced rum and spinning Christmas yarns; "but she had a dreadful taking way with her, and I presume that even at your age of life you has noticed as the takin'ist wimmin an't by no means the handsomest. But, as if to make up for the lack of beauty, some wimmin are awfully magnetic—so to speak—and have a way of sidin' up to men as fetches them every time. I know in the case of this here identical gal there was scarce a chap as boarded at old Mother Hughes', in Union street, Liverpool, but what considered it a honor, as well as a delight, for to be permitted to peel spuds of a night when it were Polly's watch in the kitchen.

"Polly were a pot-slewer for old Mother Hughes, her age bein' 'twixt 20 and 30. Rigged up of a Sunday she looked the fust; in the mornin', making the scouse, or blackball soup, for, maybe, three or four ships' crews, she looked 30 if a day; and at night, when the dishes had been washed and she snuggled herself up a bit and sat down to peelin' spuds, you'd take her for about five and twenty; so I puts her age at 'twixt 20 and 30, because I likes to be exact and do her no injustice. Of course, sir, with three or four ships' companies to provide for, it took nigh to a barrel of spuds for the mornin's scouse, and the slewers was glad enough for to have five or six of us chaps lend a hand at the peelin'.

"I was young them times, and though you might not judge it, looking at me now, I was as good a looking chap as you'd meet in a day's walk, and Polly, havin' the pick o' the house, naturally choosed me and a young fellow as was in the Shenandoah Philadelphia packet when I fust know'd him, I bein' in the Yorkshire, and me and him goin' out of one ship into another, managed to be always in Liverpool at about the same time, and a backin' and fillin' round Polly, eternally in each other's way.

"I presume, looking back at it now in the light of experience, as durin' the three months when we was't there, this other chap, which his name were Bob Lyons, goin' to Philadelphia and me to New York, Polly squinted at other chaps, makin' them believe, as she sartinly made me and Bob believe, as she liked 'em better than all the rest of the world, but them times, I bein' scarce out of my teens and Bob only jist past 20 years old, we both had an idea as there weren't nobody as could shine alongside of Polly as we could; and so cute was Polly that each of us believed as she thought more of him than she did of the other. She used for to say to me when 'twas my night off with her: 'That softy Bob Lyons; I wonder what ever he means a foolin' around me; why he an't fit to be named in the same day with you, Tom.' And I'm telling you, sir, I hysted it all in true as gospel. It are wonderful, sir, what an amount of humbuggin' a man will stand when he's in love, and, bein' with Polly off and on for a year or so, I got dreadful spoony onto her, and was lookin' fo'ward to the time when I might make with her a long splice and tie a knot with my tongue as I couldn't untie with my teeth. Bob was similarly disposed, and we got to be dreadfully in the way of each other, and two or three times came nigh havin' it out in the kitchen. Finally things came to a crisis, and goin' down aboard the night before Christmas, arter we'd both been very uncomfortable along of Polly, Bob says to me as we turned out of Union street into Waterloo road:

"Whatever are the use, Tom, of our gittin' athwart each other's hawsers night arter night? We can't both splice Polly, and I'm game for to do it if you'll sheer off."

"It takes two to make a bargain, Bob," says I, "and I don't think the young woman will look at you if she thinks I'm around."

"My idee ar," says Bob, "as either of us can sail in if the other will sheer off. At present we're only aggravatin' each other and troublin' Polly. Both of us is good men. Let's go down to the north shore to-morrow mornin' bright and early and have it out man fashion, the best man to have a shy at Polly for the rest of the time we're here, and if so be as she won't giv' in to him when we come next v'yage the other are to be free to spark her."

"Says I, 'Good enough,' 'cause I were that sartin that I could whip Bob out of his boots. Finally, this bein' Christmas eve, we concluded as how next mornin' would be the best for the mill, and I named as my second a chap by the name of Steve Whitman, as were a great chum of mine, Bob namin' a shipmate of his'n called Fred Nichols, and both of us stepped into the Windmill tavern, kept by a widdler of the name of O'Kaene, as were willin' to hang it up for Bob. We had a drink onto it, arter which we went down aboard, our ships bein' close to one another in the Waterloo dock, feelin' better than for many nights past, and glad as we'd arranged it all in such a friendly manner.

"Christmas morning at daybreak all four of us went down to Bootle Landmark. There is docks there now, but them times it were as nice a place for a little mill as one could wish, the beach as hard and springy as a dancing floor. Gettin' there, Steve Whitman said as how him and Fred had talked the matter over the night afore, and had come

to the conclusion as neither of us would be in no fit condition for sparkin' Polly arter a hard mill, sich bein' the case, they—him and Fred—had argued as they would do the fightin' themselves. Steve for me and Fred for Bob, and this would answer the same purpose, so far as Polly was consarned, and that me and Bob should stand the drinks arter all was over, share and share alike.

"Me and Bob agreed as it was a very kind thing for them to do, but just what would have been expected of two good shipmates; and the men stripped and the fight begun. Arter about an hour of as nice fibbin' as I ever seen, I found it impossible to rouse Steve, he was that tuckered out, and I giv' in for him; and then I seen how I had gone to leeward by such an arrangement, for, whereas I were morally sartin I could have whipped Bob, Steve never couldn't whip Fred, and Polly was lost to me forever. However, I wasn't a man as would go back on a bargain, and from that time on I never went into that kitchen, and Bob had the gal all to hisself.

"As soon as we got Steve all right—he were a bit dazed fust—we all four went to a place kept by a man named Phillips as had been mate of a ship and had spliced the widdler as kept the place and so come to be the skipper of it. There we busted it out for an hour or so in a seaman-like manner. I don't think as Bob done much courtin' that night, and I know as I were in no condition for any sich nonsense; but I heerd tell, some time arter havin' shipped for London next voyage, as Bob and Polly were spliced, and that he'd took her to Philadelphia.

"It were another Christmas, a matter of 10 years arter that, afore I come athwart Bob Lyons agin, and I says to him, recallin' our mutual sparkin' of Polly Lawson:

"Bob, my boy, I'm right glad for to meet you ag'in, and I wants you to understand as I bears you no hard feelin's."

"You needn't of," says he, "but I wish to the Lord as your man had whipped," from which I inferred as his venture with Polly hadn't been a success, and, remarkin' as we never knew what's best for us in this life, I asked him for to go and take somethin', which he did."—*Captain Coffin in New York World.*

Four thousand women work in Washington for Uncle Sam. They get good salaries; they have easy hours, and they do good work. Still it is often questioned whether they are profited by the employment. It is said that a Government office is the death to matrimonial expectations on the part of the girl who takes it. The malicious whisper is sometimes heard that the departments are not good places for good women, and the question arises as to their influence for good or bad.

ORDINANCE NO. 29.

An Ordinance Regulating Saloons, Dance-houses, Theaters, and Places where Intoxicating Liquors are Disposed of by Retail, and Providing for Licenses Therefor.

The Board of Supervisors of the County of Sacramento do ordain as follows:

Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to hereafter open, establish, or conduct, or cause to be opened, established, or conducted, any barroom, public saloon, theater, variety show, dance-house, or other place where wines, spirituous or malt liquors are sold by the glass, bottle, or otherwise, in less quantities than one quart, within the limits of the County of Sacramento, without first obtaining permission from the Board of Supervisors. The application for such permission shall be made by petition in writing to the Board of Supervisors, which petition must contain the names and signatures of a majority of the resident taxpayers in the election precinct, as it at the time exists, in which such saloon or place in which such liquors are to be dispensed is proposed to be opened or conducted.

Sec. 2. If, after due consideration of the same by the Board of Supervisors, the petition be favorably acted upon, it shall be the duty of the person in whose favor the petition was presented, and the prayer of which was granted, before opening the said place to file with the Board of Supervisors a good and sufficient bond, to be approved by the Chairman of the Board, with two sureties in the sum of \$1,000, conditioned that the applicant shall maintain said place in a quiet, orderly and decent manner.

Sec. 3. A written verified complaint filed with said Board of Supervisors setting forth that any saloon or place mentioned in Section 1 of this Ordinance is conducted in other than a quiet, orderly, lawful and decent manner shall be foundation for action by the Board of Supervisors concerning the place complained of in said complaint. If after a full investigation, of which both sides shall have due notice and the privilege of being represented in person and by counsel and producing and examining witnesses, the Board of Supervisors find the allegations of the complaint to be true it shall make an order revoking the license issued to the person owning or conducting the place complained of and shall declare the bond given in such case forfeited.

Sec. 4. On and after July 1st, 1891, persons conducting the business mentioned in Section 1 of this Ordinance and in compliance with the provisions hereof, must pay a license tax to the License Collector of said county in the sum of \$30 quarterly in advance; provided, that all licenses in full force at the time of the passage of this Ordinance shall entitle their holders to continue business thereunder until the expiration of the same.

Sec. 5. All parts of Ordinances in so far as they conflict with the provisions of this Ordinance are hereby repealed.

Sec. 6. This Ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after July 1, 1891.

E. GREER, Chairman.

Attest: W. W. RHODES, Clerk.

Adopted by the votes of Miller, Black, Bates, Jenkins and Greer.

Attest: W. W. RHODES, Clerk.

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers In

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

RHODES & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE,

228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD, C. A. VIEMEISTER.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISEMANN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISEMANN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO.

WENT T. CROWELL & CO.

Real Estate and General

AUCTIONEERS

Salesroom: 817 J Street.

J. SCHACHT,

DEALER IN

FAMILY GROCERIES

Provisions, Flour,

Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco

Southeast Corner Second and M Sts.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

Orders Solicited.

C. T. MILLIKIN,

DENTIST,

1008 Eighth Street,

Between J and K,

Over Dr. W. A. Hughson's office.

A. L. HART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON.

ALBERT M. JOHNSON.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,

LAWYERS.

504 J street. Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR.,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,

LAWYERS, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 418 J street. up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,

LAWYER, Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,

LAWYER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, 630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney).

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Names of the Months and Days.

January is from "Janus," the Roman deity that kept the gates of heaven. February, from "Februa," a name of Juno, from the Sabine word "februo," to purify. March, from "Mars," the Roman war god and patron deity. April, from the Latin "aperio," to open, alluding to the unfolding of the leaves. May is the old Latin "Magius," softened to "Maius," from the old root "mag," similar to the Sanskrit "mah," to grow, and means the growing month. June, from "juniores," or soldiers of the state, or from Juno the queen goddess. July, the name given to this month by Mark Antony (Julius) from Julius Caesar, who was born in it. August, so called in honor of Augustus Caesar (the month in which he took possession of his first consulship). September, the seventh month from March, where the year used to commence. October, the eighth month of the Alban calendar. November, the ninth Alban month. December, the tenth month of the old Alban calendar. Monday, the "Lunae dies" of the Romans, or "day of the moon." Tuesday, from "Tiwesdaeg," Tiw or Tiu being the old Saxon name for the Norse god of war. Wednesday is derived from the Northern mythology, and signifies Woden's or Odin's day. Thursday, so called from Donar or Thor, who as god of the air had much in common with the Roman Jupiter, to whom the same day was dedicated. Friday, the Saxon day of Fiegga or Freyja. Saturday, Saturn's day. Sunday, the Saxon "Sunnan daeg," or day of the sun; in the Roman calendar "dies solis."

How Mirrors are Made.

In the making of mirrors a large stone table, which can be inclined by means of a screw underneath it, is used. Around the edge of this table there is a groove, which allows the superfluous mercury to run off into a receptacle at one end. While the surface of the table is perfectly level tin foil is carefully laid all over it. A strip of glass is then placed on each of three sides of the foil and the molten quicksilver is poured from ladles upon the foil until nearly a quarter of an inch deep, the affinity of the mercury for the tin foil and the obstruction of the glass keeping it from flowing off. The plate of glass for the mirror, which has been cleansed with especial care, is now dexterously slid upon the molten metal in the open side—that is, the side on which no glass slip had been placed. When exactly in its place it is held till one edge of the table has been raised by the screw and the superfluous mercury has run off. The table is then tilted back to a level, heavy weights are placed on the glass and it is left thus for several hours. It is then turned over and put in a frame, the side covered with amalgam—that is, tin foil and mercury—placed uppermost. In this position the amalgam becomes hard enough to allow the glass to be set on edge, but it must stand for several weeks to be thoroughly hardened. There are other methods of manufacturing mirrors, but the finest are still made by the method described, which was invented by the Venetians in the sixteenth century.

The chimney has the effect of brightening the light of a lamp because it increases the supply of oxygen to the flame by producing a draft, and concentrates and reflects the heat of the flame, in consequence of which the combustion of the carbon is more perfect, and very little escapes unconsumed. Lamp glasses were invented by Aime Argand, the inventor of the famous lamp and gas burner which bear his name. He had been experimenting for some time in trying to increase the light, but to no purpose. On the table before him lay the broken neck of an oil flask. This he took up earnestly and placed it, almost without thought, over the wick. A brilliant flame was the result, and the hint was not lost upon the experimentalist, who proceeded to put his discovery into practical operation at once.

THE PASTEUR GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER, WHEN FOR a trifling amount expended in the purchase of one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a
PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

H. WACHHORST

Leading Jeweler of Sacramento

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,

No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA

Studio, 521 J Street.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co. FRED. SCHNEIDER

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS
AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

Telephone No. 41.

J. H. MIDDLEMASS.

J. H. DOLAN

DOLAN & MIDDLEMASS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES,

Produce and Provisions,

Northwest Corner of Seventh and N Streets,

SACRAMENTO.

GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.

Telephone 248.

PACIFIC HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

June 7, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6:30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11 15 A
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8 40 P
12:50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4 20 A
4:30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7 00 P
7:00 P	Knights Landing and Marysville	7 25 A
10:50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9 35 A
12:05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2 25 A
11:00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8 15 A
3:00 P	Ogden and East	10 30 A
3:00 P	Oroville	10 30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	4 00 P
10:40 A	Redding via Willows	11 40 A
2:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12 35 A
4:35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 15 A
6:30 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10 40 P
8:40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8 40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	2 50 P
*10:00 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2 50 P
10:50 A	San Jose	9 35 A
4:30 P	Santa Barbara	11 40 A
6:15 A	Santa Rosa	8 40 P
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	7 00 P
8:50 A	Stockton and Galt	9 35 A
4:30 P	Stockton and Galt	2 25 A
12:05 P	Truckee and Reno	8 15 A
11:00 P	Truckee and Reno	2 30 P
6:30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	11 40 A
6:15 A	Vallejo	11 40 A
3:05 P	Vallejo	2 40 P
*6:35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*11 35 A
*3:10 P	Folsom and Placerville	

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities
of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.

Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

R. A. OLMSTED.

S. P. OLMSTED.

Fourth Street Cash Grocery.

R. A. OLMSTED & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Fruits and Vegetables, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain,
and all kinds of Mill Stuffs.

Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos.

400 L Street, S. E. cor. Fourth, Sacramento.

Fresh Butter and Eggs a Specialty. Goods delivered free of charge to any part of the City. R. R. depot or Steamboat landing. Highest price paid for Country Produce.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

FRED. SCHREIER,

TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BET. Q AND R,

CEMENT SIDEWALKS,

Garden Walks, Carriage Drives, Etc., constructed at shortest notice, in the most workman-like manner and at lowest rates.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET.

SACRAMENTO.

THE EMERSON

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1891.

No. 19.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & CO. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

It is difficult to conjecture the feelings and emotions of men who lived before our day, when they beheld that they had thought did not exist. In 1519 a general of Spain, of the name of Hernando Cortes, projected the conquest of Mexico, and with a small army penetrated and subjugated a country theretofore unknown to the then assumed civilized world. Largely was his success due to the treachery of those who should have maintained the liberties of their own people. To such can be attributed the responsibility for the trail of blood that followed the army of the Spanish general in the march from the sea to the capital of the Montezumas. That there did exist in the interior a magnificent city; that it was the repository of the wealth of ages; that it was inhabited by a refined and cultivated people, was but hearsay to the adventurous Spaniard. It is not possible to believe he anticipated that which he beheld when he crossed the mountains and looked into the valley below—the City of Mexico, the capital of the Aztec people; verily, the Venice of the new world. It was a city larger than the Mexico of to-day. It had its magnificent palaces and temples; its perfect water supply; its admirable system of sewerage. Possible is it, Cortes could believe the reality of that he saw before him? Arriving in the city, he found it had no bonded indebtedness; in that early day cranks had not been created, and newspapers were not published; such a thing as public meetings to consume time without the accomplishment of good was unheard of; the question of high license and early closing was not agitated. The people had but one disadvantage—their ruler, Montezuma, was of weak and vacillating nature. Other cities and peoples have labored under the same disadvantage. That Montezuma met the fate he did—that he was killed by his own people—is regrettable in one sense, in that there were many good qualities about the man. He was, however, as Cæsar, one who weakened when he should have acted with determination.

In some respects Sacramento compares with the then existing Aztec capital; in others there is variance. Had Cortes lived in our day and reached here it is not likely he would have wasted time in our capture. With our disadvantages there are, however, pegs on which hope may be hanged. Death may benefit us when it carries away a few of our population who are of little use to themselves and none whatever to a progressive and enterprising people. Death, however, seems to be neglecting his duty. So far as the mass of the people are concerned, there can be no adverse criticism. They pay the oppressive burdens without murmur. Within the last two years thousands of dollars have been willingly paid for the improvement of our streets, the construction of modern sidewalks and the remodeling of awnings. There is a disposition that this good work shall proceed, and that it shall extend to the perfection of our levee and sewerage systems. We very much esteem, as doubtless the people do, the rigid policy that has been pursued by Trustee McLaughlin. The military style he has adopted has perhaps gained him the enmity of the antiquated; it is, however, deeply appreciated by those who realize they are living in the nineteenth century. There are, of

course, those who believe it impolitic to make a city attractive and habitable, lest it may attract people from abroad who will bring their money and subject us to business competition; others there are who invite spirited competition, and who do not look with reproach upon a new manufacturing establishment, and who are disposed to commend rather than condemn Edison that he has made inventions that enable us to save shoe leather by talking through a telephone, and ride to our homes on a car driven by electrical power. The inventions of Edison have been surprising; there have, however, been surprises in all ages. Will it be time will come a Sacramento crank will call the attention of the world to the fact that, if Edison continues this thing, steam and horses will be of the past?

The situation here is anomalous. There is a cry for political reform, yet the base and the purity elements combine, and men that should be elected to office are not. We waste much wind and printing ink in inviting manufacturers; they, however, do not come here for prudential reasons. When the proposition is made to combat the payment of an unjust and oppressive municipal debt, our leading citizens fight it without investigation. The assurance that this stone shall be taken from our shoulders by a certain time has been given out since very many of us were in infancy. We have not the curiosity generally attributed to a woman (perhaps unjustly), but in view of the history of our financial management, we would much like to know the basis upon which the following paragraph, that has been kept standing in a daily contemporary, is founded:

Indisputable figures made by Judge Beatty show that Sacramento's funded debt will be paid—every dollar of it, principal and interest, wiped out—in less than seven years. There are few cities in the world with prospects so good as those of Sacramento from a financial point of view. Prosperity stares us in the face.

We have given the subject of the mismanagement of the bonded indebtedness considerable investigation; expressions of the street gamins by words not in Webster, at times convey in a syllable much to the mind, to instance: "rats."

We have spoken concerning Montezuma and his downfall; it was but incidental. Reference have we also made to Cæsar—great as a warrior, but a failure in the administration of civil affairs. That Cæsar realized his incapacity would seem apparent from the fact he invited his death, after having been warned by a soothsayer, and when assailed by Brutus and the others made no resistance, but resignedly threw his toga over his head and received his quietus. Brutus it would seem had much political influence, and it would appear had a larger following than had Cæsar, of the rank and file. We opine had McLaughlin been Montezuma, Cortes would have encountered trouble; had he been Cæsar the toga would have been upon the ground, Brutus would have had an interesting time, and the words of reproach "*Et tu Brute*" would not have been uttered. Much has been written concerning the decline and fall of the Roman empire; it is rather difficult of explanation; perhaps it may be accounted for that some of its official heads were without backbone, that the influence of the ward politician was potential, that the empire fell into the clutches of bondholders, that too many public meetings were held, and that a ridiculous attempt was made to deceive the Carthaginians and other outsiders as to its manufacturing and commercial advantages. We can readily understand if the Romans made these blunders their empire would come to the end it did. If they shouted themselves hoarse in en-

couragement when a proposition was made to establish an extensive brewery in their city, and before it became fairly under way curtailed its trade, we can understand they stood to their neighbors as does Sacramento to our little thriving neighbor, Stockton.

We are aware with some the course of this journal is severely criticised that it speaks the truth. Not in apology we say that course will be continued. The fact that the streets of this city were impassable in winter in very recent years was manifest. To attempt to conceal it would have been farcical; that the subject was discussed has resulted in very decided improvement. True, it was at cost, but who now feels it? It cannot be gainsaid the appearance of our business buildings is more sightly of late. More must be done. While attention has been given to our levees, much more is needed. While we boast we have a healthy city, we should recollect our death rate had been calculated upon an exaggerated population, and no account was taken of the money we paid for medical attendance and for medicines. Our sewerage system has needed "immediate" attention for years. In December, 1882, a public meeting was held at the Court-house, and the question of the disposition of the sewage elaborately discussed; the same ground was gone over as now; history does repeat itself. Much was said in the press, elaborate data collated, a committee was appointed; their report was never made, and the matter was dropped. This time we hope it will be otherwise.

Human reason has so developed that it can stand on tip-toe and look over the hill of superstition and tradition. We are too intelligent to look to dark and musty scrolls for divine inspiration, or any inspiration. Some of our most prominent evangelists, with advanced ideas, are discarding the traditions that surrounded their early training in religion. They now take broad views, and cease to adhere to the solemn demeanor during their Sunday lectures. They are more in accord with what was intended by a wise Providence. This notion of taking a text from some practical event, and talking reason and common sense to their congregations, is greatly in advance of the old Bible texts with meaningless dissertations thereon, worn threadbare centuries ago. The preacher must be up with the times in order to be appreciated by the thinking public. We have one or two of this class in our city.

That restrictions upon the use of tobacco by the immature youth of this country should be laid there can be no doubt. Boys barely out of their swaddling clothes are to be met with upon the streets of any of our cities puffing away at a cigarette stump, in most cases secured from the gutter. King John of Abyssinia decreed that the nose of any one of his subjects found taking snuff shall be cut off, while smoking and chewing tobacco forfeits life. In Morocco, persons disobeying the Sultan's decree of prohibition of smoking are imprisoned and flogged through the streets. In Massachusetts there used to be very stringent laws against the use of tobacco, and both there and in Illinois it is now illegal to sell or give tobacco to minors under 16 years of age. About the seventeenth century tobacco was prohibited in many countries. The Popes, Urban VIII and Innocent XI, fulminated against it in all the thunders of the church, and smoking was stigmatized by the sultans and priests of Turkey as a crime, punishable, in many instances, by the most barbarous of deaths. In Persia, too, smokers were treated as criminals, and

in Russia, toward the early part of the seventeenth century, their noses were cut off. King James, of England, in his "Counterblaste to Tobacco," described smoking as "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and the black, stinking fume thereof, resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

The matter of compulsory education, which figured so prominently in the late political campaign in the northwest, is by no means a new scheme. In Sparta every boy, from his birth, was treated as the child of the state, and the education of the young was under the special care of a public officer appointed for the purpose. This education, however, had only one end in view, that of training the citizens to serve and defend their country, and the discipline was in every respect subservient to this object. According to Xenophon, the ancient Persians removed education from the hands of the parents into the hands of the state, giving the same attention to the moral training of the young as is now given to their intellectual instruction. Turning to modern nations, in the year 1524 Luther drew up a scheme of education to be laid before the Elector of Saxony, and it was not long before he saw his views with regard to compulsory education adopted throughout the whole of Germany. Melancthon was Luther's fellow laborer in this field, and in the second half of the sixteenth century Wurtemberg and Saxony adopted and promulgated school regulations based on the precepts of the two reformers. Frederick the Great of Prussia, by his general school regulation issued in 1793, enforced compulsory attendance. In 1695 Louis XIV of France obliged Protestant children to attend school.

The friends of the Prince of Wales were very anxious to protect his reputation by pledging themselves to secrecy respecting the baccarat scandal, but human nature was too powerful for them. A bit of gossip like the baronet's alleged dishonest play with the prince for banker was certain to be carried all over London in course of a week. Instead of forcing the baronet to sign a promise to abstain from card-playing, the prince would have done better if he had exposed the dishonest player and then dropped the game himself. His example would have been worth much and his own reputation in social England would have been greatly strengthened. There is an old tradition that a prince's popularity in England is largely dependent upon his vices. In order to accept that tradition it is necessary to blot out the record of the Victorian reign, conspicuous for the virtues of the Queen.

How the Crab Sheds His Shell.

With the beginning of June an industry springs up which gives employment to more men along the shores of New Jersey and Long Island than is generally known. Signs of its awakening are now to be seen in the fish markets, in the shape of flat, seaweed-lined trays full of wicked-looking crabs, and signs with the alluring invitation to buy "Shedder crabs for bait, \$1 per dozen." About this time in southern waters, and a little later in the bays around the city, the ordinary murderous blue crab feels a gentle melancholy stealing over his spirit. He sulks and hides himself under grassy banks, and if caught, it will be found that the shell at the sharp ends is slightly soft and yields to the touch. He is, however, still very, very hard around the shears and willing and anxious to prove it. In this condition he is known by fishermen as a "comer," and is often kept in great flat fish-cars in a tideway, for, though not yet valuable, great possibilities are contained in his wicked, lively body.

After a few tides have flowed over him he becomes the thing that draws dollars from salt-water fishermen during the season—a shedder crab, with wicked intentions but limited capabilities. The shell cracks along the joints and the body protrudes at the legs and claws. If the crab is now left in the water for another tide, he begins to undress himself, often rolling over on his back. Gradually he wiggles one leg out of the outgrown armor, then another, and so on in succession; the shell opens underneath his body, and after much struggling and tribulation a limp and helpless soft crab lies on the bottom, a prey to every fellow-inhabitant of salt water.

If, however, the crab is taken out of the water, the process of shedding is arrested at once, and the fisherman who buys him for bait peels the shell off the unfortunate creature whenever he is ready to use him. When a crab is thus ready for "peeling" he is called "ripe," and the process is probably not painful, as the shell adheres only slightly at a few points and may

be lifted off the back almost in one piece. The "shedder" stage is the only one at which the crab can be used for bait. If he is used before getting "ripe," the skin will be found so thin and the flesh so soft that it will not adhere to the hook, while later on, when the crustacean becomes a "soft" crab, the meat is too flabby for bait. But then comes the epicure's chance, and a soft crab, done to a crisp, golden brown and served on toast, with just a dreamy hint remaining of the butter that has been spent on him, will leave behind him a memory to linger like a star through a dark life of dyspepsia.

If the crab escapes the fisherman and the resultant frying-pan, a tough leather skin forms over him, and he becomes a "leather-back." Then the new shell forms, and soon he emerges, gorgeous in a hard, new shell, red, white and blue, to take up again his warfare against every other living thing, including his own relatives and the bare feet of the small boy who "treads" for clams.

"Genesis Fifty-One."

For the past 500 or 600 years the following so-called "Genesis fifty-one" has been a puzzle to biblical scholars; and to-day, were it read aloud in any mixed company, it is questionable if its fraudulent nature would be discovered, so beautiful is the spirit and language of the Old Testament imitated. Below we give this unique fraud in full:

1. And it came to pass after these things that Abraham sat in the door of his tent at about the going down of the sun.
2. And behold a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.
3. And Abraham arose and met him and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow and go thy way.
4. But the man said Nay, for I will abide under this tree.
5. And Abraham pressed him greatly, so he turned and they went into the tent; and Abraham broke unleavened bread, and they did eat.
6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, wherefore dost thou not worship the Most High God, creator of heaven and earth?
7. And the man answered and said, I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon His name, for I have made to myself a God which abideth always in my house and provideth me with all things.
8. And Abraham's anger was kindled against that man for what he had said, and he arose and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.
9. And at midnight God called upon Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger that came by the way of thy tent at the going down of the sun.
10. And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship Thee, neither would he call upon Thy name, therefore I have driven him out from before my face into the wilderness.
11. And God said, Have I not borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding he has rebelled against Me? Couldst thou not, thee thyself being a sinner, bear with him one night?
12. And Abraham said, Let not the anger of my Lord wax against his servant; lo! I have sinned, forgive me, I pray of Thee.
13. And Abraham arose and went forth into the wilderness and sought diligently for the man until he had found him and returned with him to the tent, and when he had entertained him kindly he sent him away on the morrow with many gifts.
14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, for this thy sin against the stranger, thy seed shall be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land.
15. But, for thy repentance, will I deliver them, and they shall come forth with power and with gladness of heart.

The author of this pseudo-biblical curiosity is unknown. It has been traced back over 700 years to a Persian poet, who simply says "it was so related to me."

"Once upon a time," said Marshall P. Wilder to a group of interested Englishmen in his hotel in New York the other day, "a little nigger sat at a table pounding his thumb nail with a hammer," and the famous story-teller screwed his face into comical grimaces expressive of recurring pain, while his hands went through the motions suggested by the story. "Presently," he continued, "a man asked him what he was doing that for. 'Cause,' whimpered the nigger, 'it feels so good when I stop.'"

Senator Quay is a great reader of current literature, and nearly all the new books and magazines of value find their way to his table. At his modest house in Beaver he has a well-selected library in which he spends much of his time when political schemes are not claiming his attention. The gathering of seals is a hobby with him, and he has accumulated a choice collection of engraved gems.

Bones in One's Body.

(I.—BONES OF THE HEAD.)

In the head of an adult 22 we trace—
8 are in the cranium, 14 in the face;
1 frontal, 1 occipital, parietal bones 2,
2 temporal, 1 sphenoid, 1 ethmoid—that will do;
The facial bones are hard to name; the most in pairs you'll see,
Except the vomer—that is 1, and maxillary 3;
2 lachrymal, 2 palatal, 2 nasal bones between,
2 turbinated, malar 2—which just makes up 14.

(II.—BONES OF THE TRUNK.)

Spinal column 26; ribs 24;
Sternum, os hyoides—of each of them 1 more;
Ossa innominata 2; and now I hope you'll find
These 54 bones in the trunk are also in your mind!

(III.—THE UPPER EXTREMITIES.)

Clavicle or collar bone—this works like a charm!
Scapula, the shoulder blade, and humerus, the arm;
The ulna and the radius from elbow down to wrist,
And there the 8 small carpal bones must none of them be missed;
5 metacarpal bones are in the hand; and next are seen
The thumb and finger bones, which are phalanges, just 14.

(IV.—THE LOWER EXTREMITIES.)

The femur bone is in the thigh—the strongest bone of all;
Then the patella in the knee, triangular and small;
The tibia and fibula below the knee are found.
And then the 7 tarsal bones together tightly bound;
5 metatarsal form the foot; and then, within the toes,
14 phalanges will be found—
With these the list you close.

Poker at the National Capital.

A good many congressmen are credited with making considerable additions to their incomes by their skill in poker; in fact, there are some of whom it is said that poker produces their income, their salaries providing merely their stakes in the game. There is no more sure source of profit than skill in this noble pastime, which is susceptible of a higher scientific development than any other form of play, notwithstanding the fact that the ignorant and fatuous imagine it to be all chance. Henry Clay's wife was once asked if it did not afflict her very much to have her husband gamble at cards. "Not at all," she replied. "He nearly always wins." Poker is a statesmanlike game. Nevertheless, those who are eminent in the councils of the nation, and who indulge a fondness for the sport usually keep it very dark, fearing a prejudice on the part of the pious element among their constituents against this innocent, but much abused amusement. Many tales are told of a method adopted by lobbyists of conveying bribes by intentionally losing money at the game to senators and representatives. Even when the legislator whose honesty is thus assailed has no notion of accepting money for his vote, he cannot help feeling under a sort of chivalric obligation to a man whose cash he has won.

Vest is considered the best poker player in the Senate—a regular robber, in fact. He nearly always wins. If he did not he couldn't afford to play, being one of the poor members of the upper house. A while ago he was at Hot Springs, Ark., with Senator Kenna. Society there was a little mixed, and so it happened that a very gentlemanly gambler from St. Louis made a third with them in a little game of draw. It was perfectly fair, but Vest lost all the money he had, borrowed more, and saw it disappear, and finally had to give two or three notes of hand to square himself before dropping out. Thereupon, he leaned back on his chair, fanning himself and enjoying the sport as a spectator. Presently the St. Louis gambler, between the hands, began making some complimentary remarks upon a very beautiful and elaborate shirt which Vest had on. He took the liberty of feeling the texture of the garment, and, after ascertaining how much it had cost, remarked that he would like to own just such a one himself.

"Gentlemen," said Vest, rising from his chair with an air of seriousness, "I will bid you good night. You may rob me of all the money I have and all I can borrow, but I'm d—d if you can get my shirt!"

One night there was a little game in Mahone's room at Chamberlin's, and it chanced that a certain ex-member of President Arthur's cabinet, distinguished for his youthful appearance, walked in. There was a very interesting jack-pot in progress at the moment, and the host merely looked up to nod and indicate a whisky bottle on the corner of the mantelpiece. The newcomer poured out a dose into a glass, and, as is his wont, he took a small sip of the liquor to try its quality before swallowing the drink, and spat it out into the open fire. One of the players, with whom he was not acquainted, looked up at the moment from his cards, and, not having seen him take the whisky, seeing the expectorated liquid flame up from the coals, cried in astonishment: "For God's sake, young man, if your spit's as bad as that, the sooner you quit drinking the better!"

Susie—Oh! mamma, I'll never disobey you again, Mamma—Why, Susie, what have you done? Susie—Well, I drank my milk at lunch, and then I ate a pickle; and the pickle said to the milk, "Get out," and the milk said, "I won't," and they are having an awful time.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

One costume worn by the late Emma Abbott weighed 150 pounds. The mantle alone pulled the scale at 75 pounds.

Both of Henry Irving's sons have definitely decided to go upon the stage. The younger, Lawrence, had originally intended to enter the diplomatic service.

Ellen Terry played for several years under the management of Charles Reade, whom she characterizes in one sentence as "dear, lovable, aggravating, childlike, crafty, gentle, obstinate, and entirely delightful and interesting." During the progress of a play Mr. Reade would sit and watch her, and between acts send her little notes pointing out what he deemed the defects and merits of her work.

Miss Kate Vaughan, who was an English variety actress and is now the prospective duchess of Wellington, has met with an accident which will not only result in her having to undergo a serious operation, but will deprive the public of the opportunity of again seeing the most graceful dancer England ever produced. She originated the fashion of long-skirt dancing, which has since become so popular.

There will be some tears of regret over the death of that one time genial and lovable actor, J. K. Emmett, but not to the extent that would have been aroused some years ago. Once without a peer in his sweet, wholesome specialties, through his uncontrollable appetite for liquor he lost friends and opportunities, so that death brings fewer regrets, as it seemed the natural end of his chosen course. No talent or training, no graces of mind or character can survive the fatal habit of drunkenness. It dominates and finally obliterates all that is highest and best and most lovable in man's nature; it substitutes the rue for the laurel wreath, and changes loving memory into bitter regret.

Amleth, as it was formerly written, was a Prince of Jutland. Mediæval writers, however, differ as to the exact century in which he lived. The best authority on this subject, perhaps, is Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian, according to whom Amleth lived about 200 B. C. He was a son of Horvendii, himself a Prince of Jutland, and Gerutha, a daughter of the King of what is now Denmark. Amleth's father was murdered by his own brother, Fanzo, who soon married the wife of his victim. Amleth would have been murdered by his uncle at the time of Horvendii's death at his brother's hand, but for the fact that he feigned madness. Soon after his mother's marriage Amleth killed his father's murderer. Various stories are told concerning the final end of Amleth, none of which are authentic, according to modern investigators. A French "History of Hamlet" was circulated in England about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and is supposed to be the foundation of the famous Shakspearean play.

What makes a woman late at a theater? asks the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*. Is it that the hour between dinner and departure is not enough in which to array herself in the implements of war? Is it that in the wild delight of dressing she has taken no note of the lapse of time? Is it that the man who is to have the glory and honor of her company for the evening is so little alive to the good fortune that awaits him that he is late in presenting himself? Is it that she is pretty, and knows it, and wants the world to see her beauty? Is it that she has purposely prolonged the journey from home theaterward that thereby she may play the more on masculine susceptibilities? Is it that she may exhibit the better to the multitude assembled her new dress, her bonnet, her charm of manner, and so enjoy the more her hour of triumph? Is it to show that Emerson was right when he said that next to the consolations of religion there was no comfort under heaven like that of a well fitting gown? Is it to excite to jealous wrath and great confusion the admirer who sent no invitation! Is it to shoot an arrow into the heart of a stranger, or to excite an access of admiration in the soul of a friend? Is it to make the him, the chosen one of the evening, the envy of his acquaintances? Is it to disturb those already in their seats and prove the power of the sex by turning to their scowls of annoyance the brightness of her smile? Is it to win by native grace, modesty, and charm the attention of a crowded house from the play, from the actors on the stage? Is it to rustle into a seat, and thus afford the house an opportunity to exercise the divine virtue of polite forgiveness? Is it that she thinks that late coming is a womanly prerogative as is the going out between the acts the prerogative of men? Is it that she thinks she can crave and win pardon by the fascination of her grace? Or is it that she is careless of the comfort and convenience and wishes of the house, indifferent to its mute but intelligible protest, regardless of its rights and her obligations? Who can tell what motive inspires the woman that is late? Or is it all, and always, an accident—an accident that she regrets as much as the audience?

Book Chat.

It is said that English printers and publishers are to inaugurate a crusade against the copyright of American books. The English think that the new and equitable copyright law is all copy wrong.

Joel Chandler Harris' wife is the author's best assistant. She looks over his manuscripts before they go out, often advises upon them, and keeps a scrap-book filled with press notices of her husband's published writings.

Bill Arp, the Georgia humorist, whose jokes have aroused appreciative smiles north of Mason and Dixon's line, is sixty years old and the father of nine children. He may properly be styled the father of American humor, for he has entertained two generations of newspaper readers and is still at it.

"Pierre Loti," the new French immortal, is not the effeminate epicurean one might expect from his writings. A Paris letter describes him as short, squat and burly, turned 40, and looking the bluff, hearty tar that he is. He is not a society man, and is guilty of wearing his naval uniform at dinner and evening parties.

At Plymouth, Mass., there will begin July 1 a summer session of ethical students and workers, to be known as the "School of Applied Ethics." The session is to last six weeks, and embraces courses of lectures by some of the most prominent lecturers on ethical topics. Its value to teachers and educators generally cannot be doubted.

The book by Annie T. Sloss on "Seven Dreamers," is one of the weirdest, uncanniest books ever conceived by human fancy. It is a collection of New England stories wherein the spirit of the early forefathers of the pilgrims seems to have entered into flesh and tongue of a later day. Things occur for which no explanation can be or is attempted to be given, and throughout the narrative one seems to be treading the silent, mysterious boundaries of another life, of which only a hazy conception is formed.

Rubinstein, in his new and yet unfinished book, "Music and Musicians," will take the ground that Wagner, Liszt and Berlioz were not reformers, but placed obstacles in the way of progress in the tone-art. Of himself, the Russian says: "I am one of the have-beens" (Je suis un de ceux qui ont été). This latter statement leads the Paris correspondent of the London *News* to remark that this composer has always disparaged his own work. Nearly twenty years ago, when asked by a friend what he had been doing during the summer, he tersely replied: "Spoiling music-paper."

Professional Chat.

A distinguished eastern divine recently remarked that "the heresy of to day may become the orthodoxy of to-morrow." If this is true, to-morrow has the promise of more than the usual quantity of orthodoxy.

Judge Patterson of the Supreme Court of New York has just handed down an important decision, in which he holds that an illegitimate child can inherit its mother's property, regardless of a will executed before its birth and admitted to probate.

The important problem whether the justices of the new United States Appellate-Court shall or shall not wear robes is now disturbing the minds of lawyers. This is nearly as important as the mooted question in professional ethics as to whether a judge should apply to the prosecuting or the defending counsel in a case for a fresh quid of tobacco.

Abraham Lincoln wrote to a friend: Do not worry. Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of billiousness. Exercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other reasons that your especial case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift.

Some years ago a gentleman who was elected to a judgeship was waited upon by his friends and presented with an immense floral design, the centrepiece of which was the scales of justice, made of artificial blue flowers. When the natural flowers had faded and died, the Judge removed the artificial scales and placed them on top of his library, with a solemn warning that it should be carefully preserved. The other day his servant girl, weary of well-doing, quit and disappeared from the house, taking the artificial scales with her. "Well, I'll be darned," said the Judge, when he came home that evening. "I've heard of people stealing things, but that woman's got an eye for the beautiful. Wish I could catch her, just the same. I'd weigh her with those scales."

A young medical student from the South attending lectures in New York, tells in a New Orleans paper how he cured a patient who was suffering with a curious ailment. The patient was an old nero, who for many weeks had been gradually wasting away from no

apparent cause. When questioned by his family as to the nature of his trouble, the old fellow would sadly shake his head and beg them not to press the question. The young student noticed the old man's emaciated condition one day, and, becoming interested in the matter, made it his business to find out what the ailment was. It was a difficult job to extort any information from the aged patient, but finally he broke down and confessed that he had been bewitched and had a lizard in his arm. The student gravely assured the negro that taking reptiles from bewitched people was his specialty, and that he had stocked several menageries in that way. He finally succeeded in gaining the patient's confidence, and dismissed him with a supply of bread pills and instructions to call the following week. When the negro put in his appearance the next time the student had a dead lizard in readiness and convinced his patient that it was the identical one that formerly abided in his arm. He straightway began to improve, and is now vigorous and hearty.

An attorney who has won a "clothes line" suit for a New England farmer is forever after the idol of that household. He is affectionately spoken of by his first name as though he were a near and dear relative, and if he comes within a dozen miles of the home of his client he is compelled to make "a visit" and stay over night. When Senator Edmunds was a young man working for a practice in Burlington, Vt., he was called to one of the lake towns south of that place, to prosecute an aggravated case of gravel stealing. It seems that one farmer, who dwelt upon the shore of Lake Champlain, was in the habit of driving his team down to the beach, just across his "line," and shoveling blue gravel from his neighbor's ground. The neighbor stood the stealing as long as possible, remonstrating to no effect, and at last brought suit for recovery. Edmunds walked into the rural court-room, thundered a little law at the opposing attorney, a little flattery at the Judge, and a mixture of flattery and common sense at the jury, and won the case with a verdict of \$1 damages and costs. Though the prosecuting farmer had sued for \$5,000, he was overjoyed at the result, insisted on keeping Edmunds three days at his house, and sent him home with several barrels of his best apples, a keg of good cider, and his fee—\$100. Always after that Edmunds was spoken of as "George" by the farmer and all his family, and when he afterward rose to a position of prominence in the nation the old law-invoking granger never wearied of telling how he got the start—"Right here in this here court, again Tom Hill an' all his la'yars!"

Any one that had closely followed the evidence in the case of Sir William Gordon Cumming, without any prepossession or prejudice, would scarcely have been prepared for the dramatic conclusion of that famous trial. The hissing that followed the verdict, the withdrawal of the victorious defendants with bowed heads, amid the execrations of the populace, and the ovation accorded to the defeated plaintiff, all appear so utterly illogical and absurd that some explanation appears to be in order. This was simply a suit for slander. Col. Cumming had been charged with cheating at cards. He asserted that he did not cheat, and asked damages of those who preferred the accusation. It was a simple issue of fact, to be determined by the preponderance of the evidence. There were five witnesses to one against the plaintiff, not to mention the hall confession which he had signed. It is hard to see how any one could have expected him to win under the circumstances. Assuming that the substance of the evidence has been fairly given in the cable report, we must all admit that any other verdict would have been flagrantly against the weight of evidence. Why, then, did the spectators hiss? Simply because they were trying cases altogether different from that submitted to the jury. The jury had merely to answer a very plain question: Does the preponderance of the evidence show that Sir William Gordon Cumming cheated at cards? Naturally, we may say inevitably, they said yes. Among the spectators there were various self-constituted juries. There was a jury of a part of the nobility. The question which they had to try was, Shall we have to cut Sir William Gordon Cumming hereafter, because he beat the Prince of Wales out of 150 to 200 pounds, more or less? These called to mind that all the defendants were born plebeians, and the notion that a scion of the old nobility should be sacrificed for the sake of these people of ignoble descent was repulsive to them. They naturally hissed when told that they must give up a favorite for no better reason than the testimony of a coterie of parvenus that he had been caught cheating. On the other hand, there was a great host of the common people who imagined they were trying the Prince of Wales and the defendants for the sin of gambling. They were shocked at the story that the heir apparent was going around the kingdom with the implements of gaming in his possession. As the Prince had sided with the Wilsons, they desired that he should be rebuked by a verdict against defendants that had only told the truth. Their indignation against the Prince was not unnatural, but it was utterly absurd that this feeling should seek its gratification in a false verdict from the jury.

NOTES.

Mr. Hale, that extraordinary anti-tights man out in Minnesota, prints a card in which he is at great pains to deny the story that he is the laughing-stock of the State.

The lowest body of water on the globe is the Caspian sea; its level has been gradually lowering for centuries, and now it is eighty-five feet below the level of its neighbor, the Black sea.

Two French chemists have observed that concentrated lye so alters the structure of the jute fibre that it resembles wool, and can then be woven into tissues resembling woolen stuffs.

"Unless a man has a character that won't show dirt he had better keep out of politics." This is not the usual rule. Most men in politics have characters that show dirt easier than anything else.

The coins struck in the mints of the world last year were of less value than those coined in 1889. According to a statement just issued England coined the greatest quantity of gold and the United States the most silver.

The "friends" of "Everybody's" column and "Public Echoes" are getting in their deadly work on the reading public through the medium of the dailies. For the most elaborate exhibition of poverty of thought or ideas, commend us to this class of literature.

Contempt of fame is the contempt of virtue. Never consider that vanity an offence which limits itself to wishing for the praise of good men for good actions. "Next to our own esteem," says the best of the Roman philosophers, "it is a virtue to desire the esteem of others."

Agricola, the Roman general, was born 40 A. D. It was he who first circumnavigated Britain and discovered that it was an island. It was he who established the Roman dominion and extended it even beyond the Forth. Some of the forts and walls built by him are still in existence.

He who makes up his mind that he came into this world to do something, and then goes to work to do it, will be of service to mankind. He is the one who will make his mark among men. It may be an humble mark, but it will be well worth preserving. He will not be forgotten when his life is ended.

Americans are fond of pointing with pride to the cosmopolitan features of citizenship in this country, and it is seldom that they have to look far for illustrations. A Japanese student has just been chosen as commencement speaker of the Harvard Divinity school and a negro to be class orator at the University Law school in New York.

A young St. Paul physician claims to have made \$300 vaccinating people since the smallpox scare broke out. He ran out of virus and had to use mucilage, but he eased his conscience by digging a little deeper and he actually believes he earned every fee he got. He set the fears of many people at rest, and that ought to be worth something.

The *Evening News* has commenced its second volume. During the six months of its existence it has shown a degree of enterprise most commendable. The paper has increased in size. Our neighbor shows conclusively that it is here "for keeps." The *News* is newsy, but a little given to boasting—but perhaps this is excusable under the circumstances.

Never, under any consideration, young woman, marry a man in hopes of reforming him. If the reformation does not come before marriage it certainly never would after marriage. Any young lady having such an act in mind should never think of doing so until her intended had saved up enough to provide a home, showing her he was earnest in this reformation.

No issue in politics ought to be accepted without it is based on right, and, if it is based on right, it ought not to be abandoned until the test has been made by trial whether right can prevail. Unfortunately, that is not the method in politics as they are constituted at present. The question is not so much what the good of the country requires as what will gain the party votes.

The people of Switzerland are said to be making elaborate preparations for celebrating the 600th anniversary of their rugged and sturdy little republic. And they are going to give the antiquarian busybodies to understand that they do not accept the alleged discovery that William Tell was a myth. Myth or no myth, they will still render homage to his memory.

Hon. E. G. Waite, Secretary of State of California, and Mayor Francis D. Clark, President of the New York Society of California Pioneers, were elected honorary members of "The New England Associated Cali-

fornia Pioneers of '49," at the annual meeting of that society held at Boston, June 17th. These gentlemen are selected to fill the vacancies occasioned by the deaths of Generals John C. Fremont and Wm. T. Sherman.

Charles A. Dana finishes his day's work earlier than most New York editors, because the editorial system of the *Sun* is different from that of other newspapers. Most of the metropolitan dailies endeavor to give editorial expression and opinion on the news as it comes into the office. But Mr. Dana's plan is to give the news time to digest, as it were, and to comment upon it next day. All the editorials are revised by him in proof; and if he has a few moments to wait while an article is being put in type, he wheels around his chair and takes down a volume in some foreign language to study.

The six Reformed Presbyterian ministers who have just been expelled because they voted at civil elections, have at least the consciousness of knowing that their acts are more rational than the attitude of most of their associates. The strict Reformed Presbyterians declare that if God is not mentioned and honored in the laws they will not vote. If they were to set to work to change the laws and vote for officials who would advocate their peculiar views, they would have more public sympathy. If they will not make any attempt to change the laws to which they object, they cannot complain that the change is not accomplished.

Hiram Johnson is evidently a substantial branch of the parent tree. We are pleased at his recent success in the responsible undertaking of the defense in a murder case. The young man has proved himself equal to the emergency. He was forced into the trial without the aid of Hon. Grove L. Johnson, and with a tact and spirit which could not be excelled by his father's gained a signal triumph for himself and client. The young blood is very impulsive, and about the only advice necessary to our ardent young advocate is to place a careful restraint upon his temper and be slower to resentment. However, he comes honestly by his impulsive and fiery disposition—it runs in the family. We congratulate our young friend.

The Mardi Gras.

It is a settled fact that the Mardi Gras feature on the Fourth of July will be unusually successful. The parade will take place in the evening, and there will be many entirely new and novel features. The finance committee have met with marked success, and the business houses along the route of march have indicated the intention to illuminate.

A Story of De Brazza.

No one who has ever seen De Brazza on his travels, said Stecklebaum, "could fail to recognize that he was born to be an explorer. I shall never forget the time I met him far up the Kwi river. One day I came to a tribe that seldom saw white men. They were not very hospitable, but finally decided to sell me food. I got on rather friendly terms with them, and they allowed me to camp in the village. Suddenly I observed a commotion among the natives. A few carriers emerged from the forest, and with them was a slender, sad faced, poorly clad white man. He was the governor of the French Congo, and he was off on one of his long tramps. De Brazza approached the natives and asked them for food.

"No," they said gruffly, "you can't get any food here. We have one white man here already. You had better go on your way."

The explorer said nothing. He simply ordered his carriers to lay down their loads in the middle of the village. Then one of his men unpacked the astronomical and other instruments, and the explorer set about making observations for position and altitude. The strangest sight the natives ever saw was this white man studying his instruments and figuring away on a bit of paper. They concluded that he was not a person to be trifled with, and that his theodolite was a powerful fetish. Soon a crowd gathered around, but the explorer frightened them away by his gruff manner and impatient gestures.

"Get away from me. Clear out. Don't you see I'm busy? Let me alone!" he said.

At length he finished his work. Some natives had been cooking their evening meal near by. Their meat and vegetables which had been boiling in a pot were ready, and the group gathered around and began to eat. De Brazza arose, took a tin plate and large spoon, quietly walked up to the pot, helped himself liberally without saying a word to anybody, sat down by a tree, and regaled himself with native cookery. He knew just what effect his actions had produced upon the native mind, and just what to do. Then he told the villagers his men were hungry and must be fed. The natives gave them all they could eat, for who dare oppose a great medicine man who carried such a remarkable fetish as a theodolite? De Brazza slept in the village that night, and next morning he paid the natives well for what they had given him, and took his departure.—*Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine*.

"The Alta" the First Newspaper in California.

The following is a letter to the New York *Tribune*, and is appropriate to the mournful occasion:

In your issue of yesterday I notice an item stating that *The Alta California*, of San Francisco, was about to suspend publication. I am acquainted with some facts connected with the origin of that paper, and have some recollections of that time which I think may interest your readers. The paper was first issued in Monterey, under the title of *The Californian*, and was edited by my brother, the Rev. Walter Colton, chaplain in the United States navy. It was the first newspaper printed in California. In my brother's journal of "Three Years in California" he gives the following interesting account of its origin:

"Saturday, July 15, 1846.—To-day the first newspaper ever published in California made its appearance. The honor, if such it be, of writing its prospectus fell to me. It is to be issued every Saturday, and is published by Semple & Colton. Little did I think when relinquishing the editorship of *The North American*, in Philadelphia, that my next feat in this line would be off here in California. My partner is an emigrant from Kentucky, who stands six feet eight inches in his stockings. He is in a buckskin dress, a foxskin cap; is true with his rifle, ready with his pen, and quick at the type case.

"He created the materials of our office out of the chaos of a small concern which had been used by a Roman Catholic monk in printing a few sectarian tracts. The press was old enough to be preserved as a curiosity; the mice had burrowed in the balls; there were no rules, no leads, and the types were rusty and in pi. It was only by scouring that the letters could be made to show their faces. A sheet or two of tin was procured, and these, with a jack-knife, were cut into rules and leads. Luckily we found, with the press, the greater part of a keg of ink, and now came the main scratch for paper. None could be found except what is used to envelop the tobacco of the cigar smoked here by the natives. A coaster had a small supply of this on board, which we procured. It is in sheets a little larger than the common sized foolscap. And this is the size of our first paper, which we have christened *The Californian*.

"Though small in dimensions, our first number is as full of news as a black walnut is of meat. We have received by couriers during the week intelligence from all the important military posts through the territory. Very little of this has transpired. It reaches the public for the first time through our sheet. We have, also, the declaration of war between the United States and Mexico, with an abstract of the debate in the Senate. A crowd was waiting when the first sheet was thrown from the press. It produced quite a little sensation. Never was a bank run upon harder, not, however, by people with paper to get specie, but exactly the reverse. One-half the paper is in English, the other in Spanish. The subscription for a year is \$5; the price for a single sheet is 12½ cents, and is considered cheap at that."

It will be remembered that, in anticipation of the war with Mexico, the Government sent a squadron of war vessels and took possession of California. Commodore Stockton commanded the squadron. My brother was sent as chaplain. On arriving at Monterey, the commodore appointed him chief alcalde, or civil governor. When the little *Californian* was printed, he, as civil magistrate, issued his orders through it. One order forbade all gambling. He would take his officers, enter a gambling house, and fine every one present \$20, and the owner of the house \$100. This money, as it accumulated, was used to build the first school house in California; also the large Colton Hall, in which the Constitution was adopted. According to the rules of the navy, my brother was allowed no salary as alcalde, but only his salary as chaplain. Cheap administration! This office he filled for three years. He became quite popular with the native Californians by introducing the trial by jury, something entirely new to them.

My brother's letters to *The Journal of Commerce*, in this city, and the Philadelphia *North American* made the first announcement of the discovery of gold. An incident connected with this discovery is worth recording. When the gold was discovered, all the marines and under-officers of the war vessels ran away to the mines. The provisions in these vessels would spoil if not used. Commodore Stockton ordered them to be sold at auction. Captain Marcy and my brother invested each \$1,500 in these provisions, and employed two young men to take them to the mines and to sell them at the best lay they could. At that time there was nothing cheap but gold in the mines. The young men were to have one-half they made out of the speculation. I do not remember how long they were gone; perhaps two months. But on their return my brother's share, one-quarter, amounted to \$40,000! On my way to California, in 1849, I met him at Panama, on his way home. He had the \$40,000 in gold dust in his trunk.

In the fall of 1849 Horace Hawes, prefect of the district of San Francisco, appointed me the first justice of the peace for San Francisco. My commission had to be sent to Monterey for approval by Governor Riley (who succeeded my brother). It came back with "Approved by the Governor. H. W. Halleck, Secretary of State." I knew little or nothing about law, though probably about as much as some of the justices lately appointed in this city. Judge Hyde, a former alcalde, told me there were no statute laws in California, and I only had to administer justice, equity, between man and man. My jurisdiction only extended to \$100, and there was no appeal from my judgment, unless I felt in doubt in regard to the evidence, in which case I would give an appeal to the Court of First Instance. I had many gambling cases to settle—parties charged with cheating at cards. The only satisfaction I could give either party was to summon old gamblers to give testimony in regard to the rules of the game. I never had an appeal taken to a higher court, though I often gave the privilege—\$100 was but a drop in the bucket in those days. I never knew an old Californian charged with cheating. It was always those Mississippi fellows. And here I dispensed justice for a time, or dispensed with it, as Mrs. Partington said of a certain church, "where the Gospel was dispensed with." When the lawyers addressed me as "Your Honor" I suppose I had something of the feeling of the mock duke in the play of *The Honeymoon*, who, after an important trial, and the crowd had retired, soliloquized to himself as follows:

"I begin to find by the strength of my nerves and the steadiness of my countenance that I was certainly intended for a great man. For what more does it require to be a great man than barely to put on the appearance of it? How many sage politicians there are who cannot comprehend the mysteries of a mouse trap; valiant generals, who would not attack a bulwark unless the wind were in their favor; profound lawyers, who would make excellent wig-blocks; skillful physicians, whose knowledge extends no further than writing death warrants in Latin, and are shining examples that a man never will want gold in his pocket so long as he carries plenty of brass in his face. It will be rather awkward, to be sure, to retire at the end of a month—but like every other great man I must make the best of my time and retire with a good grace, as a well bred dog always walks down stairs when he sees preparations for kicking him into the streets."

I am inclined to think that thoughts like these must run through the brain of some of our lately appointed justices. Certainly your item that the *Alta California* was about to suspend publication must have recalled memories of the early Californian days to the many veterans of '49. I have a copy of the old *Californian*. There being no "w" in the Spanish alphabet, they had to put two v's together to make a w. G. Q. COLTON.

Several interesting autograph letters have been sold at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods, the prices obtained showing that rarities in this line are always sure of finding a ready market at sums which steadily advance. A letter from Robert Burns to his father sold for £53, and five verses in the same handwriting brought £21. Oliver Goldsmith's manuscript has been steadily rising in value of late, a letter from his hand to David Garrick inducing a collector to bid as high as £41 for the document, at which price it was disposed of. An epistle from Dr. Johnson—Goldie's friend and patron—only reached the sum of £10 15s. Two letters of Alexander Pope went for £17 10s. and £6 10s. respectively, and one from Jeremy Taylor brought £8 8s. A communication from Queen Elizabeth to a correspondent abroad, which her majesty had dictated to Roger Ascham, sold for £16 16s.—*Californian Messenger*.

It weakens a young man's enthusiasm, no matter how much he may be in love, when he gets the first impassioned letter from his innamorata and finds that she spells dear "deer."

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, AND JEWELRY.

UNCLE IKE'S, 302 K Street, Sacramento.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY, CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

JUST RECEIVED.

A NEW AND COMPLETE LINE OF PURSES AND CARD CASES, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

TREATING ALSO OF MATTERS TRANS-ATLANTIC.

The Real Facts in the Baccarat Scandal—The Russian Jews and Their Final Destination—Open-Air Theatricals—Central Park and Its Clientele—College Graduates.

[Special Correspondence of THEMIS.]

NEW YORK, June 20th.

A man who is thoroughly conversant with London society and its modes of thought called the attention of a knot of gossipers the other day to the peculiar attitude of the London press with regard to the baccarat scandal. It may have been noticed that, though the reports of the trial were rigidly conventional, the editorials were unusually severe upon the Prince of Wales and his "set," and expressed covert or open sympathy for Sir William Gordon-Cumming. Newspapers in London are particularly careful how they uphold personal questions, and when they range themselves on the side of Sir William it indicated that there was much behind the scandal that the papers could not print. The real facts are sifting slowly through the gossip of London, although it will be many days before they get into print. Even then the power of royalty will be exerted so strongly that it is likely the real truth will never receive general credence.

The story now goes that William Gordon-Cumming was involved in an affair of the heart with a lady with whom the Prince has been on terms of the most intimate friendship. Sir William, it is said, snubbed the lady at dinner and a quarrel ensued, the whole ending by a demand for some sort of satisfaction from Gordon-Cumming. Everyone was frightened, including the Prince, and the cards were resorted to as a cloak to hide the affair from the public. The general facts in the case are generally understood by the public, though the details are still a secret. All this explains the warm partisanship of press and public for Sir William Gordon-Cumming in the face of the remarkably direct and forcible testimony against him. As for the charge of the Lord Chief-Justice, it is absurd to suppose that he could lunch daily with the Prince of Wales during the trial and then give an impartial charge to the jury. The court proceedings were theatrical. They were not intended to bring out the truth, which will appear in due time; and when it does come, will prove that the sympathy of the public was for a wronged man.

Will someone tell us where the Jews who are flying from Russia are going? As to the fact of their exodus there seems to be great unanimity; but as to their destination—their final destination—there are no two views which are precisely similar. There seems to be a panic among Christian nations on account of the possibility of the Jew taking up his abode with them. Even Baron Hirsch and his river Platte scheme are not favorably regarded by people interested in that section of the country. Sympathy with the Russian Jew is a pleasant sentiment while he is in Russia, but it is not so fine when he proposes to become one's neighbor.

Open-air theatrical performances may be fine pastimes, but they are not artistic or dramatic events. Whoever read the description in the daily papers could see that the performance of "As You Like It" at Hoboken was a lawn party and not an artistic endeavor. There is considerable difference between poetry and picnics. The drama, if it is anything, is an ideal. Realism is apt to injure, if not kill it. The real interest of the event is that we found out just who were there and what the audience wore—in addition to umbrellas.

Any fine afternoon now the park presents an interesting study for the student of human nature. Here is to be found the lucky possessor of the trim buggy and his equally fortunate friend. Here can be seen the stately dowager accompanied by her beloved and velvet-blanketed lap-dog, and here are others that constitute the bona fide afternoon clientele of the park, rich and poor, the only necessity being leisure time. During the earlier hours the little folk enjoy the park, but about 3 o'clock fashion takes command and holds sway until darkness drives all pleasure seekers home.

Now is the time when the college student, having successfully passed his final examination, steps forward to receive the much coveted degree for which he has been striving with more or less ardor for the past four years. The most notable events of this nature during the week, in this vicinity, were the commencement of Columbia College, at the new Music Hall, when three hundred students were graduated, and the commence-

ment of the University of the City of New York, at the Metropolitan Opera House. What with the flowers, the music, and brilliant toilets in the boxes, both events will long be memorable to every participant. In listening to the reading of the various degrees as they were conferred, one could not fail to be impressed with the wonderful range of special subjects in the modern college curriculum. There were bachelors of various kinds—arts, science, law, philosophy and divinity; civil engineers, electrical engineers, mining engineers, besides doctors of medicine and of the various arts and sciences, with masters to match, enough to bewilder a graduate of the last generation. The tendency of the times is plainly toward specialization and a more thorough education in the practical affairs of life; and while the colleges still retain the classics as a part of the course, they are gradually enlarging the lists of elective studies, particularly in the direction of electrical and engineering science, which offer such extensive fields for young men of thorough education.

M.

FLASHES.

Those who augur no good—political bores.

It is not necessary for a millionaire to be a philosopher.

Selfishness shuts our hearts to the charm of humanity.

It is rather early in the season to crack the party whip—or jokes.

Too little money is inconvenient—too much often a calamity.

Many people put their money in circulation before they earn it.

Some people turn up their noses so that they won't be in the way.

The man who has a good word for everybody does more good than the surly fellow with money.

Genius may be merely a capacity for hard work, but it is hard to make the neighbors believe that there is any genius about the young woman who practices the scales four hours a day.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

On Friday and Saturday nights, July 3d and 4th, *Men and Women* will be produced at the Metropolitan Theater, by the largest and best dramatic combination in America. The cast of characters includes some of the very brightest and best talent on the stage. From what has been written and said of *Men and Women* it will be a rare treat to the theater-loving public of this city.

The death of Catharine Sinclair, widow of Edwin Forrest, removes a somewhat historic dramatic character, and recalls the celebrated Forrest divorce case, in which that noted lawyer, Charles O'Connor, was attorney for Mrs. Forrest. Mrs. Forrest went on the stage after the trial, making her debut at Brougham's Lyceum, in New York city, on February 22, 1853, where she played Lady Teazle, in *The School for Scandal*, and made a hit, and she attempted other important roles. For many years Mrs. Forrest has lived a retired life with friends.

Our Celebration.

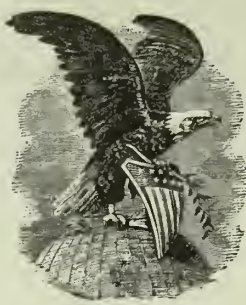
Everything is progressing finely, looking towards an elaborate and appropriate celebration of natal day in the capital city. There will be a splendid civic and military parade through the principal streets, breaking ranks at the capitol building where extensive literary exercises will be held, including some choice selections of vocal and instrumental music, a brief address by the President of the Day, Gov. H. H. Markham, an eloquent oration by Hon. Frank L. Coombs, the reading of the Declaration of Independence by S. Luke Howe, a fine young elocutionist. Mrs. Addie Carter will also introduce some novelties in the music line, thus making a rare and attractive literary programme. In the afternoon there will be an exhibition of the Athletic Club, at the Clunie Opera House. The day's celebration will close in the evening by a general illumination of J and K streets, and a burlesque procession which promises to be interesting. While there will be no central fireworks display, it is evident that there will be a very extensive display at hundreds of residences and business houses. There is no danger of the spirit of "76" sleeping on July 4th, 1891. It is probable that several banquets will be in order during the afternoon. The Pioneers will follow an old time custom of good cheer and "clinking" glasses on that day. The old boys know just how to make a banquet interesting.

Persons living within 150 miles of Sacramento, who wish to enjoy the Fourth of July celebration here, will have an opportunity of doing so at half-fare rates. The Southern Pacific Company has announced that it will issue excursion tickets at these rates which will be good for from the 3d to 6th.

1776.

1891.

The Fourth



GRAND PARADE

AND

Literary Exercises.

GRAND MARSHAL,

MAJOR W. H. SHERBURN.

CHIEF OF STAFF,

MAJOR JOHN A. SHEEHAN.

Division Marshals:

FIRST DIVISION.....O. W. EARLEWINE

SECOND DIVISION.....J. J. MCKINNON

THIRD DIVISION.....PERRY CURTIS

ROUTE OF PROCESSION:

Procession moves at 10 o'clock sharp—from Sixth and M streets, to Tenth, to J, to Second, to K, to Tenth, to M, countermarch to Third, draw up in line in review

FIRST DIVISION.

Patrol of Police.

Hussars, Captain Schumacher commanding, acting as escort to first division.

Grand Marshal and Aids.

Brigadier-General T. W. Sheehan and Staff.

Signal Corps.

First Artillery Regiment Band.

Colonel J. W. Guthrie and Staff.

First Artillery Regiment, Mounted Battery on left.

SECOND DIVISION.

Mexican War Veterans.

Grand Army Posts.

"Goddess of Liberty," escorted by the Sons of Veterans.

President of the Day, Gov. H. H. Markham.

Orator, Frank L. Coombs.

Reader, S. Luke Howe.

Literary Committee.

State, County and City Officials and Citizens.

THIRD DIVISION.

Hussar Band.

Fire Department.

Trades' Display.

LITERARY EXERCISES.

(To be held in Assembly Chamber.)

1. Orchestra.
2. Introduction of the President of the Day, Gov. H. H. Markham, by Mayor Comstock.
3. Invocation.
4. "Anvil Chorus"—Mesdames Bonheim, Pinkham, Ross, Howard, Larkin and Carter, and Messrs. Beaumont, Cohn, Ashworth, Beardslee, Crocker and Phillips.
5. Reading of Declaration of Independence, by S. Luke Howe.
6. "Star Spangled Banner," by the audience; solo by Mrs. A. Bonheim.
7. Oration, by Hon. Frank L. Coombs, of Napa.
8. "Red, White and Blue," by the audience; solo by Mrs. Addie Carter.
9. Prayer, by Rabbi Jos. Levy.

NATIONAL SALUTES

Will be fired by a detachment of Battery "B," First Artillery Regiment, N. G. C., at sunrise and sunset.

In the afternoon there will be an

Exhibition by the Athletic Club

At Clunie Opera House.

By order.

W. H. SHERBURN,
Grand Marshal.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Emile Cavellier, Wm. T. Hynes and David M. Bemis, greeting.

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 23d day of June, 1891, in which action GEO. SMITH is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To determine the adverse claims of the defendants, and each of them, to the north half of the east sixty feet and the east fifty feet of the south eighty feet of lot two, in block eleven, I and J. 3d and 4th streets, in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and for costs of suit; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take default against you and each of you, and apply to the Court for the relief prayed for.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 23d day of June, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
J. W. ARMSTRONG, Attorney for Plaintiff. je27-9t

Fine Table
Wines
From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

The Saddest Thing.

Quarrels come, and the days turn dark;
Partings are, and the parted moan;
Death stalks by, and a body stark
Lies where love once claimed its own;
But the saddest thing is a love outgrown.

A word, and the quarrel's smooth again;
A time, and the parted clasp and kiss;
And even death is eased of pain
By hope of a reunited bliss;
But a love outgrown is stript of this.

'Tis the living form and the heart long dead;
'Tis the touching hands, yet the soul alone;
'Tis the trick to walk bride-garmented
With dust and ashes upon us thrown—
The saddest thing is a love outgrown.

The Lady with the Fan.

Tchouang-Tsen, from the country of Soung, was a savant whose wisdom had developed to such an extent that he had become indifferent to all perishable things; so he was certain to be free from the common errors of men who intrigue for the purpose of acquiring useless riches or vain honors. The satisfaction obtained by him through this indifference must have been exceedingly great, as after his death he was proclaimed happy and worthy to be envied. Now, during the days that the unknown genii permitted him to pass under a blue heaven, among the flowers, bamboos and willow trees, Tchouang-Tsen had the habit of thinking while strolling in the country. One day, wandering over the flowered mountain Nam-Hoa, he found himself in the midst of a cemetery whose dead rested under heaps of pressed earth, according to the custom of the country. At the sight of those innumerable tombs, which extended far beyond his view, the savant reflected on the destiny of men:

"Alas!" said he to himself, "there is the cross-road where all the roads of life meet. When one has once taken a place in the residence of Death that one never returns to light!"

As he was passing before a tomb he saw a young lady dressed in mourning—that is, she wore a long white dress made of common stuff and seamless. Sitting by the side of that tomb, she waved a white fan over the yet moist earth of the hillock.

Curious to know the motive of so strange an action, Tchouang-Tsen saluted the lady with the utmost politeness and said to her:

"Can I take the liberty of inquiring from you, madame, the name and qualification of the person now lying in this field of repose, and why you take so much trouble in fanning the earth which covers it? I am a philosopher. I am seeking causes, and your reason for doing so escapes my understanding."

The young lady continued to agitate her fan. She blushed, lowered her head and uttered some words that the learned Tchouang-Tsen failed to hear.

He repeated his question several times, but vainly. She did not notice him any more, and it seemed as if her whole soul had passed into the hand that held the fan.

Tchouang-Tsen regretfully left her. Although he knew that everything is vanity, yet he was naturally inclined to search for the motives for human actions, and especially of woman's action. That little species of creature inspired him with a painful inquisitiveness. He continued his promenades slowly, turning his head from time to time to see the fan, that lashed the air like the wing of a giant butterfly, when all of a sudden an old woman, whom he had not seen before, made a gesture as if she wanted him to follow her. He obeyed. She conducted him under the shadow of a monument higher than any other in the cemetery.

"I heard you asking my mistress a question, to which she made no answer. I will satisfy your curiosity, through a natural willingness to oblige and also in the hope that you will give me a few pennies to buy a magical paper from the priest, a paper that will lengthen my life."

Tchouang-Tsen opened his purse and gave her a piece of silver.

"This lady is my mistress; her name is Lu-Tao; she is the widow of the famous Tao, a savant of the first order. He died fifteen days ago. He loved his wife tenderly and she adored him. At the moment of leaving this world forever, Tao asked his wife why she cried so bitterly, death being nothing else but another birth. She took the gods as witnesses that she would not survive him and would share his coffin as she had shared his couch.

"Tao said to her:

"Dear wife, do not swear such a thing."

"She replied:

"At least, if I have to survive you, if I am condemned by the genii to see again the light of the day when I shall never more see you, know that I shall never consent to be another man's wife. I shall have only one husband as I have only one soul."

"Dear wife, do not swear such a thing," answered Tao.

"O Tao, my dear husband! allow me to swear that I will not marry again within five years from this very moment."

"But Tao said to her:

"Dear wife, do not swear such a thing. Swear simply to be faithful to my memory as long as the earth retains its moisture over my coffin."

"Lu-Tao took a great oath. The good Tao closed his eyes, which he never reopened. The despair of his widow was intense. She scratched her cheeks with her pointed nails and tore her hair. Alas! everything has an end here below. Three days after Tao's death the grief of the young woman had somewhat diminished. She was informed that a former pupil of her husband wanted to see her to tell her how sorry he was for her affliction. Reasonably, she could not refuse to see that young gentleman. She met him in the yellow room; she was crying and sobbing. He was elegant, handsome and eloquent. He spoke very little about the deceased Tao and very much about the living Lu-Tao; he told her how charming she was and how much he loved her. She permitted him to say all he wanted to express. He promised her to call again. Waiting for him, Lu-Tao passes the whole day trying to dry with her fan the earth under which the good and learned Tao sleeps his last sleep."

When the old woman had finished her narrative the learned Tchouang-Tsen reflected:

Youth is short. Love gives wings to young women as well as to young men. After all, Lu-Tao is an honest woman; she is unwilling to violate her oath.—N. Y. World.

Do Deer Ever Weep?

In most species of deer, a hollow which is known to scientists as the *lachrymal sinus*, or tear-pit, is found. It is a cavity beneath each eye, capable of being opened at pleasure, in which a waxy substance of a peculiar, disagreeable odor is secreted. This pit is sometimes very small, but often of considerable size. Poets speak of the deer weeping, but it has not been shown this is not by poetic license solely. In the case of the wounded stag, which the contemplative Jaques watched and moralized upon, it is said:

The big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.

But this is Shakspeare's poetical interpretation of the appearance presented by the motion of the glistening edges of the folds of skin which enclose the so-called "tear-pits." These cavities are very marked in species of deer found in Asia and the islands of the Indian Ocean, and in the common deer of America and Europe. In some varieties in South America and Northern Asia they are less developed.

Whatever may be our situation in life, then, let us live in the assurance that it is best for us. If we suffer, it is to save us from greater suffering. If we are disappointed, it is to save us from greater disappointment. If we sustain loss of property, or friends, or place, it is that we may not sustain a greater loss, perhaps a spiritual and an eternal one. If we are bereaved of our children and those who are dear to us, it is to save us from a greater bereavement; it is for the purpose of arresting our attention to our spiritual interests, of weaning us from the world.

A lady prominently identified with the obtaining of the rights of her sex came out in a newspaper article strongly attacking trousers on the ground, mainly, that they were highly uncomfortable. An investigation set on foot by a crafty and ungallant man revealed the fact that the lady, while experimenting with a pair of trousers belonging to her pastor, surreptitiously furnished her by the good man's wife, became confused in regard to their lines of construction and put them on wrong side before; her savage newspaper article following as a matter of course.

Nothing on earth will upset a horse's stomach. This is not because the horse does not feel pain, but simply because the horse has no gall bladder. Has anybody ever seen a horse sick at sea? Has anybody ever known an emetic to have any effect on a horse? At a bull fight a horse may be seen eating with its entrails trailing on the ground. As for the contention that a horse is not as sensitive to pain as man, I think that a horse is probably a great deal more so. There is no living creature, not even a hysterical woman, so nervously sensitive as a horse.

"Mornin', mum; is the docthor in?" "I'm the doctor. What do you want?" "Sure an' if yez wor the docthor ye'd know what wuz the matter with me widout the askin'." "Yes, I can tell you. You are afflicted with chronic impecuniosity and peripateticism, resulting from congenital lassitude, aggravated by persistent alcoholization." "Great heavens! An' how long do yez give me to live?"

The preacher had been talking about the necessity for a "new heart." Little Bess' father took her on his knee and gravely asked if she understood what a new heart was. "O, yes, indeed," she answered brightly, "It's a kind of heavenly stomach!"

In Japan the act of flirting is a penal offense. Serious complications arise under the law, but the young people of both sexes know that they cannot wink and blink and giggle at each other unless they mean business.

UNION ICE COMPANY

ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH

Pure Mountain Ice

NEW QUARTERS:

521 AND 523 I STREET.

CHARLES SELLINGER, Agent.



PANTS to ORDER
\$3.50 to \$13.50

SUITS TO ORDER
\$15.00 to \$50.00

1000 Patterns to Select from.

GABEL the TAILOR

426 J STREET.

D. J. MANNIX,

Contractor of Plastering

Kalsomining and Repairing

In all its branches.

Insulation of Steam Pipes and Boilers a Specialty.

Center Pieces, Brackets, and all kinds of
Plaster Ornaments for sale.

Residence, 2215 O St. Shop, 1220 J St.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than J. SLAUGHTER, Sixth and M streets.

Telephone 318.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813
K street.

R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

THE

Bell Conservatory Co.

SACRAMENTO.



Floral Work and Plant Decoration

A SPECIALTY.

Telephone No. 155.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers

and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON
POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Packers and Shippers of Califor-

nia Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET.

San Francisco Office, 313 DAVIS ST. SACRAMENTO.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar

Floors, Fence Coping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J

SACRAMENTO.

M. DUFFY,

Manufacturer of

Carriages, Wagons, Carts, Etc.

REPAIRING

Done at Short Notice. All Work Warranted.

1111-1113 J Street, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. M. MORRISON,

Southeast Cor. Twelfth and E Streets,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

General Merchandise.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County
Coroner. Telephone 134.

A Chapter on Mushrooms.

The division of microscopy of the United States Department of Agriculture, in response to numerous demands from various localities, has issued a pamphlet with pictures and descriptions of edible mushrooms. In almost every section and climate are found quantities of these articles, which are little used owing to the inability of the majority of people to distinguish the nutritious from the poisonous varieties. Rollrausch and Siegel, who have made exhaustive investigation into the food values of mushrooms, state that many species deserve to be placed next to meat in nutriment. Every country in the world produces these fungus growths. In France they are widely cultivated in caves, frequently miles in extent. A cave at Merz contains twenty-one miles of beds and produces 3,000 pounds daily. They are also cultivated in the catacombs and quarries and, under the name of "truffles," are sold in large quantities. They are grown in Tahiti and Japan, and exported to China at the rate of 200 tons per annum. New Zealand sends large quantities to San Francisco and also to Hong Kong. The Chinese eat it, use it for medicine, and make a fine dye out of it. One remarkable species grows out of the body of a large caterpillar, practically converting the animal into a vegetable.

Among the tribes of Asia, besides those used for food, one variety is utilized in making snuff, and another for producing intoxication, one mushroom making a man drunk for a whole day. The same species is also converted into a "fly-killer" for European use. The old Greek and Roman writers speak of the truffle, the boletus and the puffball. In Rome all mushrooms must be sent to a central depot to receive government inspection, the yearly crop amounting to 80,000 pounds. Germany, Hungary and Russia consume large quantities, and in Terra del Fuego it is the staple article of food. England uses the common meadow mushrooms, but the consumption is small. America is especially rich in the quantity and variety of this healthful vegetable, and scientists are making especial effort to stimulate its cultivation and diffuse knowledge regarding it. Rev. Dr. Curtis, State Geologist, has found 111 species in North Carolina. Investigation shows that nearly all the varieties of Europe are found in the United States. The "puffball" reaches a circumference of several feet and a weight of thirty pounds, and the cook may go out into the garden and slice off what she wants from day to day. Mushroom "spawn" may be obtained from the seedmen, and the mushrooms can be grown in sheds, stables and shaded spots where the soil has been made very rich. They may be prepared for the table in an endless variety of ways, and are a most delicious but little appreciated article of food.

Babies Taught Mischief.

There is a limit to a baby's endurance of osculation, and the physical reaction from this also, when it comes, is charged to nature and her process of dentition. When the child begins to creep and walk, and in curiosity to put things in into his mouth; to pull at table covers and catch at tassels and laces, and to investigate his surroundings generally, like a young monkey, the usual course pursued is to thwart him at every move, to keep him out of mischief, says the Jeunes-Miller magazine.

Having by this means irritated him and injured his disposition, the nurse thrusts herself upon him as a substitute, and in the effort to soothe him makes herself a slave at his command. The child is taught in this way that the adults about him are merely puppets which he is to set in motion. For it requires no long time for him to perceive how agreeable it is to act through others, to speak and set the world in motion. Baby is thus taught to be tyrannical and truly mischievous.

The term "printer's devil," as applied to the boy who does the choring around a printing office, has a peculiar and romantic history. In early days printing was styled the "black art," and printers were supposed to be in league with Satan. But it was in the time of Aldus Minutius in Venice that the matter took a serious turn. This was the famous printer who first published the Greek and Roman classics. He took into his employ a negro boy, who was homeless on the streets of Venice. The people supposed this boy was an imp from Satan, and that he assisted Aldus in printing. Mobs collected around the office and were about to wreck it, when the boy was brought forward and exhibited to the crowd. A personal examination showed that the boy was flesh and blood, but he was still called "the printer's devil," and every boy in his position ever since has been so called.

There is a queer old fisherman down on the Jersey coast who has followed his calling for forty years, and yet he declares that, although he has in a sense subsisted upon the finny tribe, he has never in all his life tasted of a bit of fish. He has always had an unconquerable aversion to this article of diet, and his common bill of fare has been unadorned and simple. As he humorously puts it: "I kin live on rum an' pork. There hain't no bones in them."

The Tall Girl.

There are two theories for the sudden excess of tall women—one that some mechanical process has been discovered and is being secretly practiced, by which stout women are drawn out into long, slender females; the other, that these women have always existed, and are suddenly brought forth from their retirement by the inexorable decree of fashion. The latter would seem to be the most reasonable explanation. When it was the fashion for women to be enbounpoint, the tall and slender woman hid herself away from public gaze as much as possible. She shrunk into her boots and walked stoop-shouldered when she was to be seen in public places. Now that she is having her inning, she is making good use of it. She walketh erect at noonday—also in the evening. When she has a beau, she chooses one she can look down upon. It accentuates her giraffe style. Her clinging, drooping, Bernhardt draperies still further lean forward and upward. It is a comparatively easy thing for a woman five feet six to add four inches to her apparent height if she be not fat. Fat! That very word seems horrible to the sex just now. The fat woman suggests the 10-cent museum. Let her await her turn and grow fatter in anticipation of her coming triumph.

Of the late Bishop Ames the following anecdote is told: While presiding over a certain conference in the West, a member began a tirade against universities and education, thanking God that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding thus for a few minutes, the Bishop interrupted with the question: "Do I understand that the brother thanks God for his ignorance?" "Well, yes," was the answer, "you can put it that way if you want to." "Well, all I have to say," said the Bishop, in his sweetest musical tone, "all I have to say is that the brother has a good deal to thank God for."

"You may notch it on the palings—
It's a mighty risky plan
To form a hasty judgment
From the clothes that's on a man.
For you bet your bottom dollar
That you often come across
An eighty-dollar saddle
On a twenty-dollar 'hoss.'"

James W. Bradbury, of Augusta, Me., who was a United States Senator way back in the days of Webster and Calhoun, completed his 86th year this week. His mental powers are as strong and vigorous as when he sat in the Senate, and his physical powers are preserved in a remarkable degree.

ORDINANCE NO. 29.

An Ordinance Regulating Saloons, Dance-houses, Theaters, and Places where Intoxicating Liquors are Disposed of by Retail, and Providing for Licenses Therefor.

The Board of Supervisors of the County of Sacramento do ordain as follows:

Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to hereafter open, establish, or conduct, or cause to be opened, established, or conducted, any barroom, public saloon, theater, variety show, dance-house, or other place where wines, spirituous or malt liquors are sold by the glass, bottle, or otherwise, in less quantities than one quart, within the limits of the County of Sacramento, without first obtaining permission from the Board of Supervisors. The application for such permission shall be made by petition in writing to the Board of Supervisors, which petition must contain the names and signatures of a majority of the resident taxpayers in the election precinct, as it at the time exists, in which such saloon or place in which such liquors are to be dispensed is proposed to be opened or conducted.

Sec. 2. If, after due consideration of the same by the Board of Supervisors, the petition be favorably acted upon, it shall be the duty of the person in whose favor the petition was presented, and the prayer of which was granted, before opening the said place to file with the Board of Supervisors a good and sufficient bond, to be approved by the Chairman of the Board, with two sureties in the sum of \$1,000, conditioned that the applicant shall maintain said place in a quiet, orderly and decent manner.

Sec. 3. A written verified complaint filed with said Board of Supervisors setting forth that any saloon or place mentioned in Section 1 of this Ordinance is conducted in other than a quiet, orderly, lawful and decent manner shall be foundation for action by the Board of Supervisors concerning the place complained of in said complaint. If after a full investigation, of which both sides shall have due notice and the privilege of being represented in person and by counsel and producing and examining witnesses, the Board of Supervisors find the allegations of the complaint to be true it shall make an order revoking the license issued to the person owning or conducting the place complained of and shall declare the bond given in such case forfeited.

Sec. 4. On and after July 1st, 1891, persons conducting the business mentioned in Section 1 of this Ordinance and in compliance with the provisions hereof, must pay a license tax to the License Collector of said county in the sum of \$30 quarterly in advance; provided, that all licenses in full force at the time of the passage of this Ordinance shall entitle their holders to continue business thereunder until the expiration of the same.

Sec. 5. All parts of Ordinances in so far as they conflict with the provisions of this Ordinance are hereby repealed.

Sec. 6. This Ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after July 1, 1891.

E. GREER, Chairman.
Attest: W. W. RHODES, Clerk.
Adopted by the votes of Miller, Black, Bates, Jenkins and Greer.
Attest: W. W. RHODES, Clerk.

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE,

228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD, C. A. VIEMEISTER.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMANN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMANN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO.

WENT T. CROWELL & CO.

Real Estate and General

AUCTIONEERS

Salesroom: 817 J Street.

J. SCHACHT,

DEALER IN

FAMILY GROCERIES

Provisions, Flour,

Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco

Southeast Corner Second and M Sts.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

Orders Solicited.

C. T. MILLIKIN,

DENTIST,

1008 Eighth Street,

Between J and K,

Over Dr. W. A. Hughson's office.

A. L. HART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON. ALBERT M. JOHNSON.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,

LAWYERS.

504 J street Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR.,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,

LAWYERS,
Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,

LAWYER,
Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,

LAWYER,
920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney),

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, upstairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Bound to Be Moral.

Out in the Kootenay country, in British Columbia, which is just being opened to settlement, the people are determined to be moral until the law-makers get around to that province, if they have to put every man in jail; and the following notice, that was removed from a tree a short time ago by a traveler in that district, indicates how they propose to do it. The original document is in possession of one of the Brooklyn bridge trustees: "Police Notice.—As persons are congregating at Illicillewaet and its neighborhood to follow lawful occupations, notice is hereby given to loiterers, users of bad language in the streets, professional or habitual gamblers, prostitutes, agents for houses of ill fame, drunkards and other such scum and refuse of mankind, that they must take the back track immediately, as such persons are not permitted to be in this district except in the chain-gang and prison. The fine and imprisonment of such persons will be increased, in each case, in proportion to the time the offender has remained after the date of this warning. Anyone who molests or hinders any officer of the law, though he do not strike him, will get two months' hard labor, and if he strike or attempt to strike the officer, six months' hard labor, whether the offender is drunk or sober at the time of the offense. Persons refusing to aid the police in making an arrest will be punished as aiders and abettors. Any liquor licenses granted will be canceled if professional gamblers are admitted into the premises or unlawful games played therein, or if liquor is served to other than sober persons, or if a woman serves at the bar, or women are habitually in the bar room. The full penalty of \$450, and imprisonment in default, will be inflicted for illicit vending, etc., of liquors. These rules, lawful under the laws of Canada and the province, have been enforced during the two years past in this district in the interest of and for the comfort of well-doing persons, and all such are enjoined to assist the police in carrying them out effectively by giving information and, when necessary, active help. The law against the carrying and improper use of firearms and malicious injury to buildings will be rigorously enforced. G. M. Sproat, stipendiary justice for the province, Fifth Kootenay district."

The Planet Vulcan.

We were not unfamiliar with the fact that Vulcan was a planet of doubt, not of "romance." The story may be interesting to many of our readers. In September, 1859, Leverrier, director of the observatory of Paris, laid before the Academy of Science the proofs which had led him to the conclusion that there must be a planet within the orbit of Mercury. He showed, in his paper, that the existence of such a planet would fully explain the apparent anomalies in the motion, both of Mercury and the earth. He, at the same time, warned all observers to keep a sharp lookout upon the sun's disc, as the only hope of discovering it was by detecting its transit. Being always in the immediate vicinity of the sun, and quenched by its rays, it could manifest its existence only by appearing as a black spot on the bright background of the sun. In December, 1859, Leverrier received a letter, dated from the small town of Orgères, in the department of Eure et Loire. This was from M. Lescarbault, announcing that he had on March 26 preceding observed a small planet cross the disc of the sun. Leverrier visited Lescarbault and investigated his discovery and his processes. The interview closed by the director of the imperial observatory expressing his perfect satisfaction, and giving the Orgères astronomer his most cordial congratulations. Leverrier lost no time in publishing the discovery to the world, and representing the claims of Lescarbault to the emperor, and the village doctor was decorated with the order of the legion of honor.

THE PASTEUR GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER, WHEN FOR a trifling amount expended in the purchase of one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

H. WACHHORST Leading Jeweler of Sacramento

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,
No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA

Studio, 521 J Street.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co. FRED. SCHNEIDER

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

R. DAVIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent.
Representing the following companies:
Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh,
Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J Street, Sacramento.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,
Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,
SACRAMENTO.

FRED. SCHREIER,
TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BET. Q AND R,
CEMENT SIDEWALKS,

Garden Walks, Carriage Drives, Etc., constructed
at shortest notice, in the most workman-like
manner and at lowest rates.

B. Ruhl Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.
Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-
ing neatly done at the lowest prices.
No. 409 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS
AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.
Telephone No. 41.

J. H. MIDDLEMASS, J. H. DOLAN.

DOLAN & MIDDLEMASS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES,
Produce and Provisions,

Northwest Corner of Seventh and N Streets,
SACRAMENTO.

GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.

Telephone 248.

PACIFIC
HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of
Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

WINE ROOMS,
FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.
614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.
FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

June 7, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.15 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8.40 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico.	4.20 A
4.30 P	Denning, El Paso and East.	7.00 P
7.00 P	Knight's Landing and Marysville.	7.25 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave.	9.35 A
12.05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East.	2.25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express.	8.15 A
	Ogden and East.	
3.00 P	Oroville.	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville.	10.30 A
10.40 A	Redding via Willows.	4.00 P
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia.	11.40 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia.	12.35 A
6.30 A	San Francisco via Benicia.	11.15 A
3.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia.	10.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia.	8.40 P
*10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer.	8.00 P
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore.	8.00 P
10.50 A	San Jose.	2.50 P
4.30 P	Santa Barbara.	9.35 A
6.15 A	Santa Rosa.	11.40 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa.	8.40 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt.	7.00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt.	9.35 A
12.05 P	Truckee and Reno.	2.25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno.	8.15 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations.	2.30 P
6.15 A	Vallejo.	11.40 A
3.05 P	Vallejo.	11.40 P
*6.35 A	Folsom and Placerville.	*2.40 P
*3.10 P	Folsom and Placerville.	*11.35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday ex-
cepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities
of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout.
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox.
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.
WM. BECKMAN, President.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

Edwin K. Alsip & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

FARMING LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Catalogues issued monthly.

No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.
Send for Catalogue.

R. A. OLMSTED.

S. P. OLMSTED.

Fourth Street Cash Grocery.

R. A. OLMSTED & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Fruits and Vegetables, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain,
and all kinds of Mill Stuffs.
Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos.

400 L Street, S. E. cor. Fourth, Sacramento.

Fresh Butter and Eggs a Specialty. Goods deliv-
ered free of charge to any part of the City, R. R.
depot or Steamboat landing. Highest price paid for
Country Produce.

THE EMERSON

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891.

No. 20.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. D. AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. ETT, Managing Editor.

The necessities of a new charter are daily becoming more manifest. The city has advanced to such an extent, since the adoption of the charter of 1863, that many of its provisions are obsolete. Our system of income depended on the general revenue law of the State of 1861, and as that law was repealed something like a quarter of a century ago, we are left with no other definite means of meeting running expenses. In many particulars there is a direct conflict between our system of local self-government and the organic law of the State, as well as the codes. We have several commissions and boards, in direct defiance of the Constitution of the State, but which are recognized because they were, with the charter, in existence prior to the adoption of the Constitution of 1879. There are many inconsistencies in our system of government; for instance, we have the District Attorney of the county, who has no relation to the municipal government, performing the functions of collecting delinquent city taxes. The question of City Justices is another matter that should be under city control. All the street laws of the charter are either obsolete or serve to confuse the action of the authorities under the general street laws of the State. Our school system is actually under an Act which anti dates the charter one year, and is only by suffrage utilized as part of the charter. The ordinances of the city are based on theories of the law, which have been changed by the present Constitution.

A reform is absolutely necessary in the conduct of our municipal affairs with regard to the officers and their salaries. All the municipal government laws now in force by legislative enactment since the Constitution of 1879, provide for a different class of officers, and a reform in matters of salaries. As we now exist—and it is simply an existence without any clear idea of just how it is done—when we desire any revenue for local improvement, we are compelled to levy more than twice as much necessary for that particular purpose, because of that antiquated thing called our bonded debt. In other words, if we want to improve our streets or build a new city hall, we must levy enough more taxes in order to give the cormorant bond holders 55 per cent. of the gross amount. The business men and property owners should take this matter in hand and see to it promptly that fifteen freeholders who are capable are elected to frame a new organic law before the convening of the next Legislature. Bear in mind that if we commence now, it will be none too soon. It will, of course, take a couple of months to get started with the work. Then the freeholders will probably occupy the ninety days' time allowed by the Constitution to frame the charter. Then the publication will be a month; so, taking it all in all, it is a safe idea to commence this work of necessary reform as early as possible. We shall, from time to time, point out some of the reforms that in our judgment should be adopted by the freeholders in preparing a new local organic law.

A writer in one of our leading journals has about the right idea of modern politics. There was a time when it was an honor to be an aspirant for a public trust. "The man who accepts an office abandons much that makes life valuable in the way of reputation. The

character that he has spent a lifetime in establishing is at the mercy of his enemies. There is no persecution recorded in the dark ages more bitter and unrelenting and heartless than that which is waged by political parties. It does not confine itself to the man, but it spares neither his family nor any one connected with him by the ties of relationship. Truth in politics is a lost art, and justice to a political opponent is not written in the code. Our boasted freedom of speech and liberty of the press have degenerated into license, and our misuse of these privileges is the most reprehensible feature of our institutions. We look in vain for an awakened public conscience in this direction, and yet we feel that it will surely come. The old days, when all questions of dispute were settled by force of arms, are passing away, and the humane and enlightened plan of arbitration is being substituted. It is no less important that we abolish the present system of abuse and misrepresentation as the principal method of political warfare. The questions at issue are of sufficient importance to sink personalities out of sight. The slander and vilification heaped upon public officials are becoming of so great a magnitude as to cause independent, self-respecting men to hesitate as to the wisdom of permitting themselves to become a target. We are making history every day. Shall future generations read also our pages upon the record with surprise and condemnation for the spirit of persecution which distinguished the age?"

While the time for the nomination of presidential candidates and the national election is remote, there seems to be the usual scheming and counter scheming that has in advance been characteristic of every general contest. The Democrats seem more deep in intriguing than the Republicans, and it would seem the principal matter will have to be determined as between Cleveland and Hill, unless the convention will take it into their heads to astonish the nation by bringing forward some obscure man, of whom no one ever dreamed, to be an available candidate for President, as was done in 1844 in the case of James K. Polk. The unexpected selection of candidates by national conventions has, however, occurred frequently since 1844. Polk had been in Congress and had been Speaker of the House. His predecessors had, as a rule, had higher stepping stones. Washington was the principal figure head of the new nation, to whom the first place naturally would be tendered. Adams first, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams second, and Van Buren had filled distinguished diplomatic and cabinet positions; while Jackson and Harrison had won their honors as military chieftains. Since the day of President Polk, it has not been uncommon to select "dark horses." The nominations of Pierce, Lincoln, Hayes, Cleveland and Harrison second, were not generally anticipated. It is not at all unlikely a new man will carry away the Democratic pennant next year. Should the ex-President, after having been defeated by the people for re-election, fail to receive the endorsement of the convention of his own party, he may well console himself with the theory of Hudibras,

—That honor's very squeamish,
That takes a basting for a blemish;
For what's more honorable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by the blow.
By laws of learned duelists,
They that are bruised with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and paltrons;
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd—

And esteem himself a "stout and gallant fellow." The same condition of things is not likely to occur with the Republicans. It would seem Blaine will not again aspire; that Harrison will, is assured; that many other candidates will be presented before the convention will but be a repetition of past history, but it would appear the chances are in favor of Harrison.

In looking over a newspaper file of 1852, recently, we encountered a report of a case that had been tried in the United States Circuit Court for the New Jersey district, and argued in March of that year. The suit had relation to the title to the inventions in rubber that have since made Charles Goodyear's name historical. Daniel Webster appeared for Goodyear, and Rufus Choate for the opposing party, one Day. It can be imagined that attention was attracted at the time to the arguments of those distinguished lawyers. Particularly was that of Mr. Webster admired. Goodyear had become very poor while perfecting his discoveries, and had written a despondent letter to a friend, wherein he expressed great anxiety for his wife and family, and described his poor lodgings. The letter had been ridiculed upon the trial, and concerning it Mr. Webster paid this beautiful tribute to the fidelity of woman:

"He says it is as good a lodging as he may expect this side of the grave; he hopes his friends will come and see him on the subject of India rubber manufacture; and then he speaks of his family and his wife. He had but two objects, his family and his discovery. In all his distress, and in all his trials, she was willing to participate in his sufferings, and endure everything, and hope everything; she was willing to be poor; she was willing to go to prison; she was willing to share with him everything, and that was his only solace. There is nothing upon the earth that can compare with the faithful attachment of a wife—no creature who for the object of her love is so indomitable, so persevering, so ready to suffer and to die. Under the most depressing circumstances, woman's weakness becomes mighty power; her timidity becomes fearless courage; all her shrinking and sinking passes away, and her spirit acquires the firmness of marble—adamantine firmness—when circumstances drive her to put forth all her energies under the inspirations of her affections."

Murder is said to be the gravest of crimes that can be committed against the person. Murder, however, has its degrees and conditions, different under which it is committed. To shoot a man through the heart or brain kills him almost without pain. To strike a man upon the head with a hammer, subject him to months of painful suffering, followed by a deprivation of reason, and ending in death, is murder intensified. We speak of this that Robert Allen was so stricken on Seventh street, back of the court-house, in May, by one of a gang of thugs, and while lying unconscious, was robbed of \$300 in money and his jewelry. Allen did afterward manage to crawl to his residence; since has been in a precarious condition; as we view it, his taking to the insane asylum is but premonitory of his death. No one can doubt the identity of the parties concerned in this assault and robbery. It is a question if they will receive the punishment the atrocity of their crime merits. True it is, Gordon, McKaig and Brady have made full statements, in which they implicate themselves in greater or lesser degree, and also implicate others. In the case of McKaig, he made his statement under a promise of immunity from punishment; the position of Brady is the same. Gordon confessed reluctantly when all hope had failed him save that of receiving a lighter sentence in the robbery case than he would receive did he stand trial. It was a prudential foresight that Judge Van Fleet withheld

the sentence of Gordon, who pleaded guilty of the robbery of Allen, until the ultimate result of the injuries he received developed. If Allen dies within a year and one day from the direct result of the assault made upon him, it is manifest the question of robbery will fall into the second place. Our code provides that, "To make the killing either murder or manslaughter, it is requisite that the party die within a year and a day after the stroke received or the cause of death administered; in the computation of which the whole of the day on which the act was done shall be reckoned the first." From the present outlook in the Allen case, it is reasonable to conclude that within that period the crime of murder will be complete. The question then arises, Can the guilty be punished, under the laws of this State? Our laws in this respect are different from those of most of the other States. There is provided that "A conviction cannot be had on the testimony of an accomplice, unless he is corroborated by other evidence which in itself, and without the aid of the testimony of the accomplice, tends to connect the defendant with the commission of the offense; and the corroboration is not sufficient if it merely shows the commission of the offense, or the circumstances thereof." It can readily be seen that the prosecuting officers will labor against almost insurmountable obstacles in this case. The crime was one of secrecy, and its planning and commission were known to but the few concerned in it. The police have worked diligently to secure corroborating evidence; whether it will be sufficient to overcome the barrier and punish those acknowledgedly guilty, remains for the future to disclose.

Much has been said about the majesty of the law, and that through its instrumentality wrongs will be avenged. It does, however, happen in some cases that our established tribunals are futile, hampered as they are by the extraordinary protection the criminal element is given. It would almost seem in the trial of many cases that the prosecution and not the defendant was on trial. Jurors seem never to understand the reasonableness of a reasonable doubt, and imagine it throws about an assassin the protection of the city of refuge. There should be a radical change in our laws to make convictions easier and punishment more certain. The old rule that it is better ninety and nine guilty shall escape than that one innocent shall be punished, should not hold good, for the chances are very remote that a man who has led an upright and honest life will be caught in the meshes of the law.

There was an era in the history of this State—an era in which Robert Allen and his fellow pioneers were actors—when so brutal an assault as was made upon him would have been avenged summarily by a power second only to that of the Almighty—the people in their primary capacity. It is of course improper to suggest a resort to measures seemingly so violent, but one cannot help to think of them when cases peculiarly aggravating arise, and where it seems the established laws are insufficient to administer justice. Looking back in the history of Sacramento: In July, 1851, three men knocked down and robbed one Wilson in the daytime. At that time the punishment for robbery was death. Though the case was not nearly so aggravating as that of Allen, popular indignation was aroused, and within a week the parties were condemned. One of them was reprieved by the Governor. The other two were hanged at Sixth and O streets under judicial process. When they were disposed of, the people took the third man from the jail and hanged him also. A gentleman who witnessed the scene described the third man as of fine physique, and in the prime of young manhood. When on the scaffold he delivered a lengthy speech, premising it by saying: "This is the first time in my life I have had the pleasure of addressing an audience so large and attentive." He did not, however, command any sympathy, though he deserved it perhaps more than those concerned in the assault upon Mr. Allen. There is a certain degree to which sympathy should extend, but we cannot see that there is reason to commiserate an act so deliberate and brutal as the one we now consider.

Haley, one of the assailants, and the one whom it is said used the hammer, is at large. His picture and complete description have been procured from the pen-

itentiary records. There is but one way possible whereby he can be apprehended: the offering of a reward. It cannot be expected that officers here and elsewhere will expend their time and money to secure him unless they are assured compensation. The chances are if a Sacramento officer would incur expense in that regard some crank would contest the payment of his bill from the public treasury; and an officer elsewhere doubtless feels it is none of his concern. The Governor is powerless to offer a reward, except in case of escaped convicts or murderers, and therefore it must be the voluntary act of the citizens of the community where the crime was committed. It strikes us there should be raised among our citizens a subscription of about \$500, to be paid for the apprehension of Haley. Unless he has left the country, we feel quite certain he will be captured, and with the efforts that have been and will be made by the local police, there are reasonable hopes that in case Mr. Allen should die within the time the code fixes, the county will furnish some subjects for the Warden of the State prison to execute.

There was broad-mindedness in the selection of "Colonel William Forsythe" to be a National Commissioner from America to the World's Exposition! At the time of his selection Forsythe was a citizen of England, yet had given it to be inferred he was a naturalized American; he had lived in this country some forty years, and thought enough of it to accept our governmental commissions that resulted in profit to himself. At one time we were a major in the National Guard of California, and this same English colonel despatched at the encampment at Santa Cruz an important factor on the staff of the Major-General of California. We supposed, as doubtless did the Americans generally, that he was parading in a uniform that befitted him, and must confess surprise that he is one of the very few who will bear false allegiance to a government he would not sustain in time of peril, and yet seek its honors and its money. The American people have always respected the ill-fated John Andre, and to this day his grave is revered. Washington was right that he would spare Andre if the British would surrender the traitor Arnold—it was a magnanimous proposition. Andre had the redeeming trait that he came not among the Americans under false pretenses; he was a British officer, and it was so understood. We do not assume he would have accepted a commission as colonel on the staff of the Major-General of California, else he declared in advance he was a British subject. That for the mere bagatelle of \$6,000 he would have renounced his national birth-right cannot be presumed. The nomination of "Colonel" Forsythe should not be confirmed; if Americans cannot find an American to represent them at the World's Exposition, the matter had better be dropped, so far as we are concerned, and let us permit the balance of the world to control the management of the exposition.

[Written for THEMIS.]

The history of America will descend to future generations stamped with a peculiar interest, not only on account of the paramount influence which she has wielded upon the destinies of mankind, but also on account of the antagonistic and exciting elements which have entered into her civil and political institutions. Let us glance for a moment at the influences which led to the foundation of that government whose sacred guarantee of rights is worshiped by the proud patriotism of every American heart; at the interests which were represented when the corner-stone was laid of that glorious temple of liberty, from whose shrine ascend the anthems of a free and happy nation. We behold on the sunny shores of England, amid her verdant dales and heather hills, a few sturdy men whose minds are beginning to be aroused by the advancing light of civilization, from the dark night of misrule and despotism in which the slumbering energies of humanity have been so long enveloped. Their bosoms are beginning to expand with warmer conceptions and nobler appreciations of the rights of mankind than the proud aristocracy of the government of England, or the legalized theology of the Church of England, is willing to accord to them. And as the first-born thoughts of liberty begin to struggle for utterance, their spirits yearn for an atmosphere in which freedom of thought, of speech, and of conscience may be exercised without subjecting them to the frowns of a despotic government, or the anathemas of a bigoted church.

But where are they to find this boon of freedom—this idea of primitive democracy? They turn in despair from the angry growl of the British lion, and all Europe is shrouded in a dark cloud of barbarism, through which

gleams not even the *starlight* of hope. But lo! from the bosom of the broad Atlantic arises an angel of promise, and points them to the shores of the New World as a safe resting place for the ark of freedom. And as they gaze they behold, with prophetic vision, standing on the rugged cliffs of America, the genius of liberty, with the cornucopia in her hand, and by her side the white-robed angel of hope, bearing the olive branch of peace, and beckoning them on to the "land of promise." Then these heroic men, with that self-devotion and firm determination with which the spirit of liberty always inspires its votaries, gathered up their household goods, and with their wives and little ones bade adieu to hallowed associations of home and all the sweet scenes endeared by the recollections of childhood; to the refinements of civilization and the luxuries of wealth, and went forth voluntary exiles from their native land—pilgrims to a foreign shore, in search of that civil and religious freedom which was denied them by the institutions of their fatherland.

Such were the immediate influences which led to the foundation of the American colonies; and such the men whom these influences led forth to fight the battles of freedom, and prepare a way in the wilderness for the up-rearing of the temple of liberty. And at length, when the harvest of their labors was beginning to ripen beneath the sunlight of that prosperity which always crowns the efforts of freemen, and the smiles of success were beginning to gladden the hearts that had bravely suffered the rough waves of adversity, the huge paw of the British lion was stretched across the waters, and sought to drag into the coffers of despotism that wealth which had been won by the toil of freemen. Ah, little thought he that that spirit which had quailed beneath his frown on his own native shore, had grown amid the forests of America, to be a sturdy giant that would breathe defiance to his power! But so it was. When these patriotic men saw that the hand of tyranny had really found them in their retreat, and was seeking to bind again upon their necks its grievous yoke, they pledged their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors," upon the altar of freedom, and the voice of the United Colonies was, "give us liberty, or give us death." And at the close of the revolutionary struggle which followed—that fearful seven years' "agitation"—they had taught the world this great democratic principle—that the PEOPLE are capable of ascertaining and maintaining their own rights.

Having examined thus briefly, the liberal tendencies which induced our forefathers to seek a home on the shores of America, and having witnessed the fierce contest which they waged in defense of their new-born liberties, we are led to expect that they would form for themselves a social system, based upon the strictest regard for individual rights, and the most perfect equality; that their religious creed would be baptized with the spirit of the largest toleration, and the most liberal faith; and that they would give to the world a declaration of political rights embracing no principle and recognizing no interests which were not in harmony with the purest democracy. But we must not allow our hopes to expect too much, nor ancestral pride to claim too much, from these pioneers in the cause of human freedom. We must remember that the great truths which come to us, sanctioned by the experience of a century, and supported by the sympathies of the civilized world, were to them but new-born theories, evolved by the twilight of civilization, of the truth of which they could not be certain, and against which were arrayed the interests and the power of a world-wide despotism. We shall thus be better prepared to expect and to pardon many defects which we find in those institutions which were the immediate result of their labors. If we examine carefully the early history of our country, we shall find that the spirit of her political, religious and social institutions harmonizes with the great interests of humanity, and the principles of true democracy, in exact proportion as an active, energetic and discriminating intelligence was brought to bear in shaping and molding these several interests. Thus, in guiding our ship of state safely into the broad sea of national existence, in giving tone to our political character, the noblest minds, the clearest intellects, and the purest patriotism of the age were brought into requisition. And the political principles which they evolved come forth as shining lights to the world; and the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, will long stand as monuments of human wisdom, and embodiments of democratic and republican sentiment.

There is no day in the round of the year in which men ought so fully to lay aside all personal and party differences, all gloomy forebodings and wrathful feelings as on the Fourth of July. Forgetting creeds and classes, parties, isms, and egotisms, we all should join in a generous rivalry of patriotic fervor to make the day what it was intended to be by the fathers. Surely the spirit of the day is one of the most lively hope and joyous expectation. The fathers proclaimed it a day of rejoicing, and their children would indeed be ingrates did they not add to their exultation a spirit of profound gratitude for the exalted courage, iron will and cheerful sacrifice made by them that we might enjoy the benefits of civil and religious liberty.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

On the stage, but no actors—Omnibus drivers.

The wedded life of Justinian was as unhappy as has since been that of many a man married but not mated with an actress. Theodora was not only an empress but a type.

Charles Kemble, when he was once playing *Shylock*, instead of asking, "Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?" overturned the text and audience by exclaiming: "Shall I lay surgery upon my poll?"

The "Shoo Shoo" dance will be one of the novelties offered by T. H. Winnett, in *His Nibs the Baron*. A season of forty-two weeks has been booked, embracing a tour of the Pacific Coast.

The chatelaine which Mrs. Kendal wore in the first act of *The Squire* recently was of pathetic interest. On it are five merry-sounding little silver bells, each one engraved with the name of one of her children.

"Are you superstitious?" asked a bystander of a slowly rising young tragedian. "A little," said the actor sadly. "I have learned from experience that to have just thirteen people in the audience inevitably means bad luck."

M. Sarcey, the French dramatic critic, has given up dining, in the hope of reducing his weight, which is enormous. But while he feels much better for this abstinence, it has not thus far produced the particular effect he so much desires.

A cantata entitled *To Our Ancestors* has been produced at Brussels by the Choral Union. It is very highly spoken of. The composer, M. Thiebant, "unites in this work both grace and grandeur." The soloists were Mlle. Vandamme and M. Hendrick.

A comedy man's trousers cost more time and as much money as several irreproachable suits. The cut must be so grotesquely horrible, and the patches so artistically variegated, that the construction of such a garment is a serious matter, and only a tailor with skill and patience is equal to the task.

"Did you ever hear how the Marquis de Caux lost Patti?" said a Russian gentleman who was in Chicago a short time ago. "He lost her through his passion for cards," he went on; "and baccarat was the game. No, he did not make a bet of her, but her running off with Nicolini was a result of the noble husband's gambling. It was at St. Petersburg, where Patti was singing, that the rupture occurred. The marquis was introduced at the Yacht Club, where high play at bacarrat was going on. Here, as at the Jockey Club at Paris, a visitor is given unlimited credit, the member who introduces him being responsible. The marquis lost many thousands of francs more than he could raise next day, so he took his wife's casket of jewels and placed it in the hands of his creditors. These were Russian officers. They at once returned the jewels to the diva, sending a note to the effect that they could not accept as the spoils of fortune the jewels which had been earned by a woman. This disgusted Patti with her noble marquis, and it was immediately afterwards that the world heard that she had eloped with the tenor."

Book Chat.

Cap and gown should be worn in every college, and then the rowdy could be punished by taking his uniform away from him for a period proportionate to his offense.

Kipling's famous "Plain Tales from the Hills" was rejected by a London publisher to whom the volume was offered for a mere song. Gunter's "Mr. Barnes of New York" and Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat" met with a similar fate, the publishers' "readers" denouncing them as "rubbish." Perhaps they are, but judging from their wonderful sales subsequently it is apparent that the reading public knows better what it wants than the publishers' readers do.

Perhaps the people who sneer at the novel, and the few who apologize for it, are ignorant of the depth it may attain in a master's hand. There are, of course, all sorts of novels, as there are all sorts of society. The great stories of the present time belong to the realistic school and deal with the facts of life. All that now interests men and women goes into romance. Love, science, art, ambition, aspiration, hatred, all find their place in fiction, and are often treated with such serious thought, that it seems hardly proper to call a novel light reading; in fact, some fiction is purely scientific. It is true that many readers are insensible to the deeper purpose and significance of the novels that they read, and find them only an amusement, but do readers of this intellectual calibre find anything else in other forms of literature? Is history anything more to them than an amusing record, or biography more than gossip? The thoughtful and appreciative reader finds

more than amusement in a novel. It gives insight into character, knowledge of different modes of life that is often invaluable. One point may well be commented upon in the novel of the present time, that is the utter exclusion of every form of religious sentiment. Not that they are hostile to religion; they simply fail to recognize it. There is perhaps no great liking for a novel in which a parade of devotion and pious sentiment is made, still, in the portraying of characters who have been reared in the midst of Christian influences, it seems hardly in keeping with the realistic tendencies of the day to describe them as if there were no such thing as Christianity. This is a question in the interest of art. Possibly the novel might not be improved, but it is certain that the pictures of life are not true or sufficient that do not give the measure of the influences that make up our civilization and help to form the average man and woman. There is a great deal of importance given to the high character of imaginative work. Still, wretched sentiment, the product of mental haziness not of imaginative force, often usurps these honors. It is often easier to describe a bit of imaginative sentiment than to describe the beauty, the significance and the underlying meaning of the things about us. Imagination proves its worth by its force and quality. Realists cannot abandon it, because it has its place with the realities of life. The successful novel-writer understands its power, and his ideal scenes have an ineffable charm. The novel is the world which the author creates; every scene he pictures, if he understands his work, may be a possible fact. The people we read of are not only the creatures of his imagination, they are people of our own imagination. They possess the qualities or reality, only they are never stupid, unless it be with a stupidity that is amusing, and therefore welcome. It is safe to assert that no class of literature has the influence possessed by novels. A well written novel is the picture of the age it describes, or of the time when it was written. The scholar who wishes to become thoroughly familiar with any period of history must read the novels of that period. If he wishes to trace the progress of the world, to understand the growth of any school of art or literature, the novel will give him a more graphic view of it than will the history or biography of that period of which he is to learn. Dr. Johnson has said, "A man ought to read just as inclination leads him, for what he reads as a task will do him little good." One of the great values of fiction is the possibilities it suggests. It demonstrates what life can be. It impresses the full worth of possibilities.

Professional Chat.

Our punishment for murder still is for the assassin's attorney to talk the judge to death.

The royalty sharp, when beaten at dice,
May well deprecate action at law.
If he thinks the company not over nice
He should forever forswear baccarat.

The Chinese doctor who said he could cure a patient quicker for \$10 a week than for \$5 may not have been discreet in the admission, but he certainly was more frank than some of his brothers of the medical profession.

Dr. Talmage thinks that "the most damaging thing on earth is a religious controversy," and says that "no man can ever come out of it as good as when he went in." Talmage had a sensible streak when he voiced this language.

A Philadelphia surgeon says that by three strokes of the lancet he could paralyze the nerves acted on to make a man get mad, and thereafter any man could pull his nose, cuff his ears, and spit on his boots, and he would simply smile a soft, bland smile.

Spurgeon's first convert was a woman. Disraeli attributed his success in life to another woman. Still another ruled England when all this was going on, and others still set the Tranby Croft scandal going, uncrowned Parnell, and retired Sir Charles Dilke. This is evidently woman's inning in the tight little isle.

Mrs. Sutro, the first woman law graduate of New York, passed a brilliant examination at the university, and is now successfully teaching a large law class of women, and convincing the most unbelieving who know her prowess that there is no reason why women may not be called to the bar and practice successfully.

"Your boy is simply a depraved boy, Mrs. Bronson," said the physician. "You need a doctor of the soul, not one of my profession." "I don't know, doctor," said the tired little woman, "but what you might help me a little with advice." "No, madam, the only thing I can prescribe for him is a mixture of strychnine and prussic acid."

Chief Justice Fuller is said to dislike the sombre garb in which the Justices of the Supreme Bench array themselves. He prefers lighter hues in his garments, and his street attire this summer comprises a white high hat, a light-colored Prince Albert coat and light trousers. Inasmuch as his wavy hair and silky mustache are almost white Mr. Fuller presents a picturesque figure on the streets.

Here's the latest yarn about Secretary of the Treasury Foster. He sprung a little joke on his private secretary while the two were traveling from Washington to New York on the congressional limited one day last week. They dined on the train, and while at dinner Secretary Foster remarked: "You'll get dyspepsia, surely, if you are not careful." How's that? "Perhaps you don't know that you are eating at the rate of 50 miles an hour." The private secretary said that he would stop the train.

Judge Carpenter, the Senator from Los Angeles, during the session of the last Legislature was noted for his quaint though firm course on all public matters; he was also the right bower of the administration. The Judge in common with very many statesmen was not averse to indulging in an occasional toddy. One day he met Railroad Commissioner Wm. Beckman on the street, and was invited by the latter to go into "Capt." Siddons' saloon to sample his whisky. While en route for that place, they met Colonel Humbert and A. J. Johnston, who were also invited to join the party in liquid refreshments. Now, everybody knows the peculiarities of Capt. Siddons, and his original and arbitrary rules in dealing out his liquid viands. Beckman laid a big dollar on the counter to pay for the four drinks, whereupon Judge Carpenter, who has some fixed notions regarding his tastes for drinking, ordered "a little straight Bourbon, with appolonaris on the side." Capt. Siddons, in his usual gruff manner, announced that "I don't give appolonaris on the side with my goods." Beckman's face flushed up a little, fearing that Judge Carpenter would take offense, and in as pleasant a manner as possible suggested to Capt. Siddons that there was money enough on the counter to pay for any additional orders. The "old Captain" then said, "All right; but I always tell my customers when any extra is ordered, so that they may understand me." Meantime Col. Humbert, in order to pass the whole matter off in jest, said, "By the way, Judge Carpenter, I want to introduce you to Capt. Siddons, the greatest old crank in town." But before the introduction took place, Judge Carpenter, in his decided manner, said; "Excuse me, sir; I know enough of damned old cranks already, and I don't wish to form the acquaintance of any more." The party took their toddies in silence after that, and Beckman was mighty glad to get out.

Our National Ensign.

The stars and stripes, the eloquent emblem of our political liberty, and the sublime symbol of our national unity, was 114 years old June 14th. This splendid ensign of the republic is "now known and honored throughout the world, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' or those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and union afterwards,' but written all over its ample blue, in letters of living light, as it waves over the land and over the sea, and in every wind under the whole heavens, are those words dear to every true American heart: 'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

Notwithstanding the fact that the national flag was officially adopted on June 14, 1777, it was not actually the original flag with thirteen stripes. Gen. Washington displayed, at Cambridge, Mass., on January 2, 1776, the original of the present United States ensign, with the exception that in the upper left hand corner, in place of the stars, there were the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, representing Scotland and England. Then there was what was called the "rattle-snake flag," a flag with simply thirteen stripes and a rattlesnake running diagonally across it, with the significant words beneath, "Don't tread on me."

Capt. John Paul Jones is said to have been the designer of the latter.

The flag of 1777 was a combination of thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, signifying national unity and perpetuity.

Gen. Washington, co operating with a committee of the Continental Congress, designed the new form of the flag, and it was made in a little old upholstery shop in Philadelphia by a Mrs. Betsy Ross.

The first flag approved by the congressional committee in charge of the matter was 6 feet 6 inches long and 4 feet 4 inches wide, and the proportion of length to width has continued to this day.

The first public exhibition and recognition of the new flag was on August 3, 1777, when it was hoisted for the first time at Fort Schuylers.

The flags were hoisted on the public school buildings this morning, and the school children sang the national hymn.

There have been many changes of fortune during the past 114 years, administration succeeding administration, representing many and divergent public and party policies, but the glorious old flag has remained the one ensign of the republic, adding star to star in a growing glory of strength and splendor, refusing to pale the radiance of its starry constellation before the fitful glare of the meteor of war. And to-day it proudly waves, unstained and luminous, in the bracing air of freedom and in the sluggish air of tyranny, as the universally acknowledged emblem of liberty and patriotism.

NOTES.

Even a girl who realizes how thoroughly wicked it would be for her to flirt cannot help feeling a little flattered by admiring glances from the horrid young man across the way.

The richest colored man in Pennsylvania is John Clark, of Pittsburg, who began with a humble blacksmith shop twenty years ago, and has made a fortune of \$200,000. He seems to have solved the problem of bettering the negro's condition by the simple remedy of hard work.

It is said there are only two words in the English language which contain all the vowels in their order. They are "abstemious" and "facetious." The following have them in irregular order: Authoritative, disadvantageous, encouraging, efficacious, instantaneous, importunate, mendacious, nefarious, precarious, pertinacious, sacrilegious, simultaneous, tenacious, unintentional, unequivocal, and vexatious.

Indian corn is the only great staple of the country which requires an intense heat to develop it. Wheat would grow quite as well if it were cooler. The best wheat belts of the future are hundreds of miles north of this latitude. Oats, barley and other cereals grow well close up to the Arctic circle. Peaches require heat, but grapes, pears, apples, cherries and most other fruits do well in a temperate climate.

The marble statue of Pope Leo XIII, executed in Italy by Luchetti and presented to the Catholic university in Washington by Count Joseph Loubat, will be shipped to this country within a few weeks. The statue represents the pope seated on his throne, wearing the tiara, or triple crown, and the rich robes of his office. The right hand is elevated as if the pope were about to pronounce a blessing. On the pedestal is a Latin inscription composed by the pope himself.

Mrs. Julia Dunn, an artist of renown, has her studio in East Twenty-third street, New York, where her works of art are a wonder to all visitors. Mrs. Dunn is a former Sacramentan and well known as accomplished in literature as well as art. Mrs. Jos. Glover, her sister, and William Paine, her brother, both reside in this city. All Sacramentans feel a just pride in the success of Mrs. Dunn. A couple of years ago she astonished the Parisians at the Art Exhibition.

The *Bee* is thirty-four years old. The seventieth volume has been commenced. Our neighbor has been a part of the State ever since its advent. The history of this State for thirty-four years is contained in its columns; indeed, therein can be found the history of this country from the earliest records. On all subjects of a public character the *Bee* has opinions; there is never any half-heartedness about our neighbor. Possibly, at times there may be severity, but it will give all sides an equal show. The *Bee* is a necessity in this part of the State.

Astronomers are watching with great interest the convulsions now visible upon the surface of the sun. The spots are more numerous than ever and form ragged groups, against which the surrounding surface shines with increased brilliancy. Great explosions are hourly occurring, in which enormous clouds of metal vaporized by the intense heat are being thrown out to a height of thousands of miles. It is a favorite theory that solar disturbances produce atmospheric outbursts on the earth. We shall have an opportunity to test this belief pretty thoroughly before the summer closes.

The great bereavement of Governor and Mrs. Markham in the loss, by death, of their daughter Genevieve, has tended to bring on the dangerous illness of the Governor. Governor Markham has for a quarter of a century suffered from the effects of a wound received in battle, and at times when subject to over exertion or strong emotions illness is produced. The long illness of his little daughter, and the painful anxiety attending, has overcome the body and brought on this sad illness. We trust that this affliction of illness may be but temporary and that we will soon see the Governor at his desk.

With tingling ears and frostbitten fingers the Esquimaux in his northern home is now chafing his stiffened hands as he cowers before the chilling wind. Towering pinnacles of ice, green and blue, stand motionless where the frigid waters of the open sea lap their crystal sides. On land the desolate waste gives way over enormous stretches of drifted snow, and bleak, biting winds rush over them, piercing the shivering natives to the marrow. The entire land lies locked in the embrace of the frost, and the thickly bundled walrus hunter hastens to shelter as the sharp blast whips across the open and benumbs him with its insufferable cold.

N. B.—The above paragraph will be found soothing if read three times a day during the present weather and the hot spells of July.

There may not be any royal road to wealth, but there is a royal road to learning. When a man gets rich the world is willing to regard everything he says as the utterances of a sage.

General John T. Carey has permanently located in the law practice in San Francisco, and has offices in the new building of the Clay-street bank, at the northwest corner of Sutter and Montgomery streets. He will practice in the Federal and State courts.

The most munificent restorer of Windsor Castle was George IV, whose architect was to him what William of Wykeham had been to Edward III; yet George the Magnificent rarely lived in the castle itself, his favorite residence, and the place where he died, being an uninteresting but most costly example of rusticity, called The Cottage. It is since the accession of her majesty that Windsor has resumed even more than the pristine state and magnificence, and within little more than a generation.

The inability of man to limit the possibilities of electricity is becoming daily more manifest. Passenger rapid transit at 150 to 200 miles an hour is close upon us, and may possibly be adopted before Mr. Edison perfects the instrument that will show us the actual image of an actor on a distant stage with every action and expression accompanying the voice which is heard at the same moment. Telegraphing without wires has been already practiced, and now Mr. Nikola Tesla convinces us by actual demonstration that not only can incandescence be maintained with one wire, but that for certain descriptions of electric lighting wires may ultimately be dispensed with altogether. Little less wonderful than these marvels, from another standpoint, is the gun, exhibited in New York during the last week, which fires with such astounding rapidity that by sufficiently elevating the muzzle the 600 cartridges which constitute one charge can all be discharged before the bullet from the first of them has fallen to the ground, and each cartridge is discharged singly.

THE FOURTH IN EARLY DAYS.

Celebration of the Fourth of July in San Francisco in 1852—Chinese in the Procession—They were Voters Then.

On Monday, July 5, 1852, Independence Day was celebrated in San Francisco in a hearty and enthusiastic manner. The local papers of that early period challenged the older eastern cities to equal the display. There was an elaborate procession and a display of fireworks. The following feature of the procession, however, would hardly find place in the displays of to day:

"By far the most beautiful and unique display was that of the Chinese, who brought up in the rear. Their numbers alone formed a procession worthy the great empire they represent. Several carriages were filled with the probable aristocracy of the Chinese residents of San Francisco—other carriages were filled with musicians playing upon wind and string instruments, and making some of the most indescribable music ever heard outside the Celestial empire. Although theirs may appear 'random fiddling' by some, we have no doubt that the music was a national march, sufficiently intelligible to Celestial ears. Another carriage was occupied by a severe drummer, and cymbal and gong men, who caused roars of laughter by his style of playing; the one who made the most noise was considered the best fellow. One wagon contained a most magnificent affair, which seemed to be the representative of an imperial junk, or some such thing, with tawdry ornaments, the whole of which was encased in glass. Their most splendid exhibition was their grand banner, exhibiting hobgoblins, griffins and sprites, with a dragon lifting up his vast length to swallow the moon, which shone above. This magnificent affair, which cost \$700, was borne by a huge Chinaman, assisted by four pigmy brethren attired in a tasteful manner, waving their fans and swinging pigtails. Their whole show glittered with an endless variety of picturesque and showy displays. Firecrackers were let off by them during the march, and an amusing scramble occurred among the boys to obtain the unexploded. Notwithstanding all the national pride and patriotism exhibited, the day would have passed off rather dull without the aid of our Celestial friends."

In this connection, it will be of interest to know that at the Presidential election of 1852 votes were received from Chinese in San Francisco, as would be indicated by the following extract published in a journal of that city the day after the election:

"Chinese Voters.—The Celestials seemed to take but little interest in the grand operations of yesterday, preferring to give their attention to boiled rice and other luxuries rather than to the intricacies of political questions. A few qualified voters, however, gave in their suffrages for the old General (Scott), after ascertaining that he had done some service for his country—in which light his opponent did not stand."

NEW YORK LETTER.

Chauncey Depew—Jay Gould and the Elevated Railroad—State Camp of Instruction—Gen. Franz Sigel—Warm Weather.

[Special Correspondence of THEMIS.]

NEW YORK, June 25th.

The trial of the directors of the New York and New Haven railroad for the accident of last February brought quite a number of semi-conspicuous gentlemen to the front again. Of course Chauncey Depew was the principal figure. He is probably the best known man in New York city to-day, and his goings-outs and comings-in have the same attention accorded them as though he were of royal blood. One day this week a certain paper took sufficient interest in his movements to publish a paragraph to the effect that he wore a nobly straw hat on the day of the trial, quite a departure for the staid gentleman who presides over the destinies of the Vanderbilt system; a departure quite excusable, however, as the acquittal, although somewhat of a "Scotch verdict," practically establishes the precedent that the directors of a railroad are not responsible for faults in the management.

There is no question as to who is the philanthropist who is enjoying the advantages of the "L" road system of New York. Everyone knows of the little man with the brownish-grey whiskers, who has his office in the Western Union Telegraph building. But now there is another story going the rounds, that Jay Gould was not the author of the stilted system of rapid transit that rules the city, but that Rufus Gilbert was the father of the great enterprise. That he had met with great difficulties is well known, and at last died in poverty. His sister is the authority for the statement that the original charter papers were never carried out by the present elevated railroad company.

The State Camp of Instruction at Peekskill has a fascination for certain classes of people, notably the pretty girl, who is caught by the bright uniforms and accoutrements, and the war veteran, who thinks he can see in a camp organized on the principles of a city in peace times something resembling his experiences in "Dixey" during more troubled times. Nearly every day veterans in their uniforms visit the camp. The man who was at Gettysburg finds something to remind him of a story; the man who was at Fair Oaks explains how the camp compares in size and equipment with the camp of his time. The river reminds some of Port Hudson, and now and then some brother from the other side will be reminded of "our position at Mobile, sir."

A little old man was seen walking slowly down Park Row the other day, bent with age and bearing evidence of a life of toil and struggle. In the crowd of hurrying men, each intent on his own business, the little man was unnoticed, or only noted as being out of place in such surroundings. A man wearing a G. A. R. button in his coat lapel stopped suddenly and cried, "How do you do, General?" and then whispered a word—the name of a place or the number of a regiment—in the old man's ear. It was General Franz Sigel, a mere wreck of the stalwart leader of thirty years ago. The general stopped for a moment with his comrade and then started on his way, murmuring, "We're both getting old—both getting old." A sad commentary on the loss of his former energy.

With the advent of the warm weather the itinerant vender of cooling beverages and fruits becomes ubiquitous. There is scarcely a corner in New York below Fourteenth street but what is occupied by a vender of lemonade, "milk-shake" or fruit. The Georgian watermelon is once more in market and is the delight of the street Arab, as it is of his southern fellow. It is astonishing how much cooling fluid—soda, lemonade, iced milk and the like, to say nothing of beverages not so harmless—the average man can stand during the heated term. According to all other rules of hygiene, one-half the liquid absorbed daily should ruin the digestion of the strongest; but, somehow or other, that the average business man can defy the said laws and yet retain his health, is proved by the facts; for after all, there is a good deal of nonsense talked about the debilitating effect of our rapid American life. Take it all in all, it would be difficult to find a finer or more healthy set of men than can be seen in any gathering of representative business men. There is no doubt but that an equal number of farmers or laborers of the same age would present a far more worried, dispirited, not to say unhealthy look. The average length of life among professional and business men and their assistants compares very favorably with any other class of men, patent medicine advertisements to the contrary notwithstanding.

The neighboring city of Brooklyn has been quite lively of late, as though to disprove the allegation that it is a sleepy town. Within the month two handsome statues to prominent citizens—J. S. T. Stranahan and Henry Ward Beecher—have been unveiled, the latter with considerable ceremony and with the aid of the National Guard. The statue stands facing the city hall and is in every way a fit memorial of the great citizen it represents. The Brooklynites have also been indulging in a School of Pharmacy. Heretofore Philadelphia has been the headquarters for the pharmacists of the United States, the school in that city being considered second to none in the world. But now some of the best chemists and dealers in Brooklyn have procured a charter and launched a new school, under a management that bids fair to make it the equal of any, with a strong tendency to the best. Money has not been spared, and the faculty, as named in the prospectus, represents some of the best talent in this section of the country.

Among the many summer schools of instruction none is more needed than one that shall teach our New York Aldermen and our municipal authorities in general something about the history of the town in which they live. Ignorance makes the average Alderman dangerous. Some years ago the board voted to blot out the name of Chatham street—a name gratefully given to a noted thoroughfare more than a century ago, when the Earl of Chatham was fighting the battle of the colonies in the British Parliament. About the same time they baptized a future fashionable locality Coogan avenue, in honor of a defeated labor candidate for Mayor. Now they want to knock out Astor place, though the Astor Library stands sponsor for the name, and they hesitate to give to that part of Seventh avenue which extends above Central Park the name of Knowlton avenue, not knowing that it will emphasize a brilliant skirmish of the Revolutionary war in which the Americans triumphed, and will mark the spot where the gallant Colonel Knowlton, the friend of Washington, fell in the moment of victory. But great names in history (or, at least, American history) have no significance to the pothouse politicians who have climbed up into the council chairs that were once occupied by De Witt Clinton and men of his class.

It is amazing to see to what proportions the business of gathering newspaper clippings has grown. It began in a single room on Macdougal street. It now employs fifty pairs of hands, occupies the entire floor of a great building, and is only about four years old. This marvel of growth is due to the genius and energy of Mr. Romeike, who is by birth a Russian, but who has had all the spirit and push of a New England Yankee, plus the knowledge of men and affairs which European residence has given him. It is a great thing for the politician to have the comments of the press on his personality placed in his hands from day to day without having to wade through a mass of papers, and this is equally true of the actor, the star preacher, the financier and the professional beauty, all of whom come to the man of the shears to know what the world is saying about them. To literary men the bureau is simply invaluable. I found there the other day a dozen newspaper articles that I must otherwise have had copied from the files, and had I wanted all the articles printed in the last five years on snakes, parrots, dogs or anything else on or under the earth, I could have been supplied. The world is rapidly learning the value of this labor-saving machinery of scissors and paste pot, and presently will wonder how it ever managed to do without it.

The cable conduit for the Broadway line is completed on Seventh avenue between Fifty-first and Fifty-ninth streets, and is well under way as far down as Broadway and Twenty-third street. There are to be two power stations to drive the cable. The uptown station will be at the present car stables, Seventh avenue and Fifty-first street, covering the entire block, and the estimated maximum power is to be 1,400 horses. The principal power station will be at Broadway and Houston streets, and will have a maximum horse power of 2,200. When a cable road was first spoken of for Broadway I was of the opinion that it would be dangerous and a nuisance, but a recent visit to Chicago, and observations of how the cable works there, has made me an enthusiast in its behalf, even in the most crowded streets. It will be a blessing, because it will drive off Broadway the lumbering trucks and drays that now obstruct it, and will make that thoroughfare tenable only for cable cars and carriages—the vehicles of the rich and poor. As for the danger part of it, Broadway cannot possibly be made more difficult to cross than now, and to fall beneath a loaded truck means death as surely as if it were a cable car. Besides, New York would cheerfully sacrifice 100,000 of her surplus population for anything that promises more rapid transit than we now enjoy.

FLASHES.

Our city needs brains, and fewer fools.
Our Police Judge has a *fine* disposition.
Something of "deep" interest—our gas well.
An honorable enemy would make a good friend.
It is rare that a man squanders hard-earned money.
The less some men know, the more they assume to know.
A rum blossom does not have to be watered to make it grow.
The fashionable woman is not always correct in her habits.
The devil often sits in the pulpit while the preacher discourses.
Dogs and men have summer pants—the dog has fits sometimes.
Telegraph operators always have their work at their fingers' ends.
It is very much easier for the average man to make a sacrifice for a friend than it is to resist telling him afterward that it was a sacrifice.
They say that a woman cannot reason, but as long as she has her faculty of intuition she seems to get along all right. Besides, she can usually get a man to reason for her.

The Day We Celebrate.

To day, wherever there is an American, he will find some manner of giving vent to his patriotism. Throughout the United States Old Glory will be flung to the breeze and our natal day celebrated. The snap of firecrackers and whizz of small fireworks will be heard and seen in the most remote corners of the country. Every hamlet, village, town and city will witness some form of patriotic celebration. This day may be classed as the anniversary of another great event: When the nation was in the throes of internal strife the two great armies of the North and South met on July 1, 1863, at Gettysburg, where the din of battle and the clash of arms continued for three days; but on the morning of July 4th the tidings of victory for the arms of the nation was heralded throughout a grateful country. To-day we are at peace with the world and in harmony at home. While there occasionally appears a few sparks of discord in some of the ultra sections of the South, there is a general sentiment of American patriotism. In Sacramento we will have an old-time patriotic celebration, with parade, oration, mimic and everything that tends to arouse the spirit of "76." Let young and old America have full sway to-day.

Home Again.

Judge Charles N. Post has returned from a trip through the Eastern States. He reports his visit to have been enjoyable, and complains only that it was too brief. Perhaps it is unfortunate that he happened to reach home at this particular time, when about all the business one can attend to is to try and keep cool and comfortable.

A Curious Chemical Anomaly.

An astonishing result was reached by Dr. Richardson, the English expert physiologist, in some experiments on the respiration of animals confined in pure oxygen. In most cases a steady flow of fresh oxygen rendered the animals confined in it excited and feverish, and none were quieted or made sleepy. When, however, the oxygen, after having been passed once through the chambers containing the animals, was collected, purified and again used, all the warm-blooded animals, such as dogs, cats, guinea pigs, rabbits, etc., became drowsy and fell quietly asleep; and when the gas was again used after another purification, the sleep became deeper, and some of the animals soon died. The oxygen appeared chemically pure at each time of using, and the cause of its remarkable change in effect is as yet a mystery. Whether some peculiar modification of oxygen takes place during respiration, or whether the toxic properties are due to some active product of respiration which has escaped detection in the inhaled gas, is a problem which will doubtless be studied with much interest.

He Made Lovely Suveener.

A stout and very red-faced woman of middle age, liberally besprinkled with diamonds, alighted from an oppressively new victoria the other day in front of a swell jewelry shop on Broadway. She stared a long time at a collection of odd spoons in the window and then sallied in and up to the nearest clerk.
"What kind of spoons are them?" she demanded, sticking a pudgy forefinger at the article in question.
"Those are souvenir spoons, madame," politely replied the clerk.
"Indade," said madame, drawing in her breath. "Well, you may just do me up a dozen of them. Our new Frinch cook makes lovely suveener."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The splendid play of *Men and Women*, written by Belasco and De Mille, was presented last night by Frohman's talented company. With such sterling artists as De Belleville, Mordaunt, Kennedy, Morris, Allen and Buckstone as the men, and Misses Sydney Armstrong, Odette Tyler, Maude Adams, Annie Adams, Adela Measor, Etta Hawkins and Kate Massi as the women, a fine rendition must have been expected. The grand situations and sensations of this drama as portrayed by this company brings us to realize what can be done with a good play in the hands of artists. It would be unjust to individualize; the work was perfect; the audience delighted. This afternoon *Men and Women* will be repeated at the matinee. To night Sardou's famous *Diplomacy* will be given.

"There are only four eggs of the great auk now in this country," says an oölogist, "and they are valued at \$500 each. It seems odd to think of a bird becoming extinct, but no one has seen a Labrador duck, either, since 1856. There are five mounted specimens in existence, but none of the eggs are extant. Kirtland's warbler is another bird that is rare. Until recently but seven had ever been captured, and these were all found in a region near Cleveland, Ohio, less than a mile square. Specimens were worth \$160 apiece. But a little while ago a naturalist who chanced to visit the Bahama Islands, came upon a colony of the birds, and knowing what a mine he had struck, shot about twenty and took them to this country. When he began to unload, the story came out and the market sagged, so that now you can get a Kirtland for \$5 or \$6. The Connecticut warbler is another bird of interest to oölogists, because no one has yet seen its eggs. It passes up the Mississippi river in the early spring, and probably mates far in the interior of British North America, and goes south in the fall by the way of the Atlantic seaboard. If anyone can find the nest of this little fellow, with four eggs in it, it will be \$200 in his pocket."

People's Savings Bank

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND HAS BEEN DECLARED BY THE People's Savings Bank for the term ending June 30, 1891, at the rate of five and one-third (5 1/3) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on or after July 3, 1891.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of George H. Appel, an insolvent debtor. George H. Appel, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said George H. Appel is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the county of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 7th day of August, 1891, at one o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.
Dated, June 30th, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
PHILIP S. DRIVER, Attorney for Insolvent. jy4-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of N. IRWIN, an insolvent debtor.—N. Irwin having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said N. Irwin is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said N. Irwin, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 7th day of August, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.
W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated June 29th, 1891.
JAMES B. DEVINE, Attorney for Petitioner. jy4-5t

1776.

1891.

The Fourth



GRAND PARADE

AND

Literary Exercises.

GRAND MARSHAL,

MAJOR W. H. SHERBURN.

CHIEF OF STAFF,

MAJOR JOHN A. SHEEHAN.

Division Marshals:

FIRST DIVISION.....O. W. EARLEWINE

SECOND DIVISION.....J. J. MCKINNON

THIRD DIVISION.....PERRY CURTIS

ROUTE OF PROCESSION:

Procession moves at 10 o'clock sharp—from Sixth and M streets, to Tenth, to J, to Second, to K, to Tenth, to M, countermarch to Third, drawn up in line in review.

FIRST DIVISION.

Patrol of Police.
Hussars, Captain Schumacher commanding, acting as escort to first division.
Grand Marshal and Aids.
Brigadier-General T. W. Sheehan and Staff.
Signal Corps.
First Artillery Regiment Band.
Colonel J. W. Guthrie and Staff.
First Artillery Regiment, Mounted Battery on left.

SECOND DIVISION.

Mexican War Veterans.
Grand Army Posts.
"Goddess of Liberty," escorted by the Sons of Veterans.
President of the Day, Hon. J. W. Armstrong.
Orator, Frank L. Coombs.
Reader, S. Luke Howe.

Literary Committee.

State, County and City Officials and Citizens.

THIRD DIVISION.

Hussar Band.
Fire Department.
Trades' Display.

LITERARY EXERCISES.

(To be held in Assembly Chamber.)

1. Orchestra.
2. Introduction of the President of the Day, Hon. J. W. Armstrong, by Mayor Comstock.
3. Invocation, by Rev. Jos. Levy.
4. "Anvil Chorus"—Mesdames Bonnheim, Pinkham, Ross, Howard, Larkin and Carter, and Messrs. Beaumont, Cohn, Ashworth, Beardslee, Crocker and Phillips.
5. Reading of Declaration of Independence, by S. Luke Howe.
6. "Star Spangled Banner," by the Twelve; solo by Mrs. A. Bonnheim.
7. Oration, by Hon. Frank L. Coombs, of Napa.
8. "Red, White and Blue," by the Twelve; solo by Mrs. Addie Carter.
9. Prayer, by Rev. Winfield S. Hoskinson.

NATIONAL SALUTES

Will be fired by a detachment of Battery "B," First Artillery Regiment, N. G. C., at sunrise and sunset.

In the afternoon there will be an

Exhibition by the Athletic Club

At Clunie Opera House.

By order.

W. H. SHERBURN,

Grand Marshal.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Emile Cavellier, Wm. T. Hynes and David M. Bemus, greeting.

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 23d day of June, 1891, in which action GEO. SMITH is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To determine the adverse claims of the defendants, and each of them, to the north half of the east sixty feet and the east fifty feet of the south eighty feet of lot two, in block between I and J, 3d and 4th streets, in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and for costs of suit; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take default against you and each of you, and apply to the Court for the relief prayed for.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 23d day of June, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
J. W. ARMSTRONG, Attorney for Plaintiff. je27-9t

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Grand Humboldt & Co.
Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

Curiosity—Mythology.

There was a beautiful maiden named Semele, whose mother, Hermione, was a child of Venus. Semele was a favorite of Zeus, and a right lovely maiden she was. The god used secretly to visit this young girl, but after awhile he was discovered by his wife, the amiable Juno. She, however, was not willing that her husband should love anyone but herself, and contrived a stratagem for the destruction of her rival. One day as Semele was sitting at her spindle she was surprised by the appearance of an old woman whom she had never seen before.

"My dear," said the old crone, in a cracked voice, "I notice among the youths that come to see you from time to time one of very noble aspect, who seems to be rather superior to the rest. Would you mind telling me his name?"

"Why," replied Semele, "it is a secret, but if you're sure you'll never tell—well, it's Jupiter himself, the great king of the gods!"

"Pie, you silly creature," responded the old dame, with a leer, "do you suppose you can make me believe such stuff as that? Some people are just vain enough to imagine that the gods themselves would fall in love with them."

"Well," said poor Semele, "if you could only catch a sight of his face and hear his golden speech, you'd believe what I tell you."

"Now, for all that, you are either trying to impose upon me, or are yourself deceived. But you can very quickly prove to us both whether this smart young fellow is indeed King Jove."

"How?" eagerly asked Semele, who, by the way, had some doubts herself on the subject, though she would not have confessed them.

"The next time he comes to see you just ask him to visit you as he is in the habit of showing himself to Juno, clothed in all the splendors of the godhead. But, all the same, I don't believe it is he," croaked the old dame as she hobbled away.

The young girl agreed, and awaited with impatience the arrival of her visitor, who was to call upon her that evening. When he came she could hardly wait for a good opportunity to prefer her request; but presently she asked him if he would do something for her. He, delighted to have an opportunity of showing his love, quickly assented, and asked what it was.

"Ah," said Semele, "that you shall not know until you have sworn to me that you will surely do it."

"But how can I swear until I know what it is?" asked the god.

"Well, you don't love me if you won't promise me just this one little favor," pouted the girl.

She seemed so distressed that at length Jove reluctantly consented, and pledged himself with the irrevocable oath, calling upon the dreadful Styx to witness. Semele then made known her request, and no sooner had she spoken the words than Jupiter at once saw that it was a fatal one. But it was too late to help matters, for, god as he was, he could neither undo his promise nor declare unsaid that which he had spoken; for, you know, "three things come not back: a spent arrow, a spoken word and a lost opportunity." He therefore hurried away to Olympus and there clothed himself in splendor, putting on his terrible glory and mounting his chariot of fire, with the thunder in one hand and the lightning in the other. Thus panoplied he entered the bower of Semele. The sight was too much for the poor mortal and she was immediately consumed to ashes. Thus was Juno revenged, for it was she who, in the guise of the old woman, had suggested this course to the hapless maiden.

This story teaches us how foolish it is to ask for things unconditionally, without finding out first whether or not they are for our good, or trusting to the wisdom of those who know better than we. It also shows how absurd were the ideas of the ancients concerning their deities, for if Jupiter had been a real god he would not only have known what mischief his wife was planning, but would also have known, before she had made it, what the request of Semele would be, for we are taught that "the Lord knoweth the thoughts of men;" and again, our God declares, "before they call I will answer, and while they are speaking I will hear."

Following Legal Advice.

One of the cleverest lawyers in Paris was M. Henri de Mersac. He was about 30, and handsomer than his fellow-countrymen usually are. He was unmarried, and no fair citizeness had gained the citadel of his affections.

"An incorrigible old bachelor," the Parisians said, shaking their heads.

Lawyer de Mersac was well read in his profession, and there was scarcely a law in the statute books that he did not have at his tongue's end. One night as well have expected the Arc de Triomphe to tip over and fall to the pavement with a crash as to expect to see such a clever sprig of the law as Henri de Mersac tricked at his own game by another.

One day a very handsome young girl called

to see the famous lawyer and stated her business as follows:

"Monsieur, I am greatly in love with a young man, but he is cold and does not apparently care for me as much as I could wish. So I wish to know if I can marry him against his will in some way? Can I do this?"

De Mersac looked with some interest at this extraordinary client. He saw that she was about 19, a brunette like most of his countrywomen, but far prettier than the average, with a form as lovely as her face. Her beauty was heightened now by a charming blush which suffused her face as she stated her business to the lawyer, who thought that the young man in question was rather hard to suit in sweethearts.

"Yes, mademoiselle, he said you can easily accomplish the object you wish to. All that is necessary is for you to remain on two separate occasions alone with the young man you desire to marry, then go before a magistrate and swear that he is your lover, with witnesses to back you up, and the individual will then either have to become your husband or go to prison."

"That is all, monsieur."

"That is all. By the way, what is the name of this young man whom you wish to render happy in spite of himself?"

"I will tell you at my next visit, monsieur!" answered the maiden, who quitted his presence, promising to call again a week later.

When she called again the lawyer was alone in his office as before, his errand boy and clerk happening to be out on business. De Mersac was much interested in his strange client, and eagerly awaited further developments from her.

The damsel, however, was in no hurry to enlighten him. It was in the summer and the weather was oppressively warm, and the fair girl seemed exhausted by it. She threw herself on a lounge and fanned herself vigorously, but this evidently not sufficing she loosened her dress at the bust a trifle.

"Well, mademoiselle," said De Mersac at last, "how is our affair progressing?"

"Oh, swimmingly, monsieur, thank you! I availed myself of your excellent advice, and have been alone with my intended on several occasions, and I have witnesses to prove it."

"Bravo! mademoiselle," said the lawyer, approvingly. "That's the way to do it. Now tell me the name of this obstinate fellow who seems to be insensible to your charms. Zounds! where is the fellow's taste?"

"Do you really want to know his name, monsieur?" asked the damsel, ignoring the lawyer's compliments.

"Why, yes; tell it at once."

"Well, then, monsieur," said his companion, as she laughed bewitchingly in the lawyer's face, "the young man I wish to marry in spite of himself is named Henri de Mersac—yourself. I followed your excellent advice, and have been on two separate occasions alone with you, which my witnesses below will testify to in any law court. You see, I have played my cards well, monsieur," and the clever damsel blushed and laughed as she surveyed the dumbfounded lawyer.

De Mersac realized that she had indeed played her cards well—too well, in fact, for him.

He had no recourse but to marry her, which he did, and, strange to say, he found his wife to be a perfect treasure, and they adore each other.

A Monster Vessel of Olden Times.
Ptolemaeus Philopater, one of the ancient kings of Egypt, is said to have built a vessel 420 feet long, 56 feet broad, 72 feet high from the keel to the top of the prow, and 80 feet to the top of the poop. She had four helms of 60 feet; her largest oars were 56 feet long, with leaden handles, so as to be more easily worked; she had two prows, two sterns and seven *rostra*, or beaks. On both poop and prow she had figures of men and animals that were fully 18 feet high. She had 4,000 rowers, 400 cabin boys or servants, 2,820 marines to do duty on deck, besides being provided with immense stores of arms and provisions.

Not long since an eyeless babe was born in New York. Now Arkansas reports a midget with neither arms, legs, nor under jaw. It is time for science to advance beyond such trite processes as transfusion of blood and transplantation of brain, and seriously consider the subject of fragmentary citizenship. Under the constitution the partial remittances above noted, having been born in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are American citizens, and an American citizen in a piecemeal state is incompatible with our national dignity. Out of the immense number of persons who ought to be abolished for their country's good the requisite eyes, legs, and jaw to fit out our fragmentary infants should be readily obtainable; if not, the art of grafting is so ample that there is no excuse for not budding the sans legs of Arkansas on the sans eyes of New York, and thus making one more perfect citizen.

A good man once into politics went,
By a singular freak of fate,
And he looked the whole field of politics o'er,
But he never could find his mate.

UNION ICE COMPANY

ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH

Pure Mountain Ice

NEW QUARTERS:

521 AND 523 I STREET.

CHARLES SELLINGER, Agent.



PANTS TO ORDER
\$3.50 to \$13.50
SUITS TO ORDER
\$15.00 to \$50.00
1000 Patterns to Select from.
GABEL the TAILOR
426 J STREET.

D. J. MANNIX,

Contractor of Plastering

Kalsomining and Repairing

In all its branches.

Insulation of Steam Pipes and Boilers a Specialty.

Center Pieces, Brackets, and all kinds of Plaster Ornaments for sale.

Residence, 2215 O St.

Shop, 1220 J St.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K.

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a thorough education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of Iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening, Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than

J. SLAUGHTER, Sixth and M streets.

Telephone 318.

E. JAY SWANSON.

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

OPERA HOUSE

CANDY, ICE CREAM AND SODA PARLORS, 813 K street.

R. P. PEDLAR, Proprietor.

THE

Bell Conservatory Co.

SACRAMENTO.



Floral Work and Plant Decoration

A SPECIALTY.

Telephone No. 155.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers

and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar Floors, Fence Coping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J

SACRAMENTO.

M. DUFFY,

Manufacturer of

Carriages, Wagons, Carts, Etc.

REPAIRING

Done at Short Notice. All Work Warranted.

1111-1113 J Street, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. M. MORRISON,

Southeast Cor. Twelfth and E Streets,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

General Merchandise.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

A-Friendly Hand.

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feelin' kind of blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, oh, my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear drops start,
And you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart.

You can't look up an' meet his eyes; you don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses; but a good world after all.

And a good God must have made it—least-ways, that's what I say
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

An Aunt's Warning.

"Auntie! oh, Auntie! I am going to have a coming-out party, and so everything must be splendid, you know; and I am going to wear the loveliest white silk dress, and have smilax and white roses in my hair and to trim my dress. Oh, won't it be elegant?"

These were the words with which pretty Bessie Lovell greeted her invalid aunt as she danced into that lady's room and threw herself into an easy chair.

Bessie was a very handsome girl. Her curly hair was of a golden color and peeped from beneath her hat in picturesque confusion. Rather tall and very slender, every movement seemed the embodiment of grace.

As her gentle, white-haired aunt looked at her, something in Bessie's face and manner reminded her of her own happy girlhood and its tragic end. While Bessie was chatting away merrily of the coming party and all the expected delights of the winter, her aunt was revolving in her mind as to whether or not she should relate to the gay young girl her own sad experience, as a warning to her now that she was about to enter the social world. Finally she decided to do so, and she said, in her kind, gentle way: "Well, Bessie, I am going to tell you something about my girlhood. As you already know, I was the only daughter of a wealthy banker, who granted my every wish. My mother allowed me to dress as I chose, and I always wore the richest materials, made in the most fashionable and becoming ways. I was really a very pretty girl. My coal-black hair I usually caught up with a single gold dart, and my red cheeks formed a pretty contrast to my black hair and eyes. I was animated and gay and inclined to be rather coquettish; consequently I received a great deal of attention from my gentlemen friends, and I was the acknowledged leader among the girls.

"Of all the young men I knew there was one that I was very fond of, and he was perfectly devoted to me. His name was Arthur. We were engaged, but my parents objected to my marrying anyone while so young—I was only 18—so they made us promise to wait two years. In the meantime we were together as much as possible and spent the time much as other young and happy lovers do, in boating, rowing, riding, driving and dancing. The summer following our engagement a young lady cousin of Arthur's came to make him and his people a visit. She was a handsome brunette, essentially a man's beauty, and attractive in every way. Although Arthur treated me just the same as ever, still I fancied that he was too attentive to his cousin.

"He used to take her out a great deal, and they always appeared to be enjoying themselves very much. Well, one week Arthur did not come near me for four whole days, and I jealously imagined that he was so occupied with his cousin that he could not spare the time to come and see me, and I became very angry and resolved to have absolutely nothing more to do with him.

"Accordingly, the next day, when he came in, happy and light-hearted, bringing with him a very large bouquet of smilax and white roses, and saying, 'My darling, it seems like ages since I saw you last,' at the same time dropping the flowers in my lap, I simply said, coldly, 'I would like to know whose fault it was but your own.' Then in my anger I flung the flowers from me and forbade him ever to speak to me again or to recognize me in any way.

"In vain the poor fellow tried to explain. I would not hear a word, but insisted on breaking our engagement, and, pulling off my ring, I threw it at him.

"He took no notice of it, but looking right at me, said: 'Bessie, do you really mean what you say?'

"I told him 'Yes,' and he went away, saying that I would be sorry some time.

"It was a terrible day; the wind was blowing very hard and the lake was extremely rough. After awhile I went to the window and looked out. To my horror I saw a little boat, with a single person in it, tossing on the waves. I felt sure that it was Arthur, and I called and waved to him wildly, but he did not answer. By this time

others had observed the boat, but they could do absolutely nothing to save him.

"The strongest boat could live but a few minutes in those angry waters. The terrible grief—the thought that I had killed my best friend, was too much for me. For days and days I was very ill; my life just hung in the balance between life and death; the loss of my reason was feared. At last I began to slowly recover.

"I then learned that Arthur's body had been found.

"He was buried in the prettiest spot in the cemetery, under a beautiful elm tree.

"I afterwards found out that he had been too ill to leave the house those four days, and that his cousin was engaged to a city man all the time, and so my jealous doubts were utterly groundless.

"This is the reason, Bessie, that your aunt is to-day a lonely, sad old woman. I have told you this, my dear, that you may profit by my experience and not run the risk of ever doing the same yourself."

A Study in Philology.

"How do you suppose the slang term 'he's got his skates on,' meaning a man has taken too much liquor, originated?" asked the inquisitive man.

"It was born in my town," said the solemn young Philadelphian, "a year or two ago. There was a fellow in our set at that time—fact he's still keeping up his record—who answered to the nick-name of William the Third. It is not because he is taciturn, phlegmatic, or in other ways resembles the Prince of Orange that he wears that name, you can bet, for a livelier or lighter chaser of rainbow pleasures never broke a bottle with the boys. One night, I remember, he engaged with several congenial spirits in the merry sport of emptying champagne bottles to the tune of six quarts an hour. This naturally produced a plethora of exhilaration in the party before very long, and William the Third, I regret to say, became so manifestly incapable of steering a straight course that his companions charitably conducted him to a secluded corner of a convenient club and left him there to make repairs with sleep.

"When William awoke some time later the first thing he did was to procure from the steward of the club a block of ice. Then he hired a porter to carry it around to his rooms in a neighboring apartment house. The porter carried it to the foot of the stairs and left it there, much to William's disgust, who proceeded to have a terrible time taking the 50-pound block of ice to his rooms. Finally he succeeded after three attempts, in one of which the ice fell down three flights of stairs and collided with a married sister of William, who was on her way to call upon him. She retired in disgust.

"His idea originally in getting the ice was to produce a large quantity of some cooling beverage. As he entered the room with the ice, however, he knocked down a pair of skates that hung on the wall, and an idea and the steel blades struck him simultaneously. The former was that he could cool off better if he put on skates and rested his feet on the ice. It was a red-hot day in July. He buckled on the skates, seated himself in an easy chair, and with the rapidly melting ice as a footstool, went to sleep. An hour later his cronies found him still asleep with the skates resting on the wet carpet. Since then many a follower in William's footsteps has been charitably covered with the euphemistic phrase 'he's got his skates on,' and it may be said to be a monument in words to the hilarious Philadelphian."

Food for Reflection.

Don't keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead.

Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happy by them.

The kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them.

I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower—a funeral without an eulogy—than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy.

Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial.

Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit.

Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward on the weary way.

Minerva (looking up from her reading)—Aunt Fidelia, the Æsculapian attributes rheumatism to a pathogenic micro-organism which under certain favorable conditions is received and propagated. Aunt Fidelia—I don't believe a word of it. I have had the rheumatism twenty years and I never saw a sign of the creature yet.

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 quarts of cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten with the spoon of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience, let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the home of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on a drink from

THE VIDETTE,

228 J STREET, NEAR THIRD, C. A. VIEMEISTER.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

Always a FINE LUNCH on the Counter.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

Grahler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS

LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 Fourth St., bet. J and K, Sacramento.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET,

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO.

WENT T. CROWELL & CO.

Real Estate and General

AUCTIONEERS

Salesroom: 817 J Street.

J. SCHACHT,

DEALER IN

FAMILY GROCERIES

Provisions, Flour,

Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco

Southeast Corner Second and M Sts.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

Orders Solicited.

C. T. MILLIKIN,

DENTIST,

1008 Eighth Street,

Between J and K,

Over Dr. W. A. Hughson's office.

A. L. HART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON.

ALBERT M. JOHNSON.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,

LAWYERS.

504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR.,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLOMON HOLL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,

LAWYERS,
Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,

LAWYER,
Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,

LAWYER,
920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney).

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Platonic Friendship.

Platonic friendship between a man and a woman can exist. It exists many times until the man is foolish enough to tell her a love story of his own—and some other woman. It is hard to tell why it is so, but a woman does so hate to hear that their "platonic" friend could love someone else and never has thought of falling in love with her. I overheard a woman telling another woman all about it the other day. They were at a table back of me in a restaurant. She said:

"We have been the best of friends for years. I had never thought of being in love with him nor he with me. If I wanted to go anywhere and had no one to escort me I would always send for him, and he seemed so pleased to come. I never thought that he had no other lady friends; still he never seemed to be tied down to anyone. Then to have him come and tell me all about his having been engaged to that woman all that time! I will never forgive him for it. And, indeed, I'll not call upon her. He is at liberty to marry and marry her or anyone else, but he need not think I am willing to take up any woman simply because he is in love with her. He might have told me of it sooner, then I would not have presumed in the way I have. Men are so conceited. Without doubt he has been thinking I've been on the verge of loving him, if I haven't already. He is the only platonic friend I ever had, and I don't want another."—*Teresa Dean, in Chicago Herald.*

The History of Kissing.

The mutual kiss of affection or passion by the lips between persons of opposite sex is generally considered to be instinctive. Reichenbach sought to explain it on the theory that the mouth was the focus of his "odde force," and that these two foci of opposite sexes possessed natural attraction to each other. The fact that the mutual kiss between opposite sexes is not general among the tribes of men is abundantly shown by the observation of travelers in the lands where savagery and barbarism still exist. Where it is now practiced it is not probably of great antiquity. In some languages, notably the Japanese, there is no word for kiss. When, however, the kiss was introduced to include women, its vogue, like that of other new inventions, was carried to excess. According to the chronicle of Winsensius it was unknown in England until the Princess Rowena, the daughter of King Hengist of Friesland, instructed the insular Vortigern in the imported salute. Though the Saxon statistics are not probably exact, it is historical that in England, not many years ago, it would have been the imperative duty of a visitor to kiss all the ladies of the household, even without previous acquaintance. Such was the experience of many surprised literary foreigners, notably Erasmus. The contemporary drama shows the usage to have lasted into the Georgian era, and it is to be noticed that the performance was generally called a "salute," sometimes "the salute."

"What was the most unequal conquest mentioned in the Bible?" asked the athlete at the table. The boarders all suspended operations with the knife and fork, racked their brains, but could not guess. "Tell us," they cried in unison. "'The mustard seed sprang up and waxed a great tree.' Don't you remember reading it?" he asked in great surprise.

THE PASTEUR GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER, WHEN FOR a trifling amount expended in the purchase of one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JUST RECEIVED.

A NEW AND COMPLETE LINE OF PURSES AND CARD CASES, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

H. WACHHORST

Leading Jeweler of Sacramento

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,

No. 315 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!



J. R. HODSON, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICA

Studio, 521 J Street.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co. FRED. SCHNEIDER

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

R. DAVIS, NOTARY PUBLIC, Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh,
Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J Street, Sacramento.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,
Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,
SACRAMENTO.

FRED. SCHREIER,

TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BET. Q AND R,

CEMENT SIDEWALKS,

Garden Walks, Carriage Drives, Etc., constructed
at shortest notice, in the most workman-like
manner and at lowest rates.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.
Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-
ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS
AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

Telephone No. 41.

J. H. MIDDLEMASS.

J. H. DOLAN

DOLAN & MIDDLEMASS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES, Produce and Provisions,

Northwest Corner of Seventh and N Streets,
SACRAMENTO.

GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.

Telephone 248.

PACIFIC HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of
Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

June 25, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6-30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11-15 A
3-05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8-10 P
12-50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4-20 A
4-30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7-00 P
7-00 P	Knight's Landing and Marysville	7-25 A
10-50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9-35 A
12-05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2-25 A
11-00 I	Central Atlantic Express	8-15 A
3-00 P	Ogden and East	10-30 A
3-00 P	Oroville	10-30 A
3-00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10-30 A
10-40 A	Redding via Willows	4-00 P
2-50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11-40 A
4-35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12-30 A
6-30 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11-15 A
8-40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10-40 P
3-05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8-10 P
10-00 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2-00 P
10-50 A	San Jose	2-50 P
4-30 P	Santa Barbara	9-35 A
6-30 A	Santa Rosa	11-15 A
3-05 P	Santa Rosa	8-10 P
8-50 A	Stockton and Galt	7-00 P
4-30 P	Stockton and Galt	9-35 A
12-05 P	Truckee and Reno	2-25 A
11-00 P	Truckee and Reno	8-15 A
6-30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2-30 P
6-30 A	Vallejo	11-15 A
3-05 P	Vallejo	11-15 A
6-35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2-40 P
*3-10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11-35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday ex-
cepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Draws Exchange on all the Principal Cities
of the World.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

R. A. OLMSTED.

S. P. OLMSTED.

Fourth Street Cash Grocery

R. A. OLMSTED & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Fruits and Vegetables, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain,
and all kinds of Mill Stuffs.

Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos.

400 L Street, S. E. cor. Fourth, Sacramento.

Fresh Butter and Eggs a Specialty. Goods deliv-
ered free of charge to any part of the City, R. R.
depot or Steamboat landing. Highest price paid for
Country Produce.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, AND

JEWELRY.

UNCLE ICK'S, 302 K Street, Sacramento.

THEMIS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1891.

No. 21.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

There was a time in the history of THEMIS when we felt extremely lonesome—the time when of the journals of this city we stood alone in advocating the granting of franchises to the "Electric Street Railway" and to the "Electric Lighting Company." Our readers will recollect that both franchises were granted against determined opposition; particularly was this the case with the "Lighting franchise." Our contemporaries have come to see that the position of this paper was correct, and that the granting of these franchises has resulted in the modernization of the city and in substantial benefit to the people. The patronage the Central Street Railroad is receiving practically demonstrates the feeling of appreciation the public has for the magnificent system the company has put in operation; it will not be contended that much good resulted from the introduction of the new lighting system and of electric moters. As an example of the utility and economy of the application of electric power, we instance that the printing presses in this office are driven by an electric engine, steam has been dispensed with; beside the job printing done, three journals are published from our presses. It is gratifying to us we are not now lonesome, for our contemporaries have of late been vying with each other in demanding the granting of additional franchises for street railway lines, by the Trustees. We can but repeat that for which we have always contended: That the Trustees should make these grants under reasonable and just limitations. It is manifest that Mr. Carey will, if proper encouragement is given him, extend his street railway lines and equip them with new rolling stock propelled by mechanical power. It is also apparent that the Central Railroad people contemplate extensions and improvements.

We cannot see why the Trustees should decline to act in matters so manifestly beneficial to the people. It is not at all unusual to hear favorable comment by strangers of the "J" street road. The operation of those lines has disproved the doleful predictions made at the time they were proposed. We remember some of the more sympathetic were fearful that the projectors of the enterprise would lose money; others opposed it that the poles would be unsightly, while others were alarmed that persons might catch hold of the wires and be killed. The result has been the road has paid, and no one has been killed; there has been furnished most excellent accommodation to the large population who have made their homes in the eastern and southern portions of the city, and it is but reasonable to suppose that the population in those sections will constantly increase. People must be educated to use street railroads, and they are apt pupils. In San Francisco few think of walking any considerable distance. The history of this city is showing an approach to the same custom. The first street railway was built in early days for a short distance up "I" street. We are told the rails were of strap iron spiked down to timber stringers. It was a primitive affair, and of short life. Later on the line now owned by Mr. Carey was partially constructed, and under several different managements; it was perhaps not self-sustaining. The energy of its present owner has much increased its trackage and its general accommodation, and it is now a good

piece of property. It is but natural since the establishment of the electric road that the old line must be improved, and of course it will be if its owner is not hampered by impolitic action or non-action of the Trustees. We congratulate the people that upon these matters the press has at last become united, and for ourselves feel we will not again be compelled to make a lone fight against our more pretentious contemporaries.

Hannibal Hamlin, the fifteenth Vice-President of the United States, died at Bangor, Maine, on the night of July 4th, at the age of 82 years. Twenty-two men have filled the second executive place since the establishment of the American government; all are dead except the present incumbent, Mr. Morton. John Adams reached the greatest age of those who filled the office—ninety. William A. Wheeler was the youngest, dying at the age of 41. There is something of coincidence in the dates of death of our executive heads. Jefferson and John Adams died on the same day—July 4, 1826; Monroe died July 4, 1831; and now Mr. Hamlin dies on the anniversary of Independence Day in 1891. Many of the Vice-Presidents aspired to the presidency, yet in but three instances did the people make the promotion—the cases of John Adams, Jefferson, and Van Buren. Fillmore and Breckenridge did secure Presidential nominations, but suffered defeat. Mr. Hamlin was the last to survive of those who ran before the people for national office in 1860. In that year four tickets were presented: The Republican, with Abraham Lincoln for President and Hamlin for the second place; the Northern Democrats named Stephen A. Douglas and Herschell V. Johnson; the Southern Democrats John C. Breckenridge and Joseph Lane; and the Union Constitutional party John Bell and Edward Everett. Thirty-one years seems short; however, few who were prominent actors then now live. Every member of President Lincoln's cabinet is dead; the two selected to be Vice-Presidents under him have passed away. There are now living but two ex-Presidents—Hayes and Cleveland. As a stepping stone to the presidency the office of Secretary of State ranks higher than that of Vice-President. It had been filled by Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams second, Van Buren, and Buchanan. Mr. Hamlin lived to a ripe age; his life was useful; he filled distinguished place modestly and satisfactorily.

There is an indefinite idea among the masses of the powers and duties of the new Circuit Court of Appeals. Congress at its last session passed an Act to relieve the over-burdened Supreme Court, and provided for the facilitating of judicial business. The judicial power of the United States extends to all cases of treaties, and all cases arising under the Constitution; to all cases affecting ambassadors, public ministers and consuls; to controversies between States, between citizens of different States, between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different States, or between the State or a citizen thereof, and foreign States, citizens, or subjects. Up to the passage of the Act creating the new court, the Federal Supreme Court had exclusive final appellate jurisdiction in all cases excepting cases affecting ambassadors, public ministers and consuls, and those in which a State is a party. In these cases the Constitution confers original jurisdiction. The late Act of Congress takes away all appellate jurisdiction from the former Circuit Courts, and transfers it to the Supreme Court, or the Circuit Court of Appeals. Appeals must now be taken from the District and Cir-

cuit Courts to the Supreme Court in all cases where the jurisdiction of the court is in issue, in appeals from final decrees, in prize cases, in convictions of capital or infamous crimes, in cases involving constitutional questions or treaties, and in cases where the Constitution or law of any State is claimed to contravene the Federal Constitution. Subject to this exclusive jurisdiction, the decrees of the Circuit Court of Appeals are final in all cases where the jurisdiction is dependent upon the opposite parties to the litigation being aliens and citizens of the United States, or citizens of different States. These decrees are final in all cases arising under the patent laws, under the revenue laws, criminal laws, and in admiralty cases. This jurisdiction of the Circuit Court of Appeals is great in its extent. When the Supreme Court has cleared its present calendar, the jurisdiction will be confined to international and constitutional questions and high crimes. Hereafter there will be nine Circuit Courts attending to the business which has heretofore clogged the administration of justice. The result will be a prompt hearing of that class of cases which have heretofore been delayed by the great volume of judicial business. Nine of the great powers of the Federal Supreme Court have been taken away. Only final appellate jurisdiction has been given the new courts; certiorari and writs of review lie from the Circuit Court of Appeals to the Supreme Court in proper cases. The clear and lucid provisions of the Act of Congress creating these new courts will relieve the court and the bar from much labor, and hasten litigation to an end. The President will not appoint the nine Circuit Judges until next December. It will probably be two years before the full benefit of the law will be felt.

Some little has been said that there should be erected in this county a new court-house. It is certainly much needed. The present building was not constructed for court-house purposes, but for a State Capitol, and in a very early day. Years later, when the present Capitol was occupied, there was a remodeling of the court-house building; it was raised, a jail built beneath it, and the partitions in the upper stories changed, to in a measure adjust the building for the purposes for which it has since been used. As it has since been, the prison is beneath the two court-rooms and some of the offices, and as the condition now is, there are over seventy prisoners confined in the jail at night. The atmosphere in the rooms above, particularly in the morning, is certainly not conducive to healthfulness. The jail is kept as cleanly as possible, but there can be no such a thing as preventing the prison smells from permeating the court-rooms above, in which, at times, large numbers of citizens assemble. If the county authorities should determine to erect modernized public buildings, the jail should be made separate from the general building. It is a rule in sanitary science that where large numbers of people are domiciled as in prisons and asylums the very earth becomes contaminated, let the precautions be the very best. It should not be, however, that such results as may flow from this contamination should affect citizens who may be called to serve as jurors and witnesses, or whose public offices are required to be held in the rooms immediately above. Much would be added to the regard in which Sacramento county will be held, if there would be erected here a court-house that would compare with the new one recently built by our plucky neighbor, San Joaquin. It is perhaps useless to further suggest that the city needs accommodations for the municipal court

and officers. Perhaps the people will awaken to the pressing need when the mass of bricks and the tank of water we have used for City Hall and jail purposes will redeem their promise and tumble to the ground. Ambition is perhaps laudable in cities so modern as ours. In ancient days cities cultivated ruins that today are regarded as wonders. People spend their money to travel and visit them, and look upon them with reverential awe that they are antique. Will time come Sacramento will rival the extinct cities of former ages, and that tourists will come here to gather mementoes of its glory when it did exist? Possibly the world will endure to an age when a new and progressive people will excavate for bricks that tradition will say formed part of the stately building in which our triumvirate made the laws and in which they were administered by the Praetor.

The New York penitentiary authorities seem to have reduced executions by electricity to almost a perfect science. It was evidenced in the cases of the infliction of the death penalty on four murderers this week. It is a pronounced improvement on the barbarous system of hanging. As human experience has demonstrated that public executions are not deterrent of crime; rather, it seems they have the effect to stimulate it. In early days criminals were hanged publicly in this city near Sutter's Fort, and people gathered from all the surrounding country to witness them. Later on there was more privacy, and several met their doom in the old water-works building, a trap being cut in the second floor through which the condemned were dropped. Of recent years executions have taken place in the county jail yard. The step taken by the last Legislature, that all executions take place in a specially prepared room in the State penitentiary, and in the presence of but few witnesses, is one of advance, and we look for the passage of the New York law at the next session of our Legislature.

The report of the President of the Sacramento Natural Gas and Water Company, submitted to the meeting of the stockholders Tuesday evening, is a document of interest, and has relation to an enterprise we hope and believe will be successful. There has been demonstrated that gas was found at 540 feet; that at 750 feet there was a marked increase, and that as the well was driven further the discharge was augmented. There is no question but that an abundant supply of artesian water can be obtained from borings in this locality. That fact had, however, been established before elsewhere in this neighborhood. Aside from the possibility that gas will be found in quantities that will justify its utilization, the experiment is of gratification to farmers on lands away from the rivers that an abundance of water can be procured from the ground, and the question of irrigation can be solved by the sinking of wells.

We observe that at Oakland there is a probability trouble will arise that the women and girls employed in the canneries are insufficiently paid. From the published reports we do believe there is justification in their course if they should pursue it. At best, a woman who labors for her living has a hard road to travel, unless she is backed by friends of influence. It seems an unfortunate feature in the adjustment of human affairs that one willing to earn an honest living is in many instances not permitted the opportunity, or if permitted is insufficiently paid. Admiration is due to the women and girls who seek to do for themselves, and who are willing to work early and late to earn to support themselves, and in many instances aid those near to them. It would seem more avenues should be opened for their employment, and their remuneration should be commensurate for the labor they perform. Cold business competition should relax, and add sufficient to the selling price of commodities to enable employers to pay living wages to those who do the work.

It is reported that General Booth proposes to buy land in the western part of the United States upon which to found a social colony for the Salvation Army. We hope he will accomplish his object, if his land purchase will be a far distance from here, provided, however, he will induce those now among us, who make the evenings hideous, and who use the streets to mock religion, to permanently locate there.

That the old spirit of the South is not dead is proven by the proposition of the Florida Legislature to make the birth-day of Jefferson Davis a legal holiday. Thus to honor this arch-traitor would be an insult to the loyal North. Fortunately the suggestion has not aroused great enthusiasm even in the South, which is a hopeful sign.

The State Printer of California, Mr. A. J. Johnston, of 410 J street, Sacramento, is one of those men whom friendships cluster around and skill and ability endorse. A better selection would have been a difficult undertaking for anyone, and the wise Governor of California knew a good man when Mr. Johnston's name was presented for the office. An old employee of his, in writing on the subject from Chicago, has these words to say: "We know it, for O'Connell told us so."—*American Art Printer*.

THE GHOST'S WILL.

"The first will I ever made," said the lawyer, "was for a ghost," pouring himself out a glass of water. "I had just received news that Mr. Busch, a wealthy old gentleman, was dead when in he walked."

"Can you make me a short will that will stand?" he asked in a husky voice.

"I can," I said.

"Well, I want to leave everything I possess to Allan Busch, my sister Ada's only child. Go to work, for I must return to the house," sinking into the chair. "I don't want my other nephew, Potter, to have a cent."

I hurried through the will, and then called in my neighbor, the barber, and his apprentice to witness it. They signed with trembling fingers, for they had heard the news, too, of the old man's death. I watched him go across the fields to his house, not far beyond. The porch lay white in the moonlight, and as the old man was about to open the door some one pulled it from the inside and out walked Potter, with a grin upon his weazen face. It changed as he saw the old man to a look of abject terror. He shrunk aside, clasped both hands over his eyes, uttered a terrible cry, and flew down the path, stumbling in his confusion, and falling flat upon his face among the petunias. I looked back again toward old Mr. Busch. He was gone. The next morning we all heard the news. Old Mr. Busch had breathed his last at 7 o'clock. I confess I was startled, but that was no ghostly arm that leant on mine when I walked up the path with Mr. Busch the night before, and I could not agree with my neighbor, the hairdresser, who declared that it might have been an "appearance."

Lawyer Thursby had a will in his keeping that left everything to Potter, but the date of mine was its safeguard. They tried to prove the old gentleman of unsound mind, but were merely laughed at. My neighbor confessing that he was not sure but that Mr. Busch's ghost made the will that he signed, but swearing to the nightcap and dressing-gown as facts in silk and linen caused much laughter, but the property went to the nephew. He was generous and made a present to Potter, which prevented him from suffering anything, and he was a better heir to the old property than Potter would have been. He made me legal manager of his estate, and we became great friends.

My friend, the hairdresser, however, had a certain trouble on his mind which he confided to me. "It did not come up in court," said he; "but did you notice Mr. Busch's face when he signed that will that night? Close-shaved, not a spot on it, not even blue."

"Yes," said I, "I did."

"I shaved him after he was dead, Mr. Van Buskirk," said the hairdresser, in a hollow voice. "I was called in to do it about midnight, and he had a beard about an inch long. It had been growing ever since he was taken down."

"If I were you, Mr. Farren," I said, "I would not mention that to any one, or permit Samuel to do so. I know it to be a fact, but it is not fashionable to believe in ghosts."

"A year ago," continued Mr. Van Buskirk, taking some more port, "a year ago Allen Busch died. He lived too high—a gay, wild life—though he was a good fellow to the last. He never married. The day before he passed away he sent for me."

"I sha'n't be alive to-morrow," he said, "and I want you to know the truth."

"My Uncle Busch died at 6:30. I came down to see him on the 5 o'clock train, and went up to his room without being seen. No one was there. He was awake and going fast."

"Allan," said he, "you have come to see me."

"Yes, uncle," said I, "I only heard you were ill yesterday."

"If you had only come sooner, Allan," said he. "I've been a fool. I want to change my will. Potter is a sneak. He's anxious to have me die. I—I want you to have my money now. Ada's only son."

"No matter about the will," said I. "No matter about the money, I can live by my profession."

"I've been a prisoner," said the old man. "I have not been allowed to see my friends. The doctor is a

tool of Potter's. I—I am neglected, Allan. I've been alone two hours, and I want some water dreadfully."

"I gave him the water, and he put his head on my arm and kissed me. He died that way. Nobody came near us, and I kissed him again and crept downstairs; but as I passed the dining-room I saw Potter and the doctor stuffing themselves, and laughing; and then and there, what, with contempt of them, and a wish to see my uncle's last wish carried out, as well as the natural longing for money that seemed mine by right, I hit upon a plan. I was an actor, as you know, and my line was 'old men.' Moreover, I'm very like my uncle. I went back to his room, gave him one more kiss—he was already cold—took his gown and cap and slippers from the wardrobe, made myself up, and came to you. You know the rest. I've nobody to leave my money to. Potter is dead. You are a rich man yourself. I'd have been the heir in course of time, probably, at any rate. Suppose we give this money to the orphans at the asylum. Nobody has a legal right to it."

"I'll make a will for you to that effect," said I; and so I did.

"Van Buskirk," said he, after the will was executed, "you don't owe me a grudge for having been fooled, do you?"

"Allan Busch," I answered, "I was fooled; I don't deny it, but I guessed it in a week, and I've felt sure of it for a good many years. I'll keep the secret. Get well, boy—get well, old friend."

But he died, and the orphans have the property, and Mr. Farren still believes that he and his apprentice witnessed the will of Mr. Busch's ghost.

Paper Collars.

No one ever inquires in a furnishing store any more for paper collars or paper cuffs, and yet less than ten years ago a big trade was done in these articles. They have, it would seem, gone quietly out of vogue, their retirement curiously contrasting with the hard fight which accompanied their introduction, about the year 1851-2. 'Who was the inventor of them? Necessity in the form of a starveling poet, of whose productions, excellent though they were, the only one remembered to-day is a passage quoted by Fielding in the introduction to the seventh book of "Tom Jones":

"From Thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires and the fall of kings.
See the vast theater of time displayed,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread.
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph and what monarchs bleed,
Perform the parts Thy providence designed,
Their pride, their passions to Thy ends inclined.
Awhile they glitter in the face of day,
Then at Thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene
But that remembrance says—the things have been."

The last line seems peculiarly appropriate to the subject in hand. But to return. The author was Samuel Boyse, born in Dublin, 1698, son of a minister, brilliant, poor and improvident, as most men of his class were at the time. Cibber, in his "Lives of the Poets," says of him: "Whenever his distresses so pressed on him as to induce him to dispose of his shirt he fell upon an artificial method of supplying one. He cut some white paper in slips, which he tied round his wrists, and in the same manner supplied his neck. In this plight he frequently appeared abroad."

Poets in those days could not set the fashion, else poor Boyse might have anticipated the Count D'Orsay by wearing no collar at all.

Another article not now inquired for is the dickey. This consisted of a shirt bosom and collar combined. They were much called for by the dandies of the Tittlebat Titmouse genus, so finely hit off in Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year."

Some Queer Actions at Law.

The following are some of the alleged nuisances for which injunctions and damages have been asked from sympathetic courts and juries:

In a recent English case an enthusiastic amateur played daily eight hours on a violoncello, and on Sundays a little longer sometimes. To add to the misery caused, the player lived in a flat. The judge before whom the case came decided that three hours was long enough for any human being to play on a violoncello, and the injunction issued.

In a case before the Court of Common Pleas, some time ago, in New York, a person was brought up for trundling in a carriage overhead his teething baby, both by night and day. The judge, who must have been a married man, held that the noise was not unreasonable, and refused to interfere.

In another English case a chime of bells at Deptford was not allowed to ring because the noise was offensive to the majority of the property owners in the vicinity.

The newspapers recently mentioned the sad case of a discharged chorister who took a horrible revenge on the congregation by sitting in a pew and purposely singing out of tune. Whether he was indicted or not for disturbing the public worship does not appear.

There are few annoying sounds which have not, sooner or later, been alleged as nuisances, but the courts hold that many of them must be endured.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

If an American girl cannot be an actress, she can take one step lower, and become a countess.

That new Indian opera with music "of a light, melodious character" rather implies that heavy saw-filing has been the accompaniment heretofore.

Miss Louise Moelson, of Washington, better known as "Nikita," has lately finished her third tour in Russia, which has lasted over a year and a half. "Nikita" is now in Germany, and will take a well-earned rest at Eins previous to resuming her vocation. Her seven years' contract with M. Strakosch terminates August, 1894.

Janauscheck will drop her old repertoire next season and will appear in an entirely new romantic drama entitled *The Harvest Moon*, written by James M. Martin, an old actor and journalist. At the trial performance in Pittsburg, Janauscheck made a wonderful hit as Mrs. Oakley, and it was pronounced by long odds her best part. She was a revelation of pathetic and intense tragic power.

The clannishness of actors has often been commented on. The daily life of actors is so different from that of people of other occupations, and their associations are necessarily so intimate with other members of their profession, that they naturally come to look upon themselves as a class peculiarly distinct from the rest of the world. This feeling leads actors to seek companionship among the members of their own profession. The late Harry Edwards was, perhaps, the most notable exception to this rule. But he was a scientist as well.

Joseph Warren Jefferson was married to Miss Maud Bender, of Brooklyn, June 13th, and sailed for Liverpool with his bride two hours after the ceremony. The groom, whose stage name is Joseph Warren, is a son of the great comedian, "Joe" Jefferson. The bride was formerly connected with the profession, having been a member of the Annie Ward Tiffany Company. The couple received letters of congratulation and presents from several noted people, among them ex-President Cleveland, William J. Florence and Mrs. John Drew.

Three authors have been at work on the book of the *High Roller*, but the work of revision seems to be about as important as the original composition of the comedy. W. H. Day has charge of the spectacular part of the production. The first scene represents a magnificent steam yacht at sea, with a panoramic effect in the distance. The costumes have been designed by De Gimm, and Mullaly is to compose a number of songs. There will be the inevitable male quartet, and something which has the tinge of novelty in the form of a feminine quartet. It is the most ambitious effort which has yet been made to place farce-comedy on a spectacular footing.

An embarrassing and yet irresistibly funny incident occurred to me when I was playing *Our Jennie* at the Windsor Theater several years ago. My old father sits on a stump whittling a stick, and I, in a half-torn dress and ragged hat, am standing beside him talking. This particular evening, just at the above point, I felt the fastenings on my dress give way and the skirt slowly dropping to the floor. Still talking, I endeavored to get across the stage into the wings to fix things up, but he, not being used to see me move away in that part of the scene, suddenly looked up and said aloud, "What's the matter, Jennie?" Finding that the attention of the audience was by this time drawn to me, I resolved to put a bold front on the matter, so walking back, at the same time pulling my dress into place and pinning it, I answered, soberly, "My dress is coming off." The applause and laughter, which you can imagine, was instantaneous. JENNIE YEAMANS.

People who keep a close watch upon things theatrical have manifested considerable interest in the forthcoming production by Charles Frohman of *Miss Helyett*, a piece which has had a remarkably successful career in Paris. The right of production in America was secured by Manager Frohman through Charles Wyndham, who intends to present the piece at his theater in London. David Belasco is engaged upon the work of revision for the presentation here, and he is well qualified for it, as he saw nearly every performance for a month in Paris, and was in close consultation much of the time with Maxine Bowcheron, who wrote the French dialogue; Audran, who has composed some of his best music for the piece, and the stage director of the Bouffes Parisienne. But *Miss Helyett*, although spoken of in Paris as an "operette," is by no means a comic opera. It is a comedy, a pure comedy, suitable for presentation, if necessary, without music, but so constructed that the music is an exceedingly attractive element. It is in three acts, with the location and coloring of the Spanish slope of the Pyrenees, and thus susceptible of treatment in a romantic and picturesque way in the matter of stage setting and costuming.

Book Chat.

An American revised edition of Lady Magnus' "History of the Jews" has been published.

Oliver Wendell Holmes occupies a conspicuous place in two periodicals for the current month—*Arena* and *Harper's Magazine*.

Twenty thousand words have been added to the English language, in the department of biology, since Darwin's discoveries.

John Felton, the originator of the idea of selling newspapers and books on railroad trains, died at his residence in Buffalo, June 25th.

M. Zola hopes that his forthcoming novel, "La Guerre," will get him a seat among the Immortals. He assures the public of its propriety by saying that there are no women in it.

A posthumous story by John Elliott Curran, who died last year (the author of "Jeanne" and "Miss Frances Merley"), appears in *Scribner* for July. It is entitled "My Uncle Dick," and is one of the last writings finished by Mr. Curran.

This is the day of the short story. A few years ago the man or woman who offered a volume of short stories to a publisher received the same reply: "Short stories do not pay." But this did not crush the spirit of the short-story writer, and to-day he (or she) triumphs.

A lecturer once prefaced his discourse upon the rhinoceros with: "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. Indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

It is well, in this season of college commencements, when so many are receiving school honors and literary degrees for scholarly attainments and studious habits, to remember that true education consists not so much of what is put in as of what is brought out of the student. True education is the *educing*—the bringing out of all that is best in the scholar and of most value to society.

Gladstone is comparatively a poor man, and the occasional literary work he does for magazines and periodicals is not the result of any desire to add to his established fame as a writer. He takes a very matter-of-fact view of such productions, reckoning them simply as valuable help to the liquidation of his heavy household expenses. For every article he writes he receives \$1,000.

There is not now living a single descendant in the male line of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Byron or Moore; not one of Sir Philip Sidney or of Sir Walter Raleigh; not one of Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Marlborough, Peterborough or Nelson; not one of Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan or Canning; not one of Bacon, Locke, Newton or Davy; not one of Hume, Gibbon or Macaulay; not one of Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds or Sir Thomas Lawrence; not one of David Garrick, John Kemble or Edward Kean.

Poetry is the result of psychical inspiration and semi-unconscious symbolism and expression. Prose, as a rule, is the product of thought or ideality consciously evolved. No poet is "known" by any great number of his compositions. The names of many of the most illustrious ones are familiarly associated with less than half a dozen pieces. These distinguishing productions are their best. They were intuitive inspirations. They were the outcome of themes that pursued the author, not of themes that were chased by him. A good poem will write itself; and as a psychic exaltation is necessarily brief, a good poem has its verbal limit.

Professional Chat.

The late Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury, once made an effective use of a sermon. Driving down Halloway Hill, he was confronted by a runaway horse with a heavy dray, making straight for his carriage. He threw a sermon in its face. The horse was so bewildered by the fluttering of the leaves that it swerved and paused, the driver regaining control. The sermon was picked up and the bishop proceeded on his way. "I don't know," he said to his companion, the present Archbishop of York, "whether my sermon did any good to the congregation, but it was of considerable service to myself."

Judge Glenni W. Scofield was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, says the Harrisburg, Pa., *Patriot*. A Warren county private, having knocked down his captain, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the Dry Tortugas. His friends urged Schofield to have him released, so he went to see the President and told his story. Listening attentively, Lincoln replied: "I tell you, Judge, you go right down to the Capitol and get Congress to pass an act authorizing a private sol-

dier to knock down his captain; then come back here and I will pardon your man." The Judge says that there was such an air of quizzical earnestness and desire to serve him about the President's manner that they both broke out in an outburst of laughter. The Judge did not press the case further.

The following singular will case comes from Hamburg: Some years ago there died in Schleswig, Germany, a government official named Nielsen. Some little time before he died Nielsen bequeathed to his man-servant 20,000 crowns, and to his cook a like sum, on the condition that if either of them married, the fortune should revert to the other. As soon as the old gentleman died, however, the happy possessors of this fortune went to the altar and were married. The couple then took up their residence in Hamburg, where they have resided for the past six years. Recently there arrived from Copenhagen a relative of Herr Nielsen, who, by their marriage, considered the spirit of his relation's last will and testament had been departed from, and demanded the restitution of the 40,000 crowns. The matter is now before a court of law.

Wendell Phillips, on being asked what was the most effective sentence he ever uttered, replied: "I attended a meeting at Faneuil Hall called for the purpose of creating a public sentiment in favor of enforcing the law which meant the return of Burns to slavery. I attempted to speak and the mob tried to howl me down. I held my position and refused to yield the floor. Finally I pointed to the inscription on the wall, 'God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts,' and stood still for a few moments, steadily pointing. When the mob became curious as to my meaning, the noise ceased, and I said in as loud a voice as I could command: 'If you return Burns to slavery, I, for one, will vote to change that sentence to 'God damn the commonwealth of Massachusetts.' It electrified the audience, and I was not only permitted to finish my speech, but was cheered to the echo by many persons who were in favor of slavery."

Ex-Governor Hoard is one of the best story-tellers in the country, says the *Chicago Tribune*. On the recent trip to Galena when the Grant monument was unveiled, his fund of stories seemed inexhaustible. One of them was this: "I was down at a little clam-bake in New Jersey last summer, and after dinner was called on to make a speech. I started off by saying that I had eaten so many of their low-neck clams that I wasn't in the best sort of condition to make a speech. When I used the expression 'low-neck' clams an old chap sitting directly across the table from me, whose face was long enough to enable him to eat oats out of a churn, scowled at me, and then said, in a stage-whisper: 'Little-neck clams—little-necks; not low-necks.' I paid no attention to the interruption and finished my speech. When dinner was over he trailed me out into the hall and said: 'You are from Wisconsin, ain't you?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'You don't have many clams up there, I reckon.' 'Well,' I said, 'we have some, but it's a good ways to water, and in driving them across the country their feet get sore and they don't thrive very well.' He gave me a look that was worth a dollar and a half, and in a tone of the utmost disgust said: 'Lord! clams ain't got no feet!' He turned away, and approaching one of my friends, inquired: 'Is that fellow Governor of Wisconsin?' 'Yes,' said my friend. 'W-a-l-l, I'drawled the old man with a good deal of feeling, 'he may be a — smart man in Wisconsin, but he is a — fool on the seashore.'"

Secretary Blaine is fond of anecdote. On being told that it was reported that certain articles written by Gail Hamilton, who was a connection of the family and an inmate of his house, had been inspired by him, he said: "That reminds me of an incident that occurred in Western Pennsylvania. A married woman came with her husband to a justice of the peace to acknowledge a deed, and was asked the usual question, whether she had executed it of her own free will and accord, and without any coercion or compulsion by her husband. Placing her hands on her hips and looking the magistrate in the eye, she replied: 'Why, Judge, I guess you don't know the family.'"

Here is another story the Secretary tells with a relish, relating to President Lincoln and Senator Foot: Blaine had been appointed a member of the joint committee of the two Houses to wait upon the President and inform him that they had assembled, etc. The chairman of the committee was Senator Foot, of Vermont, a very courtly gentleman. On being admitted, Mr. Foot struck an attitude and said: "Mr. President, we have been appointed a committee on the part of the two Houses of Congress to wait upon you and advise you that they have met and organized and are ready to receive any communication which you may be pleased to make to them." Mr. Lincoln walked up to him, and slapping him on the shoulder, said: "Now look here, Foot; if it is a matter of life or death to you, I can send in my message to-day; but if it isn't, I would like to keep it till to-morrow to slick it up a little."

NOTES.

A church in Connecticut has set the example of utilizing its pretty girls as ushers.

The Monroe doctrine has doubtless more than once prevented Hayti from being gobbled by some of the larger European powers, and in return for this, Hayti owes it to herself not to commit hari-kari.

Our local dives, recently licensed by the city authorities, find little trouble to keep up their old-time reputation. Nightly rows, followed by Police Court cases, are about the rule. What in the world is the reason these disgraceful dens are not summarily closed?

President Balmaceda, of Chile, seems to be doing most of his fighting just now in the European press. If the stories of Balmaceda's gross tyranny and cruelty are correct, there will be many secret sympathizers with the Chilean insurgents, whose stubborn fight has already half convinced the world of the justice of their cause.

The Sutter Fort Trustees appointed by the Governor have at last manifested symptoms of activity. It would seem it is about time, for unless something will be soon done towards the preservation of the old building there will be nothing left to preserve. The people and the State have responded with liberality, and practical work should be commenced immediately.

A New York artist sought legal satisfaction of a ruthless man who had accused her of "thumping" the piano, but the judge, on hearing the circumstances, dismissed the case. It is said to be a fact that more deaths occur among nervous people in the summer time, when windows are thrown open and piano strains assault the outward air, than at any other time of the year.

The tragedy that transpired in this city Wednesday, wherein a public woman shot a police officer and then committed suicide, it would seem would serve as a warning to men to pursue a straight life course. It will not, however, so result. So many of these cases have happened here in the last few years as to demonstrate that foolish men will seek alluring snares, notwithstanding the dangerous surroundings.

It is the curse of women that in our social arrangements they are in so great a degree excluded from systematic work. The very tenderness of our care for them has been and is an affliction to them. Their lives are arranged upon the assumption that they are to be idlers, or, at least, that their work is to be of an irregular and inconsequent sort, and a great sum of human suffering, immensurable but omnipresent, is the consequence.

Pioneer memories and the stirring events of Indian times are recalled by the announcement that the old Fort Laramie reservation is being surveyed and divided up into farms. Fort Laramie was the oldest fort on the plains, having been established by the Hudson Bay Company in 1832. It was located formally by the Government in 1847. The reservation will soon be the home of a thriving farming community.

During the last eleven months the immigration to this country amounted to 487,179, against 401,609 in the same period of last year. The largest relative increases are from Italy, Austria-Hungary and Russian Poland. Formerly the largest accessions of foreign population were from the best governments of Europe; now, precisely the reverse is the case. Government oppression and persecution are the chief agents of European immigration to the United States.

While in some respects there was disappointment in the celebration of Independence Day here, there was one feature gratifying to our people: none but American colors were displayed. It is indeed surprising that in this day of enlightenment and progress men do exist who will insist on disregarding their oaths of allegiance to this country, and upon a day peculiarly American desire it shall be given a foreign taint. No one objects that due observance is had of set days commemorative of established customs in the older world, but on the Fourth of July we esteem it essentially American.

An interview with the spirit of the late George Hutchins, of Hamilton, N. J., would be interesting. He left an estate worth \$17,000, of which he bequeathed \$5,000 to his widow, and \$12,000 to Henry George for the dissemination of his single-tax views. The widow disputed the will, and the lawyers settled round the quarry. After six years of litigation, Mrs. Hutchins receives \$614 as her share, and Mr. George \$318 as his. New Jersey is a slow-coach State, but her lawyers know a good thing when they see it. It will be more comfortable for the maker of that will if Bob Ingersoll's theory is true.

A lawyer tells a story showing how easy it is, with slight changes of sound, for the whole meaning of language to be altered.

He dictated to his stenographer the phrase, "And deponent verily believes." She took it down in shorthand, omitting the vowels. When it was printed the phrase appeared, "And it would not verily place." If you are familiar with phonographic signs and know how nearly alike they are for similar sounds, you will not wonder how the correct notes should be translated so far away from their original meaning. "Grimm's Law" is still at work on language.

The largest gold coin now in circulation is said to be the gold ingot, or "loof," of Anam, a French colony in Eastern Asia. It is a flat, round gold piece, and on it is written in India ink its value, which is about \$220. The next-sized coin to this valuable but extremely awkward one is the "obang" of Japan, which is worth about \$55; and next comes the "benda" of Ashantee, which represents a value of about \$49. The California \$50 gold piece is worth about the same as the "benda." The heaviest silver coin in the world also belongs to Anam, where the silver ingot is worth about \$15; then comes the Chinese "tael," and then the Austrian double thaler.

The most precious wine in the world is that contained in a cask named the "Rose," in the Bremen Town Hall cellars. It is Rudesheim Rhine wine from the year 1653, and the cask is replenished by degrees whenever wine is drawn, with carefully washed and dried gravel. The wine has at present the color of dark beer, and a very hard taste, but an indescribable aroma. It is never sold, but destined exclusively for the sick of Bremen, who receive a very small quantity on the production of a doctor's certificate. In the year 1653 a stuck had the value of 300 gold dollars (a gold dollar equals 98 marks). At present, the supposed value of this unique wine has so increased, that a bottle (containing eight glasses) would cost 18,000,000 marks, a glassful 2,000,000, and a drop 2,346 marks.

Rice is believed to be the most generally used article of food all over the world. Hundreds of millions of people subsist chiefly on it, and its consumption is rapidly increasing. It may be regarded as the principal article of diet of a third of the human race. It forms the chief food of the native populations of India, China, Japan, Madagascar, many parts of Africa, and, in fact, of most if not all the Eastern nations. The Burmese and Siamese are the greatest consumers of this grain. A Malay laborer consumes fifty-six pounds monthly, a Burmese or Siamese sixty-four pounds in the same period. The Eastern nations obtain their beverages also to a great extent from rice, which, in Siam, China and Japan, is the principal grain used for distilling. The production of saki, or rice beer, in Japan is now about 150,000,000 gallons annually.

Loose thinking leads to loose writing and loose talking. The superficial thinker is apt to indulge in vague expressions which appear to mean a great deal, but, when analyzed, are found to be barren of any significance that can be supported by facts. Not that vague expressions are always due to a want of understanding of the subject in hand. They are often deliberately chosen to conceal the poverty of the speaker's cause. Thousands of years ago this practice was so common that it was embalmed in the Latin proverb, *Frans versatur in generalibus*—fraud lurks in generalities. Vague and general expressions are employed to convey a false impression because precise and specific terms would reveal the truth. In legal proceedings this practice may often be headed off by a motion to make a pleading more specific, or by a demand for a bill of particulars.

In an action for divorce pending at New Haven, Conn., the defendant received some flattering testimonies to his courtesy and kindness. Several women summoned as witnesses swore that he had kissed them, as well as the correspondent, and one of them testified that "he kissed about everybody with whom he came in contact." When called to the stand the defendant was unable to deny the soft impeachment. Osculation may be resorted to to express either affection, sympathy or esteem. It is for the jury to determine, under all the circumstances, whether the osculator was warranted in such an expression of his feelings, and what was the particular character of the feeling expressed. Moreover, custom has a great deal to do with the question. In Germany it is a common thing for men to kiss each other, and in France the osculatory salute is more generally permitted than it is here. But in this country, since the landing of the Pilgrims, unmarried men much addicted to kissing are confined by wise usage to the members of their own domestic circle.

Could we but read your steadfast lives aright,
And hear your message, as true hearts may hear,
In your life might find its meaning clear,
"Rooted in a day, we lift our heads toward light."

NEW YORK LETTER.

Summer Amusements — Ex-Senator Ingalls — Minister Phelps and Secretary Blaine — Prince George of Greece — Temple of the Revolution.

[Special Correspondence of THEMIS.]

NEW YORK, July 3, 1891.

Just before the "glorious Fourth" is usually considered a dull season in the city. All who are in a position to leave town have done so with the advent of the warmer weather, while those poor individuals who are confined by business or indissoluble bonds to the city bewail their fate, wish themselves in the country, and solace themselves with the fruits of the season. Amusements are "off" this summer. The usual crop of warm weather opera companies sprang up in the spring, but within the last few weeks the majority have gone to the wall. As a result the courts have a goodly number of actors' complaints to listen to, and the theatrical journals are filled with fevered articles portraying the injustice done to the poor actor. Evidently the theaters are not popular. On the other hand, the summer garden, Kiralfy's *El Dorado*, Paine's *Paris Under the Commune*, and the seaside entertainments are crowded nightly, not to speak of the crowds of ladies and children that visit the beaches during the warm afternoons. The pleasure of a dip in the surf and a comfortable hour with a fresh sea breeze before bedtime is fully appreciated by the average New Yorker. A good deal might be said about the accommodations—or rather want of accommodations—furnished by the Coney Island Rockaway and Long Branch Railroads. But that is another story.

It is reported on good authority that ex-Senator Ingalls is to lecture in this town in a few days. Major Pond, of world-wide fame as an impressario, has charge of the venture, and it will probably be a success. Mr. Ingalls made himself exceedingly conspicuous by his congressional epigrams, and there are any amount of people who will go to hear him out of curiosity, if not out of friendship. Ingalls' sharp sayings made him very few friends in the political world, and it is doubtful if there were many tears shed over his retirement. Still, he has been a picturesque figure in American politics, and as such has some public interest. A year ago he was regarded as a necessary evil, but his present status is more that of a picturesque ruin.

Minister Phelps is spending a few days at the Clarendon Hotel before returning to London. He is very willing to talk about the Anglo-American diplomatic difficulty, and is full of admiration for Secretary Blaine. In his opinion a firm stand is all that is necessary to obtain from England all fair concessions, while a vacillating policy is worse than useless. Secretary Blaine's little game of "bluff" has worked admirably, and obtained for the United States a respect and good feeling that has been absent in our diplomatic relations of late years. Mr. Blaine, it is said on good authority, is not nearly so sick a man as he imagines himself to be. He is troubled greatly by indigestion, but is otherwise in good health. Nevertheless, he is possessed with the idea that he is the victim of a disease that will disable him sooner or later. His rapid recovery of strength at Bar Harbor has been due in a great measure to a release from the extra labor incident to the diplomatic complications of the past winter, and to the regular hours of exercising and rest that he has observed. In the fall he will be in such condition as will enable him to handle the work of his portfolio skilfully and firmly, to say nothing of "attending to fences," and doing other work necessary to becoming a presidential candidate.

A fine, muscular woman of 30, who is out every night to a dance or theatre, was running over her programme for a certain day to a friend who wished her to make an appointment. Among her engagements that were fixed she mentioned one with her doctor at 11 in the morning. "Why, my dear Mrs. K.," said the friend, "what is it that you have a doctor for?" "Oh, I am suffering," replied Mrs. K., "from—er—well, it's partly nervous trouble and partly dyspepsia. I don't sleep very well at night."

Mrs. K. was a member of that large sisterhood in the fashionable world without which the doctor's profession in New York would prove far less alluring than it does to students casting about for profitable employment. She was such a wonderfully healthy woman that she remained lusty and robust in spite of the severe life of elegant dissipation that she habitually led. Yet she must have a doctor regularly, and, moreover, was perfectly sincere in believing that she needed one. A physician who comes in for a big share of the fashionable hypochondriacal trade of the city, was speaking on the subject recently.

"I never saw," said he, "such voluptuaries as certain New York women have become

within the last few years, and I have traveled in the Orient where occasionally the females do nothing but inhale perfumes and listen to sensuous music. With us, however, the women outdo their Eastern sisters in luxurious self-indulgence. They not only surround themselves with such delicate comforts as are only suitable for infants, but they persist in being nursed as though they were something incestuously rare. I asked a patient of mine the other day if she really fancied herself an invalid, and she replied that she did not, but she considered herself a flower that might wither if not shielded from every searching breeze. Her conceit, intense as it was, only equaled that of a score of other women who must have me call on them every day. They really feel themselves sufficiently important to warrant professional contemplation constantly, and I am compelled to listen to their small accounts of dyspeptic qualms or restless half hours with as much interest as I would to a clinical lecture. I tolerate the fashion in the thoroughly matured women, but I am very severe with it when I find it cropping out in the young girls, as it quite frequently does. The other day I was called to see a rather famous young beauty, who complained peevishly of not being able to stand owing to an unaccountable weakness of the limbs. She had tried repeatedly, she said, to walk about, but her legs would not support her. I studied the lazy and lovely creature as she lay amid her eider down cushions, sniffing at a vinaigrette and calculating that she was making a tremendous hit with me in her soft pink lounging gown, and after an apparent cogitation of her rather mysterious case, I gently assured her that her symptoms indicated a rather serious indiscretion on her part. I was no less than brutal in my insinuation that she was an opium eater, and when the beauty finally understood what I meant to infer, she bounded to her feet and flounced across the room like a queen in tragedy. Her limbs were all right, you see. I at once reminded her of this, and she sat down a little bewildered and changed the subject."

It would seem that it is lucky for Prince George of Greece that he is not a Russian, or his ideas of majesty would have received a very cold douche from the free and easy way he has been received in New York. Of course, he was shown the navy yard, torpedo station and such modern appliances as are furnished to our forts. But socially he was treated as anything but the heir apparent to a throne. He seemed to be hail-fellow-well-met with, and to have enjoyed himself thoroughly in an informal sort of way. It is sad to think, though, how some of our aristocracy worshipers have been shocked.

There is a movement on foot to erect a "Temple of the Revolution" at Newberg on the Hudson. No situation could be more appropriate, as this is said to be the scene of the first seditious meeting leading to the war of 1776. It is said that something extraordinary is on foot and that our "early heroes" are to be greatly honored in speeches and the like.

The Pace of Insects.

There are many insects which one would little suspect to be furnished with apparatus suited to swift and more or less continuous flights. House flies frequent the inside of our windows, buzzing sluggishly in and out of the room. But what different creatures are they when they accompany your horse on a hot summer's day. A swarm of these little pests keep pertinaciously on wing about the horse's ears; quicken the pace up to ten or twelve miles an hour, still they are there; let a gust of wind arise, and carry them backward and behind; the breeze having drooped, their speed is redoubled, and they return to their post of annoyance to the poor horse even when urged to its fastest pace. But this example gives only a partial proof of the fly's power of flight as the following will show: The writer was traveling one day in autumn by rail at about twenty-five miles an hour, when a company of flies put in an appearance at the carriage window. They never settled, but easily kept pace with the train; so much so, indeed, that their flight seemed to be almost mechanical, and a thought struck the writer that they had probably been drawn into a kind of vortex whereby they were carried onward with little exertion on the part of themselves. But this notion was soon disproved. They sallied forth at right angles from the carriage, flew to a distance of thirty or forty feet, still keeping pace, and then returned with increased speed and buoyancy to the window. To account for this, look at the wings of a fly. Each is composed of an upper and lower membrane, between which the blood vessels and respiratory organs ramify so as to form a delicate network for the extended wings. These are used with great quickness, and probably 600 strokes are made per second. This would carry the fly about 25 feet, but a sevenfold velocity can easily be attained, making 175 feet per second, so that under circumstances it can outstrip a racehorse. If a small insect like a fly can outstrip a racehorse, an insect as large as a horse would travel very much faster than a cannon ball.—*Cornhill*.

FLASHES.

Electric men live shocking lives.

The fast girl is always loose in her habits.

Some people will keep everything but their distance.

Laugh in the face of trouble and trouble will fall back.

When some men get ahead rapidly they get the big-head.

These hot nights we are satisfied to wrap ourselves only in slumber.

Some small-minded men have an idea that the community is moved by them.

A girl may be a bud before marriage, but she "blows up" after—that is, some do.

There is no law against idiots obtaining places on public committees—but there should be.

Tell a girl her mouth is pretty and she will always smiler thereafter, thus spoiling the natural effect.

Can We Gain the Premium?

It is unfortunate the period for the holding of the fairs in the various districts is so remote, else we could gain the first prize, so far as the premium lists relate to a particular line of live stock. It is unfortunate, however, the Oakland *Times* has secured the premium ass, and has him evidently in fair training in the editorial room. Commenting on an article in the *Record-Union* concerning the matter of the refusal of our Trustees to grant a street-railway franchise, the Oakland ass brays that Sacramento is as dead as any mackerel that ever was put in a kit, and that people will keep out of it as long as they can anyway, just as they keep out of hell.

Coming from the bedroom of San Francisco, from a wayside place supported, it might be said, by charity—for verily such is Oakland—this is indeed refreshing. Some years ago we were a delegate to a Republican State Convention that had been improvidently called to meet in Oakland, and the town had not facilities to feed the delegates. At what we were told was the leading restaurant we did, for seventy-five cents, dine on crackers and a glass of alleged wine. It is of remark the editor of the *Times* has had legislative experience. We happen to know he was well taken care of here, and if we had occasion to call witnesses as to the hospitality of Sacramentans we would subpoena him. It is manifest the copy of the wild Assyrian ass passed not under the eye of the principal editor, for he has successively succeeded in locating himself in the Legislature at Sacramento, and to get there expended more energy than we esteem he would to get into hell.

The Italian Minister.

Marquis Antonio di Starraba Rudini, the Italian statesman, was born in Sicily about 1839. When 27 years old he was elected mayor of Palermo. During his term of office an insurrection broke out in the town, 1866; bands of insurgents from the neighboring country flocked to Palermo and began to pillage and destroy, and Rudini had to seek refuge in the city hall. There, with the aid of a few soldiers, he withstood the mob, holding the insurgents at bay till reinforcements arrived. The rising was suppressed after a week of hard fighting, and the ring-leaders of the insurrection were summarily put to death. Rudini was then appointed royal prefect of Palermo. He became minister of the interior in the government of General Menabrea, in 1869, but was compelled to resign under the attacks of the opposition on account of his rigor in putting down the Palermo revolt. He then was elected to the chamber of deputies, and was continuously re-elected till 1891. There he has acted with the party of the right (conservative), and for years was its leader. On the overthrow of the Crispi cabinet, last February, Rudini was appointed prime minister, his present office.

The Paris *Figaro* thus describes the young King of Spain: "He is small, very small, but sinewy, restless, full of fun, and precocious. He dreams of uniforms, flags and battles. He will not have toy horses, but for two years has desired a live horse, in order to run races. He says 'thou' to all people. He likes to nickname the old generals; for instance: Marshal Martinez Campos, chief of the military cabinet, is called 'Camptos' by the child. When he does not get what he wishes at once, he grows exceedingly angry and can be quieted only by the soft words of the Queen Regent. He is stubborn. He speaks excellent English already. What offends him especially is the knowledge that he is still a child. He would like to grow large at once, be a man with a great mustache without delay. He cannot understand how the King of Spain can be so small."

Never hold anybody by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you you had better hold your tongue than them.—*Chesterfield*.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

On July 16th the Lilliputians will hold the boards of the Metropolitan. Those who have witnessed the entertainment pronounce it excellent.

W. A. Brady's company's rendition of *The Bottom of the Sea* was given last night at the Metropolitan to a full house. It is scenic and sensational to a degree that would satisfy the most exacting in that line. To-night *The Bottom of the Sea* will be repeated.

An Old Newspaper.

Last month the Baltimore *American* celebrated its 118th anniversary by the publication of a big trade edition. As a souvenir, a fac-simile of the first number of 1773 was issued. The most interesting feature of this is the long real estate advertisement of Colonel George Washington, of Mount Vernon, Va. The past ten years of the paper under the management of General Felix Agnus have been the most prosperous in its history. Letters and telegrams were received from all parts of the country giving congratulations and reminiscences in connection with the anniversary. One is from Samuel Sands, now 92 years old, who, as a printer's devil in the office of the *American* in 1814, when all the men connected with the paper had gone to defend Baltimore against the British, set up in type "The Star Spangled Banner" from the copy which Francis Scott Key brought to the office. Joseph B. McCullough, the editor of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, writes that in 1864 he reported the Republican convention in shorthand for the *American*, being his first convention work; and Colonel Alexander McClure, editor of the Philadelphia *Times*, says that years ago he was one of the *American's* rural correspondents. Some of the most eminent men in the State of Maryland have been connected with it.

Invention of the Telescope.

As in many other cases of discovery, that of the telescope appears to have been the result of a playful accident. Several stories are told about it, but they are all similar. The one most generally accepted tells how, about the year 1590, just 300 years ago, the children of Zachariah Jansen, a spectacle maker, residing at Middleburgh, in Holland, were playing one day in their father's workshop and observed that when they held between their fingers two spectacle glasses, one some distance before the other, and looked through them at the weathercock of the church it seemed inverted, but very much nearer to them and greatly increased in size. Their father, when his attention was called, saw that one of the glasses was convex and the other concave. He made experiments and ended by fixing such glasses in wooden tubes a few inches long and selling them for curiosities. Another account tells us how one Lippersheim discovered the telescope in a similar manner. Descartes, however, a contemporary, gives the credit to James Metius, a glass cutter in Holland, whose brother, a professor of mathematics and a maker of burning glasses and mirrors, hit upon the discovery in the same way that Jansen's children are said to have done.

Too Much for Him.

One of the best story-tellers it has been my good fortune to meet is Lionel Brough, the English comedian. He will tell stories and yarns by the day, the supply being seemingly inexhaustible. His hearty laugh and jolly face strongly emphasize his stories. One of his "regulars" is the tale about the triplets. It was at a well-known bar. Jones and three friends were liquidating, when a messenger rushed in and, taking Jones by the hand, exclaimed: "My congratulations. Your wife has presented you with a bouncing boy." "Let's drink to the health of the little stranger!" shouted the delighted Jones. They drank. Half an hour later the messenger returned, but with less exuberance than on his previous appearance. "Well?" exclaimed the anxious Jones. "It's another boy!" "Let's drink to the twins!" shouted Jones, a sickly smile illuminating his features. Again they imbibed. Another thirty minutes, and for a third time the messenger made his appearance, but he knew enough to stick only his head in the door and exclaim, "It is a girl!" An ashy pallor overspreading Jones' face, he gasped: "Boys, no drink this time; it's getting too serious. I'm going home to stop this business." And he bolted.—*N. Y. Telegram*.

The famous "Holy Coat of Treves," which thousands of good Catholics believe once belonged to Christ, will be exhibited in Treves this fall. Since 1844 it has been kept in the treasure-house of the cathedral, and has been visible only to the priests and to visitors of distinction. In that year more than 1,000,000 people made pilgrimages to Treves to view the relic. In these days of railroads and excursions it is believed that the pilgrims will exceed that number.

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred or crooked oak will tell of the act for centuries to come. So it is with the teachings of youth, which make impressions on the mind and heart that are to last forever.—*South*.

Consanguineous Marriages.

All primeval laws on marriage and the conditions related thereto, owe their origin to the objective aim of race-improvement. As varying as the type of one race from another were also those laws varying in time and locality. In ancient Egypt marriages between children of the same parents were acquiesced in and approved. The wives of nearly all the Pharaohs were their own sisters. The Persian kings since the time of Cambyses married their own sisters. They even married their own daughters. Among the West Asiatic and various Greek nations, marriages between relatives were permitted—with the exception of marriages between children of the same parents, and between parents and their offspring. The earliest Roman laws prohibited marriages between cousins; they were only tolerated later. The Mosaic law commands even the marriage of daughters to men of the tribe to which they belonged. The law-giver of the Jewish State religion forbade, though, marriages between near blood relations, but not between cousins, nor between uncle and niece. Since the rise of Christianity and its ruling power, as far as I could learn, marriage between blood relations was prohibited. Why? The faithful will simply answer: Because these laws were given by God. The student will answer that these laws were enacted as a safeguard against immorality and licentiousness. The true explanation appears to me to be that the propagators of Christianity recognized that consanguineous marriages, although occasionally productive of great perfection, have also a degenerative effect, therefore prohibited them. First—To keep down the production of geniuses, who are often genial lunatics, and of rebels against the law, and to train a controllable community; or, second—To guard against the degeneracy of the race, which in localities where consanguineous marriages were of common occurrence, became plainly visible. The degeneration of the race exhibits itself in various ways, but race degeneration is to be assumed only where the normal man is dwarfed mentally and bodily. Dr. Arthur Mitchell in his remarkable work on the influence of consanguinity upon the offspring, cites instances of fishing villages on the north coast of Scotland, concerning which he says: "There is a general lowering of physical and mental strength in these communities, which is popularly attributed to in-and-in breeding." But he remarks that, as far as his own observation goes, there is no exceptional liability to insanity in such communities. Another way in which general race degeneration asserts itself as the result of consanguineous marriages is the relative infecundity. In other cases the marriages are prolific, but the mortality rate of the children unduly large. Again the decay of a race may show itself by the shorter term of life. Cretinism has also been attributed by various scholars to consanguineous marriages. It is unquestionable that the Jews in the Middle Ages frequently contracted marriages between blood relations, and in European countries, although they suffer little from tuberculosis, they furnish a disproportionately large percentage of insane and deaf mutes.—*Dr. Heinrich Stern*.

A novel method of catching rats and mice which takes into account the social characteristics of the pestiferous rodents has been instituted by a New York housewife. She explained the plan recently. "I do not think that it is generally known that rats and mice will go into a trap much more readily if a piece of looking glass is put in any part of the trap where they can see themselves. They are social little creatures, and where they see any of their tribe there they will go. I am quite sure of the effect the looking glass has, as I properly 'baited' my trap for a whole week without being able to coax one of the depredators within; but the first night after putting in the looking glass I caught two rats—one very large and one very small; and every night since this device has made one or more prisoners."

A Parson's cat not only sored on the household in which it was raised, but after it ran away actually went back and stole the mouse trap which the family had substituted for the ungrateful tabby.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

Ancient and Modern Women.

If you had examined into the facts of the case you would have discovered that the women of heathen Rome, for instance, took better care of their systems than the Christian ladies of this knowing era take of theirs. They wore loose garments that gave their lungs and limbs full play. Their muscles were systematically developed and educated, and they were inhibited by law from all usages and practices likely to impair their health or their constitutions. Hence their sons were the hardiest race of men that the world had ever seen—hence for 700 years Rome triumphed over all her enemies. We talk of the Roman fathers, but it was to the habits of the Roman mothers, and the vigor engendered by those habits, that the republic and the empire largely owed their greatness. Even yet the figures of the Italian women show the inherited effect of the old training. American ladies are very lovely, but in the majority of cases are too delicate, too fragile. They are as lovely as flowers, but not as hardy as oaks. We have plenty of strong-minded women, but comparatively few that are physically vigorous. The same thing may be said of the men. And, inasmuch as the best head may be rendered of no avail by reason of incompetent bodily support, we think it would be better for us all if we would pay more attention to health, no matter what else might have to be neglected.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. M. MORRISON,

Southeast Cor. Twelfth and E Streets,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

General Merchandise.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.



PANTS to ORDER

\$3.50 to \$13.50

SUITS to ORDER

\$15.00 to \$50.00

1000 Patterns to Select from.

GABEL the TAILOR

426 J STREET.

THE PASTEUR

GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER. WHEN FOR a trifling amount expended in the purchase of one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

THE TOO GOOD MAN.

I've figured it up with slate and pencil, and I've chalked it down and added it up, and subtracted it and multiplied it on the barn-door, but it always comes out the same way—the too good man has no place in this world. He is a sort of cross between a burdock and a sunflower—not ornamental enough for wear, nor good enough eating for cows, and whenever I hear of a suicide without apparent reason I know that some too good man has got tired out and made up his mind to go back home.

Coming up from Red Bank the other day I followed an old man into the passenger coach. I had noticed him on the platform and I recognized him as belonging to the species I have named. Indeed, he gave himself away right there when he said to a young man with a diamond pin in his scarf:

"Boy, it's mighty risky wearin' sich things around in public in these cold times. If you want to drop it down my boot-leg I'll take keer of it for you till we get up to Hokoken."

"I think I'm able to take care of it," was the cold reply.

"Do you? All right, then. No offense, you know, but I should hate to see you robbed. I lost \$7 in the road once, and it didn't get over hurting for fifteen years. I'll kinder watch over you as fur as I go, anyhow. It'll make your mother feel easier, mebbe."

Parlor car—blue upholstery—one porter—one conductor—three men—two women—sixteen silver-plated cuspidors—one solemn-looking old chap who has engaged lower No. 8 and will try to freeze out upper No. 8 in case he shows up—that's all.

Passenger coach—bags, bundles, band-boxes—twenty men—eighteen women—ten children—hope—fear—anxiety—human nature to be read as from an open book. See?

The train had scarcely begun to move when my too good man, who had a rear seat, rose up and announced:

"Don't nobody be skeered, now! This hain't no collision; it's just like they always move off. I've rid on 'em more'n a dozen times, and I'll tell you when to jump off."

Everybody looked at him, while some deduced him with smiles meant to be encouraging. He stowed away his satchel, removed a yarn comforter he had been wearing for fear of a change in the weather, and then took off his hat and rubbed his hands and said:

"Old woman said she'd bet I'd git on a train goin' the wrong way, but I didn't. Jest happened to think, though, that I didn't shet the door of the corn-crib and them pesky heus 'll stuff themselves to death."

There was a woman sitting alone a few seats down the aisle. She had an umbrella, a bundle secured with a shawl strap and two or three parcels on the seat, and as Uncle Jerry passed down the aisle he stopped before her and cheerfully observed:

"Face kinder familar to me, but I can't remember your name. Never been much of a hand on names, anyhow. Husband flew around and helped you to git ready, I suppose? Leave the children all right? Bin lots o' measles round this year. Didn't leave the outside cellar-door open, did ye?"

"I don't know ye!" she said, as she looked up.

"What! hain't ye Hanner Jones, of Jones' Cross roads?"

"No, sir."

"Waal, I swow! I'd a bet a two-year-old steer agin' a cider bar'l that ye was! Didn't ye climb an apple tree last summer and tumble and break a leg?"

"No, sir."

"Wasn't it you that burnt her heel most off while making soft soap?"

"No, sir! You go on and lemme be!"

"Gosh all hemlock! But I thought I knowed ye as well as I do my own barn door, and I beg your pardon! Curus how folks will get deceived sometimes. Don't be skeert, madam. If anything happens I'll save ye jest as quick as if you really was that Hanner Jones who clumb up twenty-nine feet and fell kerchunk to the ground."

The next one he accosted was a man fully as old as himself, whose crown was bald, and who wore spectacles. He was reading a letter, which he had taken from a corn-colored envelope, when Uncle Jerry gave him a playful poke in the ribs and called out:

"Lands! but you look jest like my brother Bill across the back and head! Goin' some whar, I s'pose?"

"Who did that?" testily exclaimed the old man, as he looked up.

"I kinder poked ye, but it hain't nothin' to get mad at," replied Uncle Jerry. "Usin' anything on yer scalp fur baldness?"

"No, I hain't usin' anything on my scalp, and I don't mean to, either. I won't buy, so don't ask me."

"Jest the same with me. Tried about forty different things, but it's no go. Bin told that crushed catnip would stimulate the roots, but I hain't no faith. Who's a-goin' to feed the hogs while ye are gone?"

"Haint got no hogs, and don't want any, neither!" shouted the old man in a squeaky voice.

"I'm kinder going out o' hogs myself. What's calves bringing in your neighborhood this spring?"

"I don't know nothin' 'bout calves, and I don't want to talk!"

"Don't ye? Why, I thought ye was dyin' to talk! Folks all well at home, I hope? How'd yer 'taters keep last winter? Hear any demand for turnips lately?"

"I want ye to stop, I say!" shouted the old man, as he waved his arms around.

"Then I will. If you are so techy as all that comes to I don't want nothin' to do with you. Lucky fur you that you hain't goin' to run fur Supervisor in our town. You wouldn't get a blamed vote! Howdy do, nabur?"

This last remark was addressed to a rather savage-looking man with a weed on his hat, who was reading a magazine.

No reply.

"Howdy do? Git the cellar cleaned out and whitewashed yet?"

No reply.

"Makes me remember that I forgot to change my collar afore I come away, but I guess nothin' won't happen. S'pose there ain't no great demand for dried apples down your way?"

"Old man," said the weedy passenger, as he turned on him, "go hence! Don't bother me!"

"Mercy on me, but you hain't lost your wallet or bin bit by a mad dog, hev ye? I took ye fur a good-natured man who was feelin' cast down over the loss of the partner of his joys, and I was goin' to sympathize. Never lost my own wife, but I've bin one of the watchers, and helped borrow cheers and driv the head team in the funeral procession fur them who has."

"I warn you to go on," said the other. "I'm wicked! I'm tuff! I'll hurt ye!"

"By squash! but what a feller you be! Haul right off and plunk me, 'cause I want to be friendly, eh? Oh, waal, ther's folks as is born that way. Got a man in our town so pizen 'fraid that somebody will speak to him that he keeps wool in his ears and purtends to be deaf."

He seemed a bit discouraged for a moment, but presently his eye caught the figures of two females at the far end of the car, and he edged along down to see if anything was wanted in his line. The two were mother and daughter, and the latter didn't look well.

"Did she fall down the cellar stairs or pitch off the hay-mow?" kindly inquired Uncle Jerry, as he sat down on the rail of the seat.

"Are ye speakin' of me darter?" demanded the mother.

"Zactly. Doesn't look just right for this time o' year. If I'd only thought I'd brought along a bunch o' mayweed and told ye how to make tea of it. Beats all creation how mayweed takes the kinks out of the system. She ain't in luv, is she?"

"Sir!"

"Naybur o' mine had a gal about her aige who began to ravel out and fade away. They put horsereddish drafts to her feet, mustard plasters to her neck, and dosed her with catnip, mayweed and sage tea, but she continued to flake off and fade in the wash, and finally died. When too late they disskivered she had all along bin in luv with Bill Haines, my hired man, who was so gaul durued bashful that he dass't say a word about it. Better begin to hunt around in the grass an' see if something of that sort isn't the trouble here."

"You old crittur, go away from here wid yer blarney, or I'll be the death o' ye!" shouted the mother; and as he jumped back she pulled the girl out into the aisle beside her and waved her umbrella in a threatening manner.

"W-what's the rumpus now?" gasped Uncle Jerry, in great astonishment.

"If ye don't go I'll call the police!"

"Waal, by gum! If I was to tell this to Lucy when I git home she'd say I fell asleep and had the nightmare. Don't none of you seem to want to be the least bit friendly or to hev anybody sympathize with you! I'll go. I'll git right away, and if I had a hull sack of dried catnip and two dozen red peppers here I'd let the capoodle of you suffer all the way to Hoboken before I'd offer you a pinch!"

He went back to his seat and fell into it, and I felt inclined to pity him. This feeling was so strong that I went down to him by and by and remarked:

"This ought to be good weather for gettin' in crops?"

"Eh' eh?" he queried, as he looked up.

"Oh, I s'cel! Want to get me to say that it is, and then tell me to shet up and go to ballyhack. Waal, I jest won't say another word, I'm snummied if I do?"—*M. Quad in N. Y. World.*

Writing on the Cars.

There are two ways of writing on a train. The first requires that the paper be laid upon a light board, perhaps eighteen inches square; one end of this will rest in your lap, and the end furthest from you will be raised a few inches by a cord which passes around the neck. The whole affords a sloping desk which moves with the body and is fairly satisfactory. The simpler, and perhaps the better plan, is to place your tablet upon a feather pillow in your lap, when you will find that the elasticity of the feathers reduces the motion to a minimum and makes writing easy.

UNION ICE COMPANY

ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH

Pure Mountain Ice

NEW QUARTERS:

521 AND 523 I STREET.

CHARLES SELLINGER, Agent.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gntenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

FRED. SCHREIER,

TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BET. Q AND R,

CEMENT SIDEWALKS,

Garden Walks, Carriage Drives, Etc., constructed at shortest notice, in the most workmanlike manner and at lowest rates.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than
J. SLAUGHTER,
Sixth and M streets.
Telephone 318.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

ALWAYS A FINE LUNCH ON THE COUNTER.
M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 DAVIS ST. SACRAMENTO.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar Floors, Fence Coping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J

SACRAMENTO.

M. DUFFY,

Manufacturer of

Carriages, Wagons, Carts, Etc.

REPAIRING

Done at Short Notice. All Work Warranted.

1111-1113 J Street, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

PACIFIC HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

TELEPHONE No. 41.

J. H. MIDDLEMASS, J. H. DOLAN.

DOLAN & MIDDLEMASS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES, Produce and Provisions,

Northwest Corner of Seventh and N Streets,
SACRAMENTO.

GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.

TELEPHONE 248.

A Miner's Politeness.

"Mr. Webster didn't know it all," remarked a Florida "cracker" when reproached by his educated daughter for saying "wrack" when he meant "wreck." It is certainly true that the eminent lexicographer had no idea of a hundred and one meanings which are attached to words by people who scorn the authority of colleges and purists.

"Politeness," said old Jack Heverin, an aged storekeeper in a small Pennsylvania town, "always pays, no matter where you be. It don't do to be polite off and on, so to speak, but you must have it with you at all times."

The small crowd of loungers he was entertaining nodded assent, and Jack continued: "When I was in California in '52 there was a young man in our camp who was so polite that it passed into a byword. No one ever saw him lose his temper, and his face always wore a smile, rain or shine. He had a placid claim that didn't pan out as well as it might have done, but he worked away cheerfully, and by dint of saving what he made, and sticking at it like a good fellow, young Champney managed to roll up quite a respectable pile.

"Well, one day, when the young fellow was cleaning up the week's dirt, a big, ruffianly chap appeared on the bank, with a cocked revolver as long as your arm, and leveling it at Champney's head, said:

"Git!"

"Joke?" said Champney, with an inquiring smile.

"No," said the man, gruffly. "Git!"

"Can I take my tools?"

"No. Git!"

"All right," said Champney, just as polite as ever; and climbing up on the bank, he went off, whistling cheerfully, and never once looked back until he entered a clump of trees a hundred yards away.

"All the time, mind you, he knew that the rascal was going to pillage his tent and take every grain of his hard-earned dust, if he could find it in the tent, under the hearthstone. But Champney never lost his politeness. He kept right on, whistling softly to himself, and pretty soon he made a circuit of about half a mile, until he came unawares upon the robber, who was on his knees rummaging through a bundle of blankets.

"Then Champney whipped out his revolver, and taking very careful aim, shot the robber plumb in the back of the head, just as polite as you please—which shows, as I said before, that it always pays."—*Harper's Magazine.*

"Comin' Thro' the Rye."

A New York pictorial publishes an illustration of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," and blunders into what we presume is the popular misconception of the ditty, giving a laddie and lassie meeting and kissing in a field of grain. The lines:

"If a laddie meet a lassie
Comin' thro' the rye—"

and especially the other couplet:

"A' the lads they smile on me,
When comin' thro' the rye—"

seem to imply that traversing the rye was an habitual or common thing; but what in the name of the Royal Agricultural Society could be the object of tramping down a crop of grain in that style? The song perhaps suggests a harvest scene, where both sexes, as is the custom in Great Britain, are at work reaping, and where they would come and go through the field indeed, but not through the rye itself, so as to meet and kiss in it.

The truth is, the rye in this case is no more grain than Rye Beach is, it being the name of a small, shallow stream near Ayer, Scotland, which, having neither bridge nor ferry, was forded by people going to and from market, custom allowing a lad to steal a kiss from any lass of his acquaintance whom he met mid-stream. Our contemporary will see that this is the true explanation if he will refer to Burn's original ballad, in which the first verse refers to the lass wetting her clothes in the stream:

"Jennie is a' wat, puir body;
Jennie's seldom dry;
She drag'it a' her petticoat
Comin' thro', the rye."

Why Fat Men Suffer in Hot Weather.

In suggesting a new theory of the sun's light and heat to the members of the Boston Scientific Society, George Smith showed scientific reasons why a fat man should suffer more than a lean one in summer.

The new theory, briefly put, is this: Gravity is an ethereal force continually streaming from space through every solar or celestial body. If the body is not movable with relation to some larger body, this force of gravity becomes that form of molecular motion which we call heat.

As gravity depends upon the mass of a body, and as heat is, according to Mr. Smith's theory, in one sense gravity, it follows that the larger a body is, the hotter. Hence the fat man's discomfort.

A Norborne (Kas.) mother sternly rebuked her son for making arrangements preparatory to go fishing last Sunday morning, and threatened to make the fact known to his father. Imagine her surprise when she was informed by the youth that his father was down south of the barn digging the bait. But both went to church.

The Oldest Christian Church.

There is an old church building in Cairo, Egypt, called Babylon, in which, tradition says, Peter preached. Dr. Lansing, a missionary in Egypt, believes that there is some truth in the tradition. In the absence, however, of particular more definite than traditionary, attention may be called in the consideration of this question to the mosque of St. Sophia, or Aya Sofia Jamisi, in Constantinople. The first stone of this building of St. Sophia, which is also known as the Church of Divine Wisdom, was laid in 532 on the site of several successive churches of the same name, the first of which was erected by Constantine the Great. The enterprise was commenced at the order of the Emperor Justinian. About 10,000 workmen are said to have been engaged in it under the direction of 100 master builders, and when the work was completed it cost the imperial treasury a sum equal to \$5,000,000 of our money. The principal material of the walls was brick, but the whole interior was lined with costly marbles, and to add to its splendor the temples of the ancient gods at Heliopolis and Ephesus, Selos and Baalbec, Athens and Cyzicus, were plundered of their columns. To render the dome as light as possible it was constructed of pumice stone and Rhodian bricks, and to secure the buildings from the ravages of fire no wood was used except for the doors. Not long after its completion the dome was shaken by an earthquake, but it was repaired by Isidore, the grandson of the original architect. In 1453 Mahomet converted the church into a mosque, and since that date numerous minor alterations have been made in the less essential parts of the building. A pretty complete restoration was effected in 1847-49 by Forsati, who foresaw that the weight of the dome was too great for the supporting walls, threatening the whole with destruction. Thus the church is not only still in existence, but it is in good order yet, and the inference may be justly drawn that it is the oldest Christian church in existence. Others may have been erected before it, and doubtless were, but the records fail to show that any such is still in existence.

Curiosities About Beans.

Of all edible pods, it is believed that the bean has been the longest known and most widely cultivated. It was used as food by the ancient Jews, and considered sacred by the Greeks and Romans. A temple dedicated to Kyanetes, the God of Beans, formerly stood on the sacred road near Eleusis. Kyanetes was called the God of Beans because he was the first to cultivate them for food. The Bean Feast, which the Athenians celebrated in honor of Apollo, was characterized by the excessive use of beans. The Egyptians, contrary to the nations above mentioned, considered beans unclean and would not venture to touch them. Pythagoras admonished his scholars, "Abstain from beans." The natives of Egypt and most all Oriental nations look upon the black speck on the wings of the bean flower as the written characters of death.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Emile Cavellier, Wm. T. Hynes and David M. Bcmus, greeting.

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 23d day of June, 1891, in which action GEO. SMITH is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To determine the adverse claims of the defendants, and each of them, to the north half of the east sixty feet and the east fifty feet of the south eighty feet of lot two, in block between I and J, 3d and 4th streets, in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and for costs of suit; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take default against you and each of you, and apply to the Court for the relief prayed for.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 23d day of June, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
J. W. ARMSTRONG, Attorney for Plaintiff. j27-9t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of George H. Appel, an insolvent debtor. George H. Appel, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said George H. Appel is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the county of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 7th day of August, 1891, at one o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, June 30th, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
PHILIP S. DRIVER, Attorney for Insolvent. j34-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of N. IRWIN, an insolvent debtor. N. Irwin having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said N. Irwin is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said N. Irwin, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 7th day of August, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated June 29th, 1891.
JAMES B. DEVINE, Attorney for Petitioner. j34-5t

WENT T. CROWELL & CO.

Real Estate and General

AUCTIONEERS

Salesroom: 817 J Street.

J. SCHACHT,

DEALER IN

FAMILY GROCERIES

Provisions, Flour,

Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco

Southeast Corner Second and M Sts.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

C. T. MILLIKIN,

DENTIST,

1008 Eighth Street,

Between J and K,

Over Dr. W. A. Hughson's office.

A. L. HART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON.

ALBERT M. JOHNSON,
HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,
LAWYERS.

504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 604 J Street,

W. A. GETT, JR.,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,

LAWYERS,
Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,

LAWYER,
Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,

LAWYER,
920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney),

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
N.W. corner Sixth and K.

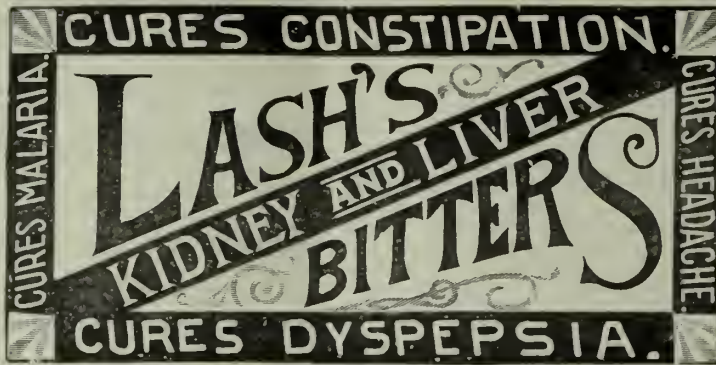
Fireflies.

Lady Blake, the wife of the Governor of Jamaica, writes in *Timehri*, the quarterly of British Guiana, a paper on fireflies, which gives a very extraordinary account of the brilliance of the fireflies in the tropics. She certainly succeeds in leaving the impression of the most unspeakable beauty of the moonless nights in the West Indies, when mountain, forest and plain are throbbing with lights of various sizes and intensities, from the minute firefly of about three eighths of an inch in length to the splendid "cucuyo," or fire-beetle, over an inch long, with two large eyes like lights in the thorax and in the abdomen, glowing like a living emerald. Creole beauties at balls, in Cuba, wear fireflies in their hair and dresses instead of diamonds, and the first French settler who landed at Montreal caught multitudes of fireflies and tied them in shining festoons before the altar where the blessed sacrament was being celebrated. She quotes extensively from Peter Martyr's account of the utilization of the cucuyo, or fire-beetle, as an exterminator of mosquitoes. In addition to his services in this respect he is employed as a lamp in the darkness. He says: "As many eyes as every cucuius openeth, the host enjoyeth the light of so many candles; so that the inhabitants spin, sew, weave and dance by the light of the flying cucuius." Lady Blake maintains that this story is not so incredible as it appears to us at a distance. She says: "Anyone who visits the West Indies can easily verify this statement for themselves, and it is easy to understand that the native Indians, who possess neither candles nor lamps, and who only knew torches made either of some light wood or of the fibrous interior of the Dildo cactus, often availed themselves of the brilliant beetles when busy after nightfall in their very simple domestic avocations. Even with all the complicated comforts of the present day, it was the common practice of members of our family, when entering a room at night, to catch a firefly, in order by its light to find the match box. Gosse, who, during his residence in Jamaica, made valuable observations on fireflies, states that he met with about fourteen species during his eighteen months' stay on the island." "Lest anyone should be disposed," says the *Review of Reviews* (from which I get this information at second hand) "to hasten to the tropics in order to enjoy the charm of existence illuminated by fireflies, there are three papers in *Timehri* which will moderate the ardor of his desire to go to the West Indies. One describes parasites, another scale and other parasitic insects, and another deals with a similar subject in the occasional notes." The acknowledged high character of the periodical *Timehri* adds special value to the above clipping. Some of the facts here asserted about the fireflies of the tropics have been again and again denied or called in question in recent books of science.—*Notes and Queries*.

Accuracy in Time Pieces.

It has been said that no man ever yet made an exactly true circle or straight line, and it may be added that an absolutely accurate clock is another thing that has never been made, and indeed never will be unless an unchangeable material, of which the works may be constructed, is discovered. But although it is impossible to make a clock that will keep precisely accurate time, some of the marine chronometers come very near this, as they are now made with such precision that they do not vary more than a few seconds in a year. It is only within the present century that the workmanship of chronometers has been so far perfected that the sailor, to whom accurate time is most important, can in any way rely on them. A ship bound on a long voyage usually carries several chronometers which are compared one with another every day. A register is kept of their performances, and from it it is seen which are going most accurate and can be most relied on. These clocks are specially made to allow for changes of temperature. They are hung in swinging cradles that they may not be affected by the rolling of the ship, and the cradle is supported on a foundation of tow or wool that they may not suffer from shock or jar. The chronometer-room is placed in the middle of the ship and kept as much as possible at a uniform temperature. Changes of temperature, which cause the springs, etc., to expand or contract, are the great stumbling blocks to a perfectly accurate time piece.

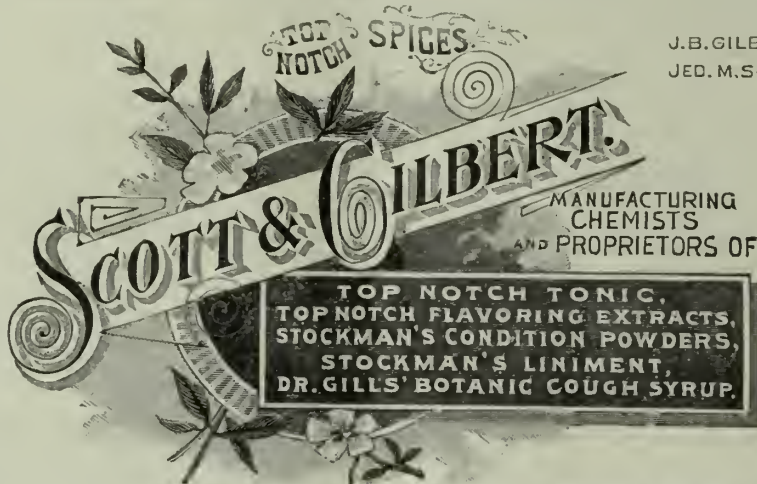
A canvass of Frenchmen has been made on Tolstoi's denunciation of tobacco and alcohol, as agents that destroy the moral conscience. Gonod thinks they produce sluggishness, and therefore affect the will but not the conscience, which is a divine decree. Richepin condones the use of stimulants which, producing a dream of forgetfulness, result in renewed strength. He himself, however, has abandoned smoking. Zola says he does not drink wine for the reason that it does not agree with him. He disagrees with Tolstoi's opinion, and regards the use of stimulants as a mere matter of *bonhomie*. Dr. Charcot thinks Tolstoi's tenets exaggerated and false. He says stimulants are injurious, but may be used in moderation. Daudet said he had found that smoking assisted and that intoxication prevented work.



W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



J.B. GILBERT.

JED. M. SCOTT.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

San Francisco Branch, 305 Battery St.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.



JUST RECEIVED.

A NEW AND COMPLETE LINE OF PURSES
AND CARD CASES, OF THE
LATEST DESIGNS.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-
ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET.

SACRAMENTO.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

July 9, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11 15 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8 10 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.20 A
4.30 P	Denning, El Paso and East	7.00 P
7.00 P	Knights Landing and Marysville	7 25 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9.35 A
12.05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2.25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8 15 A
3.00 P	Ogden and East	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.40 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.40 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12.30 A
6.30 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.15 A
8.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8.10 P
10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	2.50 P
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
4.30 P	San Jose	9.35 A
6.30 A	Santa Barbara	11.15 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8.10 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt	7.00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	9.35 A
12.05 P	Truckee and Reno	2.25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	8.15 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2.30 P
6.30 A	Vallejo	11 15 A
3.05 P	Vallejo	11.15 A
*8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2.40 P
*4.45 P	Folsom	*8.00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday ex-
cepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND HAS BEEN DECLARED BY THE
People's Savings Bank for the term ending June
30, 1891, at the rate of five and one-third (5 1/3) per
cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per
cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes,
and payable on or after July 3, 1891.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

R. A. OLMSTED.

S. P. OLMSTED.

Fourth Street Cash Grocery

R. A. OLMSTED & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Fruits and Vegetables, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain,
and all kinds of Mill Stuffs.

Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos.

400 L Street, S. E. cor. Fourth, Sacramento.

Fresh Butter and Eggs a Specialty. Goods deliv-
ered free of charge to any part of the City, R. R.
depot or Steamboat landing. Highest price paid for
Country Produce.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, AND

JEWELRY.

UNCLE IKE'S, 302 K STREET, SACRAMENTO.

THE EMERSON

CALIFORNIA
STATE
LIBRARY

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891.

No. 22.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

To say that the past mismanagement of our municipal affairs has brought this city into a deplorable financial situation, is putting the subject mildly. It is truly wonderful what power is exercised by the money influence which surrounds the bonded debt of this city. For years, no matter who may constitute the Board of Trustees, the domination of the bond creditors has been complete, if not absolute. The siren power is exercised, perhaps indirectly, but none the less most effectually. It seems that there are none able to grapple with the monster, which has the power to appear in such alluring guise that his fatal work is not detected until the treasury is within his grasp. For four years he has sapped the vitality from the water-works; and the constituted authorities supinely permit this without the least effort at resistance. Trustee McLaughlin has, to his credit be it said, made some vigorous efforts to cast off the spell and resist the extortion of 55 per cent of the gross revenue from our water rents. At the last session of the Legislature he secured counsel and procured the introduction of an act which would enable the city to purge itself of any possible contempt in resisting the ruinous—we might truthfully say infamous—decision in the case of Bates vs. Porter; known as the case where the court decided by a bare majority that 55 per cent of the gross revenue from water rents must go into the interest and sinking fund for the benefit of the bondholders.

We contended at the time, and now say, that no such ruling of any court can be declared *stare decisis*. We are at liberty at any time to renew the contest which has resulted so disastrously to this city. Judge Paterson, in an able dissenting opinion, held that the claim for 55 per cent of the gross water rents cannot be sustained. Judge McFarland, in a clear yet unique dissenting opinion, held to the same views, in which he said: "It must be remembered that the water-works in question are conducted by the city of Sacramento as a business—just like the business of any other water company, or of any mining, manufacturing, railroad or mercantile company. In such a case the 'revenue' is, of course, the excess of receipts over expenditures. If other financial miracles could be wrought as easily as the turning of the gross proceeds of a business into revenue, 'these chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.'" The rule laid down by the majority of the bench—all of whom have been retired to the quiet realms of private life, while the learned jurists, Paterson and McFarland, are still on the bench—cannot obtain as the law if the question is again properly presented to that august body as at present constituted. The result of absorbing the revenue from the water-works has been to prevent needed repairs, and to bring the system to almost destruction. The overtaxed machinery is fast giving out, and we will soon be without either a system of water-works or the means of securing new works to take their place. The submission to this extortion is servile and can be only attributed to weak or designing persons. The controlling influence is "design" by those who rest in the background, while the weakness is in the trustees for submitting

to the exactions and idly permitting the water-works to go to absolute destruction.

We know that the money influence is all-powerful, and the threats from capital have a great effect on officials. The fear of some of the trustees, that resistance will "cost too much," is childish. What is the expenditure of a few hundred dollars to the destruction of our water-works, which is sure to result; indeed, has almost resulted? The worn and cracked machinery should appeal to the trustees, and admonish them of their duty. If we are to be forever compelled to pay all the running expenses of water-works, and give the bond creditors the proceeds, there must be some other plan adopted. But we do not find any cessation of hostilities by the exultant bondholders, who seem to have the city and the people, metaphorically speaking, by the throat. The alleged reform in matters pertaining to liquor licenses, is only another evidence of this arbitrary power exercised in the name of moral reform. This scheme is unmasked at once, because "revenue" is the sole cry, and this revenue means aid and comfort to the holders of a certain class of bonds that would otherwise be worthless. We know that a majority of these bonds have been retired in the hands of the Funded Debt Commission, but the remainder must *per force* be under the control of some person or persons who have a faculty of deluding the trustees into the position of posing as moral reformers, while by the true inwardness it is designed to put \$25,000 annually into the interest and sinking fund for the bondholders. To illustrate: within a year all the bonds which fell due in 1888 will become barred by the statute of limitations, and unless some plan is devised to replenish the interest and sinking fund, those bonds will be valueless. Now, this increased liquor license is part of that plan.

Let us prophesy. At the next tax levy for municipal purposes, the valuation of city property will be increased 50, perhaps 100, per cent, and the pretext will be that this will lower the rate of taxation, and thus delude strangers into the belief that we are a rich people. The ultimate fact will be, that the amount of revenue for the benefit of the bondholders will be greatly augmented. Now, whenever any genuine reform is attempted, such as that proposed by Trustee McLaughlin regarding the protection of the water-works, we find the power of the bondholders, exercised through their agents, who are the pretended friends of the city, to prevent any favorable action. But any scheme to augment the interest of the creditors is always hailed with delight. We have always observed that there is a close affinity between all monied institutions; this fact accounts for the warm support our creditors obtain from some of the money dealers in this city, and which perhaps influences our authorities in their supine indifference to the welfare of the tax-ridden people. In place of fixing greater burdens upon the business interests of the city, the authorities should turn their attention to an amelioration of our condition, and throw off some of the binding shackles.

In the past we have had too much of the peoples' money in politics, and it is time there should be a new *regime* with regard to the management of local affairs. We thought, and still think, there are men in the Board of Trustees capable of grasping the financial problems, if they will not allow enemies in disguise to control them. We are inclined to think the members of the Board of Trustees are sincere in their actions,

but it is unfortunate that they cannot see the hidden motive at work upon their credulity. When this Board was shown that there was nothing to be lost in contesting the right to seize the revenue from our water-works, which meant absolute destruction thereto, they should have had the nerve to have met the issue in the proper spirit. Again, in the chimerical name of reform they are distressing legitimate business men, losing sight of the great necessities of the people.

The time for the annual election of public school teachers is near at hand, and as is usual many of the teachers are on the anxious seat, least they may be dropped or will fail in promotions they are conscious they deserve. We are confident, however, that the Board of Education will act judiciously and fairly, and that no teacher of merit need fear. There was a time when political influence had much to do with these matters, but happily that time has passed. A few days ago one of the lady teachers manifested to us the nervousness that is but natural, that she would be at a disadvantage, that she had no friends who possessed political "pulls." Without mentioning the lady's name, we spoke of the matter to one of the members of the Board, and his views concerning it accorded with those we had entertained. He assured us that in the matter of the selection of teachers political influence would count for naught, and he laid down his platform briefly but significantly: "With me the question of qualification will count paramount, but with equal qualification I will favor the poor above the wealthy."

Speaking of matters educational, we repeat what we before said, that the course of studies in the public schools is unnecessarily severe, and that more judgment should be exercised with regard to the mental and physical capacities of the pupils. To lay down a rigid rule to which all must conform would hardly be thought of to be applied to adults. It is there recognized that a difference exists among lawyers and among doctors and among mechanics, and, in fact, distinctions are made in every pursuit in life. The jolly pedagogue of old made due allowance for the natural disadvantages under which some of his pupils labored, and he was not incited to bring all of his pupils to an impossible standard in order to score high per cents on the examination papers of his class. We have before us a very sensible article upon this subject from the Brooklyn *Eagle*, relating to the examination of the grammar school pupils in that city. The examination lasted for several days and was of something like 2,000 children. The questions were prepared by the superintendent, and were given to the teachers each morning. The *Eagle* prints the questions on civil government, and among them are the following:

What offices of the Brooklyn city government are elected by the people?

Name four administrative officers that are appointed by the mayor as heads of departments.

What boards are appointed by the mayor?

What are the duties of the comptroller and the auditor?

How are the amounts to be raised by taxation each year in Brooklyn determined?

How is the principle of "responsibility to the people" illustrated in the Brooklyn city government?

Classify and define the forms of colonial government in existence at the beginning of the revolution.

In what respect did these forms of government agree? In what respect did they differ?

In the colonial governments what body controlled the expenditure of the public money?

Mention four functions of the governor of New York.

In case of war entered upon by the federal government what is the duty of a state governor?

In case of a riot which the local authorities are unable to suppress what is the duty of the governor?

Whence is his power to act in the two last mentioned cases derived?

Describe the judiciary system of New York state.
What classes of cases are tried in federal courts?
What rights does the national constitution guarantee to an accused person?

If a man were arrested for an alleged offense and kept in jail for a year without being brought to trial, what provision of the national constitution would be violated?

Give the authority for the establishment of the following:
(a) Of a military academy at West Point. (b) The erection of a post office building in Brooklyn. (c) The payment of pensions to soldiers injured in the civil war. (d) The establishment of a national banking system. (e) The granting of a patent on a new incandescent electric light.

In the examination on critical reading the subjects were Longfellow's "The Building of the Ship," "The Hanging of the Crane," "Morituri Salutamus," Irving's "The Widow and Her Son," "Christmas Eve." The following are samples of the absurd conundrums that were propounded:

In "Christmas Eve" Irving makes two quotations from Shakespeare. Give the quotations and tell the connection in which each of them is introduced.

Quote from "The Widow and Her Son" the paragraph in which the sorrows of the rich and the young are compared with the sorrows of the poor and the aged; or that in which the love of a mother for her son is described; or quote not less than 100 words from "Christmas Eve."

Deduct one credit for every mistake made in giving the quotation.

In the following from "The Hanging of the Crane" what is it that is compared to "the reflection of a light," etc.?

As the reflection of a light
Between two burnished mirrors gleams,
Or lamps upon a bridge at night
Stretch on and on before the sight
Till the long vista endless seems.

Explain the allusions in the following:

- (a) Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass on its brazen ring.
- (b) I see the table wider grown;
I see it garlanded with guests,
As if fair Ariadne's crown
Out of the sky had fallen down.
- (c) One is a wanderer now afar
In Ceylon or in Zanzibar
Or sunny regions of Cathay.
- (d) The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreadful journey to the realm of shade.
- (e) Aladdin's lamp and Fortunatus' purse
That holds the treasure of the universe.

In "Morituri Salutamus" Longfellow quotes from Dante. What application does he make of the words quoted?

Mark the accented syllables in the following lines and state the meter:

A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide.

Give the derivation of each of the following words:

1. Immemorial. 6. Hereditary.
2. Precedent. 7. Emanation.
3. Pedantry. 8. Predilection.
4. Obsolete. 9. Factotum.
5. Superannuated. 10. Ponderous.

The average age of the pupils to whom these questions were addressed was 15 years, and when the questions were received the principals of the schools were indignant. The members of the Board of Education to whom they were shown regarded them as catch questions, and one of them, Gen. Horatio C. King, very sensibly remarked:

I declare, it certainly does seem as though these questions in civil government were a little abstruse for 12 and 14 year old children to answer. What is this about the several forms of colonial government?—why, it would puzzle many a grown up person to answer that. Certainly, from this 'critical reading' list of questions it would seem as if a great deal in the way of verbal memory was expected from the pupils. Here is a request for the quotation of a passage containing at least 100 words. Well now, everybody has not the faculty of remembering words in the order in which they occur that way; they may remember the idea well enough. Why, do you know that Mr. Beecher, great as his intellect was, had not the faculty of verbal memory? He told me once that, though he often wanted to do it, he did not dare to quote even the Lord's Prayer for fear he would go wrong; and when he wanted to quote a passage in the Scriptures he invariably turned to it and read it. Dr. Talmage, of course, is just the reverse. His power to commit to memory is something marvelous.

In less degree, the same system is pursued here, and we believe it works much harm. We have heretofore criticised, with what we esteem merited severity, the compilation of some of our text-books, particularly the grammar and the arithmetic. We hope there will soon come a time when our school-children will be treated with humanity, and a system will be evolved that will relieve the unnecessary mental strain to which they are now subjected. The results would be manifestly better, and it is not at all unlikely that the lives of very many of our children would be spared.

WOULD LIVE HIS LIFE OVER.

Tompkins dismissed his valet, and he and Dobbins were alone. They had spent a gay evening. It had commenced with a "spread" at the club—a dinner at which all the good things of earth were served, and voices were drowned in the depths of sparkling wine. Then they had dropped behind the scenes at the opera and carried on a flirtation with the nymphs and sirens of the stage; had taken part in a glorious supper at

midnight, and now, at 2 A. M., were sitting in Tompkins' room trying to quiet their nerves. A box of cigars and a long-necked bottle stood between them, and Dobbins was hid behind a cloud of smoke.

Tompkins was talkative. His tongue traveled with lightning rapidity through every subject. Dobbins was a good listener—at least he kept still and let Tompkins do the greater part of the talking. If he stopped for an expression of opinion, Dobbins gave a sort of grunt, which answered for approval, and then Tompkins went on.

"I saw something to-day that s'prised me, Dobbie," said Tompkins, filling his glass for the —th time. "It was a piece in a book. The fellow that wrote it wanted to know if people would live their lives over again. Now, do you know, Dobbie, I think this world about as good as any place; I never did like the idea of being a ghost and floating around everywhere and not saying anything; I'd like to live the whole thing over again. Oh, of course, not everything. I wouldn't want to get caught again in the Bluster syndicate and lose my pile, nor I wouldn't break my ribs again for anything. But if a fellow could commence all over again with the same knowledge and experience he's got now it would be great, old boy, eh? Now, if I could go back and begin my life again, knowing what I do now, don't you see how much better I'd get along? I wouldn't get caught in any schemes then, and I wouldn't lend money to Peters. That's the way it ought to be. We ought to live once to get our bearings, as it were, and then we ought to live our lives over with the knowledge we have got, eh, Dobbie?"

But Dobbie's cigar had fallen from his hand, and he was snoring. "Impolite cuss!" thought Tompkins; "what's the use of a fellow having company if they act that way?" He felt disconcerted. He was prepared to talk on this interesting subject for at least an hour longer, and now he was without a listener. He glanced plaintively at the picture over the mantel. It was a knight in armor, and Tompkins blinked at it in disgust. "Never did like that thing," said he; "sell it as soon as I can. Hello; old Ironsides, come down and have a jag." He blew a whole volley of cigar smoke into the air, which completely hid Sir Knight from view. Tompkins dispensed with the glass, and took a long pull from the bottle. When he raised his eyes again he opened them wide in amazement. The gilt frame above the mantel was empty, and the knight in armor stood before him on the rug.

"I heard your invitation, Mr. Tompkins," said the knight, "and I will take pleasure in bearing you company."

To say that Tompkins stared would be using too mild an expression. His eyes opened until he was all eyes. He feared he had become a victim of delirium tremens. Sir Knight sat down rather ungracefully, and said: "You were talking about living your life over again, Mr. Tompkins; surely, you were not in earnest?"

Tompkins felt relieved. The occurrence was very queer—quite out of the ordinary; but if the old fellow was willing to sit down and talk it wasn't so bad. "I was in dead earnest," he said. "Of course I didn't mean to live just exactly the same old life right over again; but to have the same knowledge and experience that I have now, and take a fresh start."

"Well, why don't you do it, then?" asked his companion.

"Do it? It can't be done."

"Oh, yes it can. If I was sure you wouldn't back out I'd tell you the secret. But you'd back out."

Tompkins' curiosity was aroused. "You don't know me," he said stoutly. "All the fellows at the club say I'm a regular dare devil. I am 'pon honor."

The knight shook his head and sat silent. Tompkins still stared at him; in fact, he didn't dare take his eyes away for fear of his doing some terrible deed. At last the knight broke the silence. "Are you married?" he asked.

"No," said Tompkins, impatiently; "what the deuce has that to do with it?"

"Is there anyone that would miss you if you should disappear—die, say?"

"Not a soul," said Tompkins, brave outwardly, but with his heart knocking against his ribs.

"Well, then, listen," said the knight, "If you are in earnest you can live your life over again easy enough. I will take your place here, and all you have to do is to follow directions. You see the ring upon my finger? It looks like a skull. Well, it is a powerful stone, which, if dissolved, is the cordial of perpetual life. If I drop it into the glass, and you pour the whisky over it, you will find yourself living over again—only you will have the sense, will-power and all the brain faculties of a man."

Tompkins hesitated but a minute. "I'd swallow the soldiers' monument if it was dissolved in whisky," he said. "Give it here."

The knight removed his ring and dropped the stone into the glass. Tompkins poured out the whisky and eagerly began to drink. Once he paused to put the glass down again; but the knight was regarding him sternly, and he finished the dose. He admitted that his hand shook terribly, and that things seemed to be

topsy-turvy. Ere he reached the bottom of the glass he became terror stricken. "The old fiend has hooded, hypnotized or murdered me," he thought. "I am choking; I won't drink his cursed potion." With a superhuman effort he raised his empty glass and tried to hurl it at the grinning knight. It fell with a crash against the bars of the grate, and Tompkins, who had arisen, reeled and fell helpless upon the rug.

* * * * *

A long period of darkness, a ringing in his ears, finally the sound of hushed voices and Tompkins awoke. He awoke in a strange room. Not a single familiar thing greeted him. It was rather dark in the room, and a fleshy woman with a white cap and apron was bending over him. Tompkins blushed and tried to pull the covers up and around him, but he had lost all strength in his hands; and when he tried to ask the meaning of it all his voice was but a tiny squawk.

"Bless the baby," said the woman; "he is hungry. Well, never mind, tootsie-wootsey. There, little lamb, Bettie will get him his bottle."

"She said 'bottle,'" thought Tompkins. "Seems to be a crazy old lady, but if she brings a bottle I'll get some strength back. I'm afraid I drank too much last night."

The woman soon returned with a bottle; but not Tompkins' usual style of a bottle. This was a small, flat bottle filled with a sickening mixture of milk, water and sugar.

She tried to poke it into his mouth, but he gave a feeble yell. This seemed to worry the woman, who put the bottle down and actually began to take him up in her arms. Tompkins urged a vigorous resistance, but his hands and feet seemed to have lost their strength, and his manly voice was but a squall. He caught sight of his hands. Oh, heavens! They were but tiny, red fists. Then it came upon him like a flash. He remembered the knight. He was living his life over again.

The situation so puzzled him that he ceased crying and began to think. The nurse (Tompkins thought she must be a nurse) took a low rocker and sat close to the fire. She turned Tompkins over on his stomach, and began to jolt him and pat him on the back. But he was too dumbfounded to utter a sound, so he kept very still and stared at the floor. "This is ridiculous," he said; "I don't want to be a baby. I've been cheated." "How could you live your life over otherwise?" whispered his reason. "People are not born men, they are born babies." This was a complication Tompkins had not bargained for. What he underwent as the day went on was terrible. He was dressed in tight bands and long, lace-trimmed skirts that prevented his even kicking. He was carried down stairs, where first a woman kissed him and called him a whole string of ridiculous names, with a lot of gibberish attached, which he did not understand and disgusted him. Then a black-whiskered man kissed him and chucked him under the chin. Next four or five children filed into the room and kissed him, and called him "little bruvver."

He was decidedly dazed. Here was a contingency which had not entered into his calculations. To live life over again was one thing, but to be obliged to go through the milk and swaddling-clothes period was another. Of what use were his knowledge and experience? He could do nothing but lie in a cradle, with all his manly, active brain and weak, infant body. Yet, in order to live his life over again, he was obliged to commence as a child and grow to become a man. Poor Tompkins! He never knew how time passed; but it did jog along some way. He heard the story of his advent into the family. One dark, cold morning, about three o'clock, there had been a tremendous rap at the door, and the man of the house, Mr. Burly, went hurriedly to the door and fell over a dark, little bundle. It was "Tomnie." They had kept the little wail, and were justly proud of his bright eyes.

What a time of horror it was. Waiting to grow—waiting until his body fitted his mind; given the strong, active brain of a man, with strong emotions of his own, and the weak, helpless body of an infant. Of what use were his former experiences and his knowledge of the ways of the world, since he could not take his place among men until his body attained manly strength? What a horrible swindle had been perpetrated upon him. He doubled up his fists and grew red in the face trying to express his wrath at being victimized by the knight. What was to become of him? That was a puzzler. How long would it be ere he could take his place among men? Day after day he watched Burly start out to work, and followed him mentally to his place of business and tried to picture what was going on in the world. He eagerly listened for his footstep at night, and caught every sentence which fell from his lips. He would have given worlds for the morning paper; and he strained his little red eyes trying to catch a glimpse at it as it lay on the table beside him. He wondered what the boys were doing, and if they missed him. How he longed for a good old talk with Dobbins. The "kids," as he styled them, were no companions for him. When they built a glorious house of blocks in front of him to amuse him he impatiently raised his tiny foot and kicked it over;

whereat Mrs. Burly shook her head and feared the "child had a temper." He would have sworn, only his organs of speech had not yet learned to articulate. Of one thing he was certain: he had had enough of living his life over again. There was a hitch somewhere. It ought not to be so, but it was. This incongruity of mind and body was a fearful thing. He would always be beyond the generation in which he lived, and yet always be a part of the past. Where was his exact status? The immaturity of his body blocked the growth of his mind. All that made life a pleasure had passed out of his reach. His friends were no longer his friends; and he could not fit himself into the new condition of things. He had long since made up his mind that the crafty knight was the Old Nick himself, and this was the punishment he had imposed on Tompkins for some fearful crime. Tompkins had never taken much interest in the conversation of women. He felt rather a contempt for their inability to discuss lofty topics, and he always felt decidedly bored when obliged to talk to a woman for any length of time. The nursery talk disgusted him beyond description, and when the nurse and Mrs. Burly sat before the nursery fire for a confidential chat he writhed. He tried to shut his ears, and vowed he wouldn't listen to their "cackle," which sometimes made him grow very pink in the face. They were talking now, and Tompkins was trying hard not to listen, when all at once a sentence caught his ear. Mrs. Burly was talking. "Tommie is such a bright baby," she said; "as soon as he is three years old I am going to send him to the kindergarten." Tompkins gave a jump. Send him to kindergarten, where he would throw colored balls and hop around and sing—never! It was time this outrageous imposition was stopped; and he would make a desperate effort to stop it, even if he lost his life in the attempt.

He gave a rather hoarse cry and threw his whole strength into an effort to rise. So great was the effort that he gave a sudden spring and fell off the nurse's lap. He did not seem to be headed for the floor, but went on falling down—down—down, until he wondered where he would land. Would nothing stop him? The cold perspiration started on his brow and his eyes grew fixed in horror. Something had caught hold of him and was beginning to shake him as a terrier shakes a rat. He dizzily closed his eyes for a brief moment; there was a harder shake, a voice said "Tompkins," and he opened his eyes again. Opened them to see the gray light of morning stealing through the window, the haggard face of Dobbins bending over him as he lay on the hearth rug with a broken glass dish by his side. "Better get up and go to bed, old fellow," said Dobbins; "it's four o'clock, and we've both been asleep."

Tompkins raised slowly up and looked around. The room was the same. The empty bottle stood on the table, and he raised his eyes toward the mantel-piece. There in his accustomed place was the knight in the picture, staring as blankly as if he had never left his frame. Tompkins rose slowly to his feet and staggered to the window. He opened it wide and drew a deep breath of morning air. Then he turned around. "Dobbins," he said solemnly, "I hope I'll never have to live my life but once."

Dobbins laughed. "Try a brandy and soda," he said.

But Tompkins glanced with a shudder at the knight and shook his head.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Emmet's son is to undertake his father's "Fritz."

Ben Stern will do the advance work for the California tour of Fanny Davenport.

The noble youth who married a girl from a minstrel hall evidently believes variety's the spice of life.

Harry Croueste, a famous English clown who died recently, was the last of his profession to claim the title "Jester to the Queen."

The veteran actress, Mme. Janauschek, has announced that she will never play again. Long ago her powers showed signs of diminution of youthful vigor, and the public, proverbially fickle, has deserted her to such an extent that her last tours were unremunerative. The *Mirror* has asked the general public to unite in a grand testimonial benefit that shall rank with the farewell accorded to Charlotte Cushman.

Joseph Haworth is to play this season in a drama called *The Ensign*, under Manager Shedden's direction. The play was written by the brother of the star, who has already won a good deal of success as a dramatist. Mr. Haworth has been a persistent and steady worker on the stage for some years, and he has missed a pronounced success very narrowly on several occasions. Like many other actors of energetic natures, he has gone from one play to another and performed such a variety of parts that he cannot be said to have won any distinct place upon the stage. His

most successful performance, from a popular standpoint, was "Paul Kauvar." The new play in which he is to appear will be slightly melodramatic in character.

At least one very good melodrama, *The Merchant*, is the unaided work of a woman. Miss Martha Morton's brilliant success has given her high rank as a playwright. It is related by the *Illustrated American* that since her earliest girlhood Miss Morton devoted herself to studying dramatic form and style in writing. Her maiden effort was devoted to a dramatization of George Elliot's great novel. Then followed a number of busy years, when study divided the hours with composition. Three years ago, at the time high-pressure living was agitating public sentiment, *The Merchant*, was written and read by a number of managers, who, one after another, declined it with thanks. Finally, the disappointed author put her rejected effort away, and not until her family suggested competing for a newspaper prize did she dream it would ever be resurrected from the seclusion of her pigeon-holes. The manuscript won the first prize, and, after production at a matinee performance, was again threatened with oblivion. The play was finally purchased, but another delay of twelve months occurred before it met with the ultimate success it has scored in the last few weeks. Miss Morton has charmingly unaffected manners, is a delightful conversationalist, her fine reasoning powers, intuitive perceptions and close observation combining to render her unusually attractive and entertaining.

Book Chat.

It doesn't hurt a writer half so much to strike a humorous vein as it does to bump his "funny bone."

Education is all right just so it doesn't leave its victim too smart to work and not smart enough to get along without work.

James Jeffery Roche, editor of the Boston *Pilot*, has written a volume on "The Filibusters of the Spanish Main," for the Adventure series.

Edward Bellamy, it is stated, has received \$37,000 in royalties from his book "Looking Backward," and is looking into futurity for more.

M. M. Pomeroy, familiarly known as "Brick," is about 60 years old, bald, and wears a chin beard. He resembles a country Methodist parson.

Author: These two books—I hardly know what to call them—are waiting for titles. Joblots: Why don't you call them "American Heiresses," then?

Ouida's new book, "The Last of the Clarencieux," is a study of different types of Hebrew character. It is said to show entire freedom from prejudice.

Charles Dickens' old house in Doughty street, London, is for sale, or is to be let on a long lease. It was from here that he wrote the letters of "Boz," when he was first winning his name and fame.

W. E. Henley, the poet, is preparing an anthology for boys—a book wherein will appear what he considers all the finest fighting or heroic verse, between and including Shakespeare and Whitman.

Mrs. Besant announces that she can no longer serve upon the London school board. The death of Mme. Blavatsky has imposed additional work upon her, and she prefers theosophy to any other line of labor.

The works of Victor Hugo are still read more than those of any other French author. According to a letter from his son-in-law, Vacquerie, the seven editions of the poet's works published during the last five years have brought in 7,500,000 francs.

Hjelmar H. Boyeson is a successful novelist, if success is to be judged by purity and eloquence combined with piquant naturalness of plot and detail. His latest book is entitled "The Mammon of Unrighteousness," and is a strong picture of American life which all will recognize as ideal yet truthful. The material is drawn from life and vividly reproduces certain types of character. It is unequivocally American, and it is truly enjoyable.

General Benjamin F. Butler will call his forthcoming autobiography "Butler's Book." His mother was a very religious woman, and she struck a bargain with Ben by which he was to commit to memory verses of scripture. "I committed to memory," he says, "the four gospels, and once had recited them at call for a quotation in every part. I know every word, not even excepting the first eighteen verses of the first chapter of Matthew, where everybody begat everybody else."

Prof. Jackson, of Columbia College, is one of the two men in America—Prof. Lanman, of Harvard, being the other—who are honored by occasional autograph letters from the High Priest of the Parsees in Bombay. The Parsees are the descendants of the exiled fireworshippers of ancient Persia, and they are reduced now in numbers to about 100,000, but they remain the most moral and intellectual people of Asia. The High Priest's interest in the American professors is the result of their researches in the ancient literature and language of the Persians.

Professional Chat.

When Justice Stephen J. Field, of the Supreme Court, loomed up as a Presidential possibility his brother Cyrus began casting about for certain State delegations. Georgia, he thought, he might capture through Grady, who was already the recognized leader of the new element in the "Cracker" State, the element generally understood to be useful in practical politics. It is sometimes characterized as the "New South," and extends over a large part of Dixie land. Accordingly, Grady received from "Brother Cy." a check for \$20,000, and with it the instruction: "Put this where it will do the most good." Grady invested it in the *Constitution*.

They are still telling stories about the Sheridans, father and son, thus: "Father," said Tom Sheridan one day, "I wish you would get me a second-hand suit of clothes." "What on earth do you want a second-hand suit of clothes for?" "I want to go down in a coal mine." "And in the name of all that is magnificent Tom, why do you want to go down in a coal mine?" "Oh, nothing particular, except just to say I've been there." Richard Brinsley surveyed his boy with a look of mingled admiration and astonishment, and then, placing his paternal hand upon the youth's shoulder, said: "My dear Tom, it's a very easy matter to say that you've been down in a coal mine, without even spoiling a second-hand suit of clothes." "If you don't see fit to alter your course of life, sir, at once," said the austere moralist and irate father upon one occasion, "I will cut you off with a shilling." "Have you got the shilling about you, sir?" replied Tom.

A correspondent tells this anecdote of the poet Whittier's success in aiding a little girl at a school examination: "You know Whittier's love for children. The aged poet one winter renewed his youth in a handsome overcoat of the purest ulster pattern, clad with which he attended a school examination up among the hills so dear to him. He was standing beside the teacher, who was catechizing a dimpled little dot in geography. 'What are the provinces of Ireland?' asked the teacher. 'Potatoes, whisky, aldermen, patriotism,' began the child. 'No, no,' interrupted the teacher; 'I didn't mean products; I said 'provinces.''" 'Oh,' said the girl, 'Connaught, Leinster, Munster and—and—' Here she stuck, put her chubby finger into her rosebud mouth and sought inspiration successively in her toes, the corner of her apron, the ceiling and the poet. All children love the old Quaker poet's kindly face. He smiled. Her face brightened sympathetically. The *entente cordiale* had been established between them. He patted his ulster significantly. She looked at him inquiringly. He nodded, and she burst out with: 'Oh, Miss Simmons, I know. Connaught, Leinster, Munster and Overcoat!'"

"I don't think I was ever superstitious about anything until recently," said Colonel John R. Thompson, of the office of the secretary of the Senate, to a Washington *Post* man. "You recollect the late Colonel Thomas G. Morrow, one of the most whole-souled of men. Well, he used to be in our office frequently when Congress was in session. He learned that I had a weakness for canes; that they were in a manner my 'fad.' One day Colonel Morrow said he had a very old stick at home which he would present to me, adding that he thought it would be an interesting addition to my collection. Not long after that Colonel Morrow brought the cane. Before handing it to me he said: 'Thompson, I have changed my mind about giving you this cane. It has a strange history. I can trace it back to 1803, and it has had twenty owners since that time. The strange part of it is that each time the stick changed owners by gift the person who gave it away died within two weeks after. I am just superstitious enough not to give you the cane; but I will sell it to you for 5 cents.' I felt incredulous, of course, as to any occult power the cane might possess, but to satisfy the Colonel I fished out a nickel and bought and paid for the stick, he receiving the money as a necessary part of the transaction. Thus a legal consideration had been given and received for the cane. Colonel Morrow died within two weeks of that day. Is it surprising that I am now a little superstitious and eye that cane askance?"

When the Cows Come Home.

It is the solemn hour when daylight slowly fades,
And as I sit here in the gathering gloom
I hear afar the tinkling on the night air of the bells,
And soon I see the cows come slowly home.

The long, bright day is done, and as darkness slowly steals
Down o'er the farm, 'tis then my thoughts will roam
Until at last, through the dim spectral light,
Slow up the lane I see the cows come home.

Deep in the woods I hear the night bird's song,
And on the summer air the mourning dove's low moan,
And I seem to see the faces of friends long gone before,
'Mongst the shadows, when the cows come home.

This earth is cold and drear, but there is one joy for me;
'Tis when sitting here in silence and alone,
I love to dream and ponder o'er the joys which now are past,
In the evening when the cows come home.

NOTES.

Joseph Hindell, of Company B, Stevenson's regiment, died at Milwaukee (Wis.), July 1st.

We are glad our neighbor the *Bee* has renewed the advocacy of a new charter. From appearances, we will soon be without a government or anything to govern.

San Diego has raised the \$200,000 bonus for an iron-plant subsidy and work will begin at once. It shows that the "boom" has not died out in the south. There are localities in this State where such an amount could readily be raised on paper, but it would never materialize.

Rev. Jos. Kranskopf, of Philadelphia, has often been mentioned and quoted from by THEMIS. In this eminent and accomplished scholar we recognize one of the most advanced thinkers of the day. Broad-gauge and liberal in his ideas, he discloses a finish rarely found among modern theologians. We welcome the learned man to our shores.

A magnet carried by Newton in a finger-ring is said to have been capable of raising 746 grains, or about 250 times its own weight of three grains, and to have been much admired in consequence. A magnet formerly belonging to Sir John Leslie, and now in the physical collection at Edinburgh, has still greater power, however, weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ grains and being able to support 1,560 grains.

We were greatly surprised to note such artistic skill as that disclosed by the 14-year-old daughter of Captain E. M. Stevens. The young lady's idea of landscape painting is something of a wonder in one so young. We had occasion to examine some of the art work of this gifted child, and without a desire to give false praise, must say that the divine gift of the painter is manifest in little Mabel Stevens.

In Spain, France, Ireland and some parts of England, a tinker is held in such abhorrence by the common people as to make it almost impossible for him to get a meal or find lodgings for the night. The reason alleged is, that when the blacksmith was ordered to make nails for Christ's crucifixion he refused, but the tinker made them, and Christ condemned him and all of his race to be wanderers, and never have a roof of their own to cover their heads, until the world's end.

The largest coral reef in the world is the Australian Barrier reef, on the northeast coast of that continent, which extends about 1,100 miles. Its average distance from the land is 20 to 30 miles, but in some points it is 50 to 90 miles distant. The great arm of the sea thus included is 10 to 25 fathoms deep, with a sandy bottom; but toward the southern end, where the reef is furthest from the shore, the depth gradually increases to 40, and in some parts to more than 60 fathoms. A reef on the west coast of New Caledonia is 400 miles long, and for a distance of many leagues seldom approaches within 8 miles of the land.

Within a week death has claimed two pioneer residents of Sacramento—Captain N. A. Kidder and Wm. Cummings. Captain Kidder died at the ripe age of 82. He was an old sea captain, and arrived on this coast in 1850. Settling in Sacramento, he pursued an active life until his death, and filled many responsible public positions. His sister, Mrs. C. A. Chamberlain, was an accomplished writer, and contributed many poems of merit to the literature of the world. Mr. Cummings was in early days a jeweler of prominence and conducted business here; later on he was in business for a time in San Francisco, but for years has lived in retirement from active business life. He was a member of the Sacramento Society of California Pioneers.

Time and science will demonstrate to what extent drunkards are responsible for their deeds, and will also find a way to reclaim many of the unfortunate persons afflicted with an uncontrollable appetite for liquor. Inebriety is unquestionably a disease of the brain, either inherited or acquired, and must be treated as such to effect a cure. It would be a great boon to humanity if asylums were maintained at public expense where inebriates might either be permanently cured or prevented from inflicting so much misery and suffering. Most of the crimes, and many of the accidents, in which the innocent and guilty are made to suffer alike are directly caused by the use of liquor; and as there seems to be no way to prevent its sale, its worst victims should be confined and treated in the same manner other persons are treated for mental disorders. Public sentiment will soon make the demand for such asylums, and their erection will be of great benefit to mankind by eradicating the great evil of excessive liquor drinking.

Elections in San Francisco come high. According to the annual report of the secretary of the Board of Election Commission-

ers, the total expenses of the Registrar's office for the fiscal year amounted to \$135,073 17, while the total number of votes cast at the election in 1890 was but 55,565; the principal items being salary of Registrar, \$3,600; precinct election clerks, \$5,589; printing precinct registers, \$12,850 55; rent of election rooms, \$7,302 50; salary of extra clerks, \$29,098 05; election booths, \$2,400 55. It appears from the report that the board was created in March, 1878; that their expenditures the first year were \$53,007 64. There has been a constant increase in election years, and the cost the last fiscal year is greater than in any year in the past. If the people, through the instrumentality of the board, received compensation for this excessive expenditure no criticism would come; but it is of general notoriety that elections in the metropolis by the sea are unusually shadowy.

Take things as they are and make the best of them. Prudence in a woman should be an instinct, not a virtue. Happiness is like the echo—it answers but does not come. Vice in the young fills us with horror; in the old, disgust. Caution is often wasted, but it is a very good risk to take. The man who never makes any blunders seldom makes any good hits. The great difficulty about advice is the preponderance of quantity over quality. When a man has the reputation of being plain-spoken it is a sure sign that he never sees anything good in others. The slowest and dullest woman soon gets on to a new wrinkle—if it appears in another woman's face. Don't think that because you have exhausted all your own resources you have exhausted all in the world; here are acres to be ploughed outside your own gate. Because a man makes a loud noise by continually shooting off his mouth, don't think for an instant that it is an overflow of brain power; consider the mule; he is a good example.

We were amused at the reading of the affidavits made by the managing editors of our daily contemporaries that were filed in the case of one Smith, charged with complicity in the robbery of Robert Allen, in opposition to an application for a change of the place of trial, based mainly upon the affidavit of the defendant, wherein were pasted all the articles that have been published concerning the Allen case since it transpired. The reports published in the dailies were decidedly sensational, and were liberally interspersed with very direct opinions. Our grave editors swear that the matters they published were as general news, and were not for the purpose of inflaming the public mind or creating any prejudice against any person, nor for the purpose of preventing any person from having a fair and impartial trial; and that they did not believe the publication of the articles referred to will prevent any person from receiving a fair trial in Sacramento county. It seems to us this is an admission that their papers are without influence, and a concession that the "power of the press" is with them a thing of the past. News is one thing; the expression of opinion another. To say, for instance, that the publication of a picture representing a man hanging to a gibbet, and labeled "This is what Sacramento wants," is news, hardly accords with our views. To denominate persons who have not had the opportunity of a trial as "thugs" and "dive keepers," may to some seem news, but we regard it an expression of opinion. We declined to sign an affidavit for the reason that when we express an opinion we believe we are right, and we expect that which we write will, in a measure, influence the public; we intend that it shall. It strikes us that in this matter the dailies say, in effect, to the people: "Do not mind what we say; we do a great deal of shouting, and at times become violent, but it is only for the purpose of gathering in the nickels that come from the sale of our papers. We denounce men because it is popular to do so—suggest they should be hanged or sent to the penitentiary, but it is only that the people will buy our papers; they know we are shamming; they are not influenced by it, and have too much sense to place credence in what we say." With respect to the clause in the affidavits, that the public mind was not influenced by the publications in our daily contemporaries, we cannot with seriousness deny it, and if called upon would be compelled to depose in like manner concerning much of that which they present to us daily. But with the sworn admission that that which is manifestly intended to sway the public mind fails of its object, we see not the gain attained by the publication of these opinionated articles. It seems to us a "vain and idle act." It is perhaps right, however, that journalists on our leading daily papers should swear to the truth, and place it on record. We opine the people have long since suspected that an ordinary newspaper opinion is of as little value as a forty-foot lot in the moon. They do, however, respect the opinions of a journal that expresses itself firmly, and whose editors have such conviction in the views they have written that they will stand by them, and decline to publicly acknowledge they meant not that which they wrote.

NEW YORK LETTER.

SOME UGLY FACTS ABOUT AMERICAN TOURISTS.

Trade Circles—The Gold Output—Beer and Classics—Music—Naval Militia Drills—Broadway Cable Road—Largest Depot in the World.

[Special Correspondence of THEMIS.]

NEW YORK, July 10, 1891.

If the Honorable James Russell Lowell should propound his celebrated question, "What is so rare as a day in June?" this season he would in all probability be informed that a good business day is much more rare in this part of the country. Here and there you will find a man who makes a pretense of moving goods in and out of his store in a feverish sort of way, and who informs you that he has "not been so busy in years," but the sight of the wonderful bargains that the young man (who is evidently a salesman himself) is obtaining has but little effect on the average buyer. The modern customer is fly—very fly. And if this is the complaint in the retail world, how much more true is it of the wholesale dealer. Business began late only to have its early development stopped by strikes in the most important trades and misunderstandings regarding the tariff among importers. As the matter now stands the season's brisk trade is over with little or no result. As a consequence, the exports of gold have been heavier than ordinary and the stock market has declined proportionally.

The export of gold during the past year has been something unprecedented. Something like \$60,000,000 has gone over to the other side of the Atlantic within the past twelve months, a state of affairs that is unequalled in financial history. No other nation in the world could stand the constant drain on its resources such as the United States has been subjected to from the very beginning and yet present a prosperous appearance. How much longer even we can stand such a state of affairs is becoming a question of moment with the student of political economy as applied to a republic. A large share of this exportation goes to pay the bills of the American tourist in Europe. The fashionable world—or rather that share of it that is so ultra-fashionable as to be unable to remain satisfied with things American—annually spends more money in Europe, because it is the correct thing, than would suffice for luxurious support under proper circumstances. In England it is a proverb that "only dukes and Americans travel first class"—a mildly sarcastic way of stating that the extravagance of American travelers is without its equal. Large bills of goods are purchased on the other side, apparently with no other purpose than that of saving the duty on their entry into American ports. Of course our best people would not smuggle—oh, no! but then you know the law says that goods in one's possession over a year are entitled to free entry as personal effects; and it is so easy to have our bills dated a year ago. A bill dated 1890 may be a mistake, but it is so convenient at times. On the other hand, European visitors to this continent are not over liberal. Our hotel keepers will tell you that they are satisfied with very moderate accommodations, and that their bills are never large, if, indeed, they are not seized upon by American friends and not permitted to spend a cent. Letters of introduction are an European product, and few tourists from across the herring pond are unprovided with them. As a result, the free and easy American feels called upon to pay the bills, and is sarcastically written up for his pains. It is an old, old story that the European traveler considers very little experience necessary to fit him for discoursing on America and things American; but the strangest part of it is that so many of them look upon favors as a sign of fear, to be repaid by sneers.

Speaking of the tariff, Ohio seems to have adopted the motto of Commodore Lawrence, with variations. "Don't give up the ship" is simply changed into "Don't give up the sheep."

A number of cherished opinions have been rarely shocked by the success of the Thomas farewell concerts at the Madison Square Garden. The majority of the "best people," being naturally conservatives, predicted that any entertainment where beer was admitted would only appeal to the lower classes and become anything but refined. But the experience of the past week has proved that beer and classical music are no more incompatible in America than in the fatherland. In no concerts have the programmes been more thoroughly classical than at the Thomas concert. Berlioz, Auber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Gounod and Wagner are all represented on the programmes, which are likewise remarkable for their catholicity. As a rule, the French and Italian schools seem to be most in favor, as being nearer to the peo-

ple than the heavy classics of Germany. All are received with an attention and evident appreciation, however, that shows a thorough love as well as an understanding of music. The number of elderly people that attend with conspicuous regularity has been frequently remarked. The frequency with which grey heads appear in the audience gives an air of respectability to the entire entertainment that is distressing to the reformers who predicted failure at the beginning.

The drills of the new naval militia which are soon to take place at Fisher's Island are looked forward to with a great deal of interest. Fisher's Island is at the eastern end of Long Island Sound and is a strategic point of considerable importance, as commanding one of the chief approaches of New York city. The new militia are ordered to assemble there, where they will be met by a detachment from the North Atlantic Squadron, which will assist in the drills and afford the most approved means and opportunities of instructing the new volunteers in the peculiarities of naval warfare. A vessel will be dispatched by the Navy Department to serve as a training ship, and no pains will be spared to make the new departure a success. But, nevertheless, it is a new departure, and, as such, is but poorly regarded by a number of military authorities. The gist of the arguments against a corps of naval volunteers is, that while volunteers are excellent for the work of the line, special arms should be served by trained men—a suggestion that loses its point when the fact is considered that the men comprising the new corps are in every way fitted, both by education and training, to deal with the scientific problems of the day, either in the abstract or concrete. The preparations have been thorough, however, and all the plans so carefully laid that it will need more than an ordinary conjunction of adverse circumstances to prevent a successful demonstration of the usefulness of the new militia; and with success comes the possibilities of future development that are simply appalling in extent.

"Talk about your eorduroy roars," said a can't-get away New Yorker to another who started yesterday to camp for the season in the Adirondacks, "there is nothing in the North Woods to beat the Broadway horse-cars just now. For miles the centre of that thoroughfare has been dug out, and the cable is in every stage of being laid. Rails have been temporarily laid at the side of the street, and in a primitive manner, and over this side-track the cars go bumping along in a manner calculated to give its patrons a perpetual dyspepsia. I took a ride along the route one afternoon this week, and the jouncing was so terrific that it actually made a lady swear. To this horrible fact I stand ready to make an affidavit and likewise to thank the young woman for expressing my own sentiments in the matter. She had tripped in jauntily, seated herself in a corner opposite me, took a newspaper out of her bag and settled herself down for a good long read. Presently the car humped itself and jumped into the air, and she looked up with a glance of indignation. Ten seconds later her newspaper was nearly thrown out of her hand, and she had become wrathful. A third bounce settled the business, and she crumpled the paper into her bag and swore softly but audibly, wishing that the road were dammed or otherwise improved. She was really excusable, and I have no doubt that if the recording angel was anywhere around he had cotton stuffed into his ears. The road is run without the slightest regard to public comfort, and if the New Yorkers were not the most patient people in the world they would rise up en masse and demand better accommodation, while the Broadway directors are digging their gold mine—a mine that will prove richer in the end than any Arizona bonanza."

Contemporaneous with the reconstruction of Broadway is the erection on that ancient Indian trail and modern highway of civilization the largest and finest railroad depot in the world. It will occupy the west side of Broadway between Thirty-seventh and Thirty-ninth streets, and will extend back across Seventh avenue to Eighth avenue, being 400 feet frontage on Broadway and 1,300 feet deep, and so arranged as not to obstruct any thoroughfare, as the floor of the depot will be 20 feet above the street. On Broadway the building will be seven stories high for office accommodation. This gigantic depot is intended to accommodate the New York and New Jersey Bridge Company, which is about to build an eight-track bridge across the Hudson. Recent calculations show that 750 passenger trains will cross the river by the bridge at Seventy-first street during twenty-four hours, which is more than thirty trains an hour. The New Jersey promoters of the scheme will unite with the New York corporation at a meeting to be held on the 23d of July, and as the needed \$1,000,000 in cash has been provided, the actual work of construction will begin in September. The four blocks in question are mainly occupied by cheap structures of a past era. M. F.

FLASHES.

There is no genuine sincerity in fashionable life.

Envy in the human heart makes the devil's work easy.

A red nose is usually considered a picture of "still life."

The fellow who is good because he has to be, is not good.

Some may feel good—but that is no sign that they are good.

It is astonishing what amount of trash gets into the Sunday papers.

Those who write open letters often wish they had kept them closed.

There is no occasion for lightning to strike twice in the same place. Once generally does the business.

Some men talk in their sleep; many of our preachers sleep in their talk—so does the congregation.

A woman's happiest hours are when she's asleep. When she's asleep is the happiest time of her husband—often.

Death of Thomas W. Humphrey.

But a few weeks ago we noted the marriage of Thomas W. Humphrey to Miss Edith Smith. We little expected we would so soon be called upon to announce his death. He died at San Francisco Monday afternoon, of typhoid fever. Mr. Humphrey was but 27 years of age. While teaching school he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He established himself in practice here, and soon laid the foundation for a lucrative business. We sincerely regret that at the time when life's best success was opened out to him, when in the honeymoon of married life, he should be called away. His friends are many, though he was a man not ostentatious. They deeply feel his death, and extend sympathy to his widow and brothers.

The Weight of the Sun.

The weight of the sun is found in the same way as that of the earth, namely, by ascertaining the volume in cubic miles and its mean density. The theory of universal gravitation gives us the means of comparing the weights of the heavenly bodies as if they were weighed on a steelyard. The sun's distance has been found to exceed its diameter 107 $\frac{1}{2}$ times, and the diameter to be, therefore, about 860,000 miles. As the sun is a perfect sphere its volume is easily deduced from these figures. The mean density of the sun has been found, by calculations based on the influence it exercises upon the earth and the other planets, to be about one-fourth that of the earth. So, roughly speaking, it is one and a half times heavier than a sphere of water of the same magnitude and of uniform density throughout. The dimensions and density of the sun being known, it becomes easy to calculate its weight, for we know the exact weight of a cubic mile of water. The row of figures representing the weight of the sun would be too long to give any real idea of its immensity, which may, perhaps, be to some extent grasped if it is stated that the weight of the earth, as given by Herschel, is 5,582 trillions of tons, and the weight of the sun is 326,000 times greater than that of the earth.

A Curious "Circulating Library."

Perhaps one of the most unique and remarkable institutions in the world is the "Bone Circulating Library," an attachment of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York city. In the room, which is fitted up with shelves, cases, etc., just as any other library room, are hundreds of thousands of human bones of all sizes, shapes and forms. The bones, which are numbered and labeled, are placed in order on the shelves and in the cases, an attendant being always on hand to act in the same capacity as a librarian. It is his duty to keep track of the bones lent; to enter them upon books, and to see that they are returned uninjured. During the day scores of students flock in and out of this uncanny place, carrying packages of strange appearance in their hands or sticking out of their coat pockets. These packages are made up of human bones, which they are returning or taking from this "Bone Circulating Library."

Fashion's Follies.

What folly is this that sends people to "resorts," lodges them in a small, stuffy room, feeds them at an inferior table, and paints heavy dark circles under their eyes as a result of their "much needed rest?" It is the same absolute monarch that has ruled the majority of mankind for so many eras—fashion. If you do not go away for a period during the summer, leaving the comforts of your home for the discomforts of a lodging house, you lose caste among your neighbors. They begin to think—and say—that, after all, you are no better than you should be, a fact which they have suspected ever since early last spring, when the master of the house, with the most hardened indifference to the shocked looks of the neighbors, lowered his dignity enough to push the new lawn-mower several times across the front yard.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

"The Lilliputians" drew large houses on Thursday and Friday nights in their musical comedy, *The Pupil in Magic*. The play is German and rendered in the German language. It is certainly a moral entertainment, and must have required great research to procure so many little people endowed with dramatic and musical ability to fill the roles. To-night the bill will be changed and *The Burgomaster of Pinneberg* given.

The Valley of the Jehoshaphat.

The valley of Jehoshaphat is named by the prophet Joel as a place of the Divine judgment. In this valley God was to "gather all nations and plead with them" for "His people" and for His "heritage Israel whom they have scattered among the nations." In Joel, iii:12, is this allusion: "Let the heathen be wakened and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat, for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about." The Hebrew word "Emek" used by Joel is one that is applied to spacious valleys. George Grove, in Smith's "Bible Dictionary," observes that "the frequent mention in Joel of Mount Zion, Jerusalem and the temple may have led to the belief that the locality of the great judgment would be in their immediate neighborhood. This would be assisted by the mention of the Mount of Olives in the somewhat similar passage in Zachariah, xiv:3-4." Then it is suggested that Jehoshaphat was really an ancient name of the valley of Kedron, and "that from the name the connection with Joel's prophecy and the belief in its being the scene of Jehovah's last judgment have followed." Grove also remarks that "the name would seem to be generally confined by travelers to the upper part of the glen from about the 'Tomb of the Virgin' to the southeast corner of the wall of Jerusalem." Dean Stanley in "Sinai and Palestine," says, "as the southern ravine had already given a name to the infernal fires of the other world, so in Mussulman and mediæval traditions the valley of the Kedron was identified with the valley of Jehoshaphat, or of the Divine Judgment; and long regarded by the pilgrims of both religions (Jewish and Mahometan) as the destined scene of the judgment of the world." Mimpriess says: "The brook Kedron is the only name by which 'the valley' itself is known in scripture; for it is by no means certain, nor even probable, that the name 'valley of Jehoshaphat,' in Joel, was intended to apply to this valley." Robinson speaks of "the valley of Jehoshaphat" as "the brook Kedron" of the scriptures," and informs us that from St. Stephen's gate, on the eastern side of the city, a path winds down on a course southeast by east and crosses the valley. The valley of Hinnom, Robinson tells us, forms a junction with the valley of Jehoshaphat. Also, that in gardens lying partly within the mouth of Hinnom and partly in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and irrigated by the waters of Siloam. Jerome assigns the place of Tophet, "where the Jews practiced the horrid rites of Baal and Molech, and burned their sons and daughters in the fire." This seems to be about all the information that can be obtained about the valley of Jehoshaphat and its adjacent places.

The Plain Boy.

Your plain boy grows to be a still plainer man. When he acquires whiskers they don't fit. His mustache is a fright and his hair parts crosswise. His trousers bag at the knees, and his shoulders are not mates. But the first thing you know he goes courting the prettiest, brightest girl in town. She laughs at him, but he smiles and calls again. Somehow he interests her. He has something to say beyond the silly small talk of the day. The pretty girl, for the first time in her life, has a beau from whom she learns something and who is not tiresome. Moreover, her bright sallies are not wasted on him. The other fellows look blank and say, "Aw!" but he knows when to applaud. She finds that he has a purpose in life, and will do to tie to. And along in June they tie, and the other fellows cannot understand it. Twenty years later when the homely man goes to congress, gets rich, or makes his mark in literature or a profession, his more beautiful companions begin to tumble.

Civility is a very desirable trait of character, and sensible people should make a point of keeping it on hand. Civility is one of the Christian graces; it is obligatory upon a lady or a gentleman, and it is excellent stock in trade for those who wish to get on in the world. We mean civility, not servility. To cringe and fawn and flatter is despicable. Ostentatious politeness, with a profusion of bows and fine speeches, may be burdensome; but a kind word of greeting, a polite attention, a little act of courtesy is quite another thing. There are people who have a great deal of that pride which gives one the assurance of being "just as good as anybody else, if not a little better," fancy that to care nothing for what others feel, to take the best and be the foremost by dint of pushing, and never on any account to allow another precedence, is to assert themselves properly. This is a great mistake; such conduct, instead of being an evidence of true independence of character, is a mark of ignorance and vulgarity.

Famous Aerolites.

On clear nights when the limpid atmosphere permits us to observe to the best advantage the innumerable splendors of the sky, we have perhaps had the good fortune to witness a shower of meteors; and these apparitions have been well calculated to arouse our curiosity and stimulate the imagination. We know of quite a number of these aerolites that exceed 1,000 pounds in weight. Here is a list of some of the famous aerolites:

1. The aerolite which long served as a bench at the door of the church of Caille, in the Maritime Alps, now in Paris. Weight, 1,675 pounds.
2. The aerolite found in 1788, at Tucuman, in the Argentine Republic, now in London. Weight, 1,695 pounds.
3. The aerolite discovered in Siberia by Pallas, in 1749, now in Paris. Its former weight was 1,876 pounds, but fragments which have been broken from it have reduced its weight to 1,390 pounds.
4. The aerolite which fell in 1816 at Santa Rosa, in New Granada. Weight, 2,010 pounds.
5. The aerolite which served as an idol at Charcas, Mexico, was later an ornament of the church there, and was finally taken by the French to Paris. Weight, 2,290 pounds.
6. The aerolite discovered in 1861 at Melbourne. The two fragments, one in Melbourne and the other in London, weigh together 8,040 pounds.
7. The aerolite of Bendego, near Bahia, Brazil, discovered in 1816 and taken to Rio de Janeiro in 1877. Weight, 13,364 pounds.
8. The aerolite which was found near the source of the Yellow river, in China, and which measured fifty feet in height. Weight, 26,800 pounds.
9. The great aerolite of Tucuman, in South America. Weight, 40,200 pounds.
10. The enormous aerolite discovered in 1875 upon a mountain of the province of St. Catharine, in Brazil, and of which the fourteen fragments weigh together 67,000 pounds.

Finally, the greatest of them all, the meteoric stone which was discovered at Ximenes, in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico. The two pieces have the enormous weight of 75,000 pounds.

Mr. Jacques Leotard, a French writer, who compiled this list, says there is little doubt that many aerolites exist that are even larger than those here mentioned. The fact should also be remembered that the surface of the sea is much greater than the land surface, and, of course, the larger number of aerolites fall into the ocean. One remarkable and very curious consequence of this increase in the mass of the earth is that the rotation of our planet upon its axis in the course of many ages must, little by little, become slower, increasing the length of the day.

A shrewd observer once said in walking the streets of a slippery morning that one might see where the good-natured people lived by the ashes thrown on the ice before the doors.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to THEODORE J. KERLIN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 14th day of July, 1891, in which action, Nettie R. Kerlin is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To have the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the plaintiff dissolved; that the plaintiff be awarded the custody of the children, issue of said marriage, and for alimony, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court, this 14th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.
ARMSTRONG & PLATNAUER, Attorneys for Plaintiff, jyt8-St

Fine Table
Wines
From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

Reading the Human Face.

Everyone knows that men's passions, propensities and peculiarities, as well as their callings, are reflected in their faces, but it is only the few who have made the study of physiognomy an especial pursuit who are gifted with the power of reading those faces. Judges who have served long terms on the bench, lawyers in large practice, and doctors of eminence, possess the power of interpreting physiognomies more largely than other people, but anyone can acquire the rudiments of the art by dint of hard study. It is as impossible to disguise a face (without putting on a mask) as it is to disguise one's handwriting. When the expert comes the disguise is torn off and the face tells the true story of the spirit inside the body. One only needs to visit the penitentiary to realize how undeniably vice writes its sign-manual upon the features. It is not the drunkard only whose red nose, flabby cheeks and watery eyes betray him; it is the sensualist whose vice is read in his lips, the knave whose propensity is revealed by the shape of his mouth, and the man of violence who has been betrayed by his eyes. An experienced detective or a trained jailer seldom asks the crime of which a prisoner is guilty; he can tell it on the criminal's face. In short, all the advantages which Fowler told us we were going to derive from the study of phrenology we may possibly gain from the older and more mysterious science of face-reading.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. M. MORRISON,

Southeast Cor. Twelfth and E Streets,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

General Merchandise.
Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,
Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,
SACRAMENTO.



PANTS to ORDER
\$3.50 to \$13.50
SUITS TO ORDER
\$15.00 to \$50.00
1000 Patterns to Select from.
GABEL the TAILOR
426 J STREET.

THE PASTEUR

GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER, WHEN FOR a trifling amount expended in the purchase of one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

"IN THE HEART OF A STEAMSHIP."

My father was a rich man when I left New York. His partner's only daughter was to be my wife when I should return.

I was a student in Vienna hospital when I received a cable from home that the old house had failed. It proved to be an honest failure, and both families were beggars.

I counted my pocketbook from cover to cover. I had just enough to leave free of debt and get to Liverpool. How to cross? Well, swim if necessary.

In the Liverpool steamer office was an old Harvard college-mate. This embarrassed me. He owed me a grudge from the football days at Berkeley oval. An Englishman seldom forgets.

Determined to work my passage over, I entered what I supposed was not the office where my old competitor was manager. I did not see him, but he must have caught sight of me. I was surprised at the promptness with which I was told to go on board the C—, and something would be found for me to do.

Two days out I was called to the captain's own room, insulted with the charge, at first politely put, of being a stowaway, and finally stung to madness bitter enough to obey silently when the officer said: "If you really don't want to steal your passage, go report to the engineer and shovel coal."

This I did. My experience I want to describe. It is common enough to hundreds of poor scamps this very moment all over the seas. But, God pity them, they have not the tongue to tell, nor, perhaps, always the sensibilities to feel, what their life really is.

Dizzy already with the tossings of the sea, I staggered down the series of iron stairways till I stood at last on the ship's lowest deck. Behind me were the vast bunkers of coal that glistened from a million eyes when the furnace doors were opened, and then faded out of sight. Before me the huge boilers rose, not silent, but roaring monsters, so hungry that the toiling pygmies who fed them jumped to their tasks till the sweat rolled from their bare backs. The heat was, to one descending from the pure breath of the Atlantic, something fearful. I was dressed in my ordinary attire, and even an overcoat at that, so precipitate had been my action. The smell of baking lubricants and red-hot iron, the dead air, poisoned with coal gas and bilge water odors, the dust, despite all showering, but most of all the sudden transition from white light to blackest darkness, momentarily proceeding, as this and that furnace door was open and shut, almost felled me to the deck.

As I stumbled and caught my hold on the stair rail, again the hardy fellows shouted: "Give us your shilling and go back!" supposing that I was a curious passenger seeing the sights of the ship.

The voices of derision roused me. I was no passenger. I was an honest beggar, like the rest; and here I was to be imprisoned for a week, watch on and off!

In a frenzy I tore off my clothing till I stood in my trousers and shoes like my fellows. I stated my hiring to the fellow in charge of the watch, and he gave me my shovel with a pitying laugh.

I was up at the boiler nearest the stair. The 'midships would have been a less drunken spot, but I leaped at the hardest of the task.

My head grew dizzy. I panted for a full vital breath. The corrugated flooring, polished till it was glossy smooth in spots, tangled my poor feet so that I repeatedly fell. Ah, that sense of whirling, whirling, whirling! How little the fair folk in the cabins know of all this Plutonian hole beneath their carpets.

Really, I thought I could describe somewhat that lurid fantasm and these scarlet-skinned, good-natured demons, but I cannot. Vertigo struck me down in less than a half hour. The next I knew I was being revived in the companion-way, and the sea air was so grateful. The ship's surgeon asked me if I felt able to go to work again, and courteously recognized that I was not a laborer. I was graceless enough to growl out my spleen and reassert that I was no stowaway, which the good doctor did not understand.

I turned to the assistant engineer, who stood by, and asked him to give me a job of which I might be capable.

Thrusting his hands in his pockets, he walked off with a command to "try him at oiling."

Ed B—, the head oiler—dear, brave heart, I often go down to the dock to see him when in port here, but the engine is as dear to him as a bride or I would long ago have battered his fortunes—he took me in hand. We walked along those mere bird-cages of stairways and platforms, a labyrinth of passages in a forest of steel arms, wheels, shafting and steam piping. To a landsman, a young physician now, that endless maze of mighty anatomy is at first simply awful. It sobers one, this sullen, ceaseless throb of the monster's heart, the deep breathing of the steam chests, the sigh of the creature's spirit as the pistons make one more and yet one more hereulean thrust turning the crank shaft.

Each time, as the piston slowly starts, it

seems as if it must be the last, and infinite fatigue prevail. But no, it goes on, night and day, motion, motion, motion. Don't let me fire you reader, but I do wish I could express to you something of the solemn impression that began to seize upon me, crawling like a fly after Ed, the oiler. Then the hiss, the scream, the little sighs and moans of here and there a jet of truant steam, almost human sounds issuing from the jungle of polished steel!

"She's a tiger, she is!" cried Ed. "Look out!"

I heard that kind exclamation frequently as we went our rounds. There were others doing the same work, but I became a chosen attendant of my cat-like friend. He had a sprained elbow, and I helped him professionally. He got my story. We were intimate in two or three days, and I record it with honest satisfaction, for Ed B— was a genuine man.

It was one day off the Banks that we stopped. The chief got a notion that the shaft was not sound, and the next voyage it proved so, for a hair-line along and around that huge polished arm of power turned out an incipient fracture. But it was, on investigation, decided this voyage that there was nothing wrong. Still, there we lay on the breast of the swells for more than two hours. Ed came to me and said:

"Now she's still, the second engineer thinks we might go into the pit and clean out the waste and oil puddles. I don't like it, doctor, when she's got steam on. What if she turned her crank, eh?"

The brave boy went jumping down, however, down, down, till he stood directly under that massive crank, which had stopped at the half turn over his head.

The reader will understand that the space allowed for the crank to make the full circuit round below was only sufficient for the iron to sweep through. Into that now empty space Ed was preparing to step. It was as dark as a grave and about a grave's dimensions. I held the torch above his head. Men working by torchlight in that place resemble imps. We were good natured imps, however, and, though very cautious, were chatting cheerfully enough.

"I never like this job at sea," resumed Ed, "nor at any time except when the last pound o' steam is out of her, two or three days at dock."

"But the engineer knows we are here," I replied.

"Yes, he ordered me down—and there's no need of it—and he don't like me," Ed got off between his breath, bending to his perilous work in the pit.

"Heavens, man!" I exploded, catching at what I thought was his meaning. "That would be murder!"

"Hush, doctor! Not that, not that! But if I had refused to come, as he thought I would, don't you see he could break me—that is, discharge me when we get into New York?"

A few minutes later Ed sent me aloft for an extra mop of cotton waste. I was to hurry, for we knew not what minute the captain might go ahead. I remember I had scoured the waste; I was picking my way along the enigma of little ladders and platforms. Far below, through the shadows flung from occasional gas-jets, the sleeping monster, like a nickel plated spider, lay prone, and I seemed to be exploring its viscera like some daring pathologist. Away below me in the light of his torch Ed reminded me of a microbe.

Suddenly the gong struck from the pilot-house. God help me, I can hear it yet!

I was near the engineer's landing. Quick as a flash I was on the engineer, and like a tiger I caught at the wheel which he was turning to let on steam.

"Man!" I yelled, "you haven't struck your own warning, 'All clear.' B— is in the crank pit!"

But I was too late. She gave one turn, at least. Then the scoundrel, or fool, I don't know which, yielded to me and we stopped her. But such a cry as came echoing up from the very heart of the engine!

"Thank God for that second cry!" I fairly sobbed as it floated up.

Then I sprang away and down. Ed lay insensible on the arm of the crank, as if the engine had stopped in pity and held him out to us. He had fainted with pain only, for the sprained elbow had been broken. How he escaped heaven only knows.

Now this is the curious part of my story. Less than a year after, when she was cold and lying at the docks without a pound of steam, that engine killed this same engineer. It must have been in the middle of the night. What he was doing down in her no one knows. A list by cargo and tide must have moved the machinery a half a turn and crushed him.

Ed B— says that engines have souls, but seafaring men cherish queer notions.

Indolence is a delightful but distressing state; we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thought to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame.—*Hazlitt*.

According to law a widow is entitled to her third, but the men are generally pretty shy after she has buried her second.—*Binghampton Leader*.

UNION ICE COMPANY

ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH

Pure Mountain Ice

NEW QUARTERS:

521 AND 523 I STREET.

CHARLES SELLINGER, Agent.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and original. Those who desire a thorough education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER**CAPITAL BREWERY**

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

FRED. SCHREIER,

TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BET. Q AND R,

CEMENT SIDEWALKS,

Garden Walks, Carriage Drives, Etc., constructed at shortest notice, in the most workman-like manner and at lowest rates.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than
J. SLAUGHTER,
Sixth and M streets.
Telephone 318.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT
BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

ALWAYS A FINE LUNCH ON THE COUNTER.
M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar Floors, Fence Coping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J

SACRAMENTO.

M. DUFFY,

Manufacturer of

Carriages, Wagons, Carts, Etc.

REPAIRING

Done at Short Notice. All Work Warranted.

1111-1113 J Street, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

PACIFIC HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

TELEPHONE NO. 41.

J. H. MIDDLEMASS,

J. B. DOLAN

DOLAN & MIDDLEMASS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES,

Produce and Provisions,

Northwest Corner of Seventh and N Streets,
SACRAMENTO.

GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.

TELEPHONE 248.

Apes and Men.

In the *New Review* for June there is a very remarkable paper by Professor Garner on the language of apes, which he has been studying with the help of the phonograph, and of which he thinks that he has acquired at least some of the rudiments. He tells us that, with the consent of Dr. Frank Baker, director of the National Zoological Gardens at Washington, he separated a pair of apes which had been living together and placed them in different rooms; then he placed the phonograph near the cage of the female and recorded a few of the sounds which she had uttered in that instrument. It was then removed to the cell of the male and made to repeat the sounds thus registered. "The surprise and perplexity of the male were evident. He traced the sounds to the horn from which they came, and failing to find his mate, he thrust his hand and arm into the horn quite up to his shoulders, withdrew it and peeped into the horn again and again. He would then retreat and again cautiously approach the horn, which he examined with evident interest. The expressions of his face were indeed a study."

Using the phonograph, and doing all in his power to imitate its sound after he had obtained what he believed to be the chimpanzee word either for milk or for the desire to obtain milk, Professor Garner made the greatest effort to repeat this word with his own tongue and lips to a capuchin monkey. The monkey immediately turned to look at him, and when he had repeated it three or four times very distinctly, the monkey repeated the sound and turned to a pan kept in his cage for supplying him with drink, brought the pan to the front of the cage, came quite up to the bars and uttered the word himself, though as yet Professor Garner had not shown him any milk or any other drink. Then, and not till then, milk was brought and poured into the pan, which the monkey drank with great zest, and then repeated the sound again some three or four times. And Professor Garner found that when he wanted his pan replenished he always used the same sound. And as, when water was used instead of milk, the same word was repeated to express the desire for it, the inference was drawn that the word denoted either liquid or the thirst which was satisfied by liquid. The same experiment was tried with a sound which Professor Garner discovered to be always used in connection with solid food, a banana or a carrot, a bit of bread or an apple; and as the same word seemed to apply to all of them equally, Professor Garner inferred that the word described either solid food in general or the hunger for it. And in the same way he discovered the sound which described pain or sickness, and another which expressed either a sense of danger or a threat, the effect of its utterance being to alarm the monkey so violently that he always sprang to the highest point in his cage, and after it had been repeated three or four times the result was that the creature became almost frantic with dread; nor would this monkey even allow himself to be attracted by the words for drink or food after he had once learned to associate Professor Garner with this sound, expressive of either danger or menace. In this fashion Professor Garner obtained the mastery of about eight or nine sounds, which may be changed by different modulations into three or four times that number, so as to express modified forms of the same word, all of them chiefly vowel sounds, with the barest indication of something like a consonant; and these sounds Professor Garner regards as the constituent elements of an ape language which has a variety of different dialects, according to the species of ape addressed.—*London Spectator*.

Little Curious Things.

At Cambridge, England, butter is sold by the yard, a pound of the article being rolled into a roll a yard long and sold in sections to suit buyers.

The Arabian year is a lunar one, and in the course of thirty-two years each month runs through all of the seasons.

The highest meteorological station in Europe is on the top of the Sonnblick, in Austria. It is 10,168 feet above the level of the sea. The oldest station of the same character is at Pekin, China. It was founded in the year 1279, and still contains three of the original instruments.

The growth of nails on the left hand requires eight to ten days more than those on the right; the growth is more rapid in children than in adults, and goes on faster in winter than in summer. It requires an average of 132 days for the renewal of the nails in winter and but 116 during the summer months.

The distance of the horizon to an eye five feet above the ground is 2.57 miles. The masts, however, of a vessel would be seen after the hull had disappeared below the horizon; and taking the average mast at 130 feet high, then an observer whose eye was five feet above the sea level could, with the aid of a glass, see its tip when it was nearly sixteen miles distant. From the summit of a lighthouse 200 feet high it would be visible when thirty-three miles away. These distances take the refraction of the atmosphere into account.

Strained Morality.

Upwards of fifty of the leading hotel-keepers of Maine recently got together in Waterville to protest against the severe prohibitory laws of that State, which utterly ignore equity and the consideration which is due to a respectable stranger in the State on the part of a respectable hotel landlord. For the past twenty years Maine has but barely held her own as compared with neighboring States. Her lumber trade is being subjected to harder and harder competition with Canada and other sections. The blight which has partially paralyzed farming all over New England has been severely felt by the State. Her short summers and severe winters place limitations upon agriculture and other industries not known in other sections. But her magnificent coast has of late years come to her rescue as a source of income, and scores of splendid hotels have gone up to satisfy the demand of a small army of invalids, and of debilitated and jaded people who go there in summer. Many of these people are ordered by their physicians to use alcoholic stimulants medicinally, and thousands bred in other sections have been accustomed all their lives to beer and light wines on the table. Through harsh and indiscriminate methods the new liquor law comes down upon these landlords and their guests as though they were the keepers and patrons of the vilest grog-shops. The result is that many of these guests, disgusted with such relentless fanaticism, are turning their backs upon Maine. Landlords, being unable to cater to their guests as custom has established everywhere else, see their property going to ruin while many thousands of dollars of needed income are being turned away from the State in a constant stream. Of course, unreasoning fanatics with strained notions of what constitutes temperance report that considerations of income and the growth of the State must not weigh against morals. But, as has been so often shown, unqualified prohibition inevitably infuses the poison of stealth into the public morals to an extent that far outweighs any incidental benefits that may attach to it. While a respectable man is debarred from a bottle of lager or light wine which the physician has recommended with meals, floating rum-shops will anchor off-shore, and evaders of the law will lurk in the woods with jugs and bottles. The moral expediency of indiscriminate prohibition has been the subject of review time and time again and is well understood by thoughtful people; but fanaticism manages to keep the upper hold in Maine, though it is notorious that Prohibition is and always has been a scandalous farce in that State. Neither upon financial nor moral grounds can the level-headed people of Maine afford to continue this absurd species of prohibitory intemperance.—*Boston Globe*.

The name of the author of the beautiful poem, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" is William Knox, born in 1789 and died in 1825. The poem was a great favorite of President Lincoln.

Grubler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street, SACRAMENTO.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Emile Cavellier, Wm. T. Hynes and David M. Bemus, greeting.

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 23d day of June, 1891, in which action GEO. SMITH is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To determine the adverse claims of the defendants, and each of them, to the north half of the east sixty feet and the east fifty feet of the south eighty feet of lot two, in block between I and J, 3d and 4th streets, in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and for costs of suit; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take default against you and each of you, and apply to the Court for the relief prayed for.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do herewith set my hand and affix the seal of said Court this 23d day of June, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
J. W. ARMSTRONG, Attorney for Plaintiff. j27-91

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of George H. Appel, an insolvent debtor. George H. Appel, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said George H. Appel is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the county of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 7th day of August, 1891, at one o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, June 30th, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
PHILIP S. DRIVER, Attorney for Insolvent. jy4-51

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of N. IRWIN, an insolvent debtor.—N. Irwin having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said N. Irwin is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said N. Irwin debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 7th day of August, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated June 29th, 1891.

JAMES B. DEVINE, Attorney for Petitioner. jy4-51

WENT T. CROWELL & CO.

Real Estate and General

AUCTIONEERS

Salesroom: 817 J Street.

J. SCHACHT,

DEALER IN

FAMILY GROCERIES

Provisions, Flour,

Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco

Southeast Corner Second and M Sts.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

C. T. MILLIKIN,

DENTIST,

1008 Eighth Street,

Between J and K,

Over Dr. W. A. Hughson's office.

A. L. HART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON,

ALBERT M. JOHNSON,

HIRAM W. JOHNSON,

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,

LAWYERS.

504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 604 J Street,

W. A. GETT, JR.,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLOMON HOLL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,

LAWYERS.

Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,

LAWYER.

Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,

LAWYER,

920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney),

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, upstairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

N.W. corner Sixth and K.

The Talking Woman.

"Beware of the woman who talks rapidly," said an old French writer, "for when she has spoken of everyone else she will talk of thee." Of course, that was very cynical, and, perhaps, not altogether true; but everyone must admit that there was a little spice of truth in it. Where there is talk, there must always be a subject of conversation; and when one has talked very rapidly, and for a long time, even with the best intentions in the world, the subjects have a tendency to become mere personal ones. And personal subjects are always so interesting! How far superior to glittering generalities, such as those afforded by books and politics and the weather. Let the talking woman be never so personal, she always has a delighted audience, and it is impossible to estimate the amount of family history and sins of omission and commission with which they become acquainted in the course of one sitting. Is she in society? Every smallest incident that she has seen or heard is detailed in that gay, well-meaning chatter, a perfect crazy patchwork of odds and ends of nothing; but odds and ends skillfully patched together sometimes make a first-rate scandal, and after a scandal is once started anybody can keep it going. That requires no talent at all.

Is the talking woman a trusted employee of some business firm? It shall go hard with her, but she will tell the exact condition of the books and all the plans and hopes and fears of the firm to all her intimate friends, and virtually lay bare every secret of the business every time she talks. Everybody knows all about the threatened failure long before it happens, and the fact that everybody knows it, precipitates the failure, and the firm goes to the wall merely because one of its employees was good at talking and must have something to talk about.

Is the talking woman one of your friends? Then sit and listen to her by all means. Absorb everything she says, and even take a delight in it, but lock your own family skeleton up in the closet and throw the key into the well when you see her coming, for otherwise she will hold it up and rattle its bones for the amusement of some other audience. It is not that she thinks of harming you in the least, but she must talk, and other subjects being exhausted, the inhabitant of your closet is always opportune and always interesting.

The Origin of "Grog."

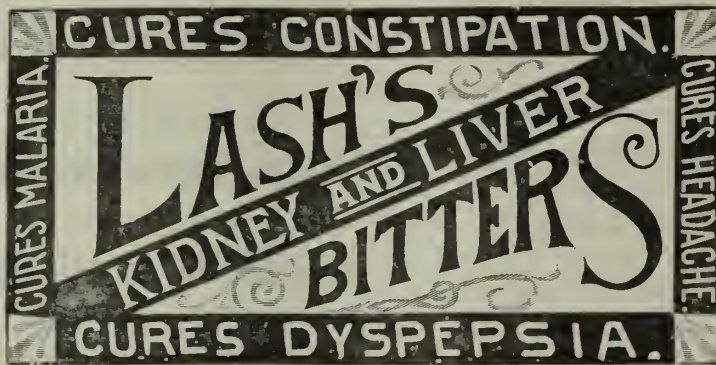
Until the time of Admiral Vernon the British sailors had their allowance of brandy or rum served out to them unmixed with water. This plan was found to be attended with inconvenience on some occasions on account of a shortage in the brandy locker, and the admiral, therefore, ordered that in the fleet he commanded the spirits should be mixed with water before being passed around among the men. This innovation at first gave great offense to the hardy sailors, who had been used to taking their drinks "raw," the result being that Vernon became very unpopular with his men.

To add to his unpopularity, the admiral, who was conscious of the immense responsibility that rested upon him, became morose and gloomy, often walking the decks for hours without speaking or looking either to the right or the left. In these taciturn moods he always wore an immense grogram coat thrown loosely over his shoulders; this resulted in the sailors nicknaming him "Old Grog," and the term soon came to be applied to the weak mixture stintingly given out to the men, who had formerly looked for a regular allowance of "pure stuff." "Grog" became quite popular after a time, but not until the original mixture of the formula had "gone to his reward."—*St. Louis Republic*.

The Gulf Stream.

The gulf stream flows out of the Gulf of Mexico between the coast of Florida on the one side and Cuba and the Bahama islands and shoals on the other. With a breadth of about fifty miles in its narrowest portion, it has a velocity at times of five miles an hour, pouring along like an immense torrent. This great ocean river flows in a northeasterly direction along the American coast, gradually widening its current and diminishing in velocity until it reaches the island and banks of Newfoundland, when it sweeps across the Atlantic and divides into two portions, one of which turns eastward toward the Azores and coast of Morocco, while the other laves the shores of the British islands and Norway, and can be perceived on the southern borders of Iceland and Spitzbergen.

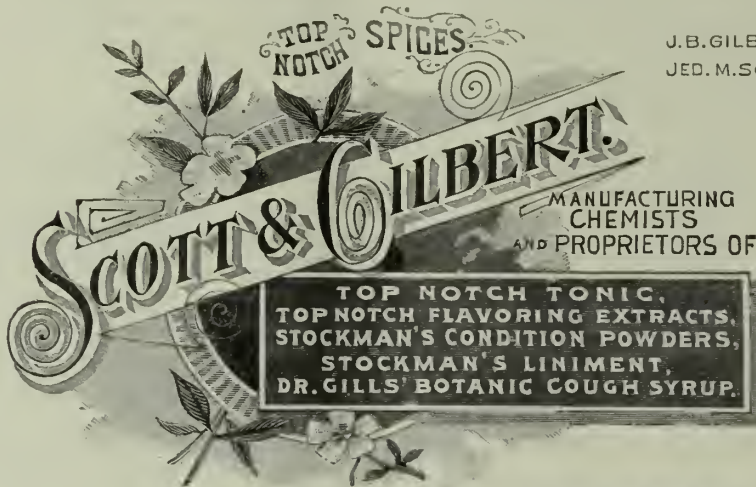
A precocious young member of the Loyal Temperance Legion of Kingfield had learned some profane words, and his mother, on his joining the society, strove to impress upon his mind the necessity of keeping his pledge, which included one against profanity. He was very desirous of changing his kilted skirts for waist and trousers, and she finally told him that when he had left off all swearing and slang words the trousers should be forthcoming. One day he was building a block house in her presence. He would get it nearly completed, when it would topple over. After several unsuccessful attempts he jumped up, clasped his hands together and excitedly exclaimed: "If it wasn't for pants, I'd swear."



W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



SACRAMENTO, CAL.

San Francisco Branch, 305 Battery St.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.



JUST RECEIVED.

A NEW AND COMPLETE LINE OF PURSES
AND CARD CASES, OF THE
LATEST DESIGNS.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

E. JAY SWANSON,

Southeast Corner Tenth and I Streets.

The most wonderful cures performed.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-
ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 400 J STREET.

SACRAMENTO.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

July 9, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6:30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:15 A
3:00 P	Calistoga and Napa	8:10 P
12:50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4:20 A
4:30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7:00 P
7:00 P	Knight's Landing and Marysville	7:25 A
10:50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	7:35 A
12:05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2:25 A
11:00 P	Central Atlantic Express	8:15 A
	Ogden and East	
3:00 P	Oroville	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:40 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
2:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A
4:35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12:30 A
6:30 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:15 A
8:40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10:40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8:10 P
*10:00 A	San Francisco via Steamers	8:00 A
10:50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2:50 P
10:50 A	San Jose	2:50 P
4:30 P	Santa Barbara	9:35 A
6:30 A	Santa Rosa	11:15 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	8:10 P
8:50 A	Stockton and Galt	7:00 P
4:30 P	Stockton and Galt	9:35 A
12:05 P	Truckee and Reno	2:25 A
11:00 P	Truckee and Reno	8:15 A
6:30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2:30 P
6:30 A	Vallejo	11:15 A
3:05 P	Vallejo	11:15 A
*8:20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2:40 P
*12:15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10:20 A
*4:45 P	Folsom	*8:00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted.
A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND HAS BEEN DECLARED BY THE
People's Savings Bank for the term ending June
30, 1891, at the rate of five and one-third (5 1/3) per
cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per
cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes,
and payable on or after July 3, 1891.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

R. A. OLMSTED.

S. P. OLMSTED.

Fourth Street Cash Grocery.

R. A. OLMSTED & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Fruits and Vegetables, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain,
and all kinds of Mill Stuffs,
Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos.

400 L Street, S. E. cor. Fourth, Sacramento.

Fresh Butter and Eggs a Specialty. Goods deliv-
ered free of charge to any part of the City. R. R.
depot or Steamboat landing. Highest price paid for
Country Produce.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, AND

JEWELRY.

UNCLE IKE'S, 302 K STREET, SACRAMENTO.

THE LEADER



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1891.

No. 23.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

The great democratic dailies in the United States have been over busily engaged in disparaging comments on Secretary Blaine's health. The solicitude of these newspapers regarding the welfare of James G. Blaine is wonderful. Now, it transpires that all these rumors about the broken health of the great premier are without the slightest foundation. The reason which prompts his enemies to resort to this class of tactics seems to be in the fear that the American people may demand that he shall take the helm of State in 1892. While Blaine is the favorite of the masses, it is not at all likely he will be a candidate against Benjamin Harrison, particularly while occupying the relation of prime minister in his cabinet. There is no deceit or hypocrisy in the great Secretary's composition, and it is apparent that Blaine and Harrison have an understanding with regard to the presidential succession, which will prevent the Secretary from looking towards the presidency. It is certain that no matter what occurs Blaine is equal to the emergency. His direction of the affairs of State is the admiration of our people, and the world.

We call these times progressive—so they are with regard to invention, discovery and science. In social life, however, there has been a change not for a higher order. Immense wealth has, in the great majority of cases, sunk the nobler impulses of manhood and womanhood in the vortex of worldly position, where the finer instincts are lost amid the whirl of that travesty called fashion. The integrity and simple manners in vogue when the nation was younger, and great fortunes had not come upon the scene, have given place to vulgarity—hypocrisy takes the place of purity and honesty. All now in the wealthy circles, where the demon fashion rules and reigns, tends to vulgar display and a feverish life. These sudden and unearned fortunes, not being the fruits of the brain, will descend to others who knew not what it was to toil or exert the brain, and thus a danger is to be encountered in matters of social government and social reform. It would be wise to return, at least in a measure, to our Puritan integrity and simplicity. It is this vulgar display of wealth that causes envy in those less fortunate, and from which arises many of the revolts in the restricted labor circles. All we need to regulate this situation is the leaven of common sense and good judgment on the part of those fortune has favored.

Give the republic more carefully guarded immigration laws. This has been a necessity of the civilization called American for some time, and the attitude of a foreign nation and of citizens and residents of the United States claiming nativity in that nation simply accentuates this necessity. The most tolerant and broad-minded of all the nations of history respecting the right of immigration, this republic has now reached the utmost limit of safety in the pursuance of her policy. Henceforth it is the dictate of sound statesmanship to regulate the immigration in accordance with the interests of the existing population, the welfare of the land and the future of republican government on this continent. If this is to be the dumping ground for the refuse population of countries half-assimilated or not assimilated at all to liberty, good government, peace

and security are just as impossible here as in the foreign slums which empty their contents upon us. It is very clear in the light of expressed opinion and the tendency of events that the laws now on the statute books will have to be repealed and others better suited to the changing state of things enacted in their stead; that strong and early modification of the immigration and naturalization laws is imperative. There is no need for anybody to be excited. The foreign element in this country is mostly good, and woven into the texture of our national life are some of the finest threads of some of the greatest of modern civilizations. It is not against foreigners, therefore, as such, that the danger signal points. It is time, however, to protect Uncle Sam against the compulsory cramming down his throat of tainted European and Asiatic meat, incapable of assimilation, and against the inevitably resulting indigestion and blood-poisoning.

The very general expression, "As sober as a judge," was originally intended to apply to the dignity and sedate appearance of the judiciary. No reference was evidently intended to sobriety of the judge, from a temperance point of view. Modern times have changed the intent and meaning of the famous expression, and "as sober as a judge" is associated with that other universal saying, "As drunk as a lord." As a general rule those chosen to administer justice from the bench are not addicted to the excessive use of intoxicants. Our judiciary, from a temperate point of view, are endowed with clear heads, unimpaired by the use of ardent spirits. Occasionally we find on the bench men whose mental vision is impaired from the use of intoxicating drinks. In such cases the communities thus inflicted are unfortunate indeed. San Francisco has experienced this misfortune on several occasions within the past few years. One or two of the northern counties were disgraced by having drunkards on the bench. Nothing could be more demoralizing than to have the rights and liberties of the citizen subject to the addled judgment of an inebriate. However, some of the brightest intellects on the bench are what might be termed moderate drinkers. With such men this stimulates the blood and brain to greater work and more brilliant results.

We have often heard the late James C. Goods, who was a companion of Hugh Murray, Supreme Judge, say of the latter, that his most learned and brilliant opinions were rendered after a liberal indulgence in stimulants. Old-timers will remember what a grand judicial mind Hugh Murray possessed, and at the same time what a boon companion he was. At no time did Hugh Murray go upon the bench with the slightest trace of a previous night's ramble with convivial spirits. We have heard that bright light of the California bar, the late John B. Felton, say that it was a necessity with active vigorous minds and men of genius to get "good and drunk" periodically. The effect was to give them a new lease of vigor and life. Not going so far as to advocate getting "good and drunk," there is a necessity for some men to revive their drooping energies by a moderate use of stimulants. There is a certain able member of this bar who is total abstinence in his habits, but who, if he could adapt himself to the moderate use of this stimulous, would be able to undergo greater exertions in his profession. A few drops of pure brandy would brace his energies when his vigor relaxes. In such cases the use of ardent spirits is beneficial. It is the abuse of stimulants that causes such wrecks of humanity.

The other expression, "as drunk as a lord," has the sanctity of age, and just what is the nature of its origin is a matter of obscurity. We are taught to think there is something extremely stupid about the traditional English lord from an American point of view. A near approach to the mental vacuity of this traditional lord is the reference to the last stage of inebriety, "as drunk as a boiled owl." This phrase might be interpreted as having a classic origin, because it refers to the bird sacred to Minerva. In another sense the owl, with his air of affected wisdom, and his utter stupidity, might be likened to the mental vacuity of the inebriate. But as drunk "as a boiled owl" is going beyond the extreme of metaphor. The little skit about the fellow who could not keep sober unless his wife was with him, going the rounds of the press, has furnished another phase indicating "vigorous" intoxication, wherein he telegraphs to his wife that he is "as full as an Irishman's goat." This is certainly a quaint definition of the last stage of inebriety.

Baron de Hirsch's project for alleviating the sufferings of the exiled Russian Jews has been watched in this country with profound interest by Jew and Gentile alike. The present despotic oppression of the chosen race in Russia is so diametrically opposed to Western ideas that its champions have been unusually numerous and outspoken; and in establishing a fund for aiding the distressed victims the baron has only acted in conformity with the desires of every humane and enlightened Christian. His methods of applying the fund have, however, called forth some criticism. The article in *The North American Review* for July, in which he succinctly sets forth his ideas, is therefore particularly timely, and forms a fitting corollary to the series on the "Obligations of Wealth," contributed by eminent philanthropists of the Western World. In this paper, characteristically short and pointed, M. de Hirsch displays a remarkable concurrence with such men as Mr. Carnegie, in his notion of the management of fortune. "There is, in my opinion," he says, "no possibility for doubt that the possession of great wealth lays a duty upon the possessor."

What an advance in moral enlightenment these words signify! They show not only that the thick crust of Old World conservatism which formerly seemed inseparable from property has been broken through, but that professing Hebrews are acting in praiseworthy obedience to what we consider the peculiarly characteristic tenets of Christianity. This, indeed, has previously received abundant exemplification in the case of Sir Moses Montefiore and other conspicuously benevolent Jews. Nevertheless, it has remained for M. de Hirsch to acknowledge a specific sense of obligation, and the confession reflects no less lustre on him personally than on the people he so worthily represents. For centuries the Jewish disposition to help Jews has been proverbial. Although the stress of the Russian exodus seems to have tested their capacity severely, yet it is known that this particular philanthropist never stops to ask whether a cry for aid emanates from a co-religionist or not. Like Diderot, he relieves "suffering humanity." The explanation of his scheme for transporting the Russian exiles to the Argentine Republic, to earn their own living as tillers of the soil, shows that a strong practicality guides his benevolence. The Jews are often unreasonably blamed for refusing to earn their living by the "sweat of their brow." In this country and in England, where prejudice against them is virtually extinct, they tend unmistakably to

trades and professions in which commercial acuteness lessens the necessity of physical labor and increases the money reward.

Yet is this evidence of innate incapacity or indisposition for other work? In several countries of Europe to this day Hebrews are excluded by law from a large number of occupations in which they are naturally qualified to excel. Where a lawyer, a physician or a writer has gained repute, it has been in spite of oppressive restrictions and in the face of tremendous odds. As to farming, there is convincing proof on this continent alone of their skill and adaptability. M. de Hirsch, moreover, points out that the Israelites in the time of Christ were notably agricultural, while commerce then lay entirely in the hands of the Phoenicians, and that they continued to care for their fields so long as they were politically independent.

It has seemed to sympathetic observers that the sudden transplanting of a vast body of exiles of any faith, with the antecedents of the downtrodden Russian Jews, to a new and strange country across the equator must at best incur great risk. M. de Hirsch, however, seems to have looked the ground over carefully. Several hundred Jewish families exiled to Argentina some years ago from Russia he describes as prospering on farms, in spite of formidable discouragements that faced them at the outset. Their example he considers a strong incentive to his present effort. If it should succeed, none will rejoice more heartily than those not of his religious faith.

The Moujik and the Tiger.

Courage is of two kinds. A man may be brave through ignorance of his actual peril, or, although fully conscious that his life is endangered, the sense of duty, the principle of loyalty, or the power of love, may keep him steadfast.

This last kind of courage is well illustrated by a familiar story of the civil war. During one of the fiercest and bloodiest battles of that sorrowful struggle a regiment was awaiting orders to advance, and meantime the men sought such protection as was possible from a deadly cannonade by lying flat upon the ground. While in this position a large rabbit, frightened out of its burrow by an intrusive cannon-ball, went leaping along the front of the line of outstretched soldiers, to any one of whom the next iron missile might mean death. "Go it," cotton-tail!" cried a lieutenant, with ready wit. "If we had no more character to lose than you have, we'd run too."

A remarkable illustration of the other kind of courage occurred not long ago in Russia. Pezon, the famous lion-tamer, was at Moscow with his menagerie, and had taken into his employ a moujik, a fine specimen of a Cossack, to clean out the cages of the wild beasts. The Cossack did not understand a word of French, and the terms of the hireling were settled in dumb-show. By way of instructing him in his duties, Pezon went through a sort of pantomime with broom, sponge and water-bucket. The moujik watched him closely and appeared fully to understand the details of the lesson given.

Next morning, armed with a broom, a sponge and a water-bucket, the Cossack opened the first cage he came to and quietly stepped in, as he had seen his master on the previous day step into two cages of harmless brutes. But this cage happened to be tenanted by a splendid untamed tiger that lay stretched on the floor fast asleep. At the noise made by the opening and closing of the door, the great creature raised its head and turned its terrible green eyes, with a look of haughty inquiry, on the man, who, all unconscious of his peril, stood in the corner dipping his sponge into the bucket.

Just at that moment the lion-tamer came out of his caravan and was struck dumb by the sight that met his gaze. What could he do to warn the man of his danger? A cry, a movement from him might enrage the striped monster, and hasten its attack on the defenseless Cossack. So Pezon thought it best to stand still and await the issue, in readiness to rush forward when the crisis came.

The moujik, dripping sponge in hand, coolly approached the tiger and made ready to rub his majesty down with the stolidity of a military servant polishing his captain's boots. The sudden application of cold water to its velvety hide evidently produced a very pleasant effect upon the tiger, for at once it began to purr, stretched out its paws, rolled over on its back and complacently offered every part of its body to the vigorous treatment of the moujik, who went on scrubbing away with might and main.

While this was going on the lion-tamer stood rooted to the spot and holding his breath in bewildered apprehension. He was the sole spectator of the extraordinary scene, but neither of the actors in it took the slightest notice of him. The Cossack was too much engross-

ed in his work, and the tiger evidently appreciated the refreshing douche of cold water too highly to have eyes for anything else.

At last the task seemed to be completed, and with a grunt of satisfaction the moujik deliberately gathered up his broom, bucket and sponge and let himself out of the cage, the tiger meanwhile watching him with a lazy look of good humor. The moment the cage was safely barred, Pezon, at last released from his statue-like position, sprang forward and proceeded to rate the Cossack for his unprecedented temerity. But the poor fellow, understanding not a word that was being said to him, and gathering from his employer's manner and gestures that he had been at fault somehow, naturally enough assumed that he had not done his work with sufficient thoroughness, and it required a great deal of vigorous pantomime on the part of Pezon to convince him of his error, and to prevent him making another attempt. A man of such iron nerve was just the sort of servant to suit the lion-tamer, after he had received a little instruction, and Pezon was very glad to make him a permanent addition to his staff.

And yet how surprised he would have been to receive praise for his courage. Such an idea probably never stirred his dull brain. He had simply obeyed orders, as he imagined, with no more thought of showing courage than of eating the tiger which his master so greatly feared would eat him.

The Chinese New Year.

The Chinese date their year from the first new moon after the sun enters Aquarius, consequently it is a movable feast, varying between January 21 and February 19. Their months are lunar months, some called "great," containing thirty days, the others "small," having only twenty-nine days. In some years, therefore, there are thirteen months, one of them being an intercalary. The 1st and 15th of every month, or "moon," coincides with the new and full of every moon, and these are always celebrated as feast days. But of all Chinese feasts the New Year is a regular bacchanalia, in which days before and weeks after are given to feasting and rejoicing. During the last days of the old year the scene in a large city like Canton is one of intense interest to a foreigner. The merchants hurry hither and thither, collecting and paying debts—for all accounts must be satisfactorily adjusted or else the business cannot be carried into the next year. Not only are the business parts of the town alive with thronging multitudes during the day, but at night instead of everything being promptly closed at 9 o'clock, as is usual, the midnight pedestrian will find a perfect chaos of movables and a bedlam of voices. Stores are being deluged with water and the walls are being scrubbed; ornamental scroll paper and charms of good luck are torn down; the tiled floor is getting its annual but probably only cleaning it has had during the year. After this is done the walls are redecorated and new charms and gods are pasted up or set in the windows and show-cases. In private houses the same cleaning process is going on; all the dirt of the year is being removed. When this is done the finest ornaments that are possessed are brought out and displayed on the tables; embroidered covers are placed on the chairs and stands, and the whole house is put in holiday attire. One of the great features of the decorations is the display of "sacred lilies." It is desirable that they should bloom on New Year's day, and the more flowers on the plant the better will be the fortune of the family owning it during the year to come. Up to midnight on New Year's eve this excitement continues; then, as if by magic, the noise and turmoil ceases, only to be renewed in the morning with redoubled energy. This, in short, is the Chinese New Year.

The Controversy Settled.

A female spiritualist, Miss Abbie Judson, has furnished a novel idea of Shakespeare's inspiration. She holds that Shakespeare was not what you might call a thoroughbred medium, but rather a "negative," or "sensitive," through which the spiritual forces might work. From the number of plays which "negative" Shakespeare was made to throw off, it would appear that the spirits worked him for all he was worth. In his youth the fanciful and cupid-like spirits evidently got hold of him and worked off "Venus and Adonis" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" through his negativity. Then the historical spirits took a hand and ground out "Richard III," "Henry VIII" and "Julius Cæsar." Then came the star dramatic spirits and flashed upon the negative such plays as "Hamlet," "King Lear" and "Macbeth." Finally, the philosophic spirits had an inning and forthwith negated "Cymbeline," "Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest." What spirits inspired the "Comedy of Errors" and "Much Ado About Nothing," or such characters as the old and young Gobo, Falstaff and his ragamuffins, Miss Judson does not explain; perhaps the alcoholic spirits got in a little work there. As evidence of Shakespeare's belief in spiritualism, Miss Judson refers to the witches and Banquo's ghost, in "Macbeth," the ghost in "Hamlet," the sprite Ariel, in "The Tempest," and the numerous cupids and fairies in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Genius and Insanity.

Writing from Berlin, a well-known critic gossips interestingly concerning the relation between genius and insanity. It is like the irony of history, he thinks, that the efforts to promote the cultus of genius should be followed by attempts to prove genius allied to insanity. After much was written on the subject in different languages, Lambroso has published a volume on it in Italian. He aims to prove that genius and extraordinary intellectual power are evidences of insanity, or at best, of an abnormal mental condition. The vast amount of material produced by him gives interesting views of the eccentricities of scholars, and he has established the fact that in many cases genius and insanity are near akin. Critics, however, argue that he has attributed to genius at large what is true of a limited number. And it is claimed that unusual mental power is rather evidence of health, of uncommon energy, or of an unusual exercise of existing energy; it may be a one-sided concentration of energy, but not necessarily a diseased state. The study of the subject is certainly calculated to check the tendency to deify superior intellectual power for its own sake. It is shown that often it is coupled with great folly, lacks the moral and spiritual elements, and at times seems to be a demoniac power. Some hold that great men are mean, despotic, bitter and suspicious. George Sand said of them: "They are worse towards their friends than towards their enemies. May God deliver us from them." Dumas relates that Victor Hugo had a fixed idea that he was the greatest poet and the greatest man of all lands and ages, and that he thought a man so extraordinary as himself ought not to be subject to the rules of government or of culture, but should be free to speak and act as he pleased. Hegel is said to have begun one of his lectures thus: "I can say with Christ that I do not merely teach the truth, but I myself am the truth." What wonder that such utterances are looked upon as evidence of mental or moral perversity!

The Wizzard's Best Trick.

People have repeatedly asked me which of my tricks have pleased me the most, and which I take the most delight in performing. Naturally the effort that brings the greatest success is regarded by a man his best. I consider the trick of restoring the shattered mirror as my most famous one. This I had the honor of performing before the Czar of Russia upon an invitation to give an exhibition at his court. It was done unexpectedly to the spectators, and was not down on the regular bill. While playing billiards with the attaches of the court, after the performance, the Czar being present in the saloon, I shot a ball with all my strength against a plate-glass mirror extending from the floor to the ceiling. It was shattered into fifty pieces. Consternation was depicted on every countenance; on none more than my own. While the Czar courteously waived my apology, considering the destruction of the mirror as trifling, and ordered the game to proceed, I could easily see that my supposed awkwardness made a disagreeable impression. With the Czar's permission I examined the mirror to estimate the damage done and the possibility of repairing it. While so engaged one of the suite playfully challenged me to exercise my art and make the mirror whole again, never dreaming that his challenge was the very cue I wanted, and not considering the acceptance of it as possible. I hesitated an instant and then ordered the mirror to be covered with a cloth, entirely concealing it from view. On the removal of the cloth after ten minutes, the mirror was found without a flaw, and as perfect as before the damage. I will leave it to my readers' imagination to decide how this trick was done.—*Chevalier Herman, in North American Review for July.*

Unquestionably we have a national literature—poetry and prose distinctively our own, reflecting the divers yet harmonious elements of our polyglot civilization. New England cannot say, "It is mine," nor the South nor the West, "It is ours." But it is American. It is the flower of a steady growth of nearly three centuries—a rare and new blossom, despite the "deteriorating climatic influences" alleged to be the bane of its development. Nature is producing in America her finest types of men and women, and all conditions here justify faith in a brilliant literary future.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, in speaking of herself recently, said: "I am surprised that so many of my biographers speak of me as a poetess rather than as a writer of prose. Poetry has been merely my recreation, while prose-writing is my occupation. To every line of poetry that I have ever composed I have written a thousand lines of prose; and so it surprises me to find that it is by my poems that I am generally known."

A French priest, who had usually a small congregation, was one day preaching at a church in his village, when, the door being open, a gander and several geese came stalking up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstance, observed that he could no longer find fault with the people of his district for non-attendance, because, though they did not come themselves, they sent their representatives.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

W. A. Brady will start Bobby Gaylor out early next month with Sport McAllister.

A discharged chorister in an Ohio town took revenge on the congregation by sitting in a pew and purposely singing out of tune.

For the want of saying something else the London gossipers have it that Mary Anderson is writing a book. There is no truth in it.

Annie Pixley has not found the play she wants, and therefore will rest this winter. She is one of the very few actresses who can afford to do such a thing. But Annie's husband is a printer; that accounts for it.

"Sara" Bernhardt was named Rosine by her parents, who were French and Dutch respectively. Her first appearance on the stage was at the Theater Francaise in *Iphigene*. She is 47 in years, but dates back, spiritually at least, as far as Cleopatra.

Abraham Lincoln, on which McKee Rankin stakes his reputation and Archie Gordon his skill, will be produced in September in Indianapolis. The play deals on the life of Lincoln, and has the Booth shooting episode, which will probably not please Edwin Booth over much.

Bishop Westcott, who, according to the London *Telegraph*, is "generally regarded as the greatest living theologian in the church of England," recently gave his opinion to a private correspondent about theater-going. "The universal instinct toward dramatic representations," he says, "appears to me to show that, like music and art, they answer to a natural and a right desire."

Ellen Terry thus describes the symptoms of stage fright: "You suddenly feel as if your tongue had become dislocated and was lying powerless in your mouth. Cold shivers begin to creep downward from the nape of your neck and all up you at the same time, until they seem to meet in the small of your back. About this time you feel as if a centipede, all of whose feet had been carefully iced, had begun to run about the roots of your hair. Your next agreeable sensation is the breaking out of a cold perspiration all over you. Then you feel as though somebody had cut the muscles at the back of your knees; your mouth begins slowly to open without giving utterance to a single sound, and your eyes seem inclined to jump out of your head over the footlights. At this period it as well to get off the stage as quickly as possible; you are far beyond the hope of any human help."

That Jenny Lind was always in earnest, even on the stage, is shown by a story told in a recently published biography. In the last act of *Sonambula* Amina, walking in her sleep, crosses a crazy wooden bridge spanning a mill stream, and hanging in the air directly over a revolving water wheel. As she reaches the middle of this frail structure the worm-eaten planks give way—or rather, by an ingenious stage device, appear to give way—beneath her feet. She starts—lets the lamp she holds in her hand fall into the stream—and then without awaking calmly proceeds on her way down a rude flight of steps to the front of the stage, where, taking from her bosom the faded flowers that Elvino has given to her, she sings the beautiful air, "Ah! Non Credea Mirarti." It is a dangerous walk for a nervous prima donna, and very few of our greatest singers have ever attempted it. The usual plan is to dress up a poor little "supernumerary" in clothes exactly like those of the real representative of "Amina," to let her perform the perilous feat of crossing the bridge; and, after she has dropped her lamp and displaced some of the loose stones lying at the edge of her path, to let her pass behind a projecting piece of rock arranged for the purpose, and there change places with the real prima donna, who emerges on the opposite side of the cunningly constructed screen, and is supposed by the audience to have performed the entire journey in her own proper person. But Mdlle. Lind would never consent to cheat her audience thus. She once said, when conversing on the events of that memorable time, that she had never in her life let any one cross the bridge for her—not because she was more courageous than other representatives of the village somnambulist; for she confessed to having been horribly frightened every time that she had to undergo the trying ordeal, but because, she said, "I should have been ashamed to stand before the audience, pretending that I had crossed the bridge, if I had not really done it." So the boards were marked with calk, to show the exact lines between which Amina was to walk; and a circle was drawn at the spot at which the bridge was to give way beneath her, so that she might not be taken unprepared. But these precautions formed a less efficient safeguard than might have been imagined; for she had heard that somnambulists always walked straight forward, without looking at their feet, and she risked a fall night after night in order that she might act her part with perfect truth to nature.

Book Chat.

Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," bought for \$50,000, has been presented by the purchaser to Keble College.

Austin Dobson has just finished his elaborate "Life of Hogarth," a development of his little monograph published several years ago. Mr. Dobson has apparently ceased to write poetry.

It is difficult to say whether Shakespeare or Goethe is the more popular poet in Germany. The German Shakespeare society has just performed a valuable service to lovers of the great Englishman. They have issued a popular edition of the famous translation of Schlegel and Tieck, with an introduction by Wilhelm Oechelhaeuser. The edition is printed on excellent paper, in one volume. The price has been made as low as possible, in the hope that the working people will purchase the book.

Richard Henry Stoddard speaks as follows in criticism of certain of the famous literary men: "We occasionally find things in English journals which ought to have a wider circulation than they are likely to attain in 'our old home,' and which it becomes us as Americans to consider seriously. They are not apt to be upon matters political, upon which we are quite as well instructed as the English, but upon art and literature, concerning which they sometimes express themselves with refreshing sincerity and independence. The text for this little lay sermon is a recent paragraph in a new English journal—*The Speaker*—a contributor to which does not share the prevailing worship of Browning and George Meredith, against which he protests. 'My charge against them,' he says, 'is this: 1. They have hurt the English language, by undoing (for awhile, at least) all the purity and precision that the eighteenth century won for it, at great cost and pain; 2. They have done this out of mere egotism—Browning maiming and torturing the delicate instrument to make it reproduce the processes of his thought, and Meredith distorting it for his adornment, as a fop before a looking glass might pull a good tie this way and that until he crumples and spoils it in the attempt to look smarter than his fellows. And I urge, in the first place, that, though language may (and indeed must) help thought in the making, literature has not to express the process, but the product. Take this, for instance:

My curls were crowned
In youth with knowledge; off, alas! the crown slipped
Next moment, pushed by better knowledge still,
Which no wise proved more constant. Gain to-day
Was toppling loss to-morrow—lay at last
Knowledge the golden?—lacquered ignorance!
As gain, mistrust it! not as means to gain;
Lacquer we learn by.

A man in this year of grace 1891 will of course be laughed at if he declares the above to be neither poetry nor English; and yet, with a weak voice in the wilderness, I assert the extract—a very fair one—to be no more nor less than a piece of scamped work. A conscientious artist would have worked out the thought and compressed it into a single line. Worshipers of Browning speak of his condensation; and it is true that he gives color to that delusion by omitting to articulate his sentences; but I ask how the thought in the above passage could be more diffusely expressed. An amiable versifier once wrote:

As I walked by myself I talked to myself, and thus to myself said I: * * *

And this pleasant line sums up the method. Further, I urge that the first duty of every author is to his reader. I lay no stress on the fact that Dr. Furnivall belongs to the Browning Society, but merely argue that the very existence of societies, handbooks, etc., professing to explain any man's writings, is a serious accusation against him. Further, I urge that this accusation is more serious in Meredith's case than in Browning's, because the obligation to be lucid is stronger in prose than in verse. Nor is it any answer to say, "Meredith is lucid enough, if only you had the wit to see;" for the most exalted poets and philosophers have owned, in practice, that the obligation to be understood lay on their side, and have demanded the least of their readers; they have, in other words, admitted that before they can justly claim a hearing they must translate their thoughts into the speech of common men. After all—to put it on the lowest grounds—the reader buys the book. It is not, on the face of it, likely, that a writer whose "message" (as the word goes) is barely intelligible to his own age will be treated with much consideration by another; nor will the affectations of to-day appeal to our grandchildren. Lyly's "Euphues" goes unread, while everybody knows by heart his "Cupid and My Campaspe," because it happens to be one of the most carefully simple things in the language. On the other hand, it is almost impossible to suppose that the men and women that Browning and Meredith have imagined can be forgotten. They are the most splendid and glittering inventions since Shakespeare died; and it is possible that, rather than lose them, posterity will take over the language in which their creators have clothed them."

Professional Chat.

One of the first congratulatory messages received by Cardinal Manning on his 83d birthday was from Gladstone, who is in his 82d year, and one from Queen Victoria, whom the word venerable fits gracefully.

"Papa, what are you going to preach about next Sunday?" inquired the youngest son of a prominent minister the other day. "Next Sunday, my son," replied the father of the youngster, "I expect to preach another sermon on the subject, 'What is Truth?'" "I can't understand that sort o' sermon," rejoined the boy, digging the toe of his shoe in the carpet. "Why don't you preach about 'What is Goodness?' or something like that?" The preacher looked fixedly at the boy over his spectacles, pigeonholed the sermon he was writing and went to work at once on another.

Some one has reminded Bishop Coxe, of Buffalo, that the bible does not anywhere condemn bicycling by women, and the prelate has been obliged to admit that, so far as bicycles are concerned, the bible is behind the age—which reminds us of an occasion when ex-Chief Justice Drake of the Court of Claims, addressing a meeting of the Washington City Presbytery against theater-going, and, being asked where the bible condemned it, answered that, of course, theaters were not mentioned in the bible—a remark which brought up Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of the First church, like a shot, but in his suavest manner, with: "I beg the Judge's pardon, but we read in the book of the Acts of the Apostles that St. Paul went to the theater at Ephesus." The Judge was floored.

"Talking about preachers pleasing their congregations reminds me of a young preacher who had just graduated from the college," said Rev. B. F. Thomas, of Carondelet. "How is that?" "Why, when he graduated, his father secured him a place to preach. 'Now,' said his father, 'there are three points you want to remember. They are: First, you must soothe; second, you must arouse, and third, you must satisfy.' Well, the young man went to the church feeling confident he could carry the points. When he returned home his father asked him how he got along. 'First-rate, father; I carried the points, I know. I soothed them, for I hadn't preached very long before some of them went to sleep; I aroused them, for I didn't get very much further before about one-third got up and left the church; and I am confident I satisfied them, for they told me I need not come back any more.'"

Some of the most successful contributors to American literature have been successful lawyers. Judge McMaster, of New York, was the author of the poem "Carmen Bellicosum," which was found in every school boy's reader. Judge Finch, of New York, is the author of the popular poem, "The Blue and the Gray." He was over 40 when he wrote it. William Allen Butler, president of the New York bar association, is the author of "Nothing to Wear." Judge Francis Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, is also entitled to the honor of being the first American poet. Homer Greene, of Pennsylvania, is a successful lawyer and the author of several spirited ballads. Judge Robert T. Conrad, of Philadelphia, was the author of several successful tragedies, one of which kept the stage until Forrest died. Griswold said of his "Aylmere," that it was the most successful American drama yet written. Judge Conrad was also Mayor of Philadelphia, and the fact that everybody knew him to be the author of plays and poems did not prevent either his political or professional advancement. Bryant practiced law for several years after he had published "Thanatopsis," and there was nothing in its popular favor to have prevented the author from becoming a successful lawyer. Longfellow was also intended for a lawyer, and Lowell was admitted to the bar. Either of them would, without doubt, have won success as jury lawyers since both developed into most attractive lawyers. Henry B. Hirst, the associate of Poe, was admitted to the bar, Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, the author of "Hail Columbia," was a distinguished lawyer and judge. It was Boker's fortune and not his poems or plays which stood in the way of his practicing law. Chas. Fenno Hoffman was both a lawyer and a poet. The list of men who have combined success as lawyers with success in the writing of poetry might be greatly extended without crossing the Atlantic. The Pacific coast has been noted for eminent literary lawyers. Jos. W. Winans was an elegant writer in both poetry and prose. W. H. Rhodes ("Caxton") had few equals in choice romance and poetry. Gen. W. H. L. Barnes is noted as a fine dramatic writer. Geo. Cadwalader was the author of several elegant poems. Frank Pixley gave up the bar for literature. Judge T. B. McFarland is the author of valuable literary productions. The late John F. Swift was a finished literary scholar and author. The list could be extended. Hon. A. P. Catlin is also an instance of the unity of literature with the legal profession. Judge Catlin is a student of literature, a classical scholar, and was for several years editor of the old *Sacramento Union* in its halcyon days.

NOTES.

"The last man killed in the war" is said to have been Lieutenant Hiram Clark, of the 185th New York.

Having just wedded the girl who had the smallest foot in Pekin, the Chinese emperor needn't fear the conjugal "kick" when he comes home late from the club.

This is the season when newspapers are full of sage midsummer "don'ts." The man who attempts to observe all the rules laid down will land in the lunatic asylum or the morgue.

A person can keep cool in this weather by using a little common sense. Don't imbibe too freely of iced water; partake sparingly of heavy food in the middle of the day; don't watch the thermometer, and you will find yourself about as comfortable as it is possible to be with the mercury in the nineties.

"Who was Peter?" asked a Sunday school teacher. "Peter was a brick." "Why, Johnny, I'm surprised at you!" "It says so in the bible, anyhow. I read it the other day. It says: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this brick I'll build my church.'" "Rock, Johnny, rock; not brick." "Well, I knew it was some kind of building material."

Concerning the popular query, "Are the French less polite than their forefathers?" M. Girardeau thinks that they have progressed, not only in personal cleanliness, but in manners. The lords and ladies of the court previous to the revolution were extremely slipshod and slovenly when not strutting about in Versailles.

An American woman in Japan finds herself confronted and hampered and embarrassed by the ceremony and pomp which she must render to royalty. At the Yokohama races an American woman was threatened with arrest because she did not close her eyes and bow to the earth when the emperor drove past in his carriage.

Constant devotees of beauty often have forsaken and forgotten love for poor humanity. But true love of beauty is, after all, only a part of real philanthropy. Philanthropy is not a theoretic charity for paupers. Within its scope are all the forms of self-devotion for the good of others, including the highest statesmanship, and even Christianity itself.

Among all classes of people in Great Britain there is a widespread belief that the common white pigeon is the herald of death. Thus, a white pigeon alighting on a chimney or flying against a window betokens the death of some occupant of that house. On account of this curious belief English housewives cannot be persuaded to use pigeon feathers about their beds.

The crop of editorial predictions as to the nominations for 1892 is surprising. There are all sorts of these predictions, and if a half of them were to come true the conventions of that year would be Donnybrook fairs in harmony and unanimity of opinion. As yet but one reliable forecast has been made—viz., that somebody will probably be nominated, and that somebody who has been nominated will be elected.

The very latest from that precarious midst called "society," as enacted in this case at that rendezvous of adde-pated, green-gozlings of the gilt-edged youth of the land, Del Monte, is the startling announcement that one Miss Beth (doubtless the lisping pronunciation of Bess) Spray, to inaugurate her entré into the vortex, gave a lot of her friends a dinner. To while away the hours after the feed the young lady instituted an entertainment which, for intellectual, mind-developing employment, overtops anything heretofore invented by those original geniuses who set the California Four Hundred wild with the archetype of their inventions by which to attract attention to their puny creation. The promising young leader of the *ton haut ton*, evidently knowing full well the capacity of her friends for the enjoyment of profound pleasure, inaugurated a bubble-blowing contest in the parlor, where each guest was supplied with a clay pipe and a bowl of soapsuds, whoever blew the largest bubble to be declared the winner! Was ever the human intellect put to greater strain? Was ever man's genius so drafted upon, as that gathering grunted and strained and perspired? And think of what possibilities there might result from such strained efforts as each strove to excel the other and produce the biggest bubble! Ah! the heart palls at the thought of what might have been. And the hero of that blow was one Joseph Tobin, who was decorated doubtless with a pint of soft soap, for he also carries the badge of superiority when in the water down there. What honors are heaped on this rising young American whose fame must soon fill the world as the champion soap-and-water divinity of Del Monte society. May he always keep clean.

NEW YORK LETTER.

THINGS WHICH CAN MAKE YOU AND OTHERS HAPPY.

For a Young Author of a Play—The Baby with the Bottle—A Southern Mamma's Views—What Women Were Made to Love.

NEW YORK, July 15, 1891.

It is the time of year when romance is in one's bones; when one wants to read a romantic novel, swing in a hammock under a shady tree, think that one is just commencing life again; that one is sixteen, and that the gallant, gay cavalier will soon ride up to claim his own true love. These days of romance, when the sunshine is bright and the flowers are blooming; when every daisy is nodding its "how do you do;" when every black-eyed Susan is tossing its head in a coquettish sort of fashion, as much as to say all mankind loves dark eyes; when the sweet Williams are at their best and tallest and most perfumy, and look at you straight in the face as if they were saying, "I am the typical lover; I am the Romeo come to look for his Juliet"—why, a woman would have ink, ice water or shoe polish in her veins instead of blood if she didn't fall in love with something. She may be sixty and she may be sixteen; she may fall in love with a book, a play, a baby, a boy or a man; but she certainly falls in love with something. For my part, I am thankful that there are the books and the plays, not to mention the babies. They are safe. You can have a beautiful time crying your eyes out over a love story, or you can dream away an hour or two over a delightful play, filling it in with your own pictures of the men and women, as well as the world in which they live. That is one reason why I like plays—to read, I mean. When the heroine says, "All Paris will mourn for me because no other woman is so beautiful," I see a direct descendant of Venus, dressed by Felix and Worth, coming forward to announce the fate of Paris; and I am not obliged, as I am sometimes at the theater, to look at an awkward, ungainly woman, in a dowdy gown, proclaiming to the audience her great beauty and *chic*. I can make all the people in the play as delightful as I want them, and I can have the villain such a cold-hearted, blood-curdling creature that the chills creep up and down my back, and I abhor his wickedness with great intensity. There is a great, and I was going to say unknown, pleasure in reading plays—good plays, I mean. You make your own world and put the people in it, after you have gained a few ideas from the author, and from that time on they do their own talking.

Probably no plays were ever as agreeable to read as those written by the younger Dumas; but of Dumas it always has to be remembered that each play has a motive—a kernel in the gilded nut, that must be found and carefully digested. As a people, we don't care much for plays with motives in them. We are getting excessively tired of Howells and James-like plays, and we want a pretty story, a story bound together with the blue ribbon of love; in which human passions are found; in which they are truly depicted; and somebody, reading or seeing this play, suddenly thinks, "If I'd been in his place I'd done just the same." We laugh at romance; we think we are very cynical and very clever, and yet a woman's brown eyes and a woman's selfish, arrogant, absorbing love will twist us all around until we don't know whether we're human beings at all, or whether we are not just something put on earth to adore these descendants of Eve; that is, when we are men. You and I, my friend, probably love a romantic play—I always feel better after seeing one—a proper one, I mean, where the villain is disposed of, the true lovers united and live happy ever after.

A sunshiny day not long ago I read a play written by a man who is himself, in appearance, as picturesque as the little one-act drama that had its birth for one of his friends. He has youth, good looks and ambition, and I believe, after reading that play, he is going to succeed. What is it? And who is he? Well, the play is a story, in one act, of love, unhappiness, revenge and repentance, with the scene laid in Italy, and with all the people thinking and speaking as people would who lived, loved and died. We talk about plays that are etchings, plays that are cameos, but this little play, called *Fra Diano*, seems to me like a great red rose giving out the sweet perfume of an innocent love, and having, deep down in its heart, a suffering that came when the days were cold, and the glory of love and joy had departed. Enthusiastic! Perhaps so. Would you give a straw for the woman who wasn't? The author is named Robert Dronet, and comes, I believe, from Chicago. I have seen a picture of him, and my woman's eye told me several things. First, that he was marvelously handsome; as

a man who looked at the picture said: "It is the head that sculptors put on their Greek gods." Then, secondly, my womanly instinct told me that he was a sensitive man, an ambitious man, and a man who could get success, unless he permitted himself to lose hope. I am not a mind reader; I don't know how to tell fortunes, but I've truly read all this in a picture, and somebody who knew the man said I had read aright. And now I'll tell you who is to play the leading part in this story, and for whom it was written—Joseph Haworth. And when it comes near you, if it should be six months or a year from now, just think to yourself, "A friend of mine, told me to go and see how one of the best emotional actors told the story of the life of a man who yearned for the love of his wife and child, who spent his days in prayer and good deeds, and yet, when he met the one who had wronged him, felt the man rise superior to the monk, and killed his enemy, and died himself afterwards while the chimps were ringing in a glorious morning, and the gentle pupil, who had really been his daughter, was going out into a new world where love reigned and where Cupid was king." Now, just remember what I have said.

Everybody is going on a mission. It's either to supply the people in the jail with books or newspapers, flowers or fruit, or else to make homes in the country for people to go to and have a good time. These are all very good missions, and sometimes I wish I were in jail and could get some of the books and papers, or else that I would be trotted off some place and be made to have a good time. But the mission I'd like to have in hand, and in which I should like to occupy all the positions from president to administrator of justice, is one in the interest of babies. What's become of mothers nowadays? And will you please tell me why a woman will permit a little bit of a helpless thing to be taken out in a perambulator covered with a rug that is entirely too heavy, and get the fresh air by having an impudent nurse race that perambulator around as if she were training for next year's Suburban? Just suppose you were put in one? Wouldn't you kick and rage and do everything that would be calculated in any way to make his satanic majesty arise? When you nearly cry your lungs out, just because you are thirsty, you are not given a nice cool drink of water, but you are expected to take sour milk through a long, black tube that looks like a gaspipe. I may be very old-fashioned in my ideas, but I don't believe the Lord intended babies to absorb their nourishment through a bottle, or else he would have made some special sort of bottle for them, and not left the designing of one to the ingenuity of man. Down South it's funny to hear the excuses that an old mammy will give about the baby that is raised on the bottle. All weaknesses of the brain or heart are forgiven for that reason, and whoever the man or woman may be, he is regarded as the victim of a sort of original sin or misfortune, and one that was not his fault. I remember once hearing a very knowing old mammy say this, when she was talking to a lot of her intimate friends about a young man who had forgot his father's name, married a variety actress, spent most of his time in a bar-room, and was about as disreputable a person as can be imagined: "You see, honey, yer musn't judge too harshly ob de unfortunate soul; he neber had de advantage ob de rest ob de family, and lackin' de mainstay, what can be respected from him. He were marked from de day ob his birth as a creature liable to sin and uncertainty. He were refrained from de natural fountain ob yout, and were given over to dat breastliest ob drinkables, de bottle." And all the colored ladies shook their heads knowingly, and agreed with Mammy May that a "chile which were raised on de bottle could not be held accountable."

I don't suppose all the talking or all the missions in the wide world would ever make mothers of women who are beasts, but they might at least urge them to get somebody to take care of the babies, who would look after the poor little souls properly, and would be polite enough to eater to such ordinary weaknesses as hunger, thirst and comfort. I saw a woman carrying a baby the other day—one of those miserable, limp-looking babies—and she had it hanging over her arm as if it were some sort of a fancy scarf. The poor little head was wobbling, and all the blood in its body looked as if it were trying to reach its brain; but that woman coolly stared at some religious books in a shop-window and let the baby get along as best it could. Usually I am a polite woman, but it was only the persuasion of my own parent that kept me from expostulating with that woman by means of the end of a parasol. As my parent remarked: "It wouldn't help the baby any, and it might annoy the woman." When I see a child like that I always hope it is going to die, for I can't but wonder what life with an indifferent mother must be. There are babies and babies, but I am going to tell you a great secret: The very rosebud among all the babies in the world is a little girl who came to this world three months ago, and who is going to be raised on proper principles, getting

good food, having simple clothes, plenty of mother's love, and, what ought to belong especially to every girl baby, a father's adoration. Of course, this is just between you and me, and if some mean editor blue-pencils it out it is because he wants that baby himself, or else it's because he thinks woman's love for babies is nonsense, indeed! The woman who doesn't like a baby in the right way will never love a man; and there is not a man in this wide world who doesn't like to think that somewhere some woman's heart gives a throb when his name is mentioned, and that some woman thinks of him when he is all alone, and thinks of him lovingly and kindly, excusing his faults and exaggerating his virtues.

Did you ever happen to think that women were made to love men and babies and to make life comfortable for them? The superior woman looks down upon me when I say this, but I believe it. There wouldn't be quite so many divorces and there wouldn't be quite so many matrimonial squabbles, nor quite so many children, who, after seeing what was going on at home, concluded that they didn't want to marry, if my doctrine were lived up to. The superior woman asks, "What will a woman get in return for this?" And that is where the superior woman shows how inferior she is. Do you give for what you get in return? But to be logical (a woman always enjoys thinking she is logical), you do get something. If it's a hot night, and you get the dearest fellow in the world a nice, cool drink—I don't care whether it's milk or mint julep, shandy-gaff or champagne—and give it to him pleasantly, you ought to get a kiss of appreciation, a pleasant "thank you," and the knowledge, if you look in his eyes, that he's thinking you're the dearest little soul in the world. And if you don't get any of these, you can think, "Poor fellow, he's too tired to talk, and after all, I've done what is right." If you give him a pleasant and loving "good-by" in the morning, and a happy and joyful greeting in the evening; if you do not ask him for sweet words to you until he's had his dinner, and is blowing away all business cares in smoke, then while he mayn't say anything, he'll put his hand on yours, and you'll remember some years ago when he first held your hand closely, and you'll put your head down on his arm and cry a little bit because you are so glad. If you give him consideration, love, pleasant words and pretty looks, you will get beautiful golden coin in return—the best kind of coin, the money that is current in every country, which we all try to get, and which most of us are so careless about keeping. That golden coin called love, which has "Faithful unto death" on one side, and on the other, "When love goes, what is life?" These seem like a good many ifs, but all might be summed up in one great big if which is this: "If you are a real woman you will know how to love, honor and obey that exquisite duet, trio, quartet or quintet formed of husband and babies."

What Became of General Benedict Arnold and His Family.

History is sometimes false. Tradition is sometimes contrary to the truth. The case of Benedict Arnold and his family is in point. It is generally believed in America that Arnold died miserably in disgrace, and that his descendants never held their heads up before their fellow men.

Now, let us get at the facts. Recent encyclopedias and writers, and notably a writer in the *Philadelphia Press*, throw a new light upon the Arnolds.

After Benedict Arnold's death in England his widow never rested until she paid the last cent of his debts, contracted in unfortunate speculations. That was the only cloud on his name in Europe. Otherwise he stood well, and enjoyed the favor of brave and distinguished men.

The young Arnolds went to the front. For 50 years they fought like heroes for the British flag. At Surinam, James Robert Arnold led the assault, captured the fort, was presented with a \$500 sword, made aid-de-camp to King William, and died a lieutenant-general in 1854.

His nephew, William, an English captain, was killed by the Russians in a desperate fight in the Crimea.

Of Benedict Arnold's other sons, Edward died a paymaster in the English army in India, where he was noted for his good and charitable deeds. George died lieutenant-colonel of the Second Bengal cavalry. William, the father of the captain killed in the Crimea, was a country gentleman in Buckinghamshire. One of his sons was the Rev. Edward Arnold, who married Lady Charlotte Cholmondeley.

Altogether, there have been few families braver, more successful, and more popular. Fortune has favored them from the time of Arnold's treason, and while millions of Americans have believed them to be suffering disgrace and poverty, they have been exceptionally favored. All of which goes to show that much of the stuff called history and tradition is worthless. History is very often mere fiction.

FLASHES.

A self-possessed man is often poor in his possessions.

Some of our girls who merely sing to kill time have good weapons.

As we recognize virtue in others, the more defects we find in ourselves.

Most of the seaside visitors cannot raise the wind to be heavy swells.

When your mind is made up right, there is no occasion for changing it.

The noblest motive is the public good. This is a maxim for our City Fathers.

Ideas are like beards—men have none until they grow up; women never have any.

We are prompt in forgiving our own faults, but slow to forgive the faults of others.

The first thing a woman does when you tell her a secret, is to look around for some one to tell it to.

You can never break a cow of kicking by kicking back. For the same reason a "kicking" woman can never be stopped by "kicking."

The Sacramento Valley.

Mr. W. J. Hassett is engaged in the preparation of a work setting forth the resources of the great Sacramento Valley, and the manifest advantages which must of necessity recur to this city and county in the publication of such a work. To the home-seeker, Northern and Central California offer inducements not to be found in any other section of the State. The services of a gentleman in every way identified with the interests of our State, a writer of national reputation, will have supervision of all papers in the book, which will be carefully revised and edited by him. The work will be beautifully illustrated with new engravings and a map of the valley, showing all the railroad connections and the certainty of Sacramento becoming the railroad center of California.

Address by Col. Irish.

Col. John P. Irish, chairman of Committee on Immigration of State Board of Trade, is now visiting all the counties in affiliation with the State Board of Trade, for the purpose of gaining information to embrace in a report he is soon to make on that matter. Col. Irish will be in Sacramento during the coming week to address our people, under the auspices of the Improvement Association, Trustees and Supervisors. He is acting under the State Board of Trade.

Played a Trick on Him.

Old Tom Barrett's sons were the young swells of the big country town where they were brought up, but old Tom himself still retained tenaciously all the uncouth manners of his younger days, when the broad acres of his homestead gleamed with wheat where the town hall now stood. Long rows of stores and houses were standing where old Tom had once grubbed pine stumps and ploughed his furrows. And still the land was his. So he was rich, and yet he was a sight to look at.

He had saved every penny for so many years that spending money was almost pain to him, but the warm old heart that beat beneath his shaggy exterior prevented him from being mean to his sons. He educated them, set them up in business, admired them, and was willing to do almost anything for them, except to give up his old ways or wear respectable clothes.

One day the boys decided to play a little game on him. The buggy he drove about the town was absolutely disgraceful, and he would not buy another or allow the boys to present one to him. He was exceedingly fond of a bargain, however, and his sons knew it. They accordingly arranged with a carriage maker to sell a stylish \$200-buggy to their father for \$75. They paid the difference themselves. The next day one of the boys mentioned casually to the old man that Smith, the carriage maker, had had a \$200-buggy thrown back on his hands by a discontented customer, and he was willing to sell it "dirt cheap." Then they both joined in begging him to go over and buy it, and not disgrace the family any longer by driving around in such a disreputable and ramshackle conveyance.

Finally the old man consented to look at it, and perhaps to buy it, if he got it at a great bargain. The price asked, only \$75, surprised and pleased him so that he bought the buggy on the spot, and delighted his boys by driving about in it everywhere.

Before many days, however, they were shocked to see the horrible old buggy out again, and their father coming toward them in it, with a wide grin on his face.

"For goodness' sake, father, why have you brought that old rattle-trap out again?" they asked. "Is the new buggy smashed?"

"Smashed, no!" replied the old fellow, with a chuckle. "I met a man who offered me \$150 for that buggy, and I jumped at the chance to make \$75 so easily. Ah, boys, you'll never come to want as long as the old man is left to make the money for you." And he drove off with a shout, and left his sons to kick themselves into their store.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The *Grab Bag* was given last night by the Mestayer-Vaughn company. There is much that could not be said regarding this combination. This is another instance of farce-comedy run mad.

Gilmore's combination, *The Twelve Temptations*, will be with us on July 31st and August 1st. It is a brilliant spectacle and has held public favor for many years. A splendid ballet accompanies the spectacle.

Geo. C. Staley, an old-time favorite in Sacramento, will present his success, *The Royal Pass*, on July 27th, at the Metropolitan. Our old friend Geo. Staley has made himself and his piece famous throughout the nation. The support is excellent, and Staley can expect a sound and hearty welcome to his old home.

[FOR THEMIS.]

The Power of Good Laws.

After King Alfred had succeeded in expelling the Danish marauders from his dominions, he set to work to rectify the anarchy and disorder into which his people had fallen during the period in which the country was in possession of their enemies. To this end he divided all England in counties; these he subdivided into corporations of hundreds, and these again into tithings or companies of tens. Every householder was answerable to the tithing man, or the chief of the company of ten householders to which he belonged, for the conduct of his family, of his servants, and even of his guests if they resided in his house three days; the chief of the company of ten was answerable for the conduct of those under him to the next higher corporation, and so on until all centered in the king and his council. Every man was punished as an outlaw who did not register himself in some tithing, and no man could change his habitation without a warrant and certificate from the chief of the tithing to which he formerly belonged.

The plan for the administration of justice under this system was of the most liberal kind. The tithing-man summoned his whole decennary to assist him in the decision of smaller differences among the members of the corporation; in controversies of greater moment, the dispute was brought before the one hundred, which consisted of ten decennaries, or a hundred families of freemen, and was regularly assembled once in four weeks for the trying of causes. At these courts, twelve freemen, the equals of the litigating parties, were chosen, who, after being sworn by the magistrate, or chief of the one hundred, to administer impartial justice, proceeded to try the case and render a verdict according to the evidence. This is considered as the origin of the trial by a jury of equals—that just and benign institution which has had so much influence in developing and preserving some of the noblest characteristics of the Anglo-saxon race. The next superior tribunal—the county court—and finally the king and his council, while authorized to try cases which failed to receive final adjudication in the inferior courts, also exercised supervisory powers over the corporations beneath them, punished all malversation of office, removed all those officers who were found unequal to the trust reposed in them, etc.; and the whole was regulated by a system of laws, framed by King Alfred, which, though now lost, are generally regarded as the origin of our common law. Under these regulations, no crime could be committed that could not be traced its perpetrator by means of this regular system of clues, which ramified from the king downward through these inferior corporations to the individuals of each particular household; and it is said that so efficient was the working of this system that, when golden bracelets were, by way of experiment, hung up by the side of the public highway, no one dared to touch them. And yet no man ever had a greater respect for popular liberty than this same great prince. "It is just," says he, in his will, "that every Englishman should forever remain free as his own thoughts." But while instancing the foregoing as illustrating the power of well-conceived and well-executed laws, and as showing that the political and social evils of our own country at times are not beyond the rectifying power of judicious legislation, we would not, of course, recommend the transference of those identical laws of King Alfred to our own statute book, whatever modifications of them might be profitably adopted by us—inasmuch as the Americans of to-day are not the Saxons of a thousand years ago. But the lesson that we desire specially to enforce at present is, that there are no political and social disorders under which we now labor, which might not be corrected by a judiciously methodized, united, and well-sustained movement on the part of that large, intelligent, and better portion of community who feel aggrieved. *Verbum sat sapienti est.*

A grateful mind

By owing owes not, but still pays; at once Indebted and discharged.

—Milton.

Dennis Mud.

We are getting tired of writing about the town hall that never came and the fire company that didn't organize, so now we are going to ask somebody that knows whether any of the following subjects will do for the local debating society or not:

7. Resolved, that to find a young goat asleep is a genuine case of "kidnaping."

2. Resolved, that a boy found with his clothes caught on a farmer's barbed-wire fence and his pockets full of free-as-stone peaches is a serious case of "boycot."

14. Resolved, that snakes get more of a "wriggle" on themselves than a great many people, but resolved that the hired girl out walking with her new dress and best fellow knocks the shine off a whole nest of wigglers.

3. Resolved, that a newspaper man's pants are "darned" oftener than his bad luck. Delinquents please pay attention and whatever money they can spare.

19. Whereas, it has been decided that birds are the "flyest" of all living creatures; therefore, be it resolved, that thunder is the "highest roller."

103. Resolved, that the day "breaks" as often as a savings bank.

53. Resolved, that a musician with his watch in soak is "out of time," and resolved, that a man searching each of his pockets with a wishful look and a pipe in his hand is out of tobacco.

It will be noticed that the above resolutions are not numbered in rotation, but the way it happened was, that is, those are the way it was put down in the book it a-i-n-t in cause we cut it out.

**

Nature and her poor relations had a quarrel the other day. It wasn't because some of these "poor relations" came to spend "a week or two" and the old lady's money; nor it wasn't because somebody left the gate open and the cows got in and broke down the dried apple vines. The way it started was like this: A small rock called a big boulder an old "moss back;" a spear of grass laughed at the remark, and that made the boulder mad and it said to the grass, "if I was as 'green' as you are I wouldn't say anything." A mud-puddle then went in to assist the grass, but the sun told the puddle to "dry up" and pretty soon there wasn't anything left of that puddle but a few drops of water in an oyster can. The wind then said something and an old pine tree wanted to know what it was "blowing" about. Then the wind got angry at having that old chestnut sprung on it, and espied a leaf on the top of the tree, "Ah, come off, will you," said the wind to the leaf, and down it came. "Hold on a minute, please," said a tree-frog to the wind when it found the wind was shaking it off, but the wind wouldn't hold on and the tree-frog couldn't, so down it came. After the wind had gone around the corner to get a drink, a little pine told a manzanita bush that the wind was the most ungrateful fellow it ever knew; that the wind would give his best friends the "cold shake" every chance he got.

**

Recently we went on a visit to the county seat. That's the poetical way of saying it, but the truth of the matter is we went there on the train instead of on a visit. We saw an item in the paper the other day that said John Brown came in Saturday "on business;" we know that's a darn lie, because saw him come in "on horseback." That proves that he did not come on business—unless that was the horse's name. In which event he looked like a mighty poor business. But this isn't getting to Auburn. Auburn is called the county seat, probably because the people of the county seldom see it. We visited the county seat, and sat down in it. At least we sat down on an iron bench in the court-house yard. The only thing that makes us think that iron bench was the county seat was because we saw the sheriff sit down on it, and because they had the bench chained down. The reason this bench was chained was because the Auburn people were afraid we might want to move the county seat up to Colfax. Auburn is also a town, as well as a county seat. The chief industries of Auburn are fruit raising and blowing about the climate. The town started at the depot and played follow your leader down the hill. When it found a level place it sat there. And that's the way it became the county seat. Auburn raises vegetables and her newspaper editors raises sheol. Or at least they think they do. And that reminds us of a little dialogue that we overheard recently in that town. We will tell you about it:

A mother and child were seated on the veranda of one of the hotels near the depot. The mother was reading something out of a paper about four inches long by six wide. It looked like a Sunday-school sheet, but the heading said it was the *Auburn Daily*—something or other. She threw it down with a weary expression on her face, and said, "Those editors make me tired." The child heard the remark, and came and sat in her lap while the following conversation took place:

Child—Mamma, what's an editor?"

Mother—He's a man that writes a newspaper. He thinks he knows more than all the reporters and printers put together, and is always fighting with some other editor.

Child—And do all the editors fight, mamma?

Mother—No, my child, only the New-castle and Auburn editors.

Child—And do they really fight?

Mother—No, child, they just call each other bad names and talk fight through their papers. They wouldn't fight a sick cat.

Child—And will these editors go to heaven when they die, mamma?

Mother—Hush, my pet; of course not. They will go to the place that in one respect is like a printing office—the person of most importance is the "devil."

Child—What will they do there?

Mother—About the same thing that they did on the earth, my child. They will start their local columns by saying "hot weather." But instead of them burning up their devils the devil will burn them up.—Dennis Mud, in the Colfax *Sentinel*.

A. D. BOWLEY.

M. J. CURTIS.

CURTIS & BOWLEY,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

Pacific States Savings, Loan, and Building Company.

1012 Fourth Street, bet. J and K, Sacramento.

REPRESENT THE

	Assets.
Etna Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn.	\$10,000,000 00
Hartford Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn.	5,750,000 00
German-American Insurance Co.	5,000,000 00
Manhattan Life Ins. Co. of New York	11,729,400 00
Fidelity and Casualty Accident and Plate Glass Insurance Co. of New York	774,550 20

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

PRINTING D. JOHNSTON & Co.
410 J STREET.
ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED

J. M. MORRISON,

Southeast Cor. Twelfth and E Streets,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

General Merchandise.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.



PANTS to ORDER
\$3.50 to \$13.50
SUITS to ORDER
\$15.00 to \$50.00
1000 Patterns to Select from.
GABEL the TAILOR
426 J STREET.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Apud Humphrey & Co.
Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

The Isle of Long Ago.

The following poem was written by Benjamin Franklin Taylor, who was born in Lowville, Lewis county, N. Y., July 19, 1819, and died in Cleveland, O., February 24, 1887. He was a voluminous and attractive writer, and was a lifelong contributor to the columns of the *Examiner and Chronicle*, New York. In 1840 he was editor of the *Chicago Evening Journal*. During the civil war he was a correspondent on the field, following the Western armies. His war letters were very picturesque, and many of them were translated and republished in Europe. The *London Times* called him "the Oliver Goldsmith of America." We find the poem specially alluded to in a scrap book, bearing the title "The River Time," but we are inclined to presume that the author's title was "The Isle of Long Ago."

O! a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme
And a broader sweep and surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf, how they come
and they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing,
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of the isle is the "Long Ago."
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust—oh! we loved them
so—
There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our loved used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

O! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the day of our life until night;
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile,
May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

Mulish Intelligence.

The cars in the Suto tunnel are drawn by small, stout mules. From the mouth to the inmost point of operations, in the Comstock lode, is over four miles and a half. At different places in the tunnel the air is very good, but there are long stretches where the heat is intense and the air impure. The *Virginia Enterprise* says when the mules get to a good place they get down to a slow walk, and they will kick—not metaphorically—if the driver tries to get a "motion" on them. When they come across long stretches of heat they travel along at a good speed. In different places the air is supplied by big pipes. Here they will stop and poke their noses in the end of the pipe, and cannot be made to move until they get a good "fill" of air; and they will fight viciously for the end of the pipe, too.

In many places in the tunnel the cross-caps come down rather low. With horses, the moment their ears touch anything, up go their heads; but it is different with the mules. They guide themselves through the dark tunnel by the tips of their ears, and in comparatively very few trips they know every bad place in the tunnel and how to advantage themselves of the good places. Horses are utterly worthless for the work done by the mules.

Gossiping Women.

Among the ordinances promulgated at St. Helena in 1709 we find the following: "Whereas, several idle, gossiping women make it their business to go from house to house about the island inventing and spreading false and scandalous reports of the good people thereof, and thereby sow discord and debate among neighbors and between men and their wives, to the great grief and trouble of all good and quiet people, and to the utter extinguishing of all friendship, amity and good neighborhood—for the punishing and suppression thereof, to the intent that all strife may be ended, charity revived and friendship continued, we do order that if any women from henceforth shall be convicted of tale-telling, mischief-making, scolding or any other notorious vice, they shall be punished by ducking or whipping or such other punishment as their crimes or transgressions shall deserve or the governor and council shall think fit."

Things to Remember.

That salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

That fish can be scaled much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute.

In boiling spinach or other greens a little soda should be used as well as salt.

That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands.

That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with pure white clothes will aid the whitening process.

That milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and made fit for use by stirring in a little soda.

Onions, turnips and carrots should be cut across the fiber, as it makes them more tender when cooked.

That a bit of charcoal put in the saucepan with your cabbage destroys much of the disagreeable odor.

That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as when new.

That eggshells are nice to clean bottles or cruets, also little bits of raw potato and soap-suds. Shake well, then rinse several times.

That salt curdles milk; hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is almost finished.

That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm or a little gum arabic dissolved; some like a few drops of kerosene.

That varnished woodwork should be cleaned with cold tea. Soap takes off the gloss. Wash thoroughly with weak tea and rub dry with a soft cloth.

That alcohol or benzine is a good thing to clean glass, and clean paper is better than any cloth, sponge or towel. Dry paper leaves an excellent polish.

That kerosene will make a tin kettle as bright as new. Wet a flannel cloth and rub with it. Kerosene will also remove stains and dirt from varnished furniture.

That meat slightly sour or tainted can be made sweet by holding over the fumes of ground coffee, burned on a shovel or stove-lid. Game and fowls can be treated the same.

That cracks in furniture may be filled with putty mixed with Indian red or burnt umber to get the desired shade. When dry it will take on equal polish with the wood.

That when hams or tongues are cooked they should be instantly thrown into cold water, as the change from the boiling water they were cooked in to cold water loosens the skin from the flesh and it pulls off without trouble.

That beeswax and salt will make flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a cloth and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot rub them with the wax cloth, then rub well on a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

Plenty of hot boiling water should be used in cooking vegetables, as the greater the quantity of water the greater the heat. If only a little water is used the whole soon cools, the vegetables become tough, and no length of time will render them tender.

Once was Enough.

Old Farmer Hayseed lost his barn last year by fire. They said at the time that he was insured more than the building was worth and that he was not sorry to see the old shed destroyed. Unfortunately for his hopes, however, the insurance people took advantage of an option in their policy and replaced the barn instead of giving him the money—greatly to his disgust. Not long afterward the traveling agent of a life insurance company came into the village and, among others, solicited Mr. Hayseed to effect an insurance on his life. "No, no," said the farmer. "I should feel as if I were a-going to die to-morrow." "Well," said the agent facetiously, "if that is the case, take the insurance on your wife." "You don't catch me there, either," chuckled the old man. "I know the way of you insurance chaps; you would just go and give me another old jade, even worse than the first." —*N. Y. Tribune.*

The barbers of long ago were barber-surgeons, but the rapid advance of surgical science has caused them to fall from their high estate. The gilt knob at the end of the barber pole of to-day represents a brass basin, which, but a few decades since, was actually suspended from the pole. The basin had a notch cut in it to fit the throat, and was used in lathering the customer, preparatory to shaving him. The pole represents the staff held by the patient who came to the barber-surgeon to be bled. The two spiral stripes painted around it signify the two bandages, one for twisting around the arm previous to the act of phlebotomy, or blood-letting, the other for binding when the operation was completed.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

FRED. SCHREIER,

TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BET. Q AND R,

CEMENT SIDEWALKS,

Garden Walks, Carriage Drives, Etc., constructed at shortest notice, in the most workman-like manner and at lowest rates.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than
J. SLAUGHTER,
Sixth and M streets.
Telephone 318.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for, in his line.

ALWAYS A FINE LUNCH ON THE COUNTER.
M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO.

W. R. STRONG CO.

Founded 1852.

Fruit Packers

and Shippers.

PROPRIETORS OF

CAPITAL NURSERIES,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Headquarters for ALFALFA SEED and OREGON POTATOES, in lots to suit.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar
Floors, Fence Coping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J

SACRAMENTO.

M. DUFFY,

Manufacturer of

Carriages, Wagons, Carts, Etc.

REPAIRING

Done at Short Notice. All Work Warranted.

1111-1113 J Street, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

PACIFIC HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

TELEPHONE No. 41.

J. H. MIDDLEMASS.

J. H. DOLAN.

DOLAN & MIDDLEMASS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES,

Produce and Provisions,

Northwest Corner of Seventh and N Streets,
SACRAMENTO.

GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.

TELEPHONE 248.

Jesting Death.

The following poem was written by an Irish officer, Lieutenant —, in the English service, while on duty in a city in East India in which the plague was doing its terrible work. The inhabitants, particularly the foreign residents, were dying every day by hundreds, when twenty officers of the English army, without a shadow of hope of ever seeing their country or friends, formed a club and sought to drown their senses in the wine cup, and by jest and song to divert their thoughts from the terrible and irrevocable fate which each knew awaited him. The author of this poem died almost before the echoes of "Hurrah for the next that dies!" had ceased to reverberate, and in less than a week every member of the club had crossed the "sable shore."

We meet 'neath the sounding rafters,
And the walls around are bare;
As they echo our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there.
But stand by your glasses steady,
We drink to our comrades' eyes;
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies.

Not here in the goblets flowing,
Not here in the vintage sweet;
'Tis as cold as our hearts are glowing,
And as dark as the doom we must meet.
But stand to your glasses steady,
And soon shall our pulses rise;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall mid the wine cup's sparkles
As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis this that the respite buys;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned on others;
We thought we were wiser then.
Ha! ha! let them drink to their mothers,
Who expect to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses steady!
The thoughtless are here the wise;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Plants That Move.

There are plants which possess powers of motion strictly comparable to those exhibited by the lower order of animals. The sensitive and insect eating plants display these qualities in a remarkable degree. Similar movements to those of the sensitive plants, but occurring spontaneously, may be observed in others. Thus, in the telegraph plant, the leaf consists of three leaflets in a large central and two smaller ones. The motion is especially observable in the small side leaflets, which, on a warm summer day, may be seen to rise and fall by a succession of jerking movements, now stopping for some time, then moving briskly, always resting for awhile in some part of their course and starting again without apparent cause, "seemingly of their own will," as Prof. Asa Gray remarks. The movement is not simply up and down, but the end of the leaflet sweeps in more or less of a circuit. The leaf is not set in motion by a touch, but begins, goes on and stops of itself. In some cases we find the whole organism endowed with spontaneous motion of a very remarkable character. An instance of this occurs in the case of the regular undulating motion, exceedingly similar to that of some of the lower animals, characteristic of a class of algae, which grow in the water and are constantly in a state of oscillation, balancing themselves backward and forward during the whole period of their existence.

The following are some of the absurd movements introduced into figures in the ancient books of dancing: "Clap hands—snap fingers—beckon your partner—strike feet against the ground—stamp four times—give three jumps—give a little jump—hold up finger—put hats over your eyes—slip up—slip down—fall back and slide in—walk to the wall—peep three times—cast up and kiss your partner—peep down and up—hold up finger—trot half—advance four steps, nod and retire—dart with your fingers—first man go about the women and point your finger, then the figure—change places with one woman and act the cobbler—cross over and act the cobbler again." "What was meant by acting the cobbler," adds an indignant professor of serious dancing, "I leave to the ingenuity of the reader to discover; I cannot."

"You think everything is old foggy that doesn't belong to the present day of enlightenment and grand inventions," said a church deacon a few evenings ago. "Hump! Old Solomon said 3,000 years ago, 'There's nothing new under the sun.' Why, even in Job's day, 500 years before, they had cash boys in their stores," and the deacon looked around complacently on the grizzled faces of the brethren when he said it. "But how can you prove that, deacon?" said one. "It's plain enough," replied the deacon. "Did not Job say, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change comes?'"—*Delroit News.*

Not an Improbable Story.

"What's the matter, old man?" he said, as they met the morning after. "You look blue."
"I feel blue."
"But last night you were the jolliest member of the party."
"I felt jolly."
"You acted like a boy just let out of school."
"I felt like one."
"You said your wife had gone away for the first time in three years and there wasn't anyone to say a word if you went home and kicked over the mantel clock."
"I remember it."
"You said that if you stayed out until 4 o'clock there was no one to look reproachfully and sigh and make you feel mean."
"Yes; and I stayed out until 4 o'clock, didn't I?"
"You certainly did."
"And I gave an Indian war whoop on the doorstep."
"Yes; and you sang a verse from a comic opera song and you tried to dance a clog."
"And my wife had missed the train. Now go away and leave me; I want to kick myself a little more for not taking the precaution to get an affidavit from the conductor that she went with the train."

Mme. Blavatsky smoked cigarettes to excess, says the New York *Advertiser*, and Dr. Elliott Cones, the leading American theosophist and a man of rare intellectual attainments, also consumes quantities of them. One of his servants' regular duties is to keep a jar of Egyptian tobacco and package of rice paper at the Doctor's side. Whenever the occult philosopher converses on his favorite topic he punctuates his discourse every five minutes by plunging his fingers into the jar and deftly rolling a cigarette, which he lights with a perfumed wax match.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Felter, Son & Co.

OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO
suit, a full and complete line of choice

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street,
SACRAMENTO.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS
LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.
BOHEMIA PILSNER,
BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors
and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN,
Formerly of Agricultural Park.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to THEODORE J. KERLIN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 14th day of July, 1891, in which action, Nettie R. Kerlin is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To have the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the plaintiff dissolved; that the plaintiff be awarded the custody of the children, issue of said marriage, and for alimony, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint. In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 14th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.
ARMSTRONG & PLATNAUER, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Jy18-St

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Emile Cavellier, Wm. T. Hynes and David M. Bemus, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 23d day of June, 1891, in which action GEO. SMITH is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To determine the adverse claims of the defendants, and each of them, to the north half of the east sixty feet and the east fifty feet of the south eighty feet of lot two, in block between I and J, 3d and 4th streets, in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and for costs of suit; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take default against you and each of you, and apply to the Court for the relief prayed for.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 23d day of June, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, Attorney for Plaintiff. Jc27-91

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of George H. Appel, an insolvent debtor. George H. Appel, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said George H. Appel is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 7th day of August, 1891, at one o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, June 30th, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,

Judge of the Superior Court.
PHILIP S. DRIVER, Attorney for Insolvent. Jy4-51

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of N. IRWIN, an insolvent debtor.—N. Irwin having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said N. Irwin is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said N. Irwin, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 7th day of August, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated June 29th, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
JAMES B. DEVINE, Attorney for Petitioner. Jy4-51

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

WENT T. CROWELL & CO.

Real Estate and General

AUCTIONEERS

Salesroom: 817 J Street.

J. SCHACHT,

DEALER IN

FAMILY GROCERIES

Provisions, Flour,

Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco

Southeast Corner Second and M Sts.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

C. T. MILLIKIN,

DENTIST,

1008 Eighth Street,

Between J and K,

Over Dr. W. A. Hughson's office.

A. L. HART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON. ALBERT M. JOHNSON.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,
LAWYERS.

504 J street. Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR.,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,

LAWYERS,
Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,

LAWYER.
Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,

LAWYER.
920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney),

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, upstairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
N.W. corner Sixth and K.

The Garden of Eden.

The true site of the garden of Eden has been the subject of almost endless conjecture. The three continents of the old world have been gone over by theologians in a vain search for its most probable location. From China to the Canary islands, from the mountains of the moon to the coast of the Baltic, each country has been the subject of search, and no spot supposed to correspond in the slightest degree to the scriptural description of the first abode of the human race has been left unexamined. The most ancient opinion, which is given by Josephus, is that it was in the country which lies between the Ganges and the Nile. This view imagines Eden as being a very widely extended territory, embracing all of the country from the Indus on the east to the Nile on the west. As the "garden" is said to have been "to the eastward in Eden," it is placed definitely in the valley of the Euphrates. Von Hammer, the famous oriental scholar, places Eden in Bactria; others locate it in Babylonia, at the confluence of the Euphrates and the Tigris. Capt. Wilford, a profound student of Hindoo antiquities, has labored to locate Eden in Bactria, south of the Koosh range of mountains. Buttman puts it down in India; Heider, in his "History of Mankind," identifies it with the Vale of Cashmere; the orientals (many sects of them) believe that it was on the Isle of Ceylon, while the Greeks place it at Beth-Eden, on Lebanon. Lastly, many regard the whole story as given in Genesis as a myth.

Edison's Story.

Edison's accomplishments are not all in the electric line. He can tell a good story capably. He told one the other day about an experience he had recently in an up-country town in Pennsylvania one Sunday morning. He had been out to see some iron works. A cold rain was falling and he got soaked through. When he reached his hotel the first thing he did was to order a hot Scotch.

"Can't give it to you," said the clerk.
"Eh? Can't give it to me? Why not?"
"Because it's Sunday. We can't sell anything to drink on Sunday."
"Well, but I'm wet through," said Edison, "and cold. I want a drink."
"Well, I'll tell you what we can do," replied the clerk, "we can give you a kodak."
"What's a kodak?" asked Edison.
"You just go up to your room and press the button. We do the rest."
Edison got the drink.

We are so tired, my heart and brain and I,
We only crave the privilege of rest.
A few short hours will do, in which to lie
With fast-closed eyes—hands folded on the breast.

We neither wish to work nor think nor grieve,
O friend! We only wish to lie quite still.
You see, we have been stunned, my heart and I,
And now, with upturned face, would wait
God's will.

We pray you do not speak to us, O friend!
No sound nor touch of earth, nay, even right,
Must come between my God and heart and self;
Draw close the curtains, dear, exclude all light.
I know you deem me childish, weak and wrong;
But then my heart and I do know we're right.
The tide of love and feeling is at ebb.
Ebb tide it is—and sorrow's at its height.
Leave us, kind friends, ye may not comfort now;
My heart and I do wait the Master's voice;
We have been smitten, and do wait for Him
To bind our wound—to say, Arise! Rejoice!

The average woman does not make a good poker player. It is said of Tallyrand that if he were hit on the back his face would not show it. The poker player may not get a pair or he may get four aces, but his face does not show his disgust or pleasure. A woman is naturally emotional, and when in poker she gets a good hand her joy can hardly be kept within her features. A shrewd observer may know a woman's hand by observing her features as she picks up her cards. There may be one woman out of a hundred who can control her feelings sufficiently, but the great majority talk too much with their face. Talking of women card-players in general, there is one fault many have: they lack the power of concentrating their minds upon the subject under discussion—the game. If there is a gay, talkative fellow at the table, they talk and forget trumps, in euchre, or fail to notice how many cards the various players called for in poker. Watch the player who talks during a game or tells some funny story and see how much it costs him or her. It is deplorable to see a woman poker player. The excitement, the mortification, the temptation to cheat, all tend to rob her of the noble qualities that surround our women.

A man's trials can not be insufferable if he lives to talk about them.

CURES CONSTIPATION.
LASH'S
KIDNEY AND LIVER
BITTERS
CURES HEADACHE.
CURES MALARIA.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!

TOP NOTCH SPICES.
SCOTT & GILBERT.
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS AND PROPRIETORS OF
TOP NOTCH TONIC,
TOP NOTCH FLAVORING EXTRACTS,
STOCKMAN'S CONDITION POWDERS,
STOCKMAN'S LINIMENT,
DR. GILL'S BOTANIC COUGH SYRUP.

J.B.GILBERT.
JED.M.SCOTT.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.
San Francisco Branch, 305 Battery St.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,
Book and Job Printers,
410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN
WATERS
A NATURAL MINERAL WATER
OF EXTRAORDINARY
MERIT.
"SHASTA" WATER
BOTTLED FOR EUROPEAN TRADE
MOUNT SHASTA, ELEVATION 14,442 FT.
MT. SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA
BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS
TRADE MARK
COPYRIGHTED

JUST RECEIVED.

A NEW AND COMPLETE LINE OF PURSES
AND CARD CASES, OF THE
LATEST DESIGNS.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, AND
JEWELRY.

UNCLE IKE'S, 302 K STREET, SACRAMENTO.

B. Ruhl Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-
ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 400 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

July 9, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.15 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8.10 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.20 A
4.30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7.00 P
7.00 P	Knight's Landing and Marysville	7.25 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9.35 A
12.05 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2.25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express Ogden and East	8.15 A
3.00 P	Oroville	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.40 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.40 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12.30 A
6.30 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.15 A
8.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8.10 P
*10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	*6.00 A
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	2.50 P
4.30 P	Santa Barbara	9.35 A
6.30 A	Santa Rosa	11.15 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8.10 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt	7.00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	9.35 A
12.05 P	Truckee and Reno	2.25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	8.15 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2.30 P
6.30 A	Vallejo	11.15 A
3.05 P	Vallejo	*5.10 P
*8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2.40 P
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10.20 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	*8.00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday ex-
cepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND HAS BEEN DECLARED BY THE
People's Savings Bank for the term ending June
30, 1891, at the rate of five and one-third (5 1/3) per
cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per
cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes,
and payable on or after July 3, 1891.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER. WHEN FOR
a trifling amount expended in the purchase of
one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can
obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed
in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THEMIS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1891.

No. 24.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

There are some queer inconsistencies, or apparent inconsistencies, in the administration of the laws, particularly in the matter of jury trials. It often occurs that the application of legal principles amount to a paradox. This week there was a very important jury case wherein the defendant was accused of violating an ordinance of this city which makes it a misdemeanor to keep open any place where vinous, spirituous or malt liquors are sold by the glass, or bottle, between the hours of 12 o'clock midnight and 5 o'clock in the morning. A jury of forty representative citizens was summoned to try the case. In questioning the several jurors, the questions were asked, whether the persons interrogated had any opinion regarding the ordinance in question, and whether they thought the ordinance good or bad. About six out of seven of the jurors answered that they thought the ordinance oppressive, and an unwarranted interference with the rights of business men; that so long as a respectable place of business was conducted, it is unjust to restrict the business by limiting the hours during which it shall be conducted. While the jurors who thus replied were good citizens, and believed in enforcing the laws, this prejudice against the ordinance, under the ruling of the court, excluded these jurors from sitting on the jury. Now comes the apparent paradox. If the juror, in reply to the questions mentioned, declared that the ordinance named is a good one, and should be enforced strictly, there was under the law no disqualification, and the jurors are competent to try the case. This may be the law, but it certainly has a somewhat paradoxical look.

It has become so common for newspapers to pre-judge important cases, and to condemn those accused of crime, upon mere suspicion, that we feel it incumbent on us to enter a protest against this unwarranted license of the modern dailies. From the Albany *Law Journal* we reproduce the following, which is a truthful exposition of the subject: Meanwhile, all over the land, the process of trial by newspaper goes merrily on. And what an easy, sure and altogether cheerful process it is! How swiftly, and with what an admirable confidence in its infallibility, it progresses! Every penny sheet in the land is a tribunal of home-made justice. Conviction follows suspicion, and punishment follows conviction, with the swiftness and inevitableness of gravitation. We suspect that people, especially lawyers, who do not like this method of disposing of grave charges, fail to realize how great an improvement it is upon older and more primitive forms of extra-judicial procedure, such as trial by combat, the ordeal of fire, and the like. In these the accused, whether innocent or guilty, sometimes got off with his life, but who ever heard of an escape from their modern substitute—unless, indeed, the offense charged was newspaper libel? Moreover, the earlier modes of trial had the sanction of religion, which was sheer superstition, while our modern equivalent has the sanction of that lovely substitute for religion, which its devotees call public opinion, and in whose voice they detect the accents of the voice of God. But in other respects the modern device for dispensing with justice is very similar to the earlier ones. There is the same lofty disregard of law, the same sublime

contempt for the processes of courts, and the same pious satisfaction in the results attained. It is not to be marveled, then, that these inerrant organs of divine inspiration have little patience with the fallible decrees of our judges and the merely approximate results obtained by the operation of legal and judicial machinery. In view of all which, no one will be surprised to learn that at the recent convention of the New York State Press Association, held at Bluff Point, on Lake Champlain, last week, it was unanimously concluded that there are too many lawyers in the Legislature, and that the bar of the State constitutes the principle obstacle in the way of abolishing the control which the courts of law continue to exercise over the newspapers. This is veritable gospel truth—this last charge against the lawyers—and we are almost prepared to go a step further, and claim that the bar of the land is the principal bulwark of society and of our institutions against the persistent encroachments of a licentious press.

That was a departure from the usual address to a graduating class, delivered recently by Justice T. B. McFarland to a young ladies' graduating class, upon delivering diplomas. After extending congratulations to the young ladies and calling attention to the joyous spirit that should attend youth, the Judge said: "It is unpleasant to contemplate the future of a human being who has never known a pleasant childhood or youth—one upon whose tender years have fallen the duties and trials which should come alone to the firm muscles and mature brains of men and women. Such persons may, indeed, achieve what the world calls 'success,' hard lines in youth sometimes develop those rough and aggressive qualities which are effective in the fierce struggles of life; but the successes to which they contribute are apt to be cold and colorless and unsatisfying. Such people are apt to look upon their fellow-beings as rivals or enemies, and are apt to want those kindly human sympathies and those warm friendships and attachments and that love of the beautiful and the grand and the noble in nature and art and human character which make up the best of life. Their successes are apt to be like the triumph of a cheerless journey through a wintry day, and upon their lives there seldom falls the mellow effulgence of summer sun-sets or the breath of morning flowers." In his quaint manner Judge McFarland admonished the sweet girl graduates not to follow the examples of those who are inclined to look on the dark side of life—such as welcome calamities and enjoy funerals. "Life is mostly pleasant to those who make it so. Neither social nor financial eminence is necessary to the fullest enjoyment of life. The struggle to the mountain top often ends in a scene of barrenness and silent desolation, while far below is the pleasing and enjoyable landscape, variegated and made beautiful and fragrant and musical by trees and grass and flowers and birds and brooks." Continuing, the Judge said: "And don't think that the only good in life is to be found in youth, and that it must therefore be hurriedly gathered up. Every season has its advantages; if there are flowers in spring, there are fruits in autumn. We old fellows have some fun, and I know some ladies well advanced in years who are as happy, and almost as sweet, as girl graduates." Referring to the resources of the young ladies, he said: "Your education here has given you the key to the largest and most valuable department of human enjoyment—I mean that enjoyment which comes from books and the love of learning and literature. People of course should

not be mere book-worms; they should have fresh relations with the actual world, and should learn from nature and from human living beings around them. Neither do I wish to decry the other sources of enjoyment which young ladies have. The theater, the opera, music in its various forms, the entertainments of society, ice cream, the companionship of congenial friends, soda fountains, beaux, the ornamental arts, hats and bonnets that are 'just too lovely for anything,' progressive euchre and drive whist, dancing and other 'things o' that sort'—all these are to be enjoyed as opportunity offers. (As to the statement that dancing is a proper amusement—'for goodness' sake don't say that I told you') But these things you cannot have always with you. No matter what your circumstances in life may be, you will find many hours and days when you will be thrown upon your own resources for entertainment. Then you will find literature to be the great inexhaustible and ever available reservoir, from which you can draw when the running streams of enjoyment are dried up or inaccessible. It will furnish you society in solitude, and companions of the most delightful characters. You will find there something in accord with every varying mood and a solace for nearly every sorrow. You will find there the choicest thoughts of the brightest intellects of all time, while your own minds will constantly be enriched with increasing wealth of knowledge and with new subjects for your own thoughts. There you may listen to the sweetest song of the poet and the most thrilling words of the orator, and may follow the profoundest speculations of the philosopher and the deepest researches of the scientist. And in your more leisurely moods you may wander with delight through the elegance of the lighter realms of *belles-lettres*. There you may enter that delightful world of modern prose fiction created, we might almost say, by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, and peopled by him, and those who, after him, conjured with less magical wands with those wonderful 'beings of mind,' whose society is a joy forever.

The address of Judge Geo. A. Blanchard before the High School graduates on Thursday evening is replete with brilliant thoughts. We cull a few lines from this classic effort: "The tracing of a single word of common and constant use back to Zoroaster and the birth of Buddha will bring you into the charmed region about Paradise itself. Science, which in our time it is a crime for any one to totally neglect, has made such advance of late years as the imagination had not spanned fifty years ago. History can be courted all the time:

" 'She is the owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Or Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.'

"Literature will be a sweet solace to you at all times when consolation is most sweet to the taste. At no hour of your life will the love of letters ever oppress you as a burden, or fail you as a resource. In the vain and foolish exultation of the heart which the brighter prospects of life sometimes excite, the pensive poetess of Science shall call you to her pleasures of her holy cell. In the mortifications of disappointment her soothing voice shall whisper serenity and peace. In social converse with the mighty dead of ancient days you will never smart under the galling sense of dependence upon the mighty living of the present age. And in your struggles with the world should a crisis ever come when even friendship may deem it prudent to desert you, when priest and Levite shall come and look on you and

pass by on the other side, seek refuge, and be assured 'ye shall find it' in the friendship of Lælius and Scipio, in the patriotism of Cicero, Demosthenes, and of Burke, as well as in the precept and example of Him whose law is love, and who taught us to remember injuries only to forgive them."

There are some structures in this city that may have been improved in appearance by the removal of awnings and porches; the great majority of buildings, however, look barren and ungainly without the awnings. It is a matter of very grave doubt whether the alleged improvements are in any degree an improvement, even in the general appearance of the city. Certain it is, that, as a question of comfort, the removal of our awnings has served to deprive us of that comfort and convenience formerly enjoyed. When we come to walk along the streets in the glare of the burning sun, with no protection from its rays, we begin to realize the genuine benefit of our much-abused and unappreciated awnings. Again: When we have our winter rains the old-fashioned awnings were a great protection; now, we are exposed to the full fury of every storm when passing along the streets. It is never good judgment to sacrifice comfort for mere appearance's sake. In the present case we have sacrificed our personal comfort and have not added anything to the general appearance. Our model reformers need reforming themselves, if they are to be judged by their work. We have voted \$100,000 for street improvement, which is not to be taken into account on behalf of the so-called improvers. About the only thing these men have done is to cause annoyance to the citizens by insisting upon the enforcement of their crank notions of reform.

A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

It was after Mrs. Jeffries, still a young and pretty woman, was dressed for dinner, and sitting at the window with her embroidery, that she saw a messenger boy crawl up the street, stop to throw a stone at another boy, and finally rung her door bell. A moment after this, Bella, the "up-stairs girl," brought her a note. It was from her friend, Edwina Jones, familiarly Ned, who had come from afar to pay her a visit, and being timorous, had decided to wait at the depot until she came to meet her. There was no time to lose. Mrs. Jeffries gave a few directions to her cook and hurried away.

Half an hour after she had gone Mr. Jeffries returned home and let himself in with his latch key, wondering that his wife did not come to meet him. Mr. Jeffries had been a very jealous man before he married. He confessed it. He would not permit anyone to pay the least attention to his Emma Jane. Even cousins of the first degree made him suffer pangs of grief unknown when they called on Sunday afternoons, and an uncle, who was unusually young for that relationship, while as yet unknown, had driven him to the most serious thoughts of suicide, for Emma Jane had kissed him in the front hall.

"Do you really think, Jefferson Jeffries, that I can endure such conduct?" his Emma Jane had remarked. "Is it possible that anyone can put up with being followed around like that, and stared at like that? Do you think I will?" and then she had given him back his ring, and he had ground it under foot. However, he bought her another in a month or so, and they made it up and married; and Mr. Jeffries, warned by the past, had behaved himself very well indeed, and he had never yet been jealous of his wife, when one afternoon in August he came home early to dinner and found her "gone out." "Bella, did she say where she was going?" asked Mr. Jeffries.

"No, sir," said Bella. "She gave out the things for dessert, and went out in a hurry loike, in her best things, just after she got a note loike, brought by a boy dressed like a tallygraph."

"Ah!" said Mr. Jeffries. "I trust her mother is not ill. It really seems as though something must have happened." He went up stairs when he had said this and looked about him for the message, which, doubtless, she had left lying somewhere. He could see none. He opened the drawer in which Emma Jane kept her trifles of lace and ribbon and quilled muslin, and still saw nothing. But, glancing into the waste-paper basket, he discovered a twisted paper, and, as it was the last of the little heap, picked it out and unfolded it. Spreading out the wrinkles he put his glasses on his nose and read. And as he read his cheek grew pale, for these were the words:

DEAREST EMMA JANE: Meet me on the New York side of Twenty-third street ferry. I long to see you after our long parting. Yours very, very fondly,
NED.

"Ned!" ejaculated Mr. Jeffries; "Ned!" He ground his teeth and clenched his fists. He could have howled with rage, but for the proprieties which we generally

observe in our greatest agonies. This was the end of it all, then; Emma Jane had gone to meet her old beaux. Old or new, who could tell? A lover, anyhow. He tried to be calm; but he could not believe himself mistaken. He knew her brothers and cousins well. They were Peter, Paul, William, Elias, Samuel, and James. Even her father, who would not have signed his first name, was Adoniram. There was no way out of it.

"No end but one," thought Mr. Jeffries, as he sought for the pistol generally kept on hand for possible burglars. "I must follow them, find them, shoot him first, her next, and myself last. No one shall know why; but the traitress will know as she dies!"

He put the pistol in his pocket, crowded his hat over his eyes and rushed out of the door. A Twenty-third street car was passing; he jumped into it and retired into a corner, folding his arms.

"Fare!" cried the driver. Mr. Jeffries mechanically deposited something in the box, and sank into his seat and a black study again. A volley of shocking reproaches from the driver aroused him. He found the passengers glaring at him.

"I've had this trick played on me before," cried the driver through the door. "You're a nice one, ain't you, at your age, to put a coat button into the box?"

Mr. Jeffries received the remark without an answer, and repaired his error by putting a quarter into the same aperture into which he had dropped the button.

"My belief is you are crazy," remarked the driver.

Mr. Jeffries only groaned. What was silver to him? He rode on, the object of much comment. Shortly after, a friend entered the car. He was a man of jovial disposition, and, as he said, fond of his joke. After nodding and smiling in vain, he bethought himself to poke Mr. Jeffries in the ribs with the immense knob of the handle of the umbrella. Taking the passengers into his confidence by a knowing wink, he stole forward and perpetrated his joke. The "punch" was a hard one; the result an explosion. If anyone had tried to fire the pistol in that manner he would have failed. Accidentally Mr. Joblings had done it. Mr. Jeffries gave a groan, started up and fell forward on his face, blood trickling over his stocking. The car was stopped, and policemen carried Mr. Jeffries into a drug store. The penitent Joblings was in custody, having voluntarily delivered himself over to justice. The wound was not perhaps a dangerous one, but Jeffries remained unconscious. Joblings accompanied him to his home in a cab, and, having told the tale in a court of justice, was permitted to go free on his own bail. And just as Jefferson Jeffries opened his eyes his Emma Jane arrived at her door in a cab, with a trunk fastened on behind marked "E. J.," and a young lady within in a plum-colored cloth traveling suit.

"My dear, dear Jeffy hurt!" cried the poor wife, as Bella told the tale. "Oh, let me go to him!"

Away she rushed up the stairs to the bedroom above and bent over her husband's pillow.

"Jeffy, dear!" she sobbed; but to her consternation Jefferson opened his eyes, looked at her and said:

"Leave me, woman!"

"It isn't a woman. It is your own Emmy," sighed Mrs. Jeffries.

"Take her away!" said Jefferson.

"Is he delirious, doctor?" asked poor Emma Jane, trembling.

"No, madam," replied that gentleman, gravely.

"Then what does this mean?" asked the poor woman.

"Madam," said the doctor, the most solemn of his profession, which is saying much, "madam, I have no desire to pry into your domestic difficulties."

"My domestic difficulties? I never had any. Oh, dear, dear Jeffy, speak to your Emmy," sobbed Mrs. Jeffries.

But her Jefferson only replied by saying, in deep chest notes:

"Crocodile! Take her away. The sight of her is madness. Will no one rid me of her presence?"

"Oh, Mr. Joblings, tell me what he means?"

"Beg pardon, madam, I must request you to retire," answered Mr. Joblings, all his nature apparently turned to gall. "You alone know the meaning of those awful words."

Poor Emma Jane. She rushed down stairs when the door of her own room had actually been closed upon her, and told her incoherent story to her friend.

"I've seen him jealous before," she said, "but not like this. What can it mean?"

"What did you do? Whom is he jealous of?" asked the other woman.

"Oh, Ned! I don't know," sobbed Emma Jane. And Edwina Jones concluded, very naturally, that Emma had been flirting terribly with several individuals. Thus, wronged by all, even her girlhood's friend, Mrs. Jeffries abandoned herself to despair.

A bullet in the calf seldom kills, and as it was extracted promptly, the wound healed and Jefferson Jeffries began to recover; but he still refused to see his wife, and on the first day of his convalescence he summoned his lawyer and sent him to Emma Jane empowered to effect a separation.

"This letter is my reason," he said, with a dreadful groan, thrusting the crumpled note into his hands. "I was on my way to shoot the fellow when Joblings

managed to shoot me. She shall keep the house if she likes, but I never wish to see her again."

With this message the lawyer sought the unhappy lady, and in the presence of Edwina Jones interviewed her.

"One comfort at least I shall get from this," said Mrs. Jeffries, with dignity, "I shall know my crime."

"Mr. Jeffries opines that this will explain," said the lawyer, presenting her with the crumpled letter, which, with its signature, suggested very dreadful things indeed.

Emma Jane took it in her hand, looked at it and then handed it to her friend. "My letter!" cried Edwina, dumbfounded. The puzzled lawyer elevated his eyebrows. "I am called 'Ned' at home," said Miss Jones. "Surely Mr. Jeffries knew that. Oh, Emma Jane! how I have wronged you in my heart."

Explanations followed. The lawyer, choking down his laughter, returned to Mr. Jeffries' apartment and gave them to that gentleman with dramatic effect. Never had he more trouble in preserving the grave dignity proper to his position, when Jefferson Jeffries, clasping his hands together, ejaculated: "'Edwina Jones!' Of course I knew. But I forgot her very existence. How I have wronged my wife. Wretch that I am, can she ever forgive me?"

"Never!" Emma Jane decided. "You have disgraced me before your friends, before strangers; cast suspicion on me and insulted me by word and deed. I demand a separation." Then she went home to her parents and Jefferson Jeffries was left alone to reflect on his ridiculous conduct. He was obliged to explain to the doctors, to Joblings, to everybody, and suffered agonies of shame. He longed for his Emma, whom he loved more than ever, and he writhed under the reproaches of her mother and father and the menaces of her big brothers. When he was able he used to go alone at midnight and stare up at his wife's window, and by day haunt her steps unseen when she went out walking. At last he followed her to church on Sunday. She was alone in her pew. He entered and sat down beside her. When the hymn was given out he offered her his hymn book. Over it their heads met.

"Oh, Jefferson! how could you?" she whispered. But that evening she went back home again. She felt that Mr. Jeffries had had his lesson and would profit by it for the rest of his existence.

Ned says they are the happiest couple she knows.

From Key to Throne.

A sudden favorable turn of fortune does not always alienate the lucky individual from his habitual occupations. This more or less wise saw is applicable to the case of the present King of Segon, who was put on the throne of his black kingdom by Colonel Archinard, when his royal predecessor, Ahmadou, took to flight for his safety.

Mademba, the present monarch, is a native of the country over which he at present rules, but was formerly controller of telegraphs at Senegal. Before accepting his regal state he made it a condition that his name should continue to be inscribed on the list of telegraph servitors, and that his situation of king should be considered as subservient to his original employment.

Mademba must have learned, either by intuition or from acute observation, that the lot of a monarch is less certain in these days than the position of an officer in the service of the *Postes et Telegraphs*, and so preferred to keep in reserve what might one day prove to be a happy issue out of all his afflictions.

He has, no doubt, constantly one eye on his throne and the other one, of memory, on the office of his former telegraphic exploits. Should the future bring about for Mademba that change which is in the modern order of things, he may return to the tick-tick of his former days, with the right to add to his title of preference that of "ex-King of Segon."

Politeness in telegraph offices, although once seriously complained of by M. Guy de Maupassant, is generally the rule, even with the ordinary employes, but should Mademba I of Segon ever return to his Senegalian bureau his clients may expect to be treated in right royal fashion by a man who never lost sight of business, even when promoted to the honors of an African throne.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

The city of Liverpool is just completing a great work in bringing a new supply of water from Lake Vyrnwy, some thirty or forty miles distant. On May 31st a temporary pipe was laid across the bed of the Mersey, and, although the method adopted has already been used in this country, there were peculiar conditions that made the undertaking especially difficult. The pipe was 800 feet long, made up of sections of 12-inch steel tube. The pipe was first put together in a long wooden trough or launching-way on the shore, at right angles with the river. The ends of the pipe were plugged, and by means of wire ropes attached to an engine on the opposite side of the river, launched from the wooden trough and floated across the river. The plugs were then withdrawn from the ends, the pipe filled with water and sunk to the soft bed of the river. Within an hour from the start the pipe was in position, connections were made and water was flowing under the river.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Marie Wainwright will make the play of *Amy Bob-sart* her prominent attraction next season. In this piece Adelaide Neilson made an eminent success.

Edwin Booth, the greatest actor on the stage, is reported to be seriously ill and rapidly declining. There is no successor of this accomplished artist. Frederick Warde in some few roles might be considered as such.

Rose Coghlan retains her shapely loveliness, she claims, by brain work. "There is nothing," she says, "like an active brain for reducing flesh. Then, too, I never drink when I am eating, for I believe that drinking with your meals makes you grow chunky."

Francis Wilson, the comedian, has an abiding admiration for Napoleon, whom he tries to imitate in the manner of wearing his hair and in other ways. A stage Napoleon is necessarily slower than a railroad Napoleon like Henry S. Ives, but he benefits the public a great deal more.

It is probable that Buffalo will furnish the operatic stage with a new prima donna in Miss Gertrude Sears, who created a sensation by her singing at the annual concert of Mme. Marchesi's pupils in Paris. Miss Sears has a splendid soprano voice, full, clear, resonant and admirably trained. She was in all respects the star of the exhibition. In personal appearance she is a refined and rather pretty brunette.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Charles Collis, Lillian Russell and Miss Elita Proctor Otis, the amateur actress, are among the few New York women who wear thumb rings. That which adorns the sinister thumb of Mrs. Wilcox is set in diamonds and is very valuable. The fad does not number many votaries in this country, although the wearing of such rings is said to be rather common in France and England.

A strange sign appeared in a piece of music published a few days ago by a Berlin music-seller. In a certain passage of one of Dressler's publications entitled "Letzes Lied," a pause is marked, a special pause, which has nothing to do with the ordinary signs used in music. The song was one of Moliere's favorite songs. It was while listening to its performance that he was seized with apoplexy. The pause indicates the precise moment when the old field marshal fell back to die.

"That, sir," said the man with the baggy-kneed trousers and the bad eye, as he finished narrating his experiences, "is the story of my life. Is it any wonder I have a deep and bitter grudge against mankind?" "You have had a sad history," answered a sympathizing hearer, "but what can you do? What satisfaction do you expect to get by hating the whole human race? Are you going to turn hermit or anarchist?" "Neither!" exclaimed the other, a gleam of triumph lighting up his bad eye. "I am getting a thundering sight more satisfaction than that. I have two boys that go through the aisles at theaters and yell. 'Opera books! Books of the opera.'"

Book Chat.

One of the horrors of African exploration is the book that follows it. Here is another one of the rear guard with a volume.

"A Nameless Novel" is one of the latest candidates for public favor. Many of the recent novels are not only nameless but senseless.

A new work by Thomas a'Kempis has been discovered and is almost ready for publication. It is entitled "De Vita Cristi Meditationes."

Bjornson, the Norwegian novelist, writes so abominably that no one but his wife can read his manuscript, which she has to copy for him before it is sent to the publishers.

Goethe may have said "Light! more light!" on his deathbed, says a letter recently published, "but his last words, clear and distinct, were: 'Now comes the change to higher changes!'"

Whittier is quoted as saying, the other day, that there were times when it seemed to him that he must take up his pen and write, but that he felt that he had done enough and that his work was really completed.

Col. John Hay, one of the joint authors of the famous Lincoln biography, has a trim figure, closely cropped gray whiskers and a mustache, and an elegant way of handling his glasses which bespeaks the man of leisure. Col. Hay married a large fortune.

"Reflections, Thoughts and Maxims" is the title of the book Gen. Boulanger proposes to inflict upon the world. His maxims and thoughts are perhaps not worth a penny, but if he has the good judgment to properly review his own career, his reflections may possess a certain somber value.

George Smith, "king" of the English gypsies,

announces that in the fall he is going to begin the publication of a paper in the Romany language, to be called the "Wandering Folk." He hopes to get 20,000 subscribers. In the prospectus he refers in terms of warm gratitude to those good friends of the gypsies, Barrows, Charles Godfrey Leland and Archduke Joseph, of Austria.

Alexander Dumas has been at work for more than a year on a comedy, that is now approaching completion. Last winter the brilliant dramatist spent several weeks at Monte Carlo, where he watched intently the operations of the gaming tables, and it is generally conjectured that the Casino will figure among the scenes of the forthcoming play. But it is not likely that his Monte Carlo will equal his father's "Monte Cristo" in general interest.

"The Coming Terror" is a series of powerful and entertaining essays, by Robert Buchanan, written in a most fearless style upon topics of universal and absorbing interest, among which are the following: "Is the Marriage Contract Eternal?" "Is Chivalry Still Possible?" "The Modern Young Man As a Critic." Place is also given to his remarkable paper on "Descending Into Hell," a letter addressed to the home secretary on the proposed suppression of literature.

It must not be supposed that rural newspapers are mere conduits through which the news and opinions of the metropolitan press are distributed in the rural districts; on the contrary, they are the critics and censors of the great city dailies. They have more time to think than the writers for the latter, whose often hasty and superficial editorials are frequently of less real value than the productions of the man who has a week in which to mature his reflections upon the topics of his choice. The country newspapers are in many cases the sources of much original thought which finds its way into the city dailies; the nurseries of ideas which are transplanted and developed in the city hot-house. Taken together, they represent an aggregate of intellectual, political and social power which far outweighs that of the metropolitan press. Of the 18,536 periodical publications in the United States only 1,300 are daily newspapers. There are nearly 17,000 weeklies, consisting mainly of country newspapers. They form an army of missionaries whose work covers every county and township, every nook and corner of the United States; a vast array of influences which reach through every home, down through all the social strata of that great commonalty of American yeoman which forms the controlling power in American politics and whose will shapes the destinies of the republic. The reign of the country newspapers thus stretches over a vast territory which is inaccessible to the city dailies or even to the city weeklies. The city papers shed their far-reaching light upon the hilltops, but it is the rural press which illuminates the valley and the plain.

"I Swear!" is the title of a very well written and interesting novel by Frank H. Powers. Mr. Powers was for many years a resident of Sacramento, and, if we are not in error, was born in this city. From the prologue it appears that the story is based on a romance of the Cherokee nation, Wawona Brooke, one of the heroines, being a descendant of that nation; and upon the assassination of Major Brooke, at the instigation of John Craig, she was required to "swear" to have no intercourse with the descendants of John Craig. This was exacted to prevent her harboring a spirit of revenge. The bright sketch then commences by the introduction of Fannie Northrop, a California girl, who is intended by the author as the real heroine. The various characters are cleverly cast in the plot, which embraces some splendid descriptions and sensations. The description of the view from the cañons near Berkeley, where Fanny Northrop for the first time communes with her soul, and the sensations to herself, are vivid and realistic. There is a shade of the psychical running between Fanny Northrop and Paul Morrison, and Wawona Brooke and Paul Cameron, the principal characters of the plot. The author does not depict a genuine California girl in all particulars, and allows the "slang" to crop out inopportunities, but he does place some splendid sentiments in the mouths of Fanny Northrop and Wawona Brooke. He makes Fanny a little agnostic and in a degree a sharp critic, severe upon our girls who, because they write a little English, allow their girlish sentimentality to deceive them into the belief that they are capable of writing novels; and others, because they can repeat a little declamation, imagine they can become great actresses. The originality of the scene of Wawona's marriage, where the picture of John Craig, shown her by her intended husband, recalls the oath exacted by her father ("I swear!") and defeats the scheme of Paul Morrison's uncle, is a very clever conception by the author. There are some crudities, which are excusable in the first attempts at romance writing. Mr. Powers shows the proper ideas in novel writing, and his work is refreshing when we consider the trash that is flooding the country under the name of literature. "I Swear!" is published by the Vires Publishing Co., New York.

Professional Chat.

Rev. Dr. Brown, of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Utica, cleaves to the claw-hammer in the pulpit.

A judge in Kansas who knows no law refuses to hear mortgage foreclosure cases because "they are oppressing to the people." He will find that there is something still more oppressive to them when they become unable to borrow money on any terms as long as such judges are in office. He is not likely to remain long, however, for he has been overruling the Supreme Court by the advice of his fellow-grangers, and will get himself committed for contempt of court if he does not soon alter his course.

"Your honor," said a prosecuting attorney in an Alabama backwoods court, "the prisoner at the bar is charged killing one of the most exemplary citizens of this county. Andrew D. Boyson, your honor, was in every respect a model man. He was a beloved member of the church, and was never known to be guilty of an unchristian act. Why, your honor, he was never known to bet on horses, play poker, drink whisky, or use tobacco. He——" "Hold on a minute," the judge broke in; "you say he didn't bet on horses?" "That's what I say, your honor." "And he didn't play poker?" "Never was known to play a game." "And he never drank liquor?" "Never drank a drop, your honor." "And he didn't chew tobacco?" "Never took a chew in his life." "Well, then," said the judge, leaning back with a sigh, "I don't see what he wanted to live for. There wa'n't anything in life for him, and I don't see why he ain't about as well off dead as alive. Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff, and call the next case."—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

While Mr. Hamlin was Speaker of the Maine Assembly there was in that body a certain gentleman of faultless attire, pleasing manners, good address, and some reputation. This gentleman had one foible—that is to say, one pronounced and particular foible—his hair was thin, and he was sensitive in regard to it. To hide his approaching baldness he had a habit of carefully, with bandoline and other preparations, stroking each particular hair which was left to him into its place. One day, while in the chair as speaker, Mr. Hamlin, in the innocence of a good and joke-loving nature, sent for this gentleman, and, looking fixedly at his smooth and polished pate, said, with a chuckle: "Blank, old fellow, I just wanted to tell you that you've got one of your hairs crossed over the other." "You insult me, sir; you insult me," replied the member, with unexpected and altogether unnecessary indignation, and then, refusing to listen either to reason or explanation, he left the speaker's desk and returned to his seat. When Mr. Hamlin became a candidate for the United States Senate this gentleman was a member of the upper house of the Maine Legislature, and positively refused, though a member of the same party, to vote for the man by whom he believed he had been insulted. So it was that Hannibal Hamlin was defeated for a seat in the Senate by a hair. In the end his strength was thrown for Mr. James W. Bradbury, and that gentleman was elected to succeed George Evans.

The Supreme Court of Nebraska has decided that when a husband is physically unable to support his family, and his wife earns the money to pay the bills, she is the legal head of the family. Few authorities, legal or social, will presume to question that such a decision is in accord with the equities, and, therefore, promotive of the public good. Nevertheless, in its tendency it is calculated to create an apprehension in the more timorous of manly bosoms that the doctrine of legal headship if given an inch may gradually proceed to help itself to an ell; in other words, that it might result in a division of authority which would afford lamentable disproof of the adage that two heads are better than one. This apprehension is premature, to say the least. There is not the slightest warrant for assuming that woman, drest in a little brief authority, would so abuse it by fantastic tricks as to wring tears from the angels, as Shakespeare tells us man is wont to do. So far as actual headship of the family may go, money, or the capacity for earning money, is by no means the only test of primacy. Talent of various sorts, and especially executive talent, is very often found to serve the same function as authority. This, however, is merely *de facto* authority, which is a very different thing from authority before the law. Thus far the rights of the husband are entirely secure even in Nebraska. The decision is not only unassailable from the standpoint of equity, but it is one more proof of the oft-noted fact that the western courts are taking advanced ground on questions touching the legal status of woman which the more conservative judicial functionaries of the East may as well prepare to keep pace with. Meanwhile, and until the coming of that golden era, we may expect to see a hegira of eastern wives, with their husbands and families, to the promising Nebraska plains; for the women of the East not only know a good thing when they see it, but, as Ingalls tells us was the case with Washington, they see it a great way off.

NOTES.

Pure chloroform, something hitherto unattainable, will now be made by M. Pictet, a chemist of Geneva.

Hon. Jos. McKenna, Congressman from this district, is at Kennebunk port, Maine, where his children are spending their summer vacation.

Princess Mary, of Teck, is the prettiest marriageable royal girl in Europe. She is the object of devotion of Prince Edward, of Wales, but the match is prevented by the strong objection of the Queen.

Investigation of the working of the Kansas liquor law shows that a resident of Topeka had a cold one day and a fever the next for a year without a break, and that his medicine was invariably whisky or beer.

There are more women in British India (12,400,000) than there are men, women and children in Great Britain, France and Germany put together, with the population of several minor European States cast in as well.

A man's intentions and aims in life may be ever so good, if he doesn't direct his efforts in the proper channel to bring about practical results, the excellence of his intentions are of no consequence and he himself remains a mere cipher in this busy world.

The eminent Mr. John Hutchinson, of the London Hospital, recommends for the treatment of nose-bleed the plunging of the feet and hands of the patients in water as hot as it can be borne. The most rebellious cases are said to yield to this method of treatment.

Henry Watterson's declaration that the Lord will provide a Democratic candidate for President next year shows a commendable but belated inclination on the part of the Democratic party to transfer its allegiance. The Lord has not been their shepherd heretofore.

Every year some inventive genius adds to the risks of war. It is only a question of time when nations will refuse to take the risks of war with modern appliances. All that is needed now is to perfect the balloon and make it as terrible and more destructive than great guns.

The recent discussion on tobacco and alcohol, following Tolstoi's merciless screed against their use, has revealed a man who smoked for seventy years without interruption, consuming between 8,000 and 9,000 pounds of tobacco, and yet retaining perfect physical and mental health.

Reputations are being shattered in Kentucky while the merry war goes on. A stump speaker has just charged Senator Carlisle with living in a house presented to his wife by the Standard Oil Company. It behooves the Senator to arise at once and explain in a voice that all may hear.

Undying fame awaits a Frankfort woman who has originated a novel and unique though painful method of committing suicide. She went into a zoological garden there and fed herself to the bears. The system has obvious advantages, but unlike others it affords pleasure to at least a few—viz., the bears.

The meanest young man in Michigan lives in Cheyboygan. He has cut from the papers accounts of people dying from ice cream poison and pasted them in his hat. When he visits his girl he leaves that hat on the center-table so that she cannot but notice the pasted notices and reads them. He says it is a great scheme and works so well that she has not asked him for ice cream this year.

Our neighbor, the *News*, has occasion to burnish up its classics. ("When the old Greeks spoke of their boss deity 'Jove' the cloud compeller," etc.—*Evening News*.) Jove was the Roman deity who is said to have sat in state on Olympus. Zeus was the Grecian deity identical with the Roman Jupiter. Neighbor, "Jove" is Latin, "Zeus" is Greek. Perhaps, however, all is Greek with our contemporary.

The *Bee* has commenced the fight for a new charter in earnest. It is certain that the people will be educated upon the subject through the medium of the *Bee*. We have always been known as the advocates of a new organic law, and the *Bee* has, through its wide circulation, notified the people of the needs of this city, and the selection of 15 freeholders to frame a suitable charter for the present government of the city.

Few people can form a definite idea of what is involved in the expression, "An inch of rain." It may aid such to follow this curious calculation: An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches; an inch deep of water on this area will be as many cubic inches of water, which, at 227 to the gallon, is 22,000 gallons. This immense quantity of water will weigh 220,000 pounds, or 100 tons. One-hundredth of an inch (0.01) alone is equal to one ton of water to the acre.

Robert Allen, after nearly three months'

suffering, has at last succumbed to the death-blow dealt by the murderous thugs. He died Friday morning shortly after ten o'clock. We have heretofore given a history of the life of Robert Allen since his arrival on these shores, from the pioneer days to the present. "Bob" Allen, as he was familiarly called by his hosts of friends, was a worthy and estimable citizen. His demise leaves another empty chair from the board of the pioneers of "49." He leaves a widow, and a son and daughter.

We suggest the adjustment of the liquor traffic in this city as follows: The Trustees to repeal the midnight-closing section, being Section 10 of Ordinance 276. It is plain that the mass of the people are not in favor of this restriction. Modify Section 12 of the ordinance by making the quarterly license \$30 instead of \$45. This, coupled with the \$30 per quarter county license is high enough. The Board of Supervisors should also modify the county ordinance in regard to that clause requiring a majority of the taxpayers resident of the precinct to enable the granting of licenses. This course will undoubtedly secure a cessation of legal hostilities and will prove equitable and just. While the tax under this plan is much greater than that required by any other business doing proportionate business, it will be acceptable to the liquor dealers.

What to Name the Baby.

"People might select names for their children with better discretion if they were acquainted with the very expressive meanings borne by many of the personal designations in the language," said a linguist professor to a writer in the *Washington Star*. "Some of them have rather funny significations; for example: Julia means 'mossy-bearded,' Ursula is a 'female bear,' Priscilla is 'a little ancient' and Cecilia is 'dim-sighted.' Barbara signifies 'foreign,' Abel is 'vanity,' Bernard is 'a bear's heart' and Caleb is 'a dog.' Daniel is 'judgment of God,' and Raphael is 'medicine of God.'

"Ever so many English names have very beautiful meanings. Beatrice is 'making happy,' Letitia is 'joy,' Mabel is 'my fair,' Selina is 'a nightingale,' Susan is a 'lily,' Sarah is 'a lady,' Rebecca is 'faithful' and Lydia is 'a well of water.' What is prettier than Margaret, which signifies 'a pearl,' or than Amelia for 'sincere,' or than Sophia for 'wisdom,' or than Katherine for 'pure,' or than Adeline for 'a princess?' Bertha is 'bright,' Charlotte is 'all noble,' Cornelia is 'harmonious,' Caroline is 'noble-spirited,' Harriet is 'a sweet perfume' and Jane is 'a willow.' Again: Henrietta is, properly translated, 'a star,' Judith is 'praising,' Jemima is 'sweet song,' Isabella is 'fair Eliza,' Agatha is 'good,' Felicia is 'happy,' Lucy is 'constant,' Muriel is 'myrrh,' and even humble-sounding Bridget is 'shining bright.'

"If these are good names for sisters, sweethearts, wives and mothers, equally appropriate for fathers, sons and brothers are Nicholas, which means 'victorious,' David for 'beloved,' Hugh for 'thought,' Horatio for 'worthy,' James for 'superior,' Thomas for 'a lion' and Edward for 'truth-keeper.' Philip is 'warlike,' Robert is 'famous,' Richard is 'powerful,' Eustace is 'firm,' Ralph is 'help,' Charles is 'a man,' Matthew is 'a gift,' Hubert is 'bright mind' and Hilary is 'cheerful.' William stands for 'helm of the will,' Patrick for 'a nobleman,' Felix for 'happy,' Oliver for 'an olive' and Isaac for 'laughter.'

"Incidentally to naming children, it is worth while to look out for the initials. I have known two men who were obliged to write themselves for short 'A. S. S.' just because of their parents' carelessness."

Paper With Silk In It.

Anybody who wishes can go into the big Crane & Co.'s factory at Dalton, Mass., and see the workmen place the blue silk on the machine that makes the paper for all the United States notes. The silk comes in spools, and is made by Belding, of Northampton. It is sold here in Bangor. There is no more secret about it than there is about the water flowing over the dam above the toll-bridge.

The real secret is in the composition of the paper. The silk thread is secured by patent, to be sure, but the making of the paper, the compound of the ingredients, is safe in the head of J. Murray Craue, who received the art from his father, who made bouds for Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's secretary of the treasury, away back in war times.

The pure linen pulp is in a big room, looking for all the world like any linen pulp. Then comes J. Murray Craue with a grip-sack. He and the "grip" enter the room together, and it is presumed that he locks the door, for the door is locked on the inside, and the "grip" does not look able to do it.

They are closeted a half an hour. When they come out the pulp goes to the paper machine, and Mr. Crane and the "grip" go home. But the pulp is changed by that visit, and nobody has been able to penetrate the Crane secret. The company gets about fifty times as much for that paper as for other linen paper made in the same mill.—*Bangor News*.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Parnell's Movements—Breaking the Record—Crossing the Atlantic in 5 Days, 21 Hours, 10 Minutes—Mrs. Astor's French-made Toilets Held by the Customs Officials—Steel Mackay as a Miner—The Streets of New York—The Broadway Cable—Carnegie's Music Hall—Musical Unions and Gen. Fitzgerald.

[Special Correspondence of THEMIS.]

NEW YORK, July 25, 1891.

There is a rumor circulating to the effect that Parnell, the Irish leader (or ex-leader as you may choose to call him), has arranged to come to America to attend the Convention of the Irish National League, to be held in Baltimore next September. This promises to be an international episode of a pronounced kind. John Fitzgerald, President of the league, has, it is said, received a letter from Parnell pledging himself to do everything consistent with his position to carry out Fitzgerald's views, which are understood to refer to the demand of the party in America that the factions in Ireland unite on a leader before the September convention. Of course, there is the additional idea of securing funds for the cause to draw Parnell to this side of the water. Fitzgerald says no money will be subscribed until the leadership question is settled, but that plenty will be forthcoming then. What would become of the nationalist cause without American contributions is hard to say. It is rather amusing to hear that Parnell found some difficulty in finding a priest willing to perform the ceremony of his marriage to Mrs. O'Shea on account of the objections of the church to the marriages of divorced persons. One thing remains certain, however, he did find such a priest, and the fact that the marriage is not condemned goes to show that the church can be lenient if the marriage is only prominent enough.

The Atlantic steam packet record has again been broken. The new steamship "Fuerst Bismark," of the Hamburg-American Company, has just made the passage from New York to Southampton in 5 days, 21 hours and 10 minutes, which is the fastest eastward passage ever made. The time of the eastern passage was first brought within six days by the Inman steamer "City of Paris," in December, 1888, between Sandy Hook and Queenstown, and that time, 5, 22, 50, remains the best ever made between those points.

Compared with New York's latest custom house sensation, the case of Meyer and Dickenson, of Philadelphia, sinks into insignificance. In their case the government has only to refund the excess duty paid, but in New York it is no such personal and pecuniary matter. Mrs. Astor, the famous and only, purchased two handsome toilets in France during the past winter which arrived per steamer last week. The customs authorities demanded a duty which Mrs. Astor considered an excessive one, and which she refused to pay. The authorities retaliated by announcing that the gowns would be sold at auction. Mrs. Astor replied that they might sell them as she would not bid. Now, here is a chance for some one to obtain a bona fide Astor dress—something that belongs to the very innermost shrine of "society." There is no doubt of the effect it would produce; the only question is would the comment be pleasing to the wearer?

Steel Mackay, the dramatist, is said to be in North Carolina, mining. He went there for his health, and a little wild life, early in the spring. While tramping over the mountains he became interested in the stories of mines and moonshiners that the guides had to tell. Of course he made up his mind to get to the bottom of those stories, and did so to the extent of investing in a mine somewhere back in the mountains. For the past month he has hidden himself from the world and is industriously seeking wealth. I really pity him when he comes to answer the questions that will be fired at him from all sides on his return in the fall. He will have to carry a printed statement about with him to satisfy his friends. New Yorkers have become shy of North Carolina mines, but they wish Mr. Mackay luck none the less.

If the streets of New York are not the cleanest of any city in the world it is not because of parsimony on the part of the city officials, who make annual appropriations for this purpose. Each year the sum is greatly increased, but the cleanliness of the city shows but little improvement. Broadway and a few avenues and principal side streets are kept in good condition as the show streets of the town, for which the fear of adverse criticism from the visiting stranger is unbearable. Whenever the streets become unclean, and the protest of the people is over strong, the plea is made that the appro-

priations are insufficient; and on this plea a considerably larger amount is obtained for the succeeding year—with no perceptible difference in the streets. Usually the money is spent in experiments. The last scheme has been the "patrol system," coupled with a small engine belonging to the fire department, for washing out unusually dirty ways. The results are not very apparent, however.

The progress of the work of constructing a cable road on Broadway is slow—very slow, although carried on at half a dozen different points simultaneously. The engineering difficulties are numerous. Nearly the entire length of the street is filled with water, gas and sewer pipes and electrical subways. As it is necessary to lay the foundations of the cable road at least four feet beneath the surface, and as many of these pipes are nearer than that, no direct work can be done until these have been removed to one side. Of course, the unwieldy water mains are the greatest source of difficulty. One track is laid at a time, and the indications are that Broadway will be torn up and almost impassable for months to come. It is to be hoped that the completion of the road will bring some permanent relief to travelers, as a reward for their indulgence and patience under so many difficulties.

The directors of Mr. Carnegie's music hall in this city have set forth the attractions of that resort in a neatly illustrated pamphlet. Mr. Walter Damrosch, who is to fill it with music and audiences, is still in Europe gathering musicians for his orchestra. Of course the trades unions will make a fuss over the landing of two or three capable artists, while they say nothing about the hoodlums and "assisted" immigrants that are landed daily on our shores. Such is artistic consistency.

The musical unions are still assailing General Fitzgerald because he did not order out the bands at the recent parade of the New York militia. During the winter the unions decided that an advance of \$2 should be paid to every bandsman parading with a regiment. The commanding officers of the dozen or more commands in New York and Brooklyn objected to this high-handed proceeding and on Memorial Day ordered their regiments out with field music only; hence the attack on General Fitzgerald. The general insists that he had nothing to do with it, and says that the colonels were at liberty to refuse accession to the extortion of the band members. He adds, moreover, that he is proud to be denounced by such a crowd as the followers of Johan Most, and that if he chooses to order a parade without music he will do so, without reference to strikers or unions. The general impression is that the bands have thrown themselves out of work.

A Batch of Snake Stories.

Mrs. Cyrenas Slack, of this city, says the Lambertville *Beacon*, had an unpleasant experience while visiting in Easton last week. One afternoon during the week she and her three children strolled out of the city and rested along a fence surrounding a field. Mrs. Slack was sitting on the grass watching her children at play, when suddenly her youngest child exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, look in your lap!" She turned her head quickly, and there in her lap, curled up and head erect, was a blacksnake some five or six feet in length. Mrs. Slack, of course, terribly frightened, but jumped to her feet, when the snake fell to the ground and crawled away, while the frightened lady gathered her children together and hurried to the residence of her relatives. She had intended to extend her visit to at least another week, but she cut her trip short. Mrs. Slack thinks it was "nearly as thick around as a telegraph pole."

Miss Myrtle Leiphart, of Springboro, says the Comeautville *Courier*, attempted to kill a large spotted adder. The snake showed fight and tried to strike her. She dodged it and caught up a little child which was in danger, and ran for the house. In her fright she fell over a wash tub, dislocating one of her knees and breaking one bone. The snake was killed by her sister, and was found to measure four feet.

A rattlesnake three feet long, with a tin cup fastened to its back by the handle, was killed near Hancock, Wayne county, a few days ago. The *Hancock Herald* says: "The snake had pulled its body through the handle of the cup half the length of it, where the fit became too tight, causing the cup to stick to the scales of the snake."

New South Wales to Make Pig-Iron.

A syndicate has been formed by a member of the New South Wales Parliament to develop the resources of the colony, and it is proposed to begin at once the erection of blast furnaces, and in the future, rolling-mills and steel works. The ores are said to be found in apparently inexhaustible quantities, with deposits of coal and limestone within short distance. The ore shows 50 per cent. of metallic iron, and some of it is shown to be suitable for steel manufacture.

FLASHES.

West Pointers can be truthfully called "dogs of war."

The democratic press will not give Secretary Blaine a rest.

Fashionable marriages and fashionable divorces are often kindred.

If extreme high license prevails our drug stores will be transformed into "jug stores."

Some of our judges may get full, but one of the Federal Supreme Judges is always Fuller.

Summer girls flutter too much. Her highest ambition is to wear as scant a bathing suit as possible.

The warning sign "look out for paint" would be appropriate on some of our fashionable women.

The alleged society news is the merest bosh, and those who affect society foibles are of little minds.

Twice during the year man feels the need of rest—just before his vacation and again immediately after.

"Did you speak to me when you asked for the Billy Fair?" inquired the blonde waiter. "No, I didn't menu," replied the saucy maiden.

Beware of the three women. The one who does not love children, the one who doesn't love flowers and she who openly declares she does not like other women.

Young Woodson's Death.

The sudden and untimely death of Edmund D. Woodson has cast a gloom over this community. In the fresh bloom of young manhood, just on the threshold of a useful and honorable career, he was taken without warning. It seems like cruel fate, when a bright, healthy young man is seized without any previous warning and taken from earth. Young Woodson was beloved by all who knew him. He possessed a warm, generous heart and was the soul of honor. Even in one so young, he had the attributes of brilliant inventive genius. The blow is a terrible one to his honored parents, who must feel that the Ruler of the Universe is cruel beyond measure to them.

Installation and Ball.

The Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, District Lodge, No. 32, will have a brilliant reception, installation and ball, the latter in the Assembly chamber, on the evening of August 4th, under the auspices of the local lodges. The annual session of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows will be held on Monday and Tuesday, in Pioneer Hall, where the business of the order will be conducted. Delegates from all parts of the State will be present on this occasion.

Death of Mrs. Frank Snook.

It was a surprise to the many friends of Mrs. Frank Snook (formerly Miss Nannie Scaniker, daughter of the late Judge Scaniker) to learn of her sudden death. She was stricken with typhoid fever a few days ago, which culminated fatally yesterday afternoon. Her sister, Miss Mollie Scaniker, was with her during her last hours, having been telegraphed of the illness of Mrs. Snook.

Death of a Pioneer Printer.

"Tom" Reed, one of the pioneer printers of the State, died in Oakland on Thursday last, aged 67 years. Mr. Reed occupied the position of foreman of the State printing office from 1856 to 1858, and was succeeded by the late E. G. Jefferies.

On Mont Blanc's Summit.

During last summer Mr. Janssen, a well-known French scientist, spent some time on Mont Blanc for the purpose of making meteorological observations, and his experience has resulted in a daring proposition to construct a permanent observatory upon the very summit of the mountain, 15,781 feet above the sea level. In conjunction with M. Eiffel, M. Janssen has elaborated the plans for an observatory to be built entirely of iron, and having a length of 85 feet, with a breadth of 20 feet.

In order to find a firm foundation for the building it is necessary that the solid rock of the mountain shall be reached, and excavations are to be made in the ice of the highest glacier in order to ascertain the location and character of the rock. This once accomplished, a structure will be designed which will give to the observatory a firm hold, by iron pillars bedded in the rock. It is intended that the observatory shall be rendered habitable throughout the year.

An Atchison man had a "nightmare" after eating a lunch of cheese, mustard and dried beef, and had a disagreeable dream that his son was in great danger. Instead of being unable to run from ghosts, as is usually the case in nightmares, he was unable to get ready to go to the rescue of his son. Finally he awoke, and was so impressed with the dream that he went into his son's room. He found him out of bed and on the roof of the house, where he had climbed in his sleep.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Last night Gilmore's *Twelve Temptations* was introduced with new features. This spectacle has been a success for many years, principally upon its good management. To-night *Twelve Temptations* will be again presented at the Metropolitan, when a full house is assured. One temptation is enough for the ordinary mortal, but when it comes to "twelve," there is no resisting.

A Word to National Guardsmen.

The National Guard of California, as well as that branch of the government in every State in the Union, is formed and protected and subsidized by the Legislature to act as the standing army of the older nations that it may be ready, armed and equipped for emergencies, to protect life and property, and enforce the laws in cases of insurrection, or rebellion, or riot at home, or the sudden incursion of enemies from abroad. And so perfect is the system that perhaps no power could so quickly throw into the field a well caparisoned and efficient army, of all arms, as the United States, raised direct from the homes of the private citizen. The laws of our own State governing and providing for her National Guard are most liberal and generous, and in no other State is better provision made for its efficiency, and even comfort. Among the laws, enacted at a comparatively late session of the Legislature, is one requiring the citizen soldiery to go into camp once annually, that active practice in camp life in all its detail of field experience may be indulged by the members, both officers and privates. This is a most beneficial and sensible regulation if properly enforced by the officers in authority, as it enables the soldier to learn what it is to turn his attention, for a time at least, from the luxury and ease of the life of a private citizen to the stern realities of the soldier's life of obedience and hardship in the tented field. It is then that the men of arms recognize the fact that though, when at home, he may be free and equal with his daily associate, yet in camp he must know that he has superiors whom he must obey, and disobedience or insubordination to whom means court-martial and disgrace thereafter. In fine, those encampments are designed to give to the participant a taste of what should be the hardships of military life.

But is the National Guard of California really gaining to itself credit by the way it is conducting and behaving itself at its annual meetings, as reported every year about this season? Is it fairly and honestly earning the money appropriated by the Legislature at every session for its maintenance? And is it acquiring one atom of benefit by the way it is reported to act at the sea-side to which it naturally gravitates when looking for a camping place? If corroborated report, much multiplied, is to be believed, the Guard is not doing itself much credit by its behavior on those occasions. Not that any petit crimes or misdemeanors are perpetrated, nor that the privates are to be blamed for the inactivity that characterizes the meetings, but that there seems to be an almost total ignorance of the duty that calls them to field life and instead a week's time of hilarity, pomp and display in the social circle, at hops, balls, drives, soirees, etc., etc., all of which tends to make men effeminate and languid, and consequently poor soldiers and worse officers, and to do away with military authority and discipline, which, of course, are absolutely essential and necessary, and without which there can be no efficiency and less tuition in the manual of arms or drill. Why is it that the officers chosen for that purpose will annually select the fashionable resorts of Santa Cruz or Monterey for the encampments? Of course, for the social enjoyment there to be found. Does the law of the National Guard, and the appropriations made for its maintenance, contemplate such a useless waste of time and money? Why then, if the officers mean to advance and propagate the efficiency of the Guard, would it not be an excellent plan to amend the law so as to compel the encampments to be located annually in some remote part of the State, far away from the "haunts of men," where the enervating influences of society could not be courted, and woman and her wiles would not be a drawback to the duties imposed on the genuine soldier of our State, from whom so much is expected in an hour of need.

Important Citizens' Meeting.

There will be a meeting of citizens and taxpayers of this city at the Clunie Opera House this evening at 8 o'clock, the object of which is to induce the Board of Trustees to modify the late liquor license ordinance. Hon. Grove L. Johnson and W. A. Anderson will present the facts in behalf of the aggrieved.

Labor.

The federated trades will join in the Iron Molders' picnic next Sunday. All societies of organized labor will be invited to join in the demonstrations. There will be a due observance of "labor day" on the first Monday in September.

The Prizefighter.

A prizefighter, says the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, is a creature that corresponds among men to what a prostitute is among women; he is a male ruffian and loafer who is willing to sell his splendid body to be pounded and abused by another equally low-minded ruffian and loafer for money. Civilization places this brutal business under the ban of the law in every Christian country in Europe, and a prizefight cannot legally take place in the United States save in Louisiana, Texas and California—where public opinion does not yet seem willing to relegate it to the lowest depth of society where it belongs—to the applause and enthusiasm of outlaws, criminals and other wild beasts that rage and gnash their teeth at the base of every civilization in the world.

A prizefighter is as utterly useless and contemptible a member of society as the "road agent" that robs a railway train, or the lusty beggar that tramps to and fro, an eyecore to all persons who love public peace and are devoted to private industry. A bull dog is not useless, for he can be trained into a useful watchdog, but a prizefighter produces nothing but public disorder and demoralization; he watches no slaughter-house, but only helps to make the earth in spots look like the shambles; he guards no property; he watches nothing, but prowls up and down the land selling his person to anybody who cares to pat his red brawn and bet his shekels on his blood. He is a nuisance, and the bigger the brute the more he cumber the earth. A prizefighter stands for nothing but that shameful degradation of human nature that is found everywhere and is expressed by the words burglar, pick-pocket, pimp and prostitute no more vividly than by the word prizefighter. Prizefighting is the survival of the brutal social habits of the last century, when even English clergymen were not ashamed to ride hard after foxes and drink hard at dinner; when men of liberal education and high rank were not ashamed to get drunk at home and abroad; when men of literary genius went to cockfights, and were not ashamed to gamble all night over gin and water.

The law in England and America prohibits prizefighting, but in England the law is enforced with sternness compared with America, where the law is evaded or ignored. Prizefighting was once under the patronage of the English aristocracy and gentry; the prizefighter, Mendoza, a Spanish Jew, was a great favorite with the court of George the Fourth, and the English prizefighter, Jackson, who whipped Mendoza, taught Lord Byron how to box, and was highly esteemed by a great many very respectable people; but since the accession of Queen Victoria prizefighting in England has slowly but steadily declined. After the famous Heenan and Sayers fight in 1859 prizefighting in England has had no influential support, and during the last thirty years no prizefight has taken place in England that was not followed by the arrest and severe punishment of all parties concerned in it.

Prizefighting has a far more vigorous life with us than in England, because the law against it is not earnestly enforced in certain States of the Middle West, the South and the Pacific coast, notably California, where prizefights take place under the patronage of the athletic clubs. It is easier for England to enforce her law against this brutal practice, because public opinion varies greatly in the different States. Home rule exists in every State, while in England the central authority can stop prizefighting in every county of the three islands.

Nothing can be said in extenuation of prizefighting; nothing, truthfully, in defense of the prizefighter, for he is nothing but an utterly base-minded, unprincipled, stupid brute, who defends his disreputable calling by saying "there is money in it," which, of course, is as utterly forceless a plea in his case as it would be in the case of the keeper of a baguio. There is money undoubtedly sometimes in infamous callings to both men and women; but nobody but a moral idiot seriously defends a ruffianly life by saying, "I'd like to do right, to lead an industrious, law-abiding, law-respecting life, but there is no money in honest work; so I feel obliged to do wrong."

There is no courage cultivated by prizefighting; nothing but ferocity and cruelty; insensibility to human suffering; coarseness of thought, speech, feeling and action. A prizefighter is nothing but a splendid animal who sells the sanctity of his body for money, just as does his immoral correlative, the strumpet, whose pet hero he generally is. His venal abuse of his person is an act of self-degradation that sinks the prizefighter quite down to the level of the strumpet; in the play of degraded life he is the Ingomar and she the Parthenia—

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat like one.

Granting this to be a true picture of a prizefighter, with all the paint and tinsel, all the peacock fuss and feathers removed and his fame viewed in a cold, dry light, what shall be said in explanation of the interest felt in the issue of prizefights by persons that could not be hired to witness one and would be pleased to see all parties to it

placed in the penitentiary? The only decent explanation of the interest felt by a humane, intelligent man in the issue of a prizefight is that it is due something to the same feeling which makes a man who loves peace and hates war, nevertheless read with satisfaction the story of Austerlitz and Waterloo. The average man loves the sensational, and he reads the story of the prizefight, which he would shudder to see, and whose principals he would be glad to punish, with something of the same passionate yearning for the sensational and the sanguinary which the little boy manifests in "Helen's Babies," begging his father when he reads the Bible to be sure and read about "David and Goliath with his head all bluggy." This is the feeling that makes men who ought to know better take a certain interest in that abuse of athletics; that ditching of the really noble art of self-defense that is constantly wrought by the American slugger.

The survival of the bullfight is in line with the taint of cruelty that runs through the Spanish character in all history, but the survival of the prizefight is not in line with the average humanity and refinement of the governing masses in America. We are not a cruel or ferocious people, and we ought not to suffer prizefighting to ever show its grisly, bull-dog head in defiance of the law without making all parties to its presence suffer for it. It ought to be as disgraceful among gentlemen to go to a prizefight as it would be to go to a hanging, a dogfight or a cocking main, because the gratification of a desire to witness such spectacles is cultivating the basest part of human nature—the ferocious, the cruel, the cowardly, the coarse quality, which every man has to subdue in order to be a gentleman after God's own heart, which loves mercy and hates cruelty.

SACRAMENTO TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, No. 46.

The members are requested to meet at the Valley Press at 1230 P. M. on Sunday, August 2d, to attend the Iron Molders' Picnic in a body.

By order of the Union.

M. H. STROUT, President.

J. L. ROBINETTE, Secretary.

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON
CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations.



PANTS to ORDER
\$3.50 to \$13.50
SUITS TO ORDER
\$15.00 to \$50.00
1000 Patterns to Select from.
GABEL the TAILOR
426 J STREET.

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Grand Hamworthy & Co.
Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

B. Ruhl Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

The Death of the Ideal.

With misery bowed, with affliction bent,
Like a gray, gaunt specter, his way he went.
A fearful secret he carried with him,
Which rendered his journey so grim, so grim!
Through the mists of the past there shown
from afar,
And allured him still onward, a lonely star.

With glorious promise the star had beamed
On his destiny, while his eyes still gleamed
With the fire of youth. With what fervor
and pride,

He had hoped for and followed his future—
his bride!
Now feeble and dim it illumines as before,
His path, by the painful and rocky seashore.

There he pauses and marks the fierce waves
play,

And break on the shingle in helpless spray.
But what have the billows cast on the strand?
A lily, plucked from a pallid dead hand.
The emblem of one who was pure and fair;
Say, why is this old man bowed in despair?

Fishing in the Arctic.

Wherever there is a level field of this season's ice, inclosed by lines of hummocks, the fish are sure to be plenty. Such a field as this, about half a mile long, practically afforded a living to most of the people in the village during the season of 1883, because that year the ice was very unfavorable for sealing, and food was very scarce in the village. The fishing is carried on mostly by the women and children, though one or two old men generally go out, and one or two of the younger men, when they cannot go sealing and food is wanted at the house, will join the fishing party.

Each fisherman is provided with a long-handled ice pick, which he frequently leaves sticking in the snow near the fishing ground, a long line made of stripes of whalebone, reeled lengthwise on a slender wooden shuttle about 18 inches long, and provided with a copper sinker and two pear-shaped "jigs" of walrus ivory, armed with four barbless hooks of copper, and a scoop or dipper made of reindeer antlers, with a wooden handle about two feet long. Hardly an Esquimaux, and especially no Esquimaux boy, stirs out of the house in winter without one of these scoops in his hand. To every party of two or three there will also be a good-sized bag of sealskin, generally made of a piece of an old kavak cover, for bringing home the fish. Arriving at the fishing grounds each proceeds to pick a hole through the ice, which is about four feet thick, clearing out the chips with the scoop. The "jigs" are then let down through the hole and enough line unreels to keep them just clear of the bottom, where the fish are playing about. The reel is held in the right hand and serves as a short rod, while the scoop is held in the left hand and used to keep the hole clear of the scum of new ice, which, of course, is constantly forming. The line is kept in constant motion, jerked up quickly a short distance and then allowed to drop back, so that the little fish that are nosing about the white "jigs," after the manner of codfish, are hooked about the jaw or in the belly.

As soon as the fisherman feels a fish on his hook he catches up a bight of the line with his scoop and another below this with his reel, and thus reels up the line on these two sticks on loose coils until the fish is brought to the surface, when a skillful toss throws him off the barbless hook on the ice, where he gives one convulsive flap and instantly freezes solid. The elastic whalebone line is thrown off the sticks without tangling and paid out through the hole again for another trial. If fish are not found plenty at the first hole the fisherman shifts his ground until he "strikes a school." They are sometimes so plenty that they may be caught as fast as they can be hauled up. One woman will bring in upward of a bushel of little fish—they are generally about five or six inches long—from a single day's fishing. This fishing lasts until the middle of May, when the ice begins to soften. A good many are also caught along the shore in November in about a foot of water, when there are no tide cracks in the ice. At this season the Esquimaux use a little rod about two feet long, with a short line and a little ivory squid, at which the fish bite.—*Forest and Stream.*

The cost of producing bananas is little, as a bunch weighing fifty pounds requires as a total outlay for clearing, purchase of land, and every other expense necessary, even to boxing for the market, the small sum of 53 cents—the result of an actual test in the island of Trinidad. When one considers that the productiveness of the banana is 42 times that of the potato and 131 times that of wheat, and that when once planted it needs little care, the profits of the industry will be readily seen.

The discovery of an enormous under-ground reservoir of water in the midst of Sahara desert will undoubtedly develop trade and travel throughout that region. Explorations have shown that there are large portions of the Sahara which are really capable of cultivation, and after a time it will doubtless be as completely effaced from the map as has been the great American desert.

In the Dark.

Did you ever try to find a match in the dark? You know the box is on the mantel and place your hand with confidence on the spot where you think it stands. Down goes a piece of bric-a-brac to the floor. More care is used. You find the end of the mantel and run your hand along the marble slab. Off goes a vase or two. You strike the clock; you've got it. No, it's on the other side. Not there! Ah, then it's on the table. After running against the stove and tripping over the chair, you find—the sofa. Keep cool and take your bearings. The table is north of the sofa, and the sofa runs east and west; north, therefore, is in front of you. Now you have it. That article that dropped to the floor sounded like the match safe. But it's the ink well, and your fingers are dyed with a color warranted not to fade. A bright idea—the stove! You burn your fingers, and warp your patience, but you secure a light. And the match safe? It is on the mantel piece in front of the clock—the only place you didn't search.

Language of the Brutes.

It is announced as a new discovery that monkeys have a language of their own, vocal sounds to each of which an idea is attached. That is nothing new. Every observant farmer's boy knows that the cat-bird talks, and the crow and nearly every other animal, and it does not take much study to learn what each means by its words. You know what they say for "come," for "get out," for "here is something good to eat," for "run, there is danger," for "I'm hungry." "Cluck, cluck," says the mother hen, and every chickling will run full tilt to get the bug or crumb which she says she has. Then "chir-r-r," and the chicks will scoot under the bushes. Hunters used to call the moose and the deer and the wolf. The stag moose required two kinds of invitation—first, the call of his mate, which would bring him toward the hunter, but not near enough for a shot, and then the challenge of his rival, which would bring him with a plunging charge. To say that Simians talk is nothing new. Everything talks that has lungs and a larynx.

The Joke Took a Turn

The best-planned jokes sometimes take an unexpected turn, as those of us who are given to making jokes have no doubt all noticed. Mrs. Dean said to a friend the other day: "I am so glad you can stay to tea; there is to be such a joke on Mr. Dean. He's always criticising my cooking. To-day his mother happened in, and I persuaded her to make some cakes. Will it not be very funny when he finds fault with the cakes and I tell him that his mother made them herself?" Half an hour later Mr. Dean remarked: "My dear, you are becoming a perfect cook. These cakes are as fine as those my mother makes."—*Family Herald.*

Says a Westerner: "I remember the first young lady typewritist we ever had in the office. What a stir she made. It is strange how we boys brushed up, kept our feet on the floor and stopped smoking. Not that she objected to smoking. O, no. On the contrary, she said she liked it, but we could not bring ourselves to smoke in her presence. Then, too, Smith, who was one of the book-keepers, suffered pretty badly. He had a habit of swearing outrageously every time he went to the telephone. He would go up to the instrument and yell, 'Central, give me thirty-five,' and when 'Central' kindly gave him twenty-five instead, the air in his vicinity became blue and sultry. But when the aforesaid young lady arrived all such little pleasures had to go by the board. Even the porter caught the contagion and cleaned up the office for the first time in the memory of the oldest worker within its precincts."

In olden times, if a person accused of a crime refused to plead, he was condemned to the *forte peine et dure*. He was stripped, taken into a dungeon and laid on the floor, with a sharp stone under his back. On him was laid a door, whereon were piled heavy weights, as much as he could bear, and more. The first day three morsels of bad bread were given him; the second day three draughts of stagnant water, and so until he died. If a prisoner was convicted, his estates were confiscated. To prevent this confiscation, many prisoners suffered this punishment. In this country a man called to plead to an indictment of witchcraft stood mute, and is said to have been pressed to death, at Salem, Mass., in 1692.

Those who believe in man's close kinship with the lower animals might point out that these settle their little love affairs after their own fashion—bulls by their horns, lions by their claws and teeth, wild horses by their heels—the female in the case unquestionably accepting the delicate attentions of the victor. Of course, among the more intelligent of our species, however much women may prize physical vigor in men, there are mental and moral qualities which are even more conclusive than physical attractions. Love is a matter of soul affinity first of all, though, of course, an attractive appearance may aid in the discovery of such an affinity.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. M. MORRISON,

Southeast Cor. Twelfth and E Streets,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

General Merchandise.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER**CAPITAL BREWERY**

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than
J. SLAUGHTER,
Sixth and M streets.
Telephone 318.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

ALWAYS A FINE LUNCH ON THE COUNTER.
M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO.

W. R. STRONG CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fruit and Produce

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St.

SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar
Floors, Fence Coping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J

SACRAMENTO.

PACIFIC

HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

RED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

TELEPHONE NO. 41.

J. H. MIDDLEMASS.

J. H. DOLAN.

DOLAN & MIDDLEMASS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES,

Produce and Provisions,

Northwest Corner of Seventh and N Streets,
SACRAMENTO.

GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.

TELEPHONE 248.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & CO.

410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED

Scraping the Pan.

We have often been told of the unalloyed bliss,
Shared alike by the simple and wise,
That has come to each one in his bright childhood days—
The making of tempting mud pies.
But it seems to me strange that the sweetest and best

In our young lives should not be forgot—
The frolic, the fun and exquisite joy
In scraping the pan or the pot.
In the long, shadowed life "what is left" is but dregs,

More bitter the older we grow;
Then we think, with a sigh, of the cake in the pan

That we scraped in the sweet long ago.
Could I from the years full of hours gone by
Choose one to live over again,
I would take that dear hour from my childhood's best days

On mother's old kitchen floor, when,
After waiting so long, with a hungering taste,
At last, with a goodness benign,
The old ebony cook put the cake in to bake,
And the pan, all unscraped, then was mine.

An Old Story that Has a Moral Even in These Days.

It happened at Athens, during a public presentation of a play in honor of the commonwealth, that an old man came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Some of the young men, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The old man hustled through the crowd accordingly for the seat proffered him. But when he came to the seats to which he was invited the jest was to close and expose him as he stood out of countenance before the audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches.

But on these occasions there were also particular places assigned to foreigners. So, when the old man skulked toward the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose all to a man and, with the greatest respect, received him amongst them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a loud applause of admiration.

Then the old man, as soon as the noise subsided, cried out: "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practice it."

Dr. Glass, of Poplar Bluff, one of the "stand-bys" of the Methodist Conference, who has officiated at the birth, baptism, marriage and final exit of more men and women under 30 years of age than any reverend doctor in Southeast Missouri, tells a good story on an old brother preacher up at Granby. On one occasion this old brother was called on to conclude the doctor's sermon. His theology was a little "off" so was his grammar, but his earnestness, piety and purity of heart were undoubted. He could run the gamut in a single sentence, from double bass to pianissimo shrieks, and to preserve the cadence of his periods he used the "holy grunt." He never, in the course of his long and useful life, perpetrated an intentional pun, yet the one he got off in Granby church has made him famous. "Yes," concluded the old brother, "yes, my beloved brothers and sisters, for forty-five years I have lived on the Lord's side, ah, and now, ah, I have got one foot in the grave, ah, and the other is all but, ah." To this day he cannot account for the smile that rippled over the faces of his congregation at the comical picture his peculiar speech conjured up, of an old gentleman living on the Lord's side, with one foot in the grave and the other all butter.

"Please, sir, may I take your picture?" The speaker was a little girl of a dozen summers on the deck of the Servia Monay afternoon, says the New York *Advertiser*. She had a toy camera. "How shall I stand?" asked Prince George. "Stand just as you are," answered the happy maiden. She snapped her camera. There will be many prints of that amateur photograph. Passengers say that the Prince is fond of children, but as bashful as he is big. They smile at newspaper stories about his heroism in "calming the fears of the ladies" after the accident. "He didn't look at a lady on board," said one, "and while he wasn't nervous, he was as retiring as ever after the trouble. He is not graceful yet, though he may be later in life. His table manners are not exact, and he eats with more energy than is customary among well-bred Americans or Englishmen. His speech is entirely without accent."

It is believed in Philadelphia that the only one of the original continental flags in existence is in the possession of the City Troop of that city. The old flag is spread between two large pieces of plate glass which keep the air away from it. The probabilities are that were it removed from this case it would fall to pieces. In design it is somewhat similar to the English jack. The design was made by a committee, of which Benjamin Franklin was a member, in 1776. A few years later the first American standard accepted by Congress was submitted and adopted.

A. D. BOWLEY.

M. J. CURTIS.

CURTIS & BOWLEY,
Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

Pacific States Savings, Loan, and Building Company.

1012 Fourth Street, bet. J and K, Sacramento.

REPRESENT THE	Assets.
Aetna Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn.	\$10,000,000 00
Hartford Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn.	5,750,000 00
German-American Insurance Co.	5,000,000 00
Manhattan Life Ins. Co. of New York	11,729,400 00
Fidelity and Casualty Accident and Plate Glass Insurance Co. of New York	774,550 20

SADDLE ROCK
Restaurant and Oyster House1019 SECOND STREET,
Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

JUST RECEIVED.A NEW AND COMPLETE LINE OF PURSES
AND CARD CASES, OF THE
LATEST DESIGNS.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, AND
JEWELRY.

UNCLE IKE'S, 302 K STREET, SACRAMENTO.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers In

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.**Felter, Son & Co.**OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN QUANTITIES TO
suit, a full and complete line of choice**Wines, Liquors & Cigars,**

Including the Celebrated

GOLD CROWN and DELMONICO

KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

At the Old Stand, 1006-1008 Second Street,
SACRAMENTO.**Gruhler's Saloon**

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS
LAGER BEER**WISSEMAN'S SALOON,**
Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.**SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE**
(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors
and Cigars.ROBERT ALLEN,
Formerly of Agricultural Park.**WINE ROOMS,**

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to THEODORE J. KERLIN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 14th day of July, 1891, in which action, Nettie R. Kerlin is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To have the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the plaintiff dissolved; that the plaintiff be awarded the custody of the children, issue of said marriage, and for alimony, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do herewith set my hand

[SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 14th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. DODDY, Deputy Clerk.

ARMSTRONG & PLATNAUER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. jy18-St

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Emile Cavellier, Wm. T. Hynes and David M. Bemus, greeting:

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 23d day of June, 1891, in which action GEO. SMITH is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To determine the adverse claims of the defendants, and each of them, to the north half of the east sixty feet and the east fifty feet of the south eighty feet of lot two, in block between I and J, 3d and 4th streets, in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and for costs of suit; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take default against you and each of you, and apply to the Court for the relief prayed for.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do herewith set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 23d day of June, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, Attorney for Plaintiff. je27-9t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of George H. Appel, an insolvent debtor. George H. Appel, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said George H. Appel is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 7th day of August, 1891, at one o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated, June 30th, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,

Judge of the Superior Court.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, Attorney for Insolvent. jy4-St

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of N. IRWIN, an insolvent debtor.—N. Irwin having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said N. Irwin is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said N. Irwin, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 7th day of August, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

W. C. VAN FLEET,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated June 29th, 1891.

JAMES B. DEVINE, Attorney for Petitioner. jy4-St

J. FRANK CLARK,**UNDERTAKING PARLORS**

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County

Coroner. Telephone 134.

WENT T. CROWELL & CO.

Real Estate and General

AUCTIONEERS

Salesroom: 817 J Street.

J. SCHACHT,

DEALER IN

FAMILY GROCERIES

Provisions, Flour,

Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco

Southeast Corner Second and M Sts.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

C. T. MILLIKIN,

DENTIST,

1008 Eighth Street, Between J and K,

Over Dr. W. A. Hughson's office.

A. L. HART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,

LAWYERS.

504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR.,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,

LAWYERS.

Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,

LAWYER.

Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,

LAWYER,

920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

C. HART (City Attorney),

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Harrison at Cape May.

Harrison may be boss of the nation, but he isn't boss of his own home. He is a very tractable boarder at the seaside capital, who takes three meals a day and dares not protest if he should find a hair in the butter. The President is getting a waist like a pie-woman, and his views upon men and measures are expanding like the ripples upon a still pond into which a stone has been tossed.

Newspaper men are particular ogres in the Harrison household. Mrs. President is especially opposed to them. She never misses an opportunity to freeze or snub them. Hot water is her remedy for the intruding interviewer, although this has not yet been tried. Candidly, the family have some reason for this aversion, but not to the extent that they show it. Sitting on the portico of the Presidential home a few days ago chatting with a male member of the family, the question of newspaper annoyances to the Harrisons came up. The mention of the subject seemed to arouse the entire household.

"One of the papers says that the President walks along the beach with a suspicious-looking article sticking from his coat-tail pocket, intimating that he carries a flask and takes sly nips," remarked one of the gentlemen. "Now, the President has not seen that article yet, but he will go as far as the Presbyterian Catechism will permit in denouncing that story. If the President desires to take a drink he does not go behind the door; nor need he seek a secluded spot on the beach. He has plenty of good liquor in his house, and he drinks when he feels like it."

Then the party recited a list of the wrongs that the family had been subjected to. It would seem that two years in office has not yet hardened the Presidential hide; and just so long as petticoat government is to run the White House the hide will remain soft and the critics' and cartoonists' shafts will wound deeply.

The bent of the Presidential mind at this juncture seems to be toward achieving some wonderful feat that will cause the country to rise up and call him blessed. The President is playing for an encore, and he is willing to repeat his performances if the people will only call him. At the present time the relations between the President and Secretary Blaine are the most cordial. If Blaine should become a full-fledged candidate, and Harrison could be assured that his Secretary seeks to succeed him, then Mr. Blaine would incur the full measure of the Harrison hate—sisters, cousins and aunts. While D. O. Mills, the wealthy New Yorker, was at the Harrison home on Wednesday last he asked the President as to Mr. Blaine's real condition.

"I really do not know," replied the President. "I have given Mr. Blaine a vacation, in all that a relaxation from cares implies, and he is not to report for duty until September. The matter is thoroughly understood between us."

This was said in a most kindly manner. The President then gave Mr. Mills to understand that he was at work on reciprocity, Behring Sea, seal killing and many other subjects, the details of which would naturally go to the State Department. As Mr. Mills has many thousands of dollars tied up in the American Commercial Company, along with Hon. Sealskin Elkins, Tom Platt and other Republican leaders, he naturally sought the fountain-head of the Government to lay before him a list of grievances.

While the President was swinging around the circle last spring Mills, Elkins & Co. tried to coerce Blaine into their way of thinking about the seals. Harrison served notice on them that he was the person to be consulted, and if seals could be traded for second-term support, Barkis might be willing. It was to protect his millions that D. O. Mills came to the shore.

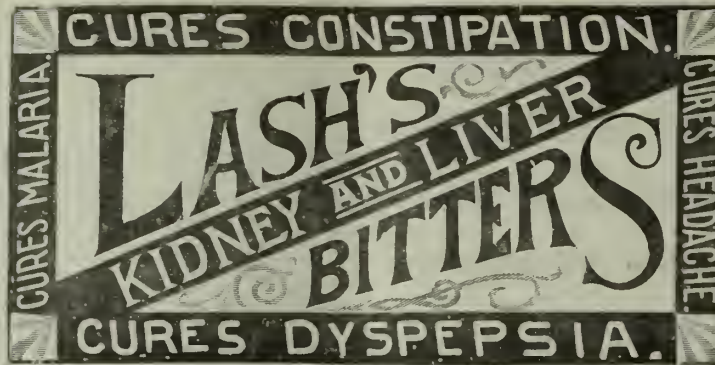
Early Cantalever Bridges.

The first number of *Engineering*, a new monthly magazine published in New York, contains a very interesting article on the great Forth Bridge by Thomas Curtis Clarke.

The cantalever bridge has been so much discussed and written about since the completion of the Forth bridge that it seems like an old idea in engineering, but Mr. Clarke states that when the Forth bridge was begun in 1881 there were only two cantalever bridges in existence, one of them carrying the Cincinnati Southern railroad across the Kentucky river, and the other spanning the River Warthe, at Posen, in Germany. Both of these were built in 1876.

The Forth bridge was built between 1881 and 1890, and during that interval nine other cantalever bridges were constructed, six of them in the United States.

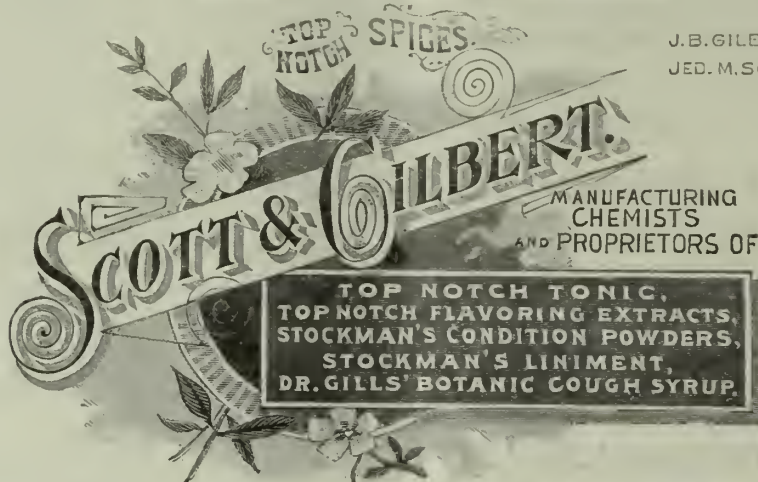
Some people find it hard, in using the telephone, to realize that they are not face to face with the person they are addressing. A prominent merchant in the capital city of a State sat at his desk one hot day in July. In order to secure some degree of comfort he had taken off his coat and his collar and necktie. A clerk came into the room. "His Excellency, the Governor, wishes to speak with you through the telephone," said the clerk. "The Governor! Dear me!" said the merchant. He rose, hastily put on his collar, his necktie and his coat, gave his hair a stroke and went to the telephone to answer the Governor's call.



W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



J.B. GILBERT.
JED. M. SCOTT.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.
San Francisco Branch, 305 Battery St.

Imperial
GALLERY,
No. 415 J Street,
Between Fourth and Fifth,
SACRAMENTO.

Finest Finished Cabinet Photographs, \$2.00 per Dozen.

All Other Work in Proportion, and Guaranteed First Class.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR SPECIMENS BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE.



W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,
Book and Job Printers,
410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

August 2, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11 05 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8 10 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4 20 A
4.30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7 00 P
7.00 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7 40 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9 35 A
11.50 P	Second Class, Ogden and East	2 25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	5 25 A
3.00 P	Oroville	10 30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10 30 A
10.35 A	Redding via Willows	4 00 P
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 25 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12 30 A
5.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 05 A
5.00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10 40 A
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8 10 P
*10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26.00 A
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2 50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	2 50 P
4.30 P	Santa Barbara	9 35 A
6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11 05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8 10 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt	7 00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	9 35 A
11.50 P	Truckee and Reno	2 25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	5 25 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2 30 P
6.50 A	Vallejo	8 10 A
3.05 P	Vallejo	8 10 P
*8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2 40 P
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10.20 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	*8.00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND HAS BEEN DECLARED BY THE People's Savings Bank for the term ending June 30, 1891, at the rate of five and one-third (5 1/3) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on or after July 3, 1891.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER. WHEN FOR a trifling amount expended in the purchase of one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THEMIS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1891.

No. 25.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

"What mighty contests rise from trivial things."

Seemingly with more propriety this single line could have been dropped by Pope from his "Rape of the Lock" and made an appropriate gift as a text upon which writers present and future could base their articles concerning the condition of things that exist in Sacramento. That Alexander Pope will be excused is that he died in 1744. The estimate of history is that he was one of acumen and magnanimity. Doubtless, therefore, it would be, were he now in life, in position to view the acts and non-acts of the Sacramento Trustees, the local society for general and specific reformation, and the various other organized evils; to hear the speeches made in our public meetings and to read the press contests and the multitude of "Public Echoes"—he would have made us a donation of the sentiment, authorized its inscription in the marble archway at the entrance of the city hall—and left town.

Mighty contests reach intelligent and final adjustment elsewhere than here. As a rule, they grow not from trivial things. Therein lies the appropriateness the city should copyright this legend. We have here witnessed mighty contests as to the best manner the appetites of a species of insect known as the "cottony cushion scale bug" could be curbed. We do not recollect that the "bug" was represented at the public meetings, either by orator or special counsel; nor was he defended by editor or even an "echo." Certain it is, enough wind was blown to drive the majority of the scale bugs from the city, and enough printer's ink poured out to overwhelm the balance as completely as were the hosts of Pharaoh overwhelmed by the waters of the Red Sea. Yet we opine the "insect" did sing as did Moses on the occasion of the destruction of the Egyptians: "The depths have covered them; they sank into the bottom of the sea." There is but this difference in the parallel: in the one instance the shouts of the imperious Egyptians were stilled forever, and the persecuted survived and held their peace; in the other, the "scale bug" did not sink into the bottom of the sea, but lived to pursue the even tenor of his way; and, so far as he is concerned, the voice of his pursuer was hushed. We need hardly refer to the many other exhibitions that preceded and followed: the proposition to build a grand hotel; to maintain a strip of lawn along the street; to build various characters of factories, and, later on, to provide such means as considerations of public health demand for the perfection of a sewerage system. These and the various other propositions, unquestionably meritorious, and, in some cases, of urgent necessity, failed of accomplishment because the few, seemingly, who wished the credit of their conception crowded the others out, and there resulted a narrowment to a handful of self-admiring men. Then again, some who esteem there has been delegated to them by the people the exclusive regal function of doing all the public thinking, quite frequently, and very generally, forget that other minds, equal, and perhaps superior in capacity to their own, reflect, and in silence, and arrive at their conclusions. When a public meeting is called here the occasion is seized upon by many who will fall under the criticism of Lee: "Then he will talk—good God! how he will

talk!"—and, it may be added, utterly insensible to the fact that the listeners are reminded that in truth was it said, the emptier the vessel the greater the sound.

To our mind there are two elements in this community that are of detriment: That which endeavors to do it all, and that lesser element that, parliamentarily speaking, are born objectors, and who will oppose measures manifestly right, simply for the petty satisfaction of being "off." Between them stands the great majority, whose expression is modestly given, but when given is that of sincerity, and, we might say, is of power when opportunity is afforded. What was the meaning of the vote of this people that declared they desired to pay to the police officers the compensation justly due them? That is but an instance. Cheerfully did they vote upon themselves a tax to raise money to purchase grounds for the State capitol, and for the erection of the pavilion. We venture that in expression on every measure the people will act with justice and *intelligence*. We hope there will come a time when the people will conclude men of broader views should be called into our municipal councils; that the business of the city will be conducted with more dignity than it has been; that there will be a shutting off of the intrusion upon the people so constantly of the narrow-minded views of one-ideaed cranks. We find men who believe the only object of the police is to prevent Chinamen from playing fan-tan; others whose hobby is against faro; others who are opposed to street railroad lines being established; others who want the assessments of everybody except themselves increased, etc.

The papers permit these persons to advertise their hobbies, and the trustees, it would seem at times, regard their vaporings as the consension of the public mind. We observe with amusement, yet regret, that an evening contemporary views the question of awnings with seriousness, and probably not being able to come to a conclusion on a question of such seriousness, announces with gravity: "This question of awnings is getting to be a serious one in the city of Sacramento, and one with which the trustees of Sacramento will grapple on next Monday. In the meantime, the columns of the *Bee* are open for the expressions of opinion from the people on this subject. Many of them have doubtless good suggestions to offer, and in a multitude of counsel there is wisdom."

Doubtless our contemporary will have the advantage of suggestions from a multitude who will discuss the question of awnings through the awnings they wear—their hats. It would seem in better judgment if this question is so serious its gravity should have been discovered before our business streets were placed in a situation of disfigurement. Now, when we are half-way through, the question presents itself in three phases: Shall they all come down? shall those demolished be rebuilt? or shall the matter remain *in statu quo* until the editor has an opportunity to make up his mind? Were we in business, and had our awning up in this roasting weather, we would say, "let it stay," for we observe men are as other animals, seekers for comfort, and will stand and talk under shelter from the rays of the sun; likewise that rule will apply on rainy days. The advantage the merchant with an awning has is, that those who want to keep cool in summer and dry in winter will loiter under the shelter his canopy affords. There may be, however, awningless merchants who will esteem that a man afraid of sun stroke or fearful

of a drenching will seek shelter in his store and await there till the clouds roll by or till the sun goes down. Others there are who believe in variety, who like the shine and the shadow, the wet and the dry. The proof-reader of our contemporary will perhaps be the only man who will be able to found a judgment on this serious question; he alone of all is compelled by sheer virtue of his employment to read all that goes into the paper. We await his judgment; trust he may survive to render it.

By this time next year the great political parties will be arrayed against each other in the national Presidential contest. The party leaders will have been chosen and the fury of political party war raging. It is natural for the American citizen to take an active interest in politics. The great majority are actuated by patriotism and love of country, as well as principle. Devotion to the party tenets on the broad idea of principle is the prevailing sentiment with the loyal partizan, no matter to which of the great political armies he belongs. There are, however, very many who care little for the principles of party, and who are only devoted to their respective party for the sole purpose of gratifying personal ambition, greed of office, or malice toward some individual or individuals. Occasionally two or more of these motives are combined and control the actions of such men. There can be no objection to the legitimate acts of an ambitious man, in seeking advancement through the medium of politics. If he is patriotic and honest and devoted to the principles of his party, such ambition is commendable.

When men assume devotion to political organizations for personal ends, without principle, such men are the cause of the wreck of parties—national, State and municipal. We always find the selfish individual who enters politics for his own gain allying himself with the dominant party. When his true character is detected, this political pirate at once becomes a reformer and drifts into some "independent" or "people's" movement. In some localities they are called "Citizens'" parties, or "Union" or "Labor" reforms, and various other titles. It might be put down as an invariable rule that all these so-called reform elements spring from disgruntled office-seekers, and are as invariably prostituted into foisting the most dangerous and unprincipled men into the administration of the affairs of government, particularly in municipal affairs. Occasionally these elements secure control of the administration of States.

All true Republicans who have the interests of the party at heart, and who are actuated by the higher, purer motives, believe as patriots and citizens that the principles of the party are right. The party should never be used in the interest of unscrupulous men who seek to direct its policy for the gratification of personal ambition or the control of patronage for unholy purposes. There must be leaders in the nation, leaders in the States, leaders in the counties and cities. This is always recognized as necessary to a proper organization, but it does not follow that these leaders should be men who hold the honored places for selfish ends, or who barter and sell the rights to political preferment. We believe in according the workers in the ranks of the party, as well as those who head the organizations, due and proper consideration. They are entitled to a voice in the councils of the party, but not to the ownership. It is only when some individuals, who have been accorded the right to lead and

direct, undertake to exercise absolute ownership over the offices and patronage, that the call of "halt" should be made by the rank and file. From such acts the disgruntled and disappointed political pirate gets his capital and stock in trade for "citizens' movements, etc. We must confess that there is frequently such stupid mismanagement on the part of the "leaders," that there is just the shadow of excuse for "new departures." In reality, there never should be sufficient cause to abandon the grand old party for these side-shows; it is strong enough and grand enough to purify itself at any and all times.

As the great national contest approaches, we are called upon to get our political house in order. It is high time the plan of organization should be put into active operation. Our "friends," the enemy, are always organized. No political party since the formation of the government has maintained such an organization as the Democratic party. On the other hand, the Republicans have, as a rule, depended upon their strength and principles without a thorough organization. While this power has carried the Republican banners to victory in many contests, it is apparent that a system of organization would insure success. It is not policy, nor politics, to wait until the bugle sounds the charge, to get our forces in line.

The Union League Club, recently organized in this city, is a step in the right direction, if carried out in the manner originally intended. It was not the purpose to make it a mere campaign or ward club. The idea that prompted the projectors of the plan was, and is, to make this League a central point, from whence information can be furnished to other organizations throughout the State. The members are expected to be patriotic, unselfish, and devoted to the cause for the sake of the cause. Let the executive committee of the League at once proceed to put the Republican house in order for the campaign of 1892.

Where is the strength and safety of a people? Is it in their multitude? Look at Europe, and behold the million the sport of the few; look at the nations and races trampled by a tithe of their numbers in the dust; look at the myriad slaves whom a thousand tyrants and taskmen scourge in the fields and camps and dungeons. The strength of a people is not alone in the multitudes. Is it in the power of revolutions and massacres?—or in the bayonets they can fling to the gleam of the sun? Did bayonets save Rome? Did they save Poland and Hungary and Germany to the people? The strength and safety of a people lie in *their knowledge of their rights, and their union in defense of them.* Ignorant and disunited, the greater the danger of the people; they fall upon and destroy themselves; in their hands bayonets become suicidal. Give a people a true knowledge of themselves and no power can oppose them. Liberty comes with intelligence, and the unarmed intelligent millions are stronger than ignorant armed millions. The strength of the American people lies least in the number of their cannon and most in their school-houses, newspapers and their books. These are indestructible weapons to which age adds knowledge and might; and armed with these we are safer and stronger than soils bristling with murderous steel; armed with these, millions lean together and strike mightily, but bloodlessly, as one man, through the ballot-box—

—“a weapon surer yet
And mightier than the bayonet;
A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
And executes a freeman's will,
As lightnings do the will of God.”

Russia has a population of nearly 120,000,000 human beings, under the absolutely despotic control of one man—all loyally devoted to him, with the exception of a few nihilists, who would be unable to avoid military service if called upon. One-sixth of the number are capable of bearing arms and could be pressed, more or less efficiently, into the military and naval service, including reserves. To this should be added the fighting component of 40,000,000 of French people, who have a large money power, that Russia lacks, and which would be found of even greater service than the Gallic troops, money being the sinews of war. Russia could also count on effective aid from the Balkan

States—Servia, Roumania and Bulgaria—making a grand total of not far below 30,000,000 persons available for fighting material. This is the hypothetical partnership to be arrayed against the Dreibund and the other nations above named. The question is whether Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy, with the possible help of Great Britain, would be able to withstand the shock without the disintegration of one and all. Would not the consequences include a regaining by France of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine (now Elsass and Lothringen), a sweeping of Turkey from the map of Europe following a Russian capture of Constantinople, the appropriation of Italy by France and Greece by Russia, and the abolition of England's power in North Africa, with a menace of its hold in Asia, following an absolute Muscovite control of the Mediterranean? Might not the present neutrality of Belgium be wiped out by giving to France the whole area northward down to and including Holland, with a reaching forth by Russia on the western shore of the continent, so that Spain and Portugal would present the only break in the domination of the whole seacoast line of continental Europe by Russia and France? Perhaps this is not the exact plan on which the map of that quarter of the world would be remodeled, and yet no one can say that a complete victory of the latter powers would stop short of that. And then: After the Dreibund and its allies had been laid prostrate under the dual heel of the conqueror and mangled out of recognition by their former selves, what would prevent the greater tyrant from turning upon the less and verifying the prediction of Napoleon that all Europe would be (either republican or) Cossack?

He Wasn't In It.

They built a fine church at his very door—
He wasn't in it;
They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor—
He wasn't in it.
Let them work for themselves as he had done,
They wouldn't ask help of any one
If they hadn't wasted each golden minute—
He wasn't in it.
So he passed the poor with laughly tread—
He wasn't in it.
And he scorned the good with averted head—
He wasn't in it.
When men in the halls of virtue met
He saw their goodness without regret;
Too high the mark for him to win it—
He wasn't in it.
A carriage crept down the street one day—
He was in it.
The funeral trappings made a display—
He was in it.
St. Peter received him with book and bell,
“My friend you have purchased a ticket to—well,
Your elevator goes down in a minute.”
He was in it.

—[Mrs. M. L. Rayne in Detroit Free Press.

MY BESS.

“Storms? Why, bless your heart, I was lighthouse keeper of the Galley Head. You know where that is, sir?”
“On the coast of Ireland—between Queenstown and Cape Clear?” I asked.
“Right you are, sir. Well, as I was saying, I was keeper of the Galley Head lighthouse nigh on 15 years, and if I didn't see storms during that time, the Lord protect those who do.”
“And many wrecks, of course, on such a dangerous coast?” I asked.
“Ay, and many wrecks,” he dreamily answered.
And I could see his thoughts were busy with the past.
“You must have been glad when you were able to give up your duties as lightsman and come to live in this pleasant little home,” I suggested.
“No, sir,” he replied. “I was sorry to leave the old Galley Head. You see, I felt bound to it in a sort of way, for my greatest sorrow and greatest joy had come to me while there. Perhaps, if I tell you of both, sir, you will better understand my affection for the wild, barren place.”
“When I was made keeper of the lighthouse I brought my wife and daughter there with me. Bess—that was my girl's name—was then 17, and a handsomer lass—heaven bless her!—wasn't to be seen in all the country round. She had eyes and hair as dark as night—like a raven's wing,” the artists who came occasionally to paint our scenery used to say. “Curse them!” he said, rising suddenly, while a fearful passion overspread his face. “'Twas through one of the sort that our trouble came to us.”

After a few moments he sat down again and went on more quietly:
“Bess had always been so happy and content with her mother and me till that fellow came. He wanted to take a picture of the Galley Head during a storm,

and he boarded in our simple household for a week, or perhaps more; and to think that the wife and I never saw the way things were going; that he was stealing from us our treasure, the light and joy of our lives, under our very eyes! Now that I look back on it I can see the change that came over Bess during that time; how she would flush and start when spoken to; and in the evening she sat on my knee and clung round my neck like a frightened child. Once she took my breath away by bursting out crying. But at the time I only thought the girl wasn't well, and a suspicion of the real danger never entered my head. If it had, so sure as there's a sky above us, I would have killed the man there and then. But I did not think the world held a villain black enough to steal my little one from me.

“The morning when the blow fell on the poor wife and me is one that I can hardly speak of now. It was the usual thing—a little tear-stained note pinned to her pillow. She had gone with the man she loved.

“Oh, father and mother! never think kindly of me; hate me—despise me, for that is all I'm worth!”

The old man stopped, choked with tears; then brushed his hand roughly across his eyes and went on:

“That was all, sir. And when I heard it I went mad—as mad as any man in an asylum; and I swore never to lift a hand to save her or bring her back; and for three long years I lived a soured, bittered man, to whom no one hardly dared to speak. The dear wife—well, heaven alone knows what she went through with me; and her's was the hardest part to bear, for, man-like, I selfishly hugged my sorrow to myself; and, woman like, she tried to stifle her own bitter pain and comfort me.

“And so we lived, as I say, for three long years, and then came the night in February when the Firefly was lost on the rocks near the Galley Head. She was a large American ship, and it seemed as if all the demons of the storm were behind her lashing her to her doom. On she came, a dark object in the night, a helpless mass swaying and crashing at the mercy of the furious gale. We stood with the lifeboat ready to launch, we men, waiting for her to strike. And strike she did, with a crash which must have stove in her bow as if it were so much glass. Then we were off, pulling in the teeth of the worst storm we ever encountered.

“It was terrible work, and before we could reach the ship she sank with all on board.

“With a heavy heart we put the boat about, heading toward the shore again, and then something flashed past me and I grasped a woman's floating hair.

“We brought her to our little home, and there, by the light of our one small lamp, I recognized my Bess! Yes; she was my Bess again the moment I saw her—not the tired, sin stained woman, but my little baby girl, clinging with soft, chubby hands to her father's forefinger.

“How that time came back to me as I looked at her. It seemed as if her childhood was crying out to me to be kind to my baby now she was a woman and in need of her father's care. But my heart was yearning already over my girl, and between us my wife and I nursed her back to life.

“Her story of the past three years was soon told. The villain had taken her to the city and deserted her six month afterward. She had striven to make a living where the man left her, and succeeded in keeping life in herself honestly for two years and a half, and in the end had starved herself to save the price of her passage home in the Firefly.

“And where is my girl now, sir, you want to know?” the old man asked, smilingly. “Look out of that window; there comes my Bess, with her husband and two children, to spend the evening with the old folks. A happier wife and mother never lived. It you wait and take a cup of tea with us, sir, you can judge for yourself.”

Poe's weird and dreadful story of revenge, “The Cask of Amontillado,” is recalled by the murder of an unfortunate creditor at the Mexican village with the peaceful name of San Rafael. With the true virtuoso spirit of the Italian nobleman of Poe's story, the Mexican villager persuaded his victim to help him in cleaning his well, and as soon as he reached the bottom rolled stones upon him till he was buried alive. The grimness of the tale is made more ghastly still by the discovery of the murder through the innocent prattling of the murderer's little girl. “Why don't you get water from your father's well?” the neighbors asked her. “Because my papa has a man buried in the well,” was the guileless answer.

A short time ago an old negro was up before a Judge charged with some trivial offense. “Haven't you a lawyer, old man?” inquired the Judge. “No, sah.” “Can't you get one?” “No, sah.” “Don't you want one to defend you?” “No, sah, I jes tho't I'd leab de case to the ignance ob de co't.”

Dr. Nardyz, a Pittsburg physician, is at work upon an immense papier mache model of the human heart for exhibition at the World's Fair. It will be three feet in diameter.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

"Don't you think the baritone's voice has unusually fine timbre?" "Yes; some chords of it."

Prompter (rushing in excitedly)—"Wingley, the supe, has eloped this minute with all the unparalleled 'Blue Hussar' jewels, the costly set of 'Cleopatra' diamonds and King Solomon's best crown." Manager (sternly)—"It was your place to guard the jewel chest, Antonio. I shall have to deduct seven-and-six-pence from your next week's salary."—*Tidbits*.

Miss Sybil Sanderson still continues to add success to her operatic career. She is having immense success at Aix-les-Bains. After singing in *Manon* Saturday night she received a visit from the King of Greece, who expressed his sincere admiration for her talent and beauty. He remained chatting with her for over an hour. Many Americans were in Aix to hear Miss Sanderson in *Manon*, including the McLanes, General and Mrs. Winslow, the Bristows, Eades and Ames.

"Old Pop" Reed is dead. Theatrical people the world over will mourn his loss. He was a friend to them all. For nearly 65 years the old gentleman had been connected with the theaters of Philadelphia. Many of the greatest stars this generation has known were close friends of his, and to him many more owe their first appearance on the stage. John Roland Reed was born in Philadelphia 83 years ago, and died at his home in that city July 28th, in the presence of his family, after a long and severe illness. "Pop" Reed was veritably the "oldest inhabitant" of the theatrical world in Philadelphia, and, sure enough, a picturesque character he was, too. To hear him talk of old-time plays and players was a treat. He had a fund of knowledge, an excellent memory, and genuine wit. He entered the Walnut-street Theater in 1824, when that historic play-house was little better than a barn, and the performances given therein were much like the circus of to-day. His sole duty was to keep the whale-oil lamps in good order. Later on, about 1865, John Sleeper Clarke and Edwin Booth bought the rickety old barn-theater-circus, and transformed it into a regular play-house. John Reed was continued as captain of the supers, which position he held for nearly fifty years, taking minor parts and otherwise assisting in the performances. On January 30, 1879, he celebrated his golden wedding, and every attaché of the Walnut-street Theater and many prominent actors sent valuable tokens of esteem to the then hale and hearty old man. John S. Clarke presented him with a handsome gold medal at the expiration of his fifty-third year in the service of the Walnut street Theater. A magnificent gold cane was presented to him on his 80th birthday, on July 30, 1888, at Willamere, where he spent the day. These and many other valuable gifts had been carefully preserved by Mr. Reed, and it was one of his chief delights to show them to his friends. He had lived in the old-fashioned house, No. 257 Chester street, with his wife and family for 60 years, and would never consent to leave it. Many stories, quaint and queer, have been told of and by "Pop" Reed. He delighted to tell of Stokley, a slack-rope performer who actually hung himself nightly for a consideration of \$25 a week, and of an American boy, Charley Forrester, a chum of Reed's, who outdid Stokley for half the money. One of the old gentleman's chief duties, he claimed, was to supply live babies to the Walnut-street Theater. He had thirteen of his own, and was wont to bring the whole collection to the play-house nightly, and the players took their choice. In an interview, recently, the old gentleman said: "Ned Forrest was the greatest actor of them all. The elder Booth could act when he would, but oftentimes he wouldn't. I mind one time he was starring *Richard III* on the road. He drank a bit too much and went away. The boys closed up the theater and instituted a hunt for him. He was found ten miles up the country chasing imaginary bull-frogs with a hammerless gun. A big fellow named Flynn got into a dispute with the actor and broke his nose. Oh! but he was an actor. Young Ned (Edwin Booth) isn't to be compared with him. Now, there was Wilkes. He was an actor, but, like the elder Booth, he was as crazy as a bedbug. He often told me he would startle the world, and he did. I often fenced with Forrester. One night I wore a new wig that nigh blinded me. I could not strike at Forrester at all. This angered him. He seized me by the throat and literally carried me to the front of the stage by the neck. I thought my last hour on earth had come; the audience thought it a great bit of acting, and nearly yelled the roof off of the house. The enraged actor flung me bodily behind the scenes, and after the act demanded an explanation. I told him of the wig. He threatened to flay me alive if ever I put foot on the stage again wearing a wig, and I never wore one." All of the old gentleman's children are or were in some way connected with the stage. His favorite child, Roland Reed, is the well-known comedian who has taken the late John T. Raymond's place on the American stage.

Book Chat.

Now Mr. Edgar Saltus will be able to write a realistic novel from experience descriptive of the sensation of having a divorce granted against him for the scriptural reason.

Sir Charles Dilke has deposited his collection of Keats relics, including books of holograph poems and notes, letters to and from, and other matter, in the Chelsea public library.

Goethe's love letters may be dear at \$37,500, but plenty of American writers of this kind of literature have been compelled to pay more than this for their own love-letters, and even then did not have to die before the courts placed a high value on their effusions.

A nightingale sings nightly over the tomb of the poet Hallz. Even a poet might well be willing to die for the sake of so sweet a memorial. It is to be hoped that no enterprising tourist will try to put Persian powder on this songster's tail and sell him to a museum.

The report that Florence Nightingale refused \$1,000 for a short article on hospital work will not deter a thousand or more less melodious writers from going right ahead. It will then come to pass that more than ever will the editors want information about the hospitals.

The poems of Emily Dickinson, the Amherst recluse, whom Andrew Lang calls "a poet who had constructed her own individual 'Ars Poetica,'" continue in active demand, the eighth American edition being already in preparation. An Arabic translation made in Syria has passed through several editions.

An interview with Mr. Howells concerning his own works makes him speak of "A Modern Instance" as "my best work and most artistic." This is an evidence of the inability of an author to judge of his own works correctly. The book he refers to is among his dreariest, having neither the delicate sentiment of his earliest books nor the strong grasp of modern life shown in "A Hazard of New Fortunes." Even on Mr. Howells' threadbare and barren theory that art consists of photographic accuracy of details, the story makes the blunder of sending a party of travelers from Pittsburg to Columbus down the beautiful Ohio valley immediately after leaving Pittsburg. To the ordinary author this slip would be pardonable, but for one who constantly preaches the gospel of accuracy it is fatal.

An historical novelist, with the greatness of Scott, would not search the annals of America in vain. He needs but a thin thread of history, and it is not necessary for it to be continuous. History itself is frequently old stories and fables strung together by speculative writers, or meager facts amplified and glorified. We can never know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about any great event or great man. Within five years after the passing away of any striking figure, fact and romance are so closely blended that it is almost impossible to sever them. Stonewall Jackson has long been more legendary than historical in this country, and he has not been dead thirty years. An American could put him in a novel and use him as effectively as Scott used Claverhouse, or as Dumas used Henry IV. Time has already done that much for him. In the same manner the figure of Lincoln stands half veiled in clouds. The legends are growing around Grant, and the mythical history of Sherman will soon mingle with the real.

The burning of Sir Richard Burton's last work, which was done by his wife immediately after his death, has caused considerable comment in England. The last two years of this distinguished writer's life were spent in translating from the Arabic "The Scented Garden," devoted to the analysis of a passion which, the experience of ages has taught, it is better not to discuss. Sir Richard said of it: "I am afraid it will make a row in England because the Arabian Nights was a baby tale in comparison to it." It was completed one night, and its author retired to rest, never to wake again. He had said of it to his wife: "This is to be your jointure; its proceeds will make you a life annuity." After his death his wife, who was left practically without means, was besieged by the publishers, who offered her six thousand guineas for the manuscript—enough to afford her a competence for life. Then began the struggle with the woman's conscience. "Out of every 1,500 men who read it," she said, "15 will probably read it in the spirit of science in which it is written, the other 1,485 will read it for filth's sake, and pass it to their friends, and the harm done may be incalculable." And yet here was represented two years of her husband's best work, that on which he rested most his scholarly fame, and his friends were clamoring for its publication. Her account of the mental contest is dramatic; how, sitting in the dark before the fire, after many tears and prayers, sorrowfully, reverently, in fear and trembling, she burnt sheet after sheet, until all was consumed. How much fanaticism was mingled with her conscientiousness, it is not for the cold and skeptical public to determine.

Professional Chat.

Rudyard Kipling says: "I write all my stories upon an empty stomach." This is even more extraordinary than Rider Haggard's story about the man who tattooed his will upon the white skin of a girl's shoulder.

During the past fifteen years the Congregational denomination lost 1,261 clergymen by death. As they averaged 68 years of age it is evident that their duties were not very wearing, and that they must have been a pretty hearty body of men. Twenty of them were more than 90 years old. It may be doubted if any another profession or occupation can furnish such a record.

A lawyer noticed that the grass around his house needed cutting, so, investing in a scythe, he approached the job. In about three minutes his back gave out, and he sat down to ponder. Tom Sawyer and the whitewash job came into his mind. "I'll do it," he exclaimed under his breath. And from that time on he sat there, and every man or boy who came along was invited to try his new scythe, and "see how easy it works." Inside of two hours the job was finished.

Bismarck is said to have succeeded in keeping peace at the Berlin Conference by insisting that any statesman who made a warlike or threatening speech should by the rules of the Conference be compelled to repeat it. Ordinary exchanges of opinion were made in a low tone of voice; the first minatory departure was the signal for silence and repetition. Only those who have tried it can realize, it is said, the awkwardness of having to make such a repetition. "To repeat a speech," says Bismarck, "gives the speaker time to be sorry."

A sunstroke is not an accident. So the United States Circuit Court in Missouri has just decided. The decision is interesting because the point was raised in a suit involving an accident-insurance policy. According to the judge, a sunstroke is no more an accident than a toothache or the measles, being "a disease of the brain arising from natural and well known causes." As the sun is undeniably natural, and as something is known about it, there is no reason to expect the Circuit Court's philosophical decision to be overthrown on appeal.

L. B. Proctor, in a recently published memoir of Curran, Thomas Addis Emmet and others, gives the following description of a scene in the United States Supreme Court, in which Emmet paid a beautiful tribute to American judges. During Emmet's early practice at the American bar he found it impossible to divest himself of the manner and habits of the Irish bar. This was particularly the case in addressing the judges, whom, in conformity with the practice in his own country, he often addressed as "my lords," instead of "your honors," according to the American custom. On one occasion, in an argument before the United States Supreme Court, Chief Justice Marshall presiding, he said, "And now, my lords, I will attempt to answer the argument of my distinguished opponent." Mr. Webster, who was opposed to him, courteously said, "The eminent gentleman forgets that we have no titled aristocracy in this country, and no lords sit on the American bench." "I am happy to be thus reminded of that," said Emmet. "And yet," he continued, "all American judges before whom I have had the honor to stand, if they do not in reality have the title of 'my lords' bestowed upon them by subservience to an oppressive aristocracy, are by the sovereign power of a free and enlightened people, and their own virtues, learning, and purity made lords of the jurisprudence of a great nation"—*Albany Law Journal*.

If all the archives and histories of this Government for the past half century were burnt or destroyed, says the *Washington Post*, Senator William Stewart, of Nevada, could perhaps from the storehouse of his wonderful memory come as near rebuilding the records as any living man. Sitting at Chamberlin's last night he talked to a group of newspaper men of stirring epochs in the nation's life, of scenes in which he had played no unimportant part. He had started off with this remark, playfully made to a Democratic friend: "You anti-tariff men have been fighting from the inception of the Government, and while you have won in a few skirmish engagements, you have never to this day gained a battle of any real importance." Then he went on and rapidly but tersely sketched the struggles between the protectionists and their opponents from the very beginning, recalling dates and events of a past generation as readily as though happening yesterday. He was himself a Democrat till the civil strife opened, but became a Republican when the Union was imperilled. But there is a chapter of the Senator's career that few know. Few have heard how, after consulting with General Grant, then President-elect, Senator Stewart, with the General's approval, drafted the fifteenth amendment. He had a hard struggle to get it through, and stayed in his seat in the Senate almost continuously for forty-eight hours, but his persistence won the battle, and the famous amendment passed the Legislatures of the requisite number of States almost verbatim as it was penned by the man from Nevada.

NOTES.

The word "gall" as applied to a man with excessive nerve is out of use. The present style is to say that he has "a fireproof front."

The Republican party represents now, as heretofore, the conscience, the courage and convictions of American citizenship.—*John J. Ingalls.*

The anti-temperance bill before the Bundesrath seems to intimate that as America is drifting from whisky to beer, Germany is going the other way.

A man has been known to win a girl's heart for life, when she is getting gracefully out of a hammock, by simply turning his head the other way.

A citizen of Hannibal, Mo., the other day ate two pounds of Limburger cheese, and won a bet of \$5. Since then his wife has compelled him to sleep in the smoke-house.

There is a striking resemblance between the party slogans in Iowa this year. That of the Republicans is "Cornstalks and victory." The Democrats merely substitute juice for the stalks.

The Egyptian dude of old had a great advantage of the species of the present day. In the older days an Egyptian was not permitted to borrow without giving to his creditor, in pledge, the body of his father. If such a law was in vogue to-day there would soon be a scarcity of men of marriageable age.

The extent or the degree of the oscillation of tall chimneys may be exactly taken by a close observation of the shadows they cast upon the ground. An instance to the point is that of a chimney 115 feet high and four feet in diameter externally at the top, near Marseilles, France, the oscillations of which were observed by the shadow during a high wind to attain a maximum of over 20 inches.

The idea that the watermelon is an unwholesome fruit is one of the mistakes of the age. There is nothing in a good ripe watermelon save the seed that cannot be partaken of by the majority, not only with impunity, but with positive benefit. There may be individuals with whom melons do not agree, but the number is comparatively small. If one listens to all the wiseacres and croakers have to say about eating, the world would have to starve, and then not be sure it was doing a safe thing.

Says the New York *Sun*: "The total vote of the city of New York in the presidential election of 1880 was 204,000. In the presidential election of 1884 it was 226,000. In the presidential election of 1888 it was 278,000, and there is not the slightest reason to doubt that, at the present ratio of increase of the city's population, the total vote in 1892 will exceed 300,000. At the present rate of increase, as preserved for several years past, the Democratic majority in New York city should not fall next year below 100,000, a clear third of the entire vote cast, and a total in excess of the majority given in any American community to any political party heretofore in the history of the republic." The faithful organ of Tammany Hall is inclined to take a roseate view of the strength of that organization.

At this season of the year, when there is plenty of sunshine and dry air, there is no excuse if bedding is not properly aired. The common practice of making up the beds directly after breakfast, or even before breakfast, cannot be too strongly condemned. Not only should every part of the bed be exposed to the air daily, but so far as possible, they should be exposed to the sunlight also. For this reason, as well as for others, sleeping-rooms should be on the sunny side of the house. Very few people are careful enough in putting away bed linen after ironing, to see that it has been thoroughly aired. For the damp, mouldy odor so common about linen closets there is no reason except carelessness in this particular. On clear, sunny days it is an excellent plan to hang such large pieces as sheets in the clear sunshine, because they will not otherwise be properly and thoroughly aired. They take up so much room on the clothes horse that other pieces are usually placed over them, and though they may remain there the requisite twenty-four hours, they are not fit to put away.

"Ouida," says in the *North American*: A few years ago nobody thought it a matter of the slightest consequence to be bitten by a healthy dog; as a veterinary surgeon has justly said, a scratch from a rusty nail or the jagged tin of a sardine box is much more truly dangerous than a dog's tooth. Yet, in the last five years the physiologists and the State, which in all countries protects them, have succeeded in so inoculating the public mind with senseless terrors that even the accidental touch of a puppy's lips or the kindly lick of his tongue throws thousands of people into an insanity of fear. Dr. Bell has justly said: "Pasteur does not cure rabies; he creates it." This is simply common sense. There is no danger in the bite of a healthy

animal. Hydrophobia isn't a "terrific malady," or wouldn't be, if people would stop making a fuss about it. More people die by falling out of windows, or by stubbing their toes while out walking, or by breaking their necks on bicycles, or by choking on fish-bones at table, or by catching cold courting in the moonlight. It doesn't figure in the death reports by an appreciable percentage.

[FOR THEMIS.]

There is no isolated thing known to us in creation; everything is a part of something else. Nothing lives except by depending on some other thing. The bird eats the insect; the insect ate the leaf; the leaf fed upon the sap; the sap came from the ground; the ground drank at the clouds' lips; and so you push all things back and find that one stands on another. In this arrangement of creation we need food for every part of the body. The body was not built so that it should stay built, but so that it must be rebuilt, in part at least, every single day. The bone needs one food, the hair another, the nerve another and the muscle another; and, in analogy with this, the mind just as much demands stimulus and occupation, that should give to it the nourishment and vitality which food gives to the body. Let us see how this is in fact. We have found out one life feeds upon another. As the body feeds on nourishment of various kinds, so it is true in our experience that one soul feeds upon another. The child lives on the mother's and the father's inward life as much as upon the mother's outward. And then as children grow up they feed more broadly; they range for wider pastures; for though the sweetest food is under the parental roof, companionship begins to be sweet. And companions live on each other. They are dependent on each other for solace of feeling and flow of thought. The soul will not have solitariness; that is hunger. It loves to dwell with those congenial to it. In the ordinary and casual relations of life this is true. When men in companies interchange their thoughts, mingle their feelings, come together in social relations, they feed upon each other. Every man is rooted in somebody else; the soul is always feeling after soul. And in higher relations this, which we see is the most familiar relation, becomes yet more eminent and observable. The mind that hungers for knowledge clings to the teacher, and the pupil feeds upon the teacher's mind. The scholar seeks the scholar; they love to contrast each other's thoughts and feelings. Artists seek those who have power to kindle the artist's inward life. Every man in the higher forms of development seeks his fit companion, that his soul may feed at that companion's soul. But where natures are drawn together by affinities of disposition and by responsive affections, then this life-food, this bread which one soul is to another, becomes more apparent, for it is possible that one may find in suitable natures of thought and taste and affection and the various activities of life such a supply as shall leave nothing to be desired earthward. And it is to be remembered that the lower down upon the scale nature stands, the less it is developed, the less it is civilized, the more it seeks food for the body and from matter; while, on the other hand, the higher we rise upon the scale the more our nature is educated, the more characteristically we become men, the more we reach toward and touch the divine idea of our creation, the more do we find that our life and our life-food are in commerce with our natures; for not they are close together whose natures touch natures, but they whose thoughts clash thoughts. And this is the dividing line among men. Those whose joys are more of the senses and matter are below the middle line, while those whose joys are more of the spirit and soul are above it. And in these the supply is derived each from the other.

No Forfeitures.

People, of course, do not join a savings society with the intention of withdrawing in a few months, for every one knows that the profits are larger the longer one is in, yet a person will naturally and wisely ask how it will be if he gets sick or loses his position and is compelled to stop paying dues. In the Pacific Coast Savings Society he receives back at any time the entire monthly installments paid in, with 6 per cent. interest, and, after two years, three-fourths of all the profits credited to his shares. The withdrawal question is an all-important one. The plan as adopted by this Society is the only equitable one on the coast, as it does not discriminate against the poorer classes, or those unfortunate who, because of sickness, loss of position, or otherwise, are unable to keep up monthly installments. It is only the wealthy who can place their money beyond their reach for a year, or a term of years; consequently it is only this class who, under the forfeiture system, are benefited at the expense of those less fortunate; and this liberal feature is one of the main reasons for the large amount of Pacific Coast Saving Society stock which has been sold in the past few months.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Kaiser Wilhelm—Chilean Cruisers—The Tree Society—Summer Vacations—The New Yorkers' Inconsistency—Supper at the Seaside—Mr. Charles Proctor.

NEW YORK, August 1, 1891.

[Special Correspondence of THEMIS.]

The Emperor of Germany appears to have had a very good time in London, and to have conducted himself with stateliness, cordiality, and discretion there. Probably no other young man of the period has been so thoroughly discussed, and very few persons have coincided with the views they have taken of him. Time is on his side, however. The longer he reigns the better is the impression produced. That quality of which he has so much, known to us simple republicans as bumptiousness, is not absolutely disliked by the imperialist people over whom he rules by the claim, not of hereditary descent, but of divine right. But the real effect of the English visit remains to be seen. Already Labouchere and his fellow-liberals are making public the discontent that was felt by many people at the "absolute" way that Kaiser Wilhelm conducted himself in London, and the consequent slight to everyone not of noble birth. The question is also pertinently asked: What does France think of this visit?

The fact that the majority of the working officers of the Chilean cruisers proved to be retired officers of the British navy, when brought before the French Court of Appeals, looks as though the sympathies of England were with the presidential party in the present struggle. It is not likely that these officers would have accepted commissions under a party which the English did not favor. The fair presumption is that Great Britain, whose commercial interests in Chile are greater than those of any other nation, is desirous to see the insurrection suppressed, and to aid, as far as she can, the constitutional party, irrespective of the rights of the matter. The insurgents feel that if the presidential party is allowed to obtain aid from England and France, their cause is lost. And at present it does seem as though that aid would be forthcoming. It would be more to our interest to have the liberals win, as being more in the line of the policy enunciated by the recent Pan-American Congress.

Now and again we hear from the Tree Society declarations of confidence that the seeds they have planted will bring forth fruit—both of vegetable growth and of an intelligent public opinion. There is no doubt but that the right sentiment already exists; nobody can be found to deny that a tree by the roadside is a thing of beauty. The only question is, how shall we preserve these trees? Perhaps organized opinion may eventually accomplish something in that direction, but I should put more faith in a wise ordinance and more efficient police.

There is always plenty to bother a man who tries to enter a dissenting opinion to the orthodox mode of thought, even if it is only in the matter of a summer vacation. A friend of mine a few days ago found himself supplied with a vacation and a desire to spend it at sea. A canvas among the various steamship lines did not give much satisfaction, and he determined to engage passage on some sailing vessel—fishing boat preferred—and go back to first principles. Ballinger contained two or three pages of advertisements, each of which was just what he wanted; so with a pocketful of addresses he started out to engage passage for a week's trip. The first shipping agent he called on calmly informed him that he was not in communication with any masters of sailing vessels, notwithstanding his advertisement to that effect. The second said he would not sell a passage with a time limit of less than thirty days, to provide for calms and headwinds, although the regular duration of the passage was three days. In short, there was not a sailing master in the harbor willing to take a passenger—according to the agents. Finally the would-be sailor got "real mad" and brought pressure to bear by threatening an exposé of the matter as a false advertisement—when he found that the whole harbor was at his service. The truth of the matter lay in a nutshell: the agent is interested in preventing any direct dealings between the shipmaster and the outside world; therefore he is far from willing to have a passenger taken who might cause a diminution of his profits.

One thing that is beautifully human about New York is its inconsistency. Watch the crowd as it passes any corner not far from the City Hall. Everybody is in a hurry; men, women and boys hasten back and forth as though the affairs of the metropolis must be settled up before Lieutenant Totten's

collapse of the universe takes place, in 1899. But stop! two little newsboys are climbing up a fire-escape for a penny wager. Busy men stop to look, a crowd of small boys gathers, and even the female book agent pauses in her cyclonic career. In two minutes a throng of people has gathered, and everybody is forgotten in the excitement of the climbing match. It is very evident that a great part of the burly and bustle of American life is nothing more than a bad habit.

And it is the qualification of this desire of hurry that indirectly makes the summer vacation such a necessity with us; or if not an absolute necessity, at least a good excuse. We become so heated during the day that nothing will satisfy us but a little supper at the seaside and a bath—much to the gratification of the hotel keepers. After all, one of the most "convenient" things about the city during the warm season is the nearness of such watering places as Long Branch, Rockaway, Coney Island, and the like, where it is possible to enjoy a good dinner after a hard day's work in a hot office and return home at bedtime cool and refreshed. The crowds that patronize the Manhattan and Brighton Beach hotels nightly prove how this privilege is appreciated; for, after all, there is nothing like a sea breeze to refresh a tired brain.

I recently listened to a good story about Mr. Charles Proctor, the artist. Mr. Proctor was born of rich but honest and respectable parents, and is likewise extremely clever with pencil and brush. Such a rare combination results in many orders for Mr. Proctor that do not usually fall to the lot of so young a man. He recently painted a portrait of the late lamented Mr. Fessenden that created considerable comment. The background of the picture was the face of the familiar \$10 bill, reproduced with true artistic skill. The portrait was placed in the window of a Broadway store and was much admired. A couple of admirers shortly afterward called on the artist and inquired if it was really his picture. "I'm the man," said Proctor, with the hope of a big order lighting up his eye. "Then you must come with us," replied one of the gentlemen. "Where? I don't understand," stammered the artist. "We are United States detectives," replied the gentleman, "and fear your picture is a violation of the law. It is a question for the Secretary of the Treasury to decide." And then they marched the artist down to the custom-house and took the picture along. A consultation was held; then the picture was sent to Washington and another consultation was held, in which the artist's talents were recognized and discussed. It came back to New York, and a third consultation was held, with Proctor as an interested listener. Finally both were released, the former stamped "Counterfeit" in big red letters across the face of the bill. Mr. Proctor is greatly flattered by all these tributes to his genius, but will direct his efforts into other channels when he wishes to make money hereafter.

Home Decorations.

It is gratifying to observe that day by day a greater public interest is manifest in the subject of house decoration. The manufacturer may care or care not for the trivial gossip about "tying a bow on a china dog," or "how best to treat a cottage window facing the south," but the mere presence of this stuff in the daily press—waddle though it is—shows an effort to cater to the rapidly expanding public taste for things decorative. It's a pity, however, that this taste is not more logical; for many a woman is sighing to-day for whitewashed walls and pine tables, with only a few rugs on the floor, and a chair or two, simply because in her aimless gropings for the artistic she has made a junk shop of her rooms and accumulated labor that seems endless for tired hands. It is a pity that some voice cannot go forth like a thunderbolt and warn folks to have a definite object in view when "house-furnishing."

Oscar Wilde made himself the butt and ridicule of the entire press of this country when he said, about eleven years ago, that his highest ambition in life was to "live up to the sunflower;" but the idea was full of sense.

If, in furnishing, one would take only a simple flower and build up the surroundings from its color combination, one would make no mistake, for nature is infallible in her colorings.

The great trouble, though, with this "Decorative Column" business in the newspaper is that it fills a woman's head with lots of details; and by the time she has adopted a few dozen "suggestions" and picked up some "pretty cushions" and "lovely scrap-baskets" and "delightful easels" and "bric-a-brac" she has got a room that is a hodge-podge and a terror to the average servant.

In every apartment one motive should rule—repose, recreation, beauty or cheerfulness. These are prime integral qualities which should govern a room; and with the definite object of an apartment once in view the furnisher should unequivocally "live up to it."

FLASHES.

There are many very cheap people in costly garments.

Lawyers rarely ever come to blows—except from the mouth.

A calico gown often covers beauty, while silk hides deformity.

Look out for the man who smiles when he is angry; there is danger there.

A crooked and disgruntled body usually has a mind as warped and disgruntled.

There is no necessity for some people to go to the devil—he will come after them.

A little girl defines poetry to be lines which end alike, but which you don't understand.

Put life into a crucible and who can extract more innocent enjoyment out of it than a German?

A dollar placed between the eye and object sought to be obscured is often very effective—particularly in official circles.

Fashionable life is full of unrest and infelicity; idleness, luxury and opportunity are powerful enemies of domesticity.

Hot weather's conducive to bumpers of beer. It's been so since creation began, sir; For even the sun at this time of the year Is given to rushing the cancer.

The People's Banking System.

Although coöperative banks have been in operation for nearly a century they have until recently attracted the attention of the public only in a limited way; nevertheless, many of them have grown to great proportions, especially in England and Germany, and their growth is unparalleled in the history of financial operations. In the United States these societies have multiplied, until to-day there is scarcely an enterprising town of any size which has not one of them at least. Their record has been remarkable as showing a smaller percentage of failure than any class of business enterprise.

To collect from each member a fixed amount monthly; to secure these loans by first mortgage on real estate of ample value, and finally to apportion equitably between the lenders and borrowers the profits resulting from this plan of compounding monthly both interest and principal, is the mission of the true coöperative bank.

Throughout the country, and especially in the Eastern States, there are thousands of the industrial classes who save something from their monthly or weekly incomes, and thousands more who could and would do so if some investment were offered which combined safety with fair profit.

The Building and Loan and Savings Societies usually confine their operations to a single town or county; and although they have as a rule been profitable to their members, they have never for any length of time been free from one or the other of the following difficulties: A lack of funds to supply members desirous of borrowing, or a surplus of money which cannot be safely loaned. To seek and bring together these two great classes of investors and borrowers, each of which may be made to be, in the highest degree, beneficial to the other; to maintain to a nicety the equipoise between them, so that all demands for loans may be promptly satisfied, and no loss of interest incurred by idle funds, is the province of the Pacific Coast Savings Society.

The Pacific Coast Savings Society of San Francisco is organized on what is known in the Eastern States and Europe as the coöperative banking system, with all the advantages of the Permanent Building and Loan and modern Savings Bank plan combined.

The society is sound in theory and practice. Its plans are based on mathematical calculations which cannot fail, and is meeting with phenomenal success. Its officers are capable, experienced men who have in their own business been successful, and whose standing to-day is unquestionable as business men of California, and men of unimpeachable business integrity.

Scared Boarders.

Some Buffaloes who were seated at a boarding-house breakfast suddenly lost their appetite on hearing the following conversation between the landlady and the maid-of-all-work:

Maid—The canary is dead, mum.

Mistress—What did you do with it?

Maid—Threw it in the hash box.

The boarders left their hash untasted, and didn't feel easy until they learned that the new girl was English, and that she had deposited the dead bird in the receptacle intended for ashes.—N. Y. Star.

"So you proposed to her. Accepted, of course?" "Accepted! Why, she treated me like a dog." "Allow me to congratulate you, old fellow. I saw how she treated one the other day, and, by Jove, how I envied that dog?"

The Lord never makes a mistake. He made man. We must therefore take exceptions to the proverb; there are many mistakes that can be attributed to the creation of man.

THE WILD JACKASS IN YOLO.

What Is He and from Whence Did He Come?—Does He Belong in Sacramento?—Call the Roll for the Missing One.

An exchange published in the adjoining county of Yolo, of recent date, contained the following sensational article:

"Advices from Hungry Hollow to-day received report that on some several nights various farms in the Hollow were visited by some fearful and destructive animal; that he had super-animal powers of kicking; that he destroyed the porches of several farmhouses, and that he made a fierce attack upon the new winery building near Roland. Imported sheep were mercilessly slaughtered, and the seriousness of the ravages was added to by the mysteriousness of the character and movements of the midnight monster. That which added to the general terror was the fact that after he had committed his depredations he sped away at lightning speed, uttering terrifying roars. The mysterious animal was seen yesterday by James Lowry, one of our reputable citizens, in a secluded part of the Hollow. On a cautious examination he discovered it to be a wild jackass. Its hair had grown to great length, indicating that it had not been pruned for years."

In connection with this item we print the following letter that we have received from Captain Nemo, the Mayor of Gouge Eye:

"To the Editors of 'Themis': I have to advise you that Gouge Eye is in a state of terror. At 11 o'clock night before last our inhabitants were startled by several appalling crashes. Mr. Zolifer, the Eastern capitalist, who determined to erect a flouring mill here, had the foundation about completed, and that seems to have been the first point of attack. It was badly shattered. The porch of our new hotel was in great part demolished, and, strangely, a couple of Buffalo beer kegs in front of Wise's saloon were broken into slivers. When the crashes came it was presumed by most of us that we had been visited by a cyclone, but those first out of doors declared that immediately afterward they saw an animal of an unknown species fleeing from the spot and uttering most fearful noises. I immediately summoned the Gouge Eye Home Guards, six of whom promptly responded, and a council of war was had. Capt. Flaherty was in favor of immediate action and pursuit, but regretted that his sore foot would prevent his walking, and that a boil would prevent his riding. He was willing, however, that the others should act efficiently, and was content to remain and protect the women and children. Lieut. Smith thought we should proceed with caution and that military movements should not be undertaken except after careful consideration. Corporal Feil felt it would be impolitic for the guard to leave town and be away while the animal might return and destroy it. He was in favor of getting a military company from Sacramento to take the field, while the home guard could intrench themselves in the adobe building that had been erected in 1847 and ward off any danger to the town. Private Jones thought the bringing out of a military company from Sacramento too expensive, and suggested that the more economical and efficient plan would be to have Major Gett come out in his brigade uniform and to send him out alone on the track of the destructive foe. He felt that if the animal espied the major he would certainly mistake him for the Almighty and would in terror flee the country, never to return. The latter suggestion was adopted unanimously. There is a noteworthy feature connected with this matter: the damage was mainly done by kicking, and, singularly, the kicks were directed against our strongest structures. Buildings that had stood for some thirty years, and that would have succumbed by the application of a slight force, were not disturbed.

"I send you this as a matter of news; and I hope that, in view of the terrorism that now prevails in this community, you will immediately see Major Gett and have him come up. You can assure him that I, as the Mayor of Gouge Eye, will see he will be amply compensated; he will be invited to address a public meeting and will be introduced to the belle of the town."

We have carefully reflected upon the startling information, and can come to no other conclusion than that this wild jackass belongs to Sacramento. It is not at all unlikely that he was frightened out of the city by the sight of an electric street car or a wagon of the Buffalo Brewing Company; possibly he sought the localities where he is now operating because the electric lights here were too strong for his eyes. In any event, there can be no mistake that his instincts are akin to those that still remain here; the antipathy to incoming capital, to porches, to modernized buildings, and to evidences of the existence of the Buffalo Brewing Company. Add to that the wealth of shouting. We, however, are all conscious of the determination that will be manifested by the Missourians in Hungry Hollow to protect their property interests, and to resent any attack upon incipient enterprises planted in their midst. The chances are ten to one that a rifle party

is now in pursuit of this wild jackass, and if overtaken he will be shot. That would be inhuman, under the peculiar circumstances that we esteem exist.

We have but one suggestion to make: that the roll of the members of our Improvement Association be called to determine if any one is missing from here.

Education.

Education is the great factor in removing prejudice and unbelief from the minds of the people. There never was, in the history of this or any other country, an idea new to them of any worth, but what has been met with hostility from all who were not posted. Look at Edison. He was scoffed at when he said that he proposed to invent an instrument that would unite one whole city or State, at one general office; that any town connected with the central office could call up any town or city, find the desired person, and talk with him at the distance of one hundred miles as well as if he were sitting in the same room. These things are now facts; no doubt is now expressed upon the topic of modern invention. Why? The people, by example and education, have learned to realize the truth. All great movements only attain success by constant energy, and are laying the foundation upon facts.

The great coöperative banking movement is at the present time attracting wide-spread attention. These societies have stood the test with great credit to themselves, however, and are constantly educating the people to the great benefits that are to be derived by the people for whom they are intended. We who have studied it, and intend to make it a life-long business, know the justice and good results that are sure to follow coöperative banking.

Read, study and investigate the plan of the Pacific Coast Savings Society, and when you have done so we feel confident that you will say it is one of the greatest movements of the day—one that will put the poor man in a position to protect his home, family, and those who are held dear to him by the ties of nature; educate him to save and get a home of his own.

How to Help Your Town.

Talk about it.

Write about it.

Beautify your streets.

Be friendly to everybody.

Elect good men to offices.

Keep your sidewalks in good repair.

Sell all you can and buy all you can at home.

If you are rich invest in something; employ somebody.

Be courteous to strangers who come among you, so that they will go away with good impressions.

Always cheer the men who go in for public improvements. Your portion of the cost will be nothing.

Don't kick at any proposed improvement because it is not at your own door, or for fear that your taxes will be raised 50 cents.

TO HURT YOUR TOWN.

Oppose improvements.

Mistrust its public men.

Run it down to strangers.

Go to some other town to trade.

Refuse to advertise in your home paper.

Do not invest a cent; lay your money out somewhere else.

Be careful to discredit the motives of public-spirited men.

Lengthen your face when a stranger speaks of locating in your place.

If a man wishes to buy your property charge him two prices for it.

If he wants anybody else's, interfere and discourage him.

Refuse to see merit in any scheme that does not directly benefit you.—Central Californian.

A Delicious Soup.

A recipe for a delicious new soup comes from England. It is called "Battenburg soup" in honor of Princess Beatrice's husband. It owes its excellence to the addition of a calf's foot to the soup meat at the beginning. This gives a smooth, slightly gelatinous thickening to the soup. To make it, take three pounds of clean, lean beef from the round; cut it in small pieces, freeing it from fat; add a calf's foot, split, and cover the whole with three and a half quarts of cold water. Let the soup boil gently for three hours, then add two small, new carrots, three spring onions, each stuck with a clove, a piece of soup celery, three pieces of parsley, a bay leaf and a sprig of thyme, and finally a blade of mace, and salt and pepper. Chop the vegetables, and fry them in a little butter before adding them to the soup. Let it simmer an hour longer, after adding the vegetables, herbs, spices and other seasonings. Then remove the foot, wash it, cut it up in small pieces, straining a little of the soup over it, and set it aside by itself. Strain the remainder of the soup into a stone crock, and let it stand till the next day, when any grease that has risen should be removed from the top. Heat up the soup, thicken it with two tablespoonfuls of flour and a teacup of cream; let it boil ten minutes longer, stirring it constantly, then add a wineglass of sherry and serve at once.

Purposes and Plans.

The Pacific Coast Saving Society is a mutual coöperative saving society, in which every shareholder is a partner, entitled to full knowledge of all facts relating to the business set forth by the plainest and simplest methods possible.

The purpose of this Society is to encourage industry and frugality, and to promote thrift and economy among its shareholders, by providing a medium through which their earnings may be invested so as to yield the largest returns consistent with absolute safety; to aid its shareholders in acquiring real estate, building houses, and making improvements thereon, and devoting the money ordinarily paid for rent to buying homes for themselves and families.

What She Had to Say.

A retail dry goods man had died, and at the funeral services in the church a good deacon rose and remarked:

"If there are any friends of the deceased who have anything to say, we shall take a mournful pleasure in listening."

No one responded for two or three minutes, and then the widow got up.

"I haven't much to say on this sad occasion," she said, "but I would like to announce that business will be carried on at the old stand by the heart-broken widow of the deceased; and our spring stock of goods can't be excelled in price or quality in this neck of the woods; and I hope you'll not forget the widow or the fatherless. Amen."—Judge.

Three rubies of unusual size were sold at auction in London recently. They were the property of the Burmah Ruby Mine Company, Limited. The first, weighing 1,185 carats, irregular in form and deep red in color, sold for £400; the second, yellowish-red in color, weighed 302 carats and sold for £65; the third weighed 231 carats, was dull red in color and brought £33 12s.

FOR SALE.

SECOND-HAND REMINGTON TYPE-WRITER for sale. Inquire at 1714 M street.

Capital Restaurant,

A. H. ARATT, Proprietor.

MEAL TICKETS, \$3 EACH.

321 J STREET.

Between Third and Fourth, SACRAMENTO.

Cosmopolitan Restaurant,

403 K Street, near Cor. Fourth,

Opposite Mechanics' Store, - - SACRAMENTO.

B. PILCOVICH, Proprietor.

The Cheapest and Best House in the City.

UNCLE IKE'S

COLLATERAL o LOAN o OFFICE,

302 K Street, Sacramento.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to O. S. BOARDMAN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 22d day of July, 1891, in which action W. S. Hickey is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain judgment against you for the sum of One Thousand Four Hundred and Eighteen and $\frac{1}{100}$ Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to the plaintiff for the balance of an account; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for \$1,418.15, and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court this 24th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.
W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. a8-2m

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

A True Picture.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost to the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all—
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—Eliza Wheeler Wilcox.

The Dying Huanaco.

It is well known that at the southern extremity of Patagonia the huanacos have a dying place—a spot to which all the individuals inhabiting the surrounding plains repair at the approach of death to deposit their bones. Darwin and Fitzroy first recorded this strange instinct in their personal narratives, and their observations have since been fully confirmed by others. The best known of these dying or burial places are on the banks of the Santa Cruz and Gallegos rivers, where the river valleys are covered with dense primeval thickets of bushes and trees of stunted growth, says a writer in *Longman's Magazine*. There the ground is covered with the bones of countless dead generations. "The animals," says Darwin, "in most cases, must have crawled, before dying, beneath and under the bushes." A strange instinct in a creature so pre-eminently social in its habits, a dweller all its life long on the open, barren plateaus and mountain sides.

What a subject for a painter! The gray wilderness of dwarf thorn trees, aged and grotesque and scanty-leaved, nourished for a thousand years on the bones that whitened the stony ground at their roots, the interior lit faintly with the rays of the departing sun, chill and gray and silent and motionless—the huanaco's Golgotha. In the long centuries stretching back into a dim, immeasurable past, so many of this race have journeyed hither from the mountain and the plain to suffer the pang of death, that, to the imagination, something of it all seems to have passed into that hushed and mournful nature. And now one more, the latest pilgrim, has come, all his little strength spent in his struggle to penetrate the close thicket, looking old and gaunt and ghostly in the twilight, with long, ragged hair, staring into the gloom out of death doomed, sunken eyes. One artist we have who might show it to us on canvas, who would be able to catch the feeling of such a scene—of that mysterious, passionless tragedy of nature—the painter, I mean, of "The Prodigal" and "The Lioness Defending Her Cubs."

To this account of the animals' dying place and instinct, Darwin adds: "I do not at all understand the reason of this, but I may observe that the wounded huanacos at the Santa Cruz invariably walked toward the river."

Working Girls as Readers.

Have you ever noticed how many girls who work in shops, factories, and offices carry books to and from their work?

If you are fortunate enough to be an early riser, just walk down on the business streets at an early hour and notice how many of the hurrying young ladies you see have copies of authors in their hands. You will see quite a few.

There is a mistaken impression afloat that our factory and shop girls are not intelligent. The average factory girl has as much genuine common sense or more than her more fortunate sisters. These girls use their spare moments in reading a line or two of their book. Many a shop girl spends her dinner hour by reading.

"What class of girls patronize the public libraries most?" was asked a librarian.

"Working girls," was answered readily. "I find them an intelligent lot of readers. They do not read nearly as much fiction as school or society girls. Their reading books are usually such as give them practical knowledge."

The girl behind the counter can often be seen with a book in her hands. In her spare moments the typewriter girl will draw out a book from a drawer and steal a thought or two.

Working girls are generally intelligent, and, although circumstances have been against them, have a greater general knowledge than they are generally credited with.

Alexandre de Beauharnais, husband of Empress Josephine, guillotined, 1794.
Bloomer costume introduced, 1851.
"Paradise Lost" published, 1667.

First crusade ends, 1099.

The Colonel Was Excused.

The Confederate soldier had his fun, with his short rations and pay in inflated currency, says the *Chattanooga Times*, and the "Yank" was not always the subject. The writer of "Four Years in Rebel Capitals," graphically illustrates the point:

Refreshed inwardly and outwardly, the men would march down the street, answering the waving handkerchiefs at every window with wild cheers. Nor did they spare any amount of chaff to those luckless stay-at-homes encountered on the streets.

"Come out'r that black coat!" "I know ye're a conscrip! Don't you want'er go for a sojer?" "Yere's yer chance to git yer subtertoot!"

These and similar shouts, leveled at the head of some unlucky wight, brought roars of laughter from the soldiers, and from the victim's unsympathetic friends.

At one house a pale, boyish-looking youth was noted at a window with a lady. Both energetically waived handkerchiefs, and the men answered with a yell; but the opportunity was too good to lose.

"Come right along, sonny!" was the cry. "The lady'll spare yer! Here's a little mus-kit fur ye!"

"All right, boys!" cheerily responded the youth, rising from his seat. "Have you got a leg for me, too?" and Colonel F— stuck the shortest of stumps on the window seat.

With one impulse the battalion halted, faced to the window, and came to "Present" as their cheers rattled the windows of that block. That chord had been touched by which the roughest soldier is ever moved.

An Hour's Stroll.

Have you ever thought of the distance you travel while you are out on an hour's stroll? Possibly you walk three miles within the hour, but that does not by any means represent the distance you travel. The earth turns on its axis every twenty-four hours. For the sake of round figures we will call the earth's circumference 24,000 miles, and so you must have traveled, during your hour's stroll, 1,000 miles in the axial turn of the earth.

But that is not all. The earth makes a journey around the sun every year, and a long but rapid trip it is. The distance of our planet from the sun we will put at 92,000,000. This is the radius of the earth's orbit—half the diameter of the circle, as we call it. The whole diameter is therefore 184,000,000 miles, and the circumference being the diameter multiplied by 3.1416, is about 578,000,000. This amazing distance the earth travels in its yearly journey, and dividing it by 365 we find the daily speed about 1,586,000. Then to get the distance you rode around the sun during your hour's walk, divide again by 24, and the result is about 66,000 miles. But even this is not the end of your hour's trip. The sun, with his entire brood of planets, is moving in space at the rate of 160,000,000 miles a year. That is at the rate of a little more than 438,000 miles a day, or 18,250 miles an hour.

So, adding your three miles of leg travel to the hour's axial movement of the earth, this to the earth's orbital journey and that again to the earth's excursion with the sun, and you find you have traveled, in the hour, 85,253 miles — *Toledo Blade*.

A Subterranean City.

It is reported from Bokhara that a subterranean city has been found on the bank of the river Amoo Daria, near the town of Karki. Silver coins and inscriptions of the time of Gopora I have been found in the place, which stretches over a distance of about half a mile, with streets, lanes and squares. "In some places the ground on the top has caved in, but the largest part of the city can be passed through without the least difficulty. By the light of the miner's lamp the place presents a quaint, fantastic appearance. There are houses in perfect construction, one or two stories high, with a pretense of architectural elegance, and filled with furniture and various domestic utensils. The ceiling, or upper covering, of the streets is constructed of blocks of alabaster granites. The natives of Bokhara knew of the place long ago, and carried away many silver and gold coins, ornaments and utensils, of great intrinsic value and of still greater archeological importance. The Russian authorities of Bokhara have made arrangements to take care of the antiquities of the place, and sent notice of its discovery to the Archeological Society of Moscow. The society has sent a commission of experts to make explorations during the summer."

The First Ring.

There are two precious stones that tend to make the hand look extremely white, and these are the emerald and the sapphire. Women more than ever are wearing rings on their fingers. How many know where the first ring came from. Straight from fairyland. A merry sprite who loved a little fairy danced with her on the green until he was drunk with moonshine, and he lost his ring. It was found by a peasant girl and she gave it to her lover, and these two were happy ever after. That's the story of the first ring. One hopes it will be the story of every ring that is given for dear love's sake.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. M. MORRISON,

Southeast Cor. Twelfth and E Streets,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

General Merchandise.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and original. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER**CAPITAL BREWERY**

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than J. SLAUGHTER, Sixth and M streets.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

ALWAYS A FINE LUNCH ON THE COUNTER.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO.

W. R. STRONG CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fruit and Produce

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar
Floors, Fence Coping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J

SACRAMENTO.

PACIFIC

HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

TELEPHONE No. 41.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & Co.

410 J STREET.

—ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED—

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON

CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations.

B. Ruhl Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET.

SACRAMENTO.

Mr. Jones, of Duluth.

There were five or six of us talking in a hotel office a day or two ago, and one of the group had been telling a story in which his friend "Frank" figured conspicuously, when a frigid-looking old chap, who had been listening closely, turned and asked:

"What day and date did this happen on?"

"It was on Tuesday, June 3, 1888," replied the other.

"Sure of that?"

"Of course I am."

"I'll bet you \$50 to \$100 it wasn't," quietly said the stranger as he produced a roll of bills.

"You—you will?"

"Yes, sir. What is your friend's full name?"

"Frank Williams."

"I'll bet you \$50 to \$100 it isn't."

"What do you take me for?" slowly inquired the other.

"No matter. Prove to me that your friend is really Frank Williams and you can take my money."

"I think I ought to know the name of a man I've traveled with fifteen years."

"Certainly; but you don't. We think we know lots of things, but we are mistaken; for instance, you board at—"

"No. — West Twenty-third street."

"The number of your room is—"

"No. 27."

"I'll bet you an even \$50 that it isn't!" said the stranger.

"Don't you suppose I know the number of a room I have occupied for four years?"

"You ought to, but you daren't bet on it. Come now, put up your cash."

"Perhaps I don't know the landlady?"

"I'm sure you don't. You call her by a certain name. Is she really the person she claims to be? I'll go you \$100 to \$50 you can't prove it."

Everybody began to look at the man in a queer way, and presently he continued:

"You gentlemen all appear to know each other, but when it comes right down to facts you are way off. I've heard you refer to this gentleman here as White. Is that really his name?"

"Of course it is," answered three or four in chorus.

"Bet you \$100 to \$25," said the stranger. "I'll take that," said one of the crowd, as he went down for the stake.

"Very well, sir. You are to prove to me by a legal birth register that such a name was given him, and by other legal papers that he has continued to be known by that name."

"I might not be able to do that."

"Oh! Well, I've heard you called Mr. Green. Are you Mr. Green or not?"

"Certainly."

"Bet you the same—\$100 to \$25—you can't legally prove it."

"Are you trying to make out that nobody but you knows anything?" demanded one of the gentlemen.

"No, sir. I don't claim to know more than enough to dodge a street car. I am simply willing to bet that the majority of men don't know what they think they know. All of us take too much for granted. I call myself Jones—Marshall Jones. I live in Duluth. I have so registered at this hotel. The clerks know me as Jones, of Duluth. I buy goods here as Jones, of Duluth. I pay for them as Jones, of Duluth. And yet, if I was asked to legally prove my identity as Jones, of Duluth, I don't believe I could do it."

"Mr. Jones, of Duluth, we are about to have a drink. Will you join us?" asked one of the group.

"With great pleasure."

We all walked up to the bar, and Mr. Jones was thirstily eyeing a cut-glass decanter just opposite him, when we all fell back and the young man said:

"Mr. Jones, of Duluth, you felt sure you were about to wet your whistle at our expense; bet you \$100 to \$10 you are mistaken. Good-day, sir."

And as we walked away Mr. Jones looked like a man who thought he had heard something drop, but wouldn't dare bet that he had.

M. QUAD.

She may be so frail and delicate that, leaning on your arm,

You would break your neck in sympathy to keep her out of harm;

Yet she'll wield her little slipper, though it numbers only two,

On a rebel urchin's trousers till she beats him black and blue.

She can do more with a hairpin than a man with all his tools;

She can make the smartest statesmen act like animated fools;

She can argue without reason on some notion in her head

Till a man with sound intelligence will wish that he was dead.

Some people in this world were born fault finders. They are not happy unless they can pick a flaw in their surroundings. Should they succeed in reaching heaven they will complain about the celestial music, and find fault with the harp strings.

Tolstoi eats a raw onion on rising. He says it's better than a cocktail as an eye-opener.

Bashful Bob Burdette.

I heard a good and altogether new story of Bob Burdette and the late Thomas A. Hendricks, says a writer in the *Kansas City Times*. Several years ago, while the lamented Indian was touring the West, Burdette was the funny man of the Burlington *Hawkeye*. In that capacity he wrote a great many satirical verses concerning Mr. Hendricks. One day Burdette was at a railroad hotel at Iowa City when the proprietor called him.

"See here, Bob," said the Boniface, "there's a man in the dining-room whom you're just dying to meet. Come along."

"Who is it?" asked the humorist, hanging back.

"O, come on; it's all right," said the hotel man, and with that Burdette was hustled into the eating-room.

"Mr. Hendricks—Mr. Burdette," said the proprietor, whereupon a handsome, smiling man arose from a table, and, extending his hand to the man from Burlington, said:

"And so this is Mr. Burdette, is it?"

"Y—yes," returned the now quaking humorist.

"You're the man who wrote 'The Bad Man From Injanny,' are you?"

"I did, but that was only in—"

"Let me see," went on the statesman, smiling. "It ran like this, didn't it?"

And Mr. Hendricks proceeded to recite the whole poem. Then he recalled another and another, reciting, before he was through, half a dozen of the satirical outbursts in rhyme that had been directed against him.

"I never felt really bashful before," said the genial humorist, now of Brooklyn, "but that was the time when I would have welcomed an earthquake that would have swallowed me up."

In Time of Trouble.

I don't know of anything easier than to theorize about other folks' troubles. How feelingly we can wipe away our neighbor's tears when her baby dies! What! mourn a bud transplanted, a blossom borne to sunnier gardens, a lamb lifted in tender arms above snow, wind and loss? So we talk until one day death lifts our own latchstring, and away flies our own singing bird to heaven! Are we not dumb then? Do we waste breath then on poetic metaphors or songful platitudes? When the Lord sends along an experience that sears the soul as with a hot iron, or stamps it for eternity with the mint mark of sorrow, we find no help in beautifully turned sentences of comfort, nor in poems, nor philosophies, nor any such thing. The slow processes of time alone bring healing, and even the passage of years can never efface the scar nor cure its secret bleeding. As well go out and say to the raincloud, "Shed no rain," or to the night wind, "Make no moan," as counsel eyes which grief has touched with the dark chasm of woe to cease their weeping, or hearts which despair has entered to hush the clamor of their pitiful unrest.

Mrs. Jumpuppe—"He has stayed out so late that I have a notion to fix an electric current to the keyhole so as to give him a shock when he comes."

Bridget—"That won't be no use, mum; he won't be able to find the keyhole."

The costliest dresses in the world are worn by the women of Sumatra. They are made of pure gold and silver. After the metal is mined and smelted it is formed into fine wire, which is woven into cloth and afterwards made into dresses.

A. D. BOWLEY.

M. J. CURTIS.

CURTIS & BOWLEY,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

Pacific States Savings, Loan, and Building Company.

1012 Fourth Street, bet. J and K, Sacramento.

REPRESENT THE

	Assets.
Aetna Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn.	\$10,000,000 00
Hartford Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn.	5,750,000 00
German-American Insurance Co.	5,000,000 00
Manhattan Life Ins. Co. of New York	11,729,400 00
Fidelity and Casualty Accident and Plate Glass Insurance Co. of New York	774,550 20

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

JUST RECEIVED.

A NEW AND COMPLETE LINE OF PURSES AND CARD CASES, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Kiebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

WINE ROOMS,

FRANK VAN GUELDER, Proprietor.

614 J Street, bet. 6th and 7th, Sacramento.

FINE LUNCH. Reading Rooms Attached.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to THEODORE J. KERLIN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 14th day of July, 1891, in which action, Nettie R. Kerlin is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To have the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the plaintiff dissolved; that the plaintiff be awarded the custody of the children, issue of said marriage, and for alimony, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint. In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court, this 14th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.

ARMSTRONG & PLATNAUER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Emile Cavellier, Wm. T. Hynes and David M. Bemus, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 23d day of June, 1891, in which action GEO. SMITH is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To determine the adverse claims of the defendants, and each of them, to the north half of the east sixty feet and the east fifty feet of the south eighty feet of lot two, in block between 1 and J, 3d and 4th streets, in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and for costs of suit; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take default against you and each of you, and apply to the Court for the relief prayed for.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 23d day of June, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, Attorney for Plaintiff.

WENT T. CROWELL & CO.

Real Estate and General

AUCTIONEERS

Salesroom: 817 J Street.

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

ORDERS SOLICITED.



PANTS to ORDER

\$3.50 to \$13.50

SUITS TO ORDER

\$15.00 to \$50.00

1000 Patterns to Select from.

GABEL the TAILOR

426 J STREET.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

A. L. HART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON. ALBERT M. JOHNSON.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, LAWYERS.

504 J street. Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

627 J Street. Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS,

Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 418 J street. up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER,

Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, LAWYER,

920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Manufacture of Watch Crystals.

In the manufacture of watch glasses the workman gathers with the blowing tube several kilograms of glass. Softening this by holding it to the door of the furnace, he puts the end of the tube into communication with a reservoir of compressed air, and a big sphere is blown. It is, of course, necessary to get the exact proportion of materials at the commencement of the operation, accompanied by a peculiar twist of the hand and an amazing skillfulness.

The sphere ought to be produced without rents, and in such dimensions that it is of the requisite thickness. Out of these balls the workman cuts convex disks of the required size. This is a delicate operation. A "tournette," a kind of compass furnished with a diamond in one of its branches, is used. The diamond having traced the circle, the glass is struck on the interior and exterior sides with a stick, and the piece is detached. The disks, which are afterward traced, are obtained very easily. They are seized by the thumb, passed through the aperture already made and detached by the pressure of two fingers. An able workman will cut 6,000 glasses a day.

Carrying Heavy Loads.

There are few modern shop appliances that have effected such a saving in labor as has resulted from the introduction of overhead traveling cranes in machine shops and foundries. All of the best equipped shops in the country now make free use of these devices, and their high first cost is many times saved in the economy of labor and time which results. In the steel foundry department of one of the largest machinery works in Pittsburgh there is a very interesting application of the traveling crane. At one end of the foundry are two open-hearth steel furnaces, the roof of each being a huge cast-iron dome, lined with fire-brick and weighing several tons. In charging one of these furnaces, the top is removed by a traveling crane and carried to one side, while another similar crane brings from the other end of the building a load of scrap and pig-iron, and gently deposits it in the open furnace. The cover, which is meanwhile held suspended in the air, is brought back to the furnace and lowered into place, the entire operation taking only a few minutes, and requiring the services of only the two men who travel upon the cranes and direct their movements.

Bachelor Life in Singapore.

Many of the white men in Singapore keep bachelor quarters, and one description of a bachelor's bungalow will suffice for all. Two young Englishmen have a one story, rambling house among some coconut palms, covering a lot of ground and open on every side. Enter in and sit; leave your pith helmet at the door, and one of the bachelors says: "Now, wouldn't you take a gin fizz? Its very nice." And before the visitor can answer, he calls out "Boy," when from some unforeseen screen or crack a China boy appears and gets the order.

In a few minutes he returns with a long glass filled with "gin fizz" and powdered ice, and then the host goes on and asks the guests to take champagne and port and sherry and cognac and a julep. This is hospitality in the orient. There are sixteen servants for these two white boys, and such attendance and obsequiousness spoils them, let alone the question of ruining their stomachs by so many liquor concoctions.

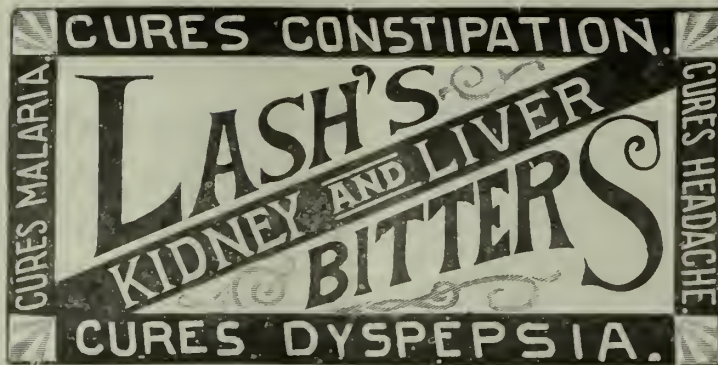
Origin of Railway Mail Service.

Most persons do not know that the present railway mail service, like a number of other things, was an outgrowth of the war, and was first placed in operation upon the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, between Chicago, Ill., and Clinton, Ia., in June, 1864. The material drawn upon for the work was to a great extent the ex soldiers of the war of the rebellion, and it is now acknowledged that without them the service could not have reached its high standard of efficiency. They were inured to hardships, accustomed to discipline, industrious, faithful, and as obedient at long range as under the eyes of their officers. They were also found to be full of resources in emergencies, capable of seeing where improvements were desirable, and of intelligently making valuable suggestions. — *Indianapolis Journal*.

A simple and excellent plan to preserve and strengthen the eyes is this: Every morning pour some cold water into your washing bowl; at the bottom of the bowl place a silver coin or some other bright object; then put your face into the water with your eyes open and fixed on the object at the bottom; move your head from side to side gently, and you will find that this morning bath will make your eyes brighter and stronger, and preserve them beyond the ordinary allotted time.

The world judges you by what you do; not what you are going to do. The man who does nothing but dream is worth nothing to this bustling old work-a-day world of ours. Words are cheap and mean nothing; it is works and good deeds of action that count.

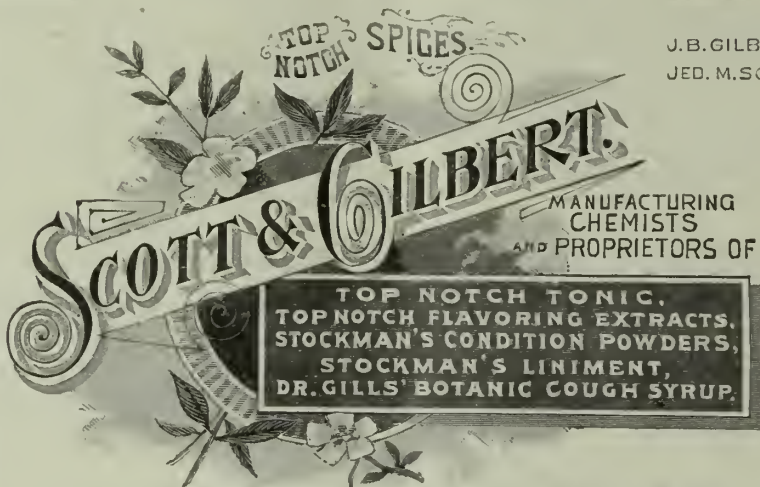
The New York *Sun* says that it wants some one to chain up all of the fools in the Democratic party till 1892.



W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



SACRAMENTO, CAL.
San Francisco Branch, 305 Battery St.

Imperial
GALLERY,
No. 415 J Street,
Between Fourth and Fifth,
SACRAMENTO.

Finest Finished Cabinet Photographs, \$2.00 per Dozen.

All Other Work in Proportion, and Guaranteed First Class.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR SPECIMENS BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE.



W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,
Book and Job Printers,
410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Southern Pacific Company PACIFIC SYSTEM.

August 2, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8.10 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.40 A
4.35 P	Doming, El Paso and East	7.00 P
7.00 P	Knights Landing and Oroville	7.40 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9.35 A
11.50 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	2.25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	5.25 A
3.00 P	Ogden and East	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.35 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.25 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12.30 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.05 A
5.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8.10 P
10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamers	26.00 A
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	2.50 P
4.30 P	Santa Barbara	9.35 A
6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8.10 P
3.05 A	Stockton and Galt	7.00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	9.35 A
11.50 A	Truckee and Reno	2.25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	5.25 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2.30 P
6.50 A	Vallejo	8.10 P
3.05 P	Vallejo	8.10 P
*8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2.40 P
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10.20 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	*5.00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted.
A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen'l Traffic Manager
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:
PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDGOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:
C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Ridgout
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox.
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank SACRAMENTO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND HAS BEEN DECLARED BY THE
People's Savings Bank for the term ending June
30, 1891, at the rate of five and one-third (5 1/3) per
cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per
cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes,
and payable on or after July 3, 1891.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier

BAKER & HAMILTON.

San Francisco and Sacramento,
Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER. WHEN FOR
a trifling amount expended in the purchase of
one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can
obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed
in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

(CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THE EMERSON

CALIFORNIA
STATE
LIBRARY

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1891.

No. 26.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

Sacramento is particularly honored on the Supreme bench of the State. Chief Justice W. H. Beatty, and associate Justice T. B. McFarland, are the talented and able members of the Supreme Court from the capital city. We feel a just pride in the two distinguished jurists. We are also rejoiced that Sacramento is likely to be favored by the selection of one of her citizens, and a talented jurist, to a place on the Federal bench. There is every probability that Hon. W. C. Van Fleet, present Superior Judge, will be promoted to the United States District Judgeship. No better appointment could be made. Judge Van Fleet is fitted by nature for the judiciary. Calm, deliberate, studious, and above all irreproachable, he possesses the elements of an able judge. On the bench of this county for over six years, he has made a record that places him among the distinguished judges of the land. About the only criticism we have ever heard of Judge Van Fleet is, that under no circumstances will he permit either client or counsel to approach him regarding pending litigation. While it might seem that a judge could not be affected by listening to facts outside of the court-room, Judge Van Fleet will not permit the mention of any facts connected with pending litigation, except on the trial of the case in the due course of procedure. This is one of his inflexible rules, and he thereby averts any possible undue influence in his determination of litigation. We have known Judge Van Fleet from his student days to the present. He began the study of law with the firm of H. O. Beatty and S. C. Denson, in this city, Judge Beatty being his uncle. In 1873 Judge Van Fleet, after a brilliant examination, was admitted to the bar. For a short time he practiced law at Elko Nevada, but returned to Sacramento, where he has ever since resided. In 1880 he was elected a member of the Assembly, and is the author of some of the important legislation of the session. In 1883 he was appointed a State Prison Director, which position he resigned, having been elected Superior Judge in 1884. He served the full term, and last year was re-elected without any opposition. As a judge, he stands preëminent and is noted for his firm and impartial disposition of litigation. We think that Judge Van Fleet will honor himself and the position of United States District Judge.

Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing. Rest is one of the inexorable laws of physics as well as humanity. There is no machinery that does not require rest after a period of continuous use. The barber will tell you that his razors need a rest. The carpenter knows that his edged tools work better after a rest. We poor human machines work until our eyes grow dim and lusterless, and the machinery of our bodies creak and halt before it dawns upon us that a rest is necessary. A rest and change from the hard work of the mind and body is demanded by the law of nature. The brain that guides the pen and directs the work of the professional and literary being must have a respite, else it wears and wastes untimely. Some of the intricate parts of the brain under a constant strain and use must give way. We may try to cheat ourselves into the belief that rest is not needed, and that our powers are

sufficient to withstand all demands, but sooner or later these exactions break the machinery, and leave us mental as well as physical wrecks. The Pittsburg Dispatch man has let his fancy wander on this matter of "vacations," which cannot fail to recall a responsive thought from all: And as the days drove you onward and upward—drove you out of the school into the world, chased you from the flowers to the forest, pushed you from play to work, the old vacation days came back again, with the longing for them over again intensified. The task has taken the place of the lesson, of course; and over it the brain throbs, and the heart beats, and the hand trembles; and you sigh for the clover-spotted meadow, the swash of the sea, the ripple of the stream, the shade of the wood—the change, the rest. Perhaps you will get your vacation, perhaps not. In childhood it was a certainty; in manhood it's too often a dream—a memory. But if you don't, sigh not. Let the pleasures of the fortunates come in upon you like the music of the musician you cannot see but whose sweet strains you hear. Rest will come to you by turning over life's leaves backward and scanning the sunny page. But it will not come when you shut out the sounds of the merry throngs, close your ears to the laughter, blind your eyes to the procession of happy faces, begrudge others what you cannot enjoy yourself. Perhaps, after all, the shadow is better than the substance. Who can tell?

The death of Judge Ogden Hoffman removes one of the most distinguished jurists from the bench. Over forty years he occupied the Federal bench in San Francisco. He has been an important factor in the great landed litigation of this State. Many fraudulent land titles have been defeated through the clear and brilliant mind of the learned judge. The infamous "Limantour grants," which would have absorbed the city of San Francisco, were detected and exposed by Judge Hoffman. The famous "Alameda mine" decision is another monument to his great legal ability. He was a brilliant man and learned judge. His whole life was occupied on the bench, and few judges have such a clear and honorable record. Judge Hoffman was not a family man, having early in life adopted a club existence. His leisure hours were spent in the club with genial companions; but he was always the able, dignified and brilliant jurist.

If the city authorities should display any considerable portion of the energy that is evolved in the prosecution of those citizens who are questioning the validity of the license ordinance, in the defense of the people's interests on the vital matters pertaining to the city's welfare, it would be much more commendable. The Trustees evince great fear of a few dollars costs to protect the waterworks from the greed and rapacity of the bondholders, and have a holy horror of any litigation that would protect the city from the unjust exactions against the treasury, yet can authorize hundreds of suits against its own citizens for the purpose of vexing, annoying, and the exaction of large costs and counsel fees. It is now apparent that the object of the multitudinous suits against the liquor dealers is for the sole purpose of exacting \$2,000 or \$3,000 fees and costs. If this is not the object, then there is no reason for this persecution. One or two suits would determine the question of the validity or non-validity of the ordinance, without making this vast amount of trouble, and great costs. Our city authorities cannot afford to inflict this great injustice on the citizens.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A Trip Into the Sierras—The Donner Party—Truckee—Deer Park Mineral Springs.

At this season of the year one would hardly be in style did he not arrange for an outing—the remark applying particularly to the people of the Sacramento valley. From the city alone it is nigh impossible to calculate the numbers that are visiting at the sea coast or in the mountains. We confess to a feeling of relief when the hour came for us to take the train for the mountains, at the Sacramento depot. There was also a feeling of fond anticipation of mountain pleasures, fresh air, pure water, bracing climate, appetite and—trout.

However it may be at the coast, the mountain resorts are, as a rule, crowded. Summit Soda Springs has, we understand, as many guests as can be reasonably accommodated, and the lake resorts are well filled. Anticipating embarrassment in the matter of securing accommodation on short notice, we went direct to Truckee, to be at the central point, where information could be the more easily obtained. Truckee is the station from which most of the mountain resorts in the Sierras are reached, and quite near it are many places of interest. Notably attractive is Donner Lake, some three miles distant, a sheet of water, the beauties of which have been too often described to need repetition. At the farther end of the lake from Truckee much destruction has been caused to the meadow lands by the raising of the waters of the lake. A Nevada State irrigation company constructed a dam at the eastern end of the lake, and the result was as stated. The dam has been removed, however, and the water level of the lake is lower now than ever before known.

Near the bank of the lake a large white cross stands, a mournful marker of the spot where the cabins of the ill-fated Donner party of 1846 were located. Concerning the Donner tragedy very much has been written, and our readers are doubtless familiar with the details of the occurrence. We were, however, struck with the thought that, if the party had pushed on from the outset, they could have made their way below the snow belt and saved themselves. There is also to be considered that they were passing through an unknown country, and perhaps what little knowledge they had of localities had been gained from the reports of the expeditions of Fremont.

Truckee is noted particularly for two things: General antipathy to the Chinese, and the free and easy way in which some of its inhabitants conduct themselves. There is here a spirit of accommodation, and a man can get most anything he wants, from a trout breakfast to a faro game. Leaving Truckee, we took the stage for Deer Park Mineral Springs, Placer county, some thirteen miles distant. The evening before our departure a party of young lady teachers from Sacramento came up. They had made preparations to establish themselves in a house on the bank of Donner Lake, to cook for themselves, and to scorn the assistance and protection of man. For defense they brought up a rifle; whether, however, if emergency arises—if a mouse shall find its way into the castle—it will avail, is of question.

Deer Park Springs are off from the Tahoe road about two miles. The Tahoe road passes along the Truckee river, through a picturesque country, and the drive is not at all fatiguing. Along the road the many fine stumps, and the discarded log-shoots down the mountain sides into the river, evidence the immense amount of lumber that has been taken out. The present cuttings are being made about seven miles from Truckee, and at the ends of the shoots at the road-side are the ominous warning signs "Look out for the logs." From the appearance of things one had better look out. In some cases immense dressed logs have come down the shoot, shot across the river, and plowed deep into the bank on the other side. A few hundred rods above the fork of the Tahoe and Deer Park roads, the

Von Schmidt dam lies. At stated times it is closed, and when opened the flood of waters suddenly released, sweeps the logs down the stream.

Along the road are many evidences of the excessive snow-fall. Hardly a cabin remains standing; they have been absolutely crushed to the earth. We are told this resulted from the severe winter two years ago, when the fall was unprecedented. The seasons here must present striking contrasts. Now everything is attractive; flora and fauna show to their best advantage; in winter there is desolation and the stillness of death, save the whistling of the winds through the branches of the pines. Arriving at Deer Park Springs, we were agreeably surprised to find its proprietor an old resident of Sacramento county—J. B. Scott, of the Slough House. Mr. Scott has for years owned a winter stock range in Squaw valley, near here, and knew of the existence of the mineral springs on Bear creek. He tested their qualities and found them efficacious, located them, and for several seasons they were resorted to by parties, mainly from Sacramento, it might be said, informally. Two years ago suitable lodging houses, cabins, and a large dining-room and kitchen were constructed, and this season has witnessed additions. The buildings are located on a picturesque spot on the bank of Bear creek, a feeder of the Truckee. On either side of the valley are mountain ranges, covered with pines and under-growth. The range to the north divides the water sheds of the Truckee and the American rivers. Directly to the south is a peak that towers far above its fellows, and to which has been applied the designation, "Atkinson's Peak," after Prof. E. C. Atkinson of Sacramento. There are three mineral springs the waters of which are palatable, and of them the guests speak highly, so far as their medicinal qualities are concerned. Certain it is this bracing air, at an elevation of 6,300 feet above the sea, or the waters, or their combination, have given us an appetite such as we have not had since boyhood days. There is one advantage much appreciated—the large dairy of Mr. Scott. The dairy house is a short distance up the cañon, and there is no end to cold milk, cream, butter-milk and butter. Meats, chickens and eggs are also produced right here. Two miles down the road takes one to the Truckee river, where the brook trout makes his home. Such of the guests as are disciples of Isaac Walton find much sport in hooking them.

Of the Sacramento contingent, Prof. Atkinson of the Business College, with his wife and son Arthur, occupy a two-storied cottage. Mrs. B. R. Crocker and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene E. Smith are domiciled in an extensive and well arranged cottage to the north of the Professor's. M. S. Hammer, wife and daughter are cosily located in a cottage a little way down the stream. At the hotel at present are Mrs. C. G. Pearl and son, Mrs. John R. Brown, E. S. Brown, William Rider and family, and W. J. Davis and wife.

Dr. Hammer and Mr. Moore, of Stockton, have put in some of their time trapping chipmunks, and have some twenty now in custody. Aside from fishing, the Sacramentans seem not inclined to field sports, and the pursuit of land game is indulged in only by some gentlemen from other localities. It is not, however, to be understood that the pilgrims from the Capital find no enjoyment. Almost daily parties are made up and driven to Lake Tahoe, or down to the log-shoots; and there is plenty to attract on walks.

Among the guests are Prof. H. H. Howe and son, of Carson. We were reminded of old times at meeting the Professor; it recalled the days when he was Principal of the old Franklin Grammar school at Sixth and L streets, and we were a member of the graduating class of 1870 with P. E. Platt, Col. C. F. Crocker, William Rider (now stopping here), William W. Mason, Jr., Edw. W. Norris, E. B. Cushman, Arthur Jelly, A. G. Folger, V. S. McClatchy, and others. Reasons of chivalry prompt us not to name the ladies—1870 may furnish a key to ages.

It seems a peculiarity that at every gathering of out-ers there happens along a man of science. At the sea coast his hobby is usually shells; in the mountains it is geology or botany, or some such line. We had a visitation of a geological enthusiast, and from him gained a fund of information. His collection of specimens was extensive, and his explanations elaborate. "Here," said he, "is the most remarkable specimen of conglomerate I have yet encountered." And he showed a flat, round substance something over two inches across, three-quarters of an inch thick, flattened on the wide sides and rounded on the edge. He said, "I am unable to determine its composition or origin. I did chip away a piece and ground it in a mortar, and it had no grit, and I was inclined to think it sedimentary, but look at this flat side—there are unquestionable evidences of the action of fire. I found that back of a house near Donner Lake, and, strangely, I have found no other specimens in the mountains. It is a prize." We said it not, but can we be mistaken? It had been designed for a bisquit. It might be in order for the Truckee colony of Sacramento schoolmarms to explain how that wonderful specimen was found just back of their kitchen. Ten to one they will lay it on to the Donner party, and argue it has lain there since 1846, and became petrified. D.

SOME UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

Sacramento in Embryo—How Government was Established from Chaos.

PART XX.

The government of the city of Sacramento, at the time of which we speak (December, 1849, and January, 1850), was in rapid transition from its embryonic condition to that of a city fully organized and equipped under a constitution and laws which fully prescribed the limits of its power and the duties of its officers. P. B. Cornwall, who had thus far largely assisted in shaping the affairs of the city, on the 15th of December, 1849, took his seat in the Assembly as a member from Sacramento District.

On Thursday, December 20, 1849, he gave notice that on the Monday then next he would introduce a bill for an Act to incorporate the city of Sacramento. On the 24th of the same month Mr. Cornwall introduced such a bill in the Assembly. It was read a first time, and a motion to suspend the rules and read it a second time was lost. So the bill took its place on the calendar for a second reading.

Tuesday, December 28th, the bill was reached and read a second time by its title; thereupon Dr. T. J. White offered a substitute as an amendment, and moved the adoption of a resolution that the original bill, the substitute, a petition of the citizens of Sacramento, and all other papers and communications in reference to the bill be referred to the Committee on Corporations, with instructions to inquire into the propriety of establishing a general law on the subject of incorporated cities and villages.

Thus was first raised a question with which our lawmakers and judges have ever since been wrestling: How can we make a general law to govern all municipal corporations, however variant in population and other conditions? This committee was composed of Assemblymen Hope, Bidwell, Vermuele, Vallejo, and Crittenden.

On December 29th Mr. Cornwall introduced another bill with the same title, and it was referred to the same committee.

Monday, January 9, 1850, Mr. Crittenden, from the Committee on Corporations, reported back a bill to incorporate the city of Sacramento, which was read a first and second time by title, and, on January 12th, on motion of G. B. Tingley, the bill was referred to the delegation from the district of Sacramento.

On the 14th of January Mr. Tingley, from the Sacramento delegation, reported to the Assembly that the committee had amended the bill by striking out Section 24 thereof and inserting as such section: "The Mayor, Recorder and Common Council of Sacramento city, created under the provisions of this Act, may, in their discretion, allow in whole or in part any or all debts incurred by the Mayor and Common Council of the city under and by virtue of a charter adopted by the people on the 13th day of October, 1849, and provide for the payment of such debts or claims as may thus be allowed in such manner as said Council may order and direct." In committee this clause was amended to read: "All debts contracted by the President and City Council of Sacramento City, under the charter adopted by the people of said city on the 30th day of October, 1849, shall be presented for allowance to the Common Council created by this charter, and if said council shall be satisfied of the justice of such claim, it shall allow and audit it, and make provision for its speedy payment. If any claim be rejected the party offering it shall have the right to bring suit thereon against the corporation in any court of competent jurisdiction, and if adjudged to be just and equitable in said court, the corporation shall pay the same with the right to either party to appeal as in ordinary cases."

The bill, with the amendment, was laid on the table—ayes, 17; noes, 8—and when the bill was taken from the table it was passed without the amendment; and thus was saved to the city an amount of debt which might have been indefinitely enlarged if the amendment had prevailed.

The bill went from the Assembly to the Senate, and by that body was, on the 24th day of January, 1850, passed, and sent to Governor Burnett for his signature at a later day.

On Thursday, February 21, 1850, the Governor returned the bill to the Assembly without his signature, giving his reasons therefor *in extenso*. They may be condensed as follows:

1. It is inexpedient to pass a bill incorporating a single city, when a general law might be made to cover all cities.
2. It is unconstitutional.
3. It gives unlimited power of taxation.

This message came on for consideration February 27th, and the bill was passed notwithstanding the veto, and the next day the Senate also passed it. And thus the city of Sacramento took its place among the municipalities, and thenceforward its powers were recognized as fully established.

In some respects the provisions of the new charter corresponded with the one adopted by the people. It had the same boundaries—Sacramento river on the

west, Y street on the south, Thirty-first street on the east, and the American Fork river on the north. The officers named were a Mayor, Recorder, and Council of nine members. The style of the corporate name was the Mayor, Recorder and Common Council of Sacramento City. By that name it was to sue and be sued and do its business. Its other offices were a City Marshal, City Attorney, Assessor and Treasurer.

The election for city officers was to be held on the thirtieth day after the passage of the Act.

By the provisions of the charter the common council was required to fix the salaries of the Mayor and other city officers, and a tariff of fees for officers whose compensations were the fees for services.

The Mayor had a veto on the passage of ordinances, which could be overruled by a two-thirds vote of the council. The Recorder was the Police Judge of the city.

The Common Council had the power to create and fix compensation for City Collector, Harbor Master, "and such other officers as they deemed necessary."

One provision of that charter would have prevented the city officers from incurring an enormous debt which now hangs over us like a pall, crushing out enterprise and requiring oppressive taxation, if our city government had not disregarded it. Section 6 provided that "the City Council shall have power to borrow money and pledge the faith of the city thereupon; provided the aggregate amount of debts of the city shall never exceed its annual estimated revenue."

This clause did not meet with the approval of the officers elected to put that charter into effect. The times were flush, prices high, salaries must be made to correspond, and the annual revenues did not suffice to meet inflated salaries of numerous officers, not to mention enormous bills ordered paid to favorites who were anxious to get close to the city treasury.

We shall see, in a subsequent number of this series, what came of these provisions, and how much of our debt came from the former government of the city, under the charter adopted in October 1840. But we may say here that the claims allowed under those provisions were quite small, and no action was brought on a rejected claim.

"Writing much poetry nowadays?" asked a reporter of a poet, and one can imagine the involuntary distaste with which the latter shrunk from this bluff attack. "I suppose you are doing a good deal of literary work?" said a visitor to a well-known writer of short stories, to whom she wished to make herself agreeable. "Nothing to speak of," was the gentle reply. A week later the same acquaintance appeared again. "Now, really and truly, aren't you writing anything?" she asked, with an engaging frankness which seemed to challenge an equal candor. "Nothing to speak of," was the courteous answer, and with that she was forced to be content; but it was not long before she returned to the charge. "How could you tell me you were not writing anything?" she asked, reproachfully. "Yesterday I heard your mother say that you were too busy with a book of translations to do anything for the fair." "Excuse me," said the victim, goaded into explanation. "I merely said, 'Nothing to speak of.' I meant that I am never doing anything in connection with literature of which I have anything to say." The popular idea of the labor which goes to the making of books is often an amusing one. A literary woman who had urged as a reason for shortening her call on a dear old lady the fact that she had some work to do when she got home, was confronted with the question: "Don't you want a sheet of paper and a pencil right now?" "What for?" was her astonished query. "Why, to write something!"

We constantly hear of the collapse of some of those wild-cat institutions which flourish for a brief time under some high-sounding title as "benefit orders." It is one of the strange foibles of humanity to be humbugged and swindled. There is a fascination about all these enterprises that entraps even those who are skilled in the world's affairs. They fondly dream that, by some mysterious manner, they may obtain wealth through the medium of these tempting schemes, which should teach a thoughtful person that by no process can be obtained something from nothing.

Justice Field is the scholar of the Supreme bench. Besides his Greek and Latin, he is thoroughly versed in modern Greek and Turkish, and can converse fluently in French and Italian. His library is one of the finest in Washington, and he himself is probably the most interesting man in public life at the capital. His extensive travels, combined with his long experience of life and his wide reading, make him a most agreeable and entertaining companion. In personal appearance he is tall, with a somewhat stooping figure and a large head that looks like Shakespeare's.

A plan for the establishment of a theater into which only persons in full dress will be admitted is said to have been perfected in Chicago. It is not unlikely that the sheriff will some day visit the place in his every-day suit.

The Stage.

(Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.)

W. J. Florence, the comedian, was born in Albany, N. Y., July 29, 1831. He made his first appearance on the stage at Richmond in 1849, as Peter, in the *Stranger*.

A New York dentist who has a rich tenor voice sings nursery rhymes and operatic snatches while drawing the teeth of his patients. It is said that his vocal efforts are charged extra in the bill.

Max Eliot says the much discussed comic opera, *Miss Helyett*, has less music in it even than most comic operas have, and that Maxime Boucheron's libretto is almost as broad as it is long, even in French.

Farce-comedy writers and players ask for the introduction of more words into the new dictionaries. New play names are wanted. Thackeray said he was afraid to invent new words until he was master of the old.

Eva Hamilton is being advertised by the manager, previous to going upon the stage, as "the most famous woman in the world." Make it "infamous," and the whole world will accept the statement rather than read up on the evidence.

That the famous singer, Christine Nilsen, is free from the weakness of snobbery is illustrated by this incident. She was once at the house of a retired millionaire. A distinguished company had been invited to meet her at dinner. On entering the dining-room she, hurrying in amazement to the stately young butler, seized him effusively by the hand and engaged him in conversation, while the other guests stood waiting, and the entertainer looked on in astonishment. "That man," she explained to the group who were seated, "is the son of a kind old nobleman on whose estate my father worked as a day laborer when we were children. Fortune has smiled on me, while it has frowned on my old playmate, whom I find under such changed circumstances."

The actors have a new association. A number of them are reported to have met recently in an up-town hotel and to have organized themselves into the Ancient Order of Divorced and Discarded Husbands. At present there is a great deal of mystery in connection with the society, but its objects and purposes are told by the name. It is the intention to have all the unsuccessful married men in the profession banded together for offensive and defensive purposes. No single men will be allowed to join, and those actors who belong to the order and break the rules by recognizing wives who have dropped them from the cast, are to be instantly expelled. The main design of the scheme is humorous, and is probably based on the old idea of the Alimony Club, which created no end of fun in its time.—*N. Y. Dramatic News*.

The most curious of all the agencies is certainly the ballet girls' agency, Perier's, No. 20 Boulevard St. Denis. There come all the dancers of the Continent, and from thence they are shipped off all over the world. The ballet is considered to be in its decadence, but that is a great mistake. There have never been so many dancers as there are to-day. Perier has 3,000 addresses on his list. The agency is an odd sight when the engagements are being made. The rooms themselves are on the ground floor, three wee closets into which scarcely a score of people could be crammed; but the court-yard is large, and into that there crowd some sixty or eighty ballet girls, jolly, noisy creatures, full of fun and mischief, teasing any unhappy man who may fall into their mischievous clutches. They tickle him, they pull his hat over his eyes, and generally make his life a burden to him. No one can control the turbulent band but Perier himself, who, with an Olympian frown and a stern and resonant cry of "Silence!" contrives occasionally to bring the impish lot into comparative order.

W. S. Gilbert—who has been made a justice of the piece—no, no; of the peace, has produced at the Vaudeville Theater, London, his fun burlesque of Hamlet, under the title of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*. The funniest part of it is that in which the young gentlemen, who are not titled young gentlemen, set by the queen, interfere with the soliloquizing propensities of the prince. The ruffians' rude remarks play havoc with the "To be or not be" deliverance, and Hamlet, with patience exhausted, cries out.

It must be patent to the merest dunce
That they cannot soliloquize at once.

Hamlet is described by the fair Ophelia as "idiotically sane with lucid intervals of lunacy." He discovers that the king has written a very bad five-act tragedy. For this horrible crime the majesty of Denmark is filled with remorse; yet Hamlet piles up the agony by engaging the players to play the tragedy before the assembled court. Of course, he wants to give advice to the players, but they belong to the profession, and don't require instruction from a raw amateur. In the end, Hamlet is ordered to quit the palace and to find a shop at the Lyceum.

Book Chat.

Andrew Lang is declared to write best in a rose garden; Tolstoi sits on his bed and puts the inkstand on his ruffled pillow; Dumas *fils* uses an ebony desk, while Mary Anderson-Navarro's is mother of pearl.

There are eight articles by women in the current number of the *Arena*, and they are all good ones, too. A sex that can help to mold public opinion through review articles ought to be able to help shape public policy through the ballot.

Mr. Sydney Colvin's edition of the "Letters of Keats" is published by Macmillan. The book is an event to Keats lovers. In England, where it has already appeared, Mr. Colvin's work of editing is highly praised, and the "Letters" are said to be the most valuable contribution to Keatsiana yet made.

Coningsby Ralph Disraeli, the great British statesman's nephew, is said to have inherited with his uncle's wealth a great deal of his talent. He is a clever politician, rather a good speaker, and writes interesting newspaper and magazine articles. In dress he is as much of a dandy as the elder Disraeli was. His clothing is ultra-fashionable in cut, he lives luxuriously and is a member of half a dozen London clubs. He is twenty-four years old.

Andrew Lang compares reviewing with the pastime of snowballing, and wonders why people mind and do not rather enjoy it. Mr. Lang can hardly judge quite fairly by his own case. It is one thing to receive a few snowballs when you are snowballing yourself, and quite another to get a blow from behind, or a freezing mass down the back of the neck, from a street gamin when you are walking soberly and inoffensively about your business. Judging from Mr. Lang's own reviews, however, reviewing is even more fun than snowballing.

Bjornsterne Bjornson, who is now nearly 60, says that he has "still lots of work to do and not much time to do it in." And he adds: "My work is my life, music is my amusement, and when I have plenty of both I am always happy." He has lately finished the text of a modern oratorio for which the distinguished composer Grieg is writing the music. It is the first time either has essayed oratorio. It is said of Bjornson's penmanship that he writes so abominably that no one but his wife can ever read his untidy manuscript. She copies everything he writes, and recopies after his alterations, until sometimes she writes the whole of a book three or four times. He walks up and down alone, thinking out a chapter, a poem or an act of a play, and not until he has decided on almost every detail does he take a pen in hand.

The careful lover of books has originated the idea now that linen picture frames are the style of making linen covers to put upon the books lent to friends and relatives. They are daintily etched in floral designs and have pertinent mottoes, perhaps adaptable to the borrower. If the person is noted for never returning a book, or for keeping it an exasperating long time, a pleasant little motto relative to the virtue of returning books and so forth meets her eye every time she happens to see the one she has borrowed.

Fear not nor soil not,
Read all, but spoil not,

is a cordial invitation to the reader to enjoy the book with dainty, clean-fingered appreciation.

If anyone should borrow me,
Don't bother to keep my cover clean,
For I am made of linen cloth,
And can be washed again.

This gives the borrower *carte blanche* to leave the book on the grass, or munch candy while she is reading it, or to use it for a writing tablet while penning answers to various invitations brought by hurrying messenger boys.

The seven sacred books of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendvesta of the Persians, the Eddas of the Scandinavians and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the most recent of all, dating from about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from both the Old and New Testaments and from the Talmud. The Tri Pitikes contains sublime morals and pure aspirations. The author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. The sacred writings of the Chinese called the Five Kings contain wise sayings from the sages on the duties of life, but they cannot be traced back further than the eleventh century before our era. The Vedas are the most ancient writings in the history of the Hindoos, but they do not, according to the late commentators, date prior to the twelfth century before the Christian era. The Zendvesta of the Persians, next to our Bible, is reckoned among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of these writings. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, lived and worked in the twelfth century before Christ. Moses lived and wrote the Pentateuch 1,500 years before the birth of Christ; therefore that portion of our Bible is at least 300 years older than the most ancient of the other sacred writings.

Professional Chat.

With a nice discrimination Bishop Brooks alludes to one of the reverend gentlemen who took delight in opposing his confirmation as that "dear moth-eaten angel."

Assistant District Attorney Mallowny is very polite and accommodating to witnesses, says the *Washington Post*, and when a Chinaman or other foreigner is placed on the stand, he always asks how he wishes to be sworn. A few days ago a Chinaman appeared as a witness. "You know the nature of an oath?" asked Mr. Mallowny. There was an affirmative reply, and then he was asked how he wanted the oath administered. "Me no care. Allee same me swear. Suny-schoole bookee no difference." The old-fashioned oath was administered, and One Lung didn't seem to know why everybody laughed.

During the English campaign of 1847, during which Disraeli led the conservatives, there was a good deal of rough-and-tumble interruptions and intellectual scuffling. Some one having howled about "free trade," Disraeli said: "I think it would be a better security for human happiness and for political success that there should be a free trade in knowledge and in argument, which you have not permitted to-day, when your most brilliant argument was a howl and your happiest repartee was a hiss." Some one having yelled, "speak quick!" he said: "Speak quick! It is very easy for you to speak quick when you only utter a stupid monosyllable; but when I speak I must measure my words. I have to open your great thick head. If I bawl like you, you will leave this place as ignorant as you entered it."

John A. Cockerill tells the Cincinnati *Enquirer* the following story of John Chamberlin: After Mr. Harrison's election to the Presidency he one day called on a neighbor who lives close by Chamberlin's Washington hotel. As he was coming away John met him. He had often had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Harrison in the Senatorial form, and they chatted like a pair of old friends. "I understand," said Mr. Harrison, good-naturedly, "that you opposed me pretty bitterly during the late campaign. Hazen tells me that you were a red-hot Cleveland man." "I'll tell you, Mr. President," said John, with a twinkle in his eye, "just how it was. I was for Cleveland first and you next, and you see I got a place." It is presumed that Mr. Harrison knows enough of the lingo of the race-course to catch the humor of John's explanation.

Fifty-thousand-dollar fees are common, says the *New York Morning Journal*. They are often paid by big corporations for legal advice, the correctness or faultiness of which means a gain or loss of millions. No lawyer will give his advice in an affair involving enormous sums of money or the existence of a great corporation, without receiving remuneration in proportion to the amount or interest involved. The personal liberty of a wealthy man is often worth \$50,000 to him, and a first-class criminal lawyer, who succeeds in securing to a wealthy client his personal liberty, or his acquittal on a grave charge, expects remuneration in proportion to the wealth of his client. He gets it, too. There are several instances of \$250,000 having been paid to lawyers as a single fee. The most startling case was that in which ex-Senator W. H. Evarts, of Evarts, Choate & Beaman, received a quarter of a million dollars for an opinion on a ticklish legal point. A great corporation sought his advice. The lawyer stated the case, and added that the opinion of Senator Evarts would be final with them, and that they would adopt their future course according to his advice. He then put a question, to which the ex-Senator answered simply: "Yes." His bill was \$250,000. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for just one word! Yes, and cheap at that price. Had the corporation gone to a less reliable lawyer and received "no" for an answer it would have cost them many millions. There is another unique feature of this instance. It is the only case on record in which ex-Senator Evarts is known to have said simply "yes." His sentences are usually long and involved, but in this case one word sufficed, and he earned his enormous fee. Another fee of \$250,000 was that paid by the sugar trust to John E. Parsons for drawing up the agreement under which they reorganized under the laws of the State of New Jersey. This was also a case that needed a lawyer who could not make a mistake. The smallest error would have been fatal to the trust. It may have been an easy matter for Mr. Parsons to draw up that agreement, or it may not; but, supposing that it was, the long years of tedious training and study which were necessary before he arrived at the state of proficiency which enabled him to draw up a document that was fire-proof in every way, must be taken into consideration in computing the value of his services. That the agreement was cheap at the price was abundantly demonstrated by the futile efforts of the Senate investigating committee to gain any more information about the trust's affairs than the officers of the trust saw fit to give them. An agreement of that sort is worth paying well for.

NOTES.

The Chinese government seems to protect our missionaries in very much the same fashion as we protect the celestials in this country.

Essence of cinnamon has been tried as a spray in hospital wards, and it is said to have proven more useful than eucalyptus in cases of malaria.

The crackling sound of freshly ignited wood or coal is caused by the air or liquid contained in the pores expanding by heat and bursting the cover in which it is confined.

It is reported that the Wyoming Legislature which recently imposed a tax of \$2 on bachelors was elected by woman's suffrage. Any of these voting ladies who hereafter refuses the hand of a man ought to be regarded as *pariceps criminis* and made to bear half the fine.

Senator Pepper, the "whiskers" of the Senate, representing the Kansas Alliance, advocates the loaning of money by the Government direct to the farmers at 2 per cent. In a recent speech he said that if the State of Kansas were to be put up at auction it would not bring enough to pay its indebtedness; and the question naturally arises: What security would the Kansas Alliance give for those 2-per-cent. loans?

It would occur to a thoughtful person, that the city authorities are exercising great and undue, if not unlawful, haste in levying attachments on the saloon keepers for failure to pay for a license in advance. If the ordinance is a police regulation, there certainly can be no obligation which will warrant the suits and attachments until the quarter has past. In other words, there can be no debt to the city until the parties have conducted their business for the quarter named, for the very reason that this ordinance is only a police regulation.

A New York judge has rendered a decision to the effect that "a nuisance is anything that is hurtful and vexatious; that disturbs happiness and impairs and prevents enjoyment; and that causes displeasure, gives pain or produces unpleasant sensations." From this definition, the affairs of life are pretty much made up of nuisances. We might call our wives and children nuisances. The tilts at the bar, and many of the transactions of a mercantile career, would come under that head. In fact, we are constituted of nuisances.

Connecticut has a severe attack of Sabbatarianism, under the influence of which a few of the restless zealots in various cities of the State are making themselves ridiculous and rendering many other people very uncomfortable. In contemplating these strange retrocessions to the evil days of intolerance, the philosophical mind is sometimes led to question whether, after all, the knowledge of and regard for true liberty has increased in New England since the misty years when wicked witches were burned and unlucky Quakers' ears were nailed to the town pump.

It is a well-known fact among women that dresses, trimmings, household adornments—anything that has color and becomes faded, if put away in the dark for awhile, will come out as fresh and bright as if just from the hands of the cleaner or dyer. This principle has always been recognized in the vegetable kingdom, trees and plants of all kinds going into a death like trance during the winter months, to come forth in the spring with renewed vigor and beauty. The application of these ideas to insensate things, to the products of the mineral kingdom, is, however, a later and more original proposition.

Men who are to represent the United States abroad should be of more than average education, obtained in American schools, free from snobbery or confidence in riches, and should have given some evidence by their work at home of their public spirit and patriotism, and of a thoroughly trustworthy character. Finally, the more independent a man is of what is called "society" in America the better fitted will he be to faithfully represent the American people abroad; because it must be confessed with humiliation that there is very little that is truly American in American society, and particularly in that portion of it which spends a good deal of its time in Europe.

The Farmers' Alliance may have a practical demonstration of their financial schemes by studying the methods that prevail in the sadly battered-up republic of Chili. Every fruit at Iquique, the seat of war, is issuing its own currency, and pill-box lids are the medium of circulation. A round lid is worth 25 cents; an oval lid passes for 50 cents. They are stamped with the promise of the firm to redeem them in gold in the sweet by and by. The government has issued paper currency until a dollar of it is worth but 25 cents in gold. The inflationists should include pill-box lids in their scheme. They would be as handy to carry around as a poker chip.

Our colleague and senior editor is having a grand outing way up in the Sierras. He says he is in a place where he can get rich and, of course, this suits him. The chances for this wealth are, however, of a somewhat negative kind—there is "no bar, no store, nothing but pure water and grub," and this our senior gives as a source of wealth, because there is no way to spend money. Friend Win, just look around among the visitors and get up a little sitting on the great American game of "draw," and perhaps you will find a way to get rid of your vast accumulations. If there is no such thing as a little "draw" at this resort, then, indeed, is the case a hopeless one, and you had better return to civilization. By the way, our colleague says that he has board to pay; well, in that event, there is no occasion for uneasiness, for he will soon return. Laudlords have a way of getting rid of patrons without the wherewith, and our senior has been there two weeks and must have reached his financial limit.

It is well known that colors have great influence on the moods of some persons, especially those of sensitive temperament. Insane persons are exceptionally susceptible to the effect of color, and a record which has just been made of experiments in this direction by the directors of the Milan insane asylum is most interesting. A melancholy patient was placed in a flood of rosy light, and in twelve hours he improved perceptibly; in twenty-four hours he called for food, although for many preceding days he had refused nourishment, which had to be given him by force. Green and blue were found to be the most quieting, rose the most cheering and red the most exciting to patients generally. The results obtained were so uniform and so satisfactory that the authorities of the asylum have decided to adopt a systematic course of color treatment for the inmates of the asylum. In future every apartment in the building will be furnished in colors specially calculated to improve the condition of the patient.

We visited the Olympic Club rooms at San Francisco, in company with Jos. Mansfield, one afternoon last week, and witnessed several members leisurely exercising. Never on the stage, or in the ring have we seen such splendid horizontal bar feats as those performed by a young man by the name of Robert Leando. Another young man, John Stack, a pupil of the former, is destined to make a superior bar performer and general athlete. There are many very fine all-round athletes in this club. It is a pleasure to inspect the perfect manner in which the Olympic Club rooms are constructed. Every possible contrivance is there, by which every part of the body and muscles can be exercised and strengthened. The Olympic Club boys can well be proud of their club arrangements, as well as their membership, which now exceeds 2,000. In our younger days we had some ideas that we were an athlete, but when we looked on this club, and the proficiency of its members, we concluded that we were indeed a back number. So interested were we in the exercises, that it was with difficulty that Joe Mansfield could get us to leave the boys. We will go again, however.

That brilliant poet, essayist and diplomatic statesman, James Russell Lowell, has passed to the dark unknown. Genius, character and brains were the composition of this great American. His ideas and works were American in the broad and comprehensive sense. They went straight to the American heart. All the weaknesses of our nation were brought out under his stinging satire. Genuine patriotism was an attribute of his best efforts in the literary world. No man has done more to elevate the American character in the minds of our English neighbors. Mr. Lowell, for the greater part of his life, took part in politics only as an advocate of the grand principles of republicanism. In 1876, however, he was a presidential elector, and the year following was appointed by President Hayes Minister to Spain, where, at the Court of Madrid, his splendid attainments made him a favorite. In 1880 he was transferred to the Court of St. James, where his graceful oratory and poetic power became the admiration of our British cousins. While there were no great international questions for his consideration, he conducted our diplomatic relations so as to earn the plaudits of our people, and the warm admiration of the Court of St. James. In 1885 President Cleveland recalled Mr. Lowell, and since that time he has devoted himself to literature, and resumed his lectures at Cambridge, interspersing his labors by travel on the continent. The following is a list of his literary labors: "Class Poem," "A Year Life," "Poems," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," "Poems" (1848), "The Biglow Papers," "A Fable for Critics," "Life of Keats," "Poetical Works" (1858), "Mason and Slidell, a Yankee Idyl," "The President's Policy," "Ode, Living and Dead Soldiers," "Under the Willows," "Among My Books," "The Courtin'," "Three Memorial Poems," "Democracy," "The Literary World." His late works have been principally lectures.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Our Navy and the New Naval Militia Drills—Coney Island and its Attractions.

NEW YORK, August 8, 1891.

[Special Correspondence of THEMIS.]

The half dozen vessels of our new navy that lay at anchor in the Hudson river off west Twenty-fourth street attracted a good deal of attention, even from such a non-demonstrative people as the New Yorkers. Compared with the old type of war ships that have visited New York harbor on various occasions, they present a formidable appearance, and plainly indicate that the days of "scientific warfare" have swept away the traditional appliances on the sea if not on land. They also serve to remind us that at last we have the nucleus of a modern navy. While its present strength may not be so great as to cause any special apprehension on the part of the great European powers, yet third and fourth class nations, who have been accustomed to view with contempt our antiquated navy, which, until recently, constituted the only means of extraneous warfare at the command of this country, and the only protection of our citizens in foreign lands, are already beginning to display that increased respect which is always awarded to a superior power. The drills of the new naval militia have also proved quite a number of things that were undreamt of in the past generation. At the beginning, old salts as well as landsmen were apt to smile in a superior way when the idea of "citizen sailors" was broached, the very name, one of these linguistic anomalies that are the result of nineteenth-century revolution of ideas, was ridiculed as a contradiction of terms. But the drills have demonstrated the fact that the modern man-o-war's man is a soldier, pure and simple, and that the true "sailors" of the ship are to be found in the engine-room. The new army is composed of men who are neither rough in manner nor in looks, and their speech is that of gentlemen, but for all that, Uncle Sam's men found that they were wonderfully apt learners, and in no wise merited the ridicule that was heaped upon them when they first presented themselves on board the squadron of evolution. Of course, there were plenty of mistakes at first, but somehow the better education of the recruits enabled them to grasp the underlying principles of the work with an ease that made them rivals of the trained regulars. The target practice with ship's guns at Fisher's Island was a complete surprise to the officers of the squadron, and the reserves covered themselves with powder-smut and glory to their hearts' content.

It being more blessed to abuse than to be abused, isn't it about time we heard something from the other side regarding the present management of the navy department? We have all been so fully occupied in praising the advances made in the construction of modern war ships that little or no attention has been paid to their employment. It seems to me that there is something radically wrong in the way our new navy is distributed. The squadron of evolution absorbs a goodly number of the best—from half a dozen to a dozen vessels. The Mediterranean squadron has several more on stations when there is no absolute necessity for heavy vessels. The North Atlantic squadron has a few, and that these are well placed there can be no doubt. But the Pacific squadron has but two or three vessels of a serviceable type, while the Gulf squadron is entirely made up of antiquated hulks totally unfit to represent American interests; and that, too, in a part of the world where the interests of the United States are of paramount importance. Surely our vessels are not sent to European waters to make a show of our power, yet the best of them are on those stations, when they are absolutely unnecessary. On the other hand, Spanish America—fronting on two oceans, and consisting of some twenty nations, not always at peace with each other, and in which American interests are the largest and most important, is patrolled by a few old vessels that are wholly unable to offer protection to American citizens resident in these ports. In times of difficulty it is the habit of the Americans to appeal to the English for protection. It is lucky that on the whole Spanish-Americans are extremely well disposed to their North American cousins. But couldn't Secretary Tracy give us a better safeguard than an uncertain popular feeling?

I suppose that the polite term for that class of people who habitually assert that the old times were so much better than the new is to call them conservatives; but in one place not far from New York they call them "old fogies"—and that is down on Coney Island. They may recall the day when the beach was a romantic waste, and when modern enterprise had not improved the effect of remoteness and solitude out of the place. But when cornered, the conservative is

usually forced to admit that, as a resort, the modern island is a vast improvement on the original home of coney. And, by-the-by, these little animals must have moved out very early in the history of the island, for there are no legends even of their presence among the sand dunes. For one thing, transportation facilities are somewhat better than they were twenty years ago. Then, a favorite way to Coney Island was by the shore road toward Fort Hamilton. You drove down, calling at Bath for your dinner, and then had a long drive before you could get your fill of sand and sea air. One half the island claims Austin Corbin as its founder. Some twenty years ago he was staying at Suedekin's Oceanic Hotel for the purpose of eating claims and recuperating his health by absolute rest—the only things to be had. With wonderful foresight, as some say, or by a lucky return for his speculative mania, according to others, he bought the eastern half of the island and proceeded to develop it by a railroad, two mammoth hotels (the Manhattan and Oriental), Gilmore's Band, a fireworks enclosure capable of seating 5,000 people, and in various ways investing something like \$3,500,000. The stockholders of the company have drawn out three dollars for every one they invested, however. The great attraction of this end of the island is not its fine hotels or its excellent facilities as the perfect order that is preserved. There is no doubt but that Americans will patronize good amusements liberally if they can be assured that the peace will be preserved. That is Mr. Corbin's theory, and the result proves that he is right. But it must not be supposed that all Coney Island is like Manhattan Beach. There is another side to the island, which lies to the west of the creek separating Brighton and Manhattan. Down in the west end "everything goes," as they will calmly tell you. This is the home of the merry-go-round, the Frankfurter sausage, the patent swing and the famous Coney Island beer glass—warranted four to the pint. A stroll through the Island "Bowery" of a Saturday evening is equal to an education in the ways of a certain class of society most often met with in the police courts. The original Bowery of the city isn't in it with its island namesake, either for brilliancy of its dance-halls or the calm manner in which they swindle the unsuspecting stranger. There is a well authenticated story of a man who complained that a dish ordered and served after the usual delay was not fit to eat. The waiter looked at it a moment and then, as he turned superciliously away, shouted over his shoulder: "Dat's all right. Don't yez know dis is Coney Island?"

A "first night" has rarely brought together so many newspaper men and actors as gathered to-night in the Madison Square Theater to witness the first performance of *Jane*. This piece, drawn originally from the French, enjoyed a long run in London, but this was its first production in America. It is a farce comedy in three acts, and is exceedingly funny in some of its situations. It may be expected to repeat here, in some measure at least, its London success. As a whole it was very well acted, and the performance will improve with repetition. "Jane" is a servant in the employ of "Charles Shakelton," who, having swindled his distant uncle out of money on the representation that he was married, was under the necessity of producing the wife when his uncle unexpectedly paid him a visit. He, therefore, induces "Jane," for a consideration, to pass herself off as his wife, which she does to the satisfaction of everybody except her husband, another servant, whom she had married the very day the action opens. It is needless to say that "Jane" is the central figure of the comedy. The part was cleverly taken by Miss Johnstone Bennett, who, however, might improve her interpretation by not making so complete a change in transforming herself from a servant into a lady. The production of *Jane* opens the theatrical season in New York, and it is a play adapted for the summer, being light, airy, and without the necessity of much thought on the part of the auditors.

Many loans are made in Wall street now with a clause providing for payment in gold. There does not appear to be any general discrimination of interest in gold and currency loans, but in one case it is said that a loan was made at 5 per cent. with a gold clause rather than at 6 per cent. without the gold clause. There is also a disposition on the part of some to insert the gold clause in mortgages. This instance on gold payments is, however, special, not general. Most of the large concerns make no discrimination whatever.

The earliest Connecticut patent found on record was granted in October, 1717, to Edward Hinman, of Stratford, for the exclusive right and liberty of making molasses from the stalks of Indian corn, in Fairfield county, for ten years, which grant ended with the words: "Always provided the said Hinman makes as good molasses, and makes it as cheap, as comes from the West Indies."

FLASHES.

Old age tells—so does youth, often.

Those who get ahead fast usually have the big head.

This weather is too hot to make lovers affectionate.

A man who knows he is wrong is always a coward at heart.

Doctors can, as a rule, take life easy; some of them do—at times.

A man that is popular with a large number of women rarely makes a good husband.

We may preach from the housetops, but the devil will be climbing in by the basement windows.

Long engagements between lovers are not good; they are apt to find out too much about each other.

The Old Boys Are In It.

A large number of California Pioneers of "49" met at Nahant, Mass., on July 30, and indulged in a regular old time picnic. The following is from the Boston News, July 31:

Visitors at Nahant yesterday were puzzled at a peculiar flag that floated over the Bass Point House. At about 3 o'clock the mystery was solved by the arrival of about fifty members of the New England Association of California Pioneers, accompanied by their ladies and invited guests, who, after spending an hour in rambling around the rocks and grounds, sat down to an excellent fish dinner.

President Samuel Snow called the assemblage to order and introduced Francis D. Clark, of New York, President of the Territorial Society of Pioneers of New York. He gave some interesting reminiscences of society and mining experiences in California in its earlier days.

Among those present were: President Samuel Snow, Secretary George G. Spurr, Warren Fletcher, John Adams, James H. Bennett of Boston, Isaiah Graves of Lynn, Marshall Russell of Brookline, Stephen A. Cornell of Springfield, Joseph Holmes of Milton, Dr. Charles H. Johnson of Chelsea and others. The entire affair was informal, but all who participated enjoyed themselves.

Ball of Courtland Parlor.

Parlor No. 106, N. S. G. W., will give a grand dedication ball at Courtland August 21, in Houston's new hall. There will be a moonlight excursion from this city and return to enable the Sacramentans to attend the entertainment. The fare for the round trip has been fixed at \$1. Steamer leaves K street landing at 6 P. M. The "natives" expect to have a glorious time.

Accumulate a Fortune.

"Some people are born to riches; some acquire riches, and some have riches thrust upon them." But among all classes of people, the world over, only about two of every hundred acquire and attain a competency beyond their old age of usefulness as producers of capital. Few give this matter serious thought. Like Macawber they are expecting "something to turn up," which will suddenly place them in positions of affluence, and beyond the necessity of earning their daily bread by hard labor in their old age. People, therefore, use up their money as fast as they get it, scarcely giving a thought to the future, until it is too late.

There are many thousands of people whose income from their labors are larger than is necessary to feed and clothe them, and who would put aside a part of each week's income for future use if they had a well defined system to follow in doing so. There are few men (and statistics show there are two in every hundred) who are wise enough to develop certain plans, and to follow them persistently through life. Having these plans they are inspired by visions of comfort and plenty which are sure to result from their closely following the system they have mapped out. Having followed the system for a time, and finding the occupation but pleasant and profitable, the inspiration is lightened by their having a constantly increasing bank account with which to further increase their income.

It is possible for every able-bodied man or woman to accumulate a fortune. There are no "ifs" or "ands" about it. It is possible for every wage-earner to put himself on an even footing with his employer in the matter of income. He may not employ exactly the same means, but that matters little, the results may be the same or better.

Lord Wolseley tells of a curious relic in the possession of the wife of the American consul at Maderia. It is only a simple paper knife, but it would be difficult to find anything more interesting than it. On one side is written: "I broke this, D. D. Porter." On the reverse is inscribed: "I mended it, W. T. Sherman." The owner met these two great Americans at Gibraltar, and remembers them with great pleasure.

A single white rose is laid each day on the grave of Gambetta. His greatest eulogy is the fact that the French republic survives his loss.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Russell's Comedians will give *The City Directory* (up to date) on August 24th. There has been a reconstruction of this farce comedy since its last production in this city. We witnessed the performance of the present company at the California Theater last week, and pronounce the combination excellent. Willis P. Sweatnam is the detective, and does some clever comedy business. Dan Daly, "Stage Manager of the Gaiety," is simply immense. Burt Haverly, Luke Schoolcraft, Jos. Miron, and Chas. Seamon are the very best in their specialties. Miss Bessie Cleveland makes a superb "Nanon," while the three "Rosebuds" by Misses Kelso, Uart and Weller in song and high kicking dances are clever. Miss Amelia Glover is the genuine "high kicker." Julius P. Witmark is a good balladist. All in all, the company excels its predecessor.

Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company, famous for its excellence, will, on Monday night, present for the first time in this city, *The Charity Ball*, written by Belasco and DeMille. It is one of the strongest plays on the stage, and in the hands of Herbert Kelsey, Nelson Wheatcroft, W. J. LeMoyné, Chas. Walcott, Fritz Williams, Miss Georgia Cayvan, Miss Henrietta Crosman, Miss Effie Shannon, all the splendid emotions and sensations, as well as the comedy elements are brought out in striking reality. Herbert Kelsey's rendition of the young Rector of St. Mildreds is a masterpiece of art. Miss Georgia Cayvan, as Ann Conger, does great art work, and her emotion is realistic, particularly when she discovers Phyllis Lee's (Miss Henrietta Crosman) relations with Dick Van Buren (Nelson Wheatcroft) the brother of the Rector. Miss Crosman's strongest scene is in the rectory the night after the charity ball, when she comes to confess with her spiritual adviser. Effie Shannon is a remarkably clever little actress, and with Fritz Williams comes the comedy role with spirit. Mr. LeMoyné, as Judge Knox, is perfectly at home, and his courtship of the widow De Peyster (Mrs. Chas. Walcott) has many humorous situations. In fact, it is necessary to witness the play as presented by this great company to have a full appreciation of its merit and the merit of the artists.

Distinguished Jurist Dead.

Hon. C. G. W. French, for many years a resident of this county, and prominent as an attorney at law, died at San Francisco yesterday. Judge French was a thorough classical scholar, and devoted to literature as an adjunct to his profession. He served one term as a member of the Assembly from this county, and shortly after the adjournment was appointed Chief Justice of the Territory of Arizona, which position he held for eight years. The learned Judge, after the expiration of his two terms as Chief Justice, took up his residence in Washington, D. C., where he practiced in the Federal Courts. Old age creeping on him, brought him back to the scenes of his former life, and a couple of years ago he made this city his home for his declining days. A short time ago he was taken ill and went to San Francisco for medical treatment, and the result of that illness was his death. Judge French was a peculiar and exclusive man, having only few close friends, and they among the lovers of literature. Judge A. P. Catlin received the first information of his death by telegraph yesterday morning, and at once proceeded to San Francisco to attend the last rites of his old-time friend.

The Value of Saving.

Savings societies are the foes of monopoly and of the undue accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few. How is this? It is easily understood, if one pauses to think it over.

So long as the mass of the people do not save anything out of their earnings, just so long will their spendings go into the hands of those who do save; and those are the capitalists; and it remains and grows in the hands of those who keep it. That is why the few own the house and the many pay the rent.

The full scope and significance of savings societies are realized by very few. Properly conducted, there is no more efficient agent for improving the temporal condition of the man of small means. His savings, if alone, would be too insignificant to loan, and therefore useless as an interest-earner. But the savings of 500 or 5,000 men, say even of 60 cents a month (which is the usual amount paid in on each share in these associations) is important and available; only, to be made of active use, these savings must be loaned. It is essential that they be loaned securely, for insecurity and want of confidence are deadly foes to saving. What is the use of frugality and "laying by for a rainy day," if some rascal is to run off with the fruits of our self-denial?

It is this feeling that has operated in many cases against "saving up." Savings societies take care to place their money securely. They also loan it so as to carry out the principles of the organizations and to promote continued savings.

Piazza Conversations.

One of these inspiring conversations, to be heard every day at all the seaside resorts, is something as follows:

"Where is Mrs. Lilac?"
"I don't know."
"Neither do I."
"Anybody know?"
"No."
Silence and rocking.
"Oh, here's Mrs. Lilac!"
"Oh, yes! here she is."
"Just speaking of you, Mrs. Lilac."
"Yes; I didn't know where you were."
"Neither did I."
"Nor I."
"Oh, isn't that pretty! What is it?"
"Oh, yes, indeed; do tell us; I never saw one before."
"Neither did I."
"Nor I."
"Where did you get it?"
"Whitney's?"
"Stearns's?"
"Decorative Art?"
"How can you do such fancy work in summer?"
"I know it; how can you?"
"I can't."
"Neither can I."
"Nor I."
"But, then, it must be such satisfaction to look at in the winter."
"Yes; mustn't it be?"
"Yes, indeed."
"I should think so."
"See the surf this morning?"
"Yes, indeed. Grand!"
"Lovely!"
"Never saw anything like it."
"Neither did I."
"Nor I."
"Do you bathe?"
"No; doesn't agree with me."
"How funny. Doesn't with me."
"Nor me, either."
"Nor me."
"Lots of work to get all your clothes off."
"And your boots."
"And hair."
"And so sticky you have to really take two baths."
"That's so; you do."
"That's a fact."
"Awful bother."
"So I think."
"Don't you think it is a very sleepy atmosphere here?"
"Just what I was saying to my husband the other day."
"Why, so was I."
"I can't seem to do anything at all."
"Nor accomplished anything."
"Not a thing."
All yawn.
"Do you suppose they'll have blueberry cakes for supper?"
"I hope so. I love them."
"With sirup?"
"No, sugar."
"Lovely!"
"Delicious!"
"Ever eat any browse?"
"What's browse?"
"Never heard of it."
"Neither did I."
"Nor I."
"Why, it's green huckleberries."
"Oh, is that all."

And so on, and so on, and so on, for one solid hour.—*Boston Saturday Gazette.*

Solid Institutions.

Capital, in large or small sums, is ever seeking investment where the profit is large and the security unquestionable.

The prudent man, whether capitalist, business man, clerk or mechanic, will invest where the security offered is free from speculation. It is important, therefore, to inquire into the nature of savings societies. There are no financial institutions in the world which are more solid than these societies, and there are no institutions which have been so uniformly successful. Why? Because they cannot speculate; they do not ask or give credit; they loan their money to members only, on first mortgage security on real estate. Such mortgages are the best security known, and are much safer than ordinary mortgages, as the borrower commences to pay his loan at once, both principal, premium, and interest in small monthly payments; and as most of the loans are made to mechanics and salaried men who want to pay for homes, they rarely make a default.

The result is, that it is a rare thing for one of these societies to foreclose a mortgage, and when a foreclosure does occur, it is not often that the society is a loser thereby.

An opportunity to invest any sum, from \$3 to \$10,000, is offered under the mutual system (where each member is a partner) by the Pacific Coast Savings Society. Sacramento office, 1007 Fourth street.

Never before was the study of warfare pursued with so much scientific method as now. Every art and every science is brought under tribute to it, and the most splendid rewards await the men who make important contributions to the business of killing. In no department of human enterprise is invention so steadily and so zealously engaged. Warfare is more of a profession than ever before.

More thought and more energy and enthusiasm are expended on it than even for the propagation of religion. The cost of the churches and of missionary agencies, of all education, is far less than the expense of the military establishments of Christendom. In the laboratory, the foundry and the target-field, investigations and experiments in its behalf proceed without cessation. The philosopher's stone was not hunted after so eagerly. Machine guns, improvements in arms of precision, the abstruse and secret study of explosives, new devices of destruction, are receiving the earnest attention of the most acute and best-trained scientific and mechanical genius of civilization.

S. A. WOLFE,

Photographic Art Parlors

426½ J Street, Sacramento.

Capital Coffee House

J. H. BRUNING, Proprietor.

509 K STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth, SACRAMENTO.

Fine Coffee, Tea or Milk, { with Pie or Cake, } 10 Cents.

JUST AT HAND

The latest New York styles in Note Paper, Visiting and Correspondence Cards, Card Envelopes, Mourning Cards and Paper.
Tinted Note Paper and Correspondence Cards are now the rage. All the latest tints in stock.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

THE
STATE
FAIR
OCCURS AT
SACRAMENTO
SEPT. 7TH TO 19TH 1891
THE EVENT OF THE YEAR.
DON'T FAIL TO EXHIBIT.
WRITE THE SECRETARY
FOR INFORMATION.
FRED K. COX,
PRESIDENT.
EDWIN F. SMITH,
SECRETARY.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of V. CURRAN, an insolvent debtor.—V. Curran having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said V. Curran is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said V. Curran, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 18th day of September, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated August 13th, 1891.
JAMES B. DEVINE, Attorney for Petitioner. a15-5t

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

Our Own.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away—
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me a kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth at morning
That never come home at night,
And hearts have been broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts of the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best,
Ah! lips with curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Won by a Kiss.

"Is she dead, doctor, or has she only fainted?"

Without answering the question of the frightened groom, "Doctor" Hugh Liscome bent down above the prostrate form upon the grass and placed his hand over her heart, while his own was throbbing.

Presently the look of terror faded from his own face, and glancing up he said: "Her heart is beating regularly. She is not dead, nor do I think she is injured seriously. Perhaps, however, you had better get a carriage, for she may be unable to reach the hall by walking."

The groom hurried away and Dr. Liscome resumed his examination. Pretty soon he uttered an exclamation as he discovered a dislocated wrist.

"It's too bad!" he muttered.

He was a very young man for a doctor, and it was no wonder he was deeply moved, for Mabel Ringwood, the daughter of him of the hall, was very beautiful. Hugh Liscome thought he could gaze on such loveliness forever without getting tired of the employment.

After awhile he stooped and kissed her. Almost immediately she opened her eyes. He shrank back appalled; but the look of anguish upon her face, and the whiteness about her lips, recalled him to himself.

"Where am I and what has happened?" she feebly asked.

"Your horse ran away, Miss Ringwood. You were finally thrown to the ground, and I think your wrist is dislocated."

"Ah, yes; I remember. Sultana got frightened at the train, and you tried to stop her, but I was thrown to the ground. Were you not hurt, Dr. Liscome?"

"Oh, nothing to speak of. The horse's foot came down on my boot once, but that is nothing."

"And you risked your life to save me? How can I ever thank you enough?" Mabel exclaimed gratefully.

"By never speaking of the matter again. It was merely an act of duty, and, as it was you, a pleasure. Forget it, Miss Ringwood."

"Can you set my wrist?" she demanded, changing the subject.

"I can if you wish it; but the pain will be most terrible during the operation."

"It will have to be set some time, will it not?"

"Certainly."

"And the pain will be no greater now than at another time. You may set it now, if you please."

And closing her pearly teeth tightly together, Mabel waited in silence.

Twice Hugh felt along her wrist before he could gain the requisite courage, but at last he compressed his fingers and the joint sprang back with a snap.

"Did it hurt you very severely?" he asked when it was over.

But she did not open her eyes or answer, and he thought that she had fainted again. He could not resist the temptation to give her another kiss. The color flowed into her cheeks and she opened her eyes rather suddenly.

"Was that in lieu of the usual fee?" she asked mischievously.

Fortunately the carriage from the hall arrived at this particular juncture, with old Mr. Ringwood half frightened to death by the groom.

On learning the exact state of the case, he proffered the doctor 20 guineas.

"I cannot accept that," said Hugh. "My professional fee for setting Miss Ringwood's wrist is one guinea."

"That or nothing!" roared old Ringwood excitedly. "You saved her life, and if you do not take the 20 I'll be your mortal enemy."

But the doctor drew back, and the old gentleman, springing into the carriage with

as much agility as his great weight would permit, gave orders to drive off, and Hugh went home to dream of Mabel's blue eyes. Old Mr. Ringwood got over his huff next morning, and before noon he had invited his daughter's preserver to dine at the hall in the evening.

"Excuse me, doctor," he heartily said, "for my thoughtless boorishness in asking you to take money for such an inestimable service. I had classed you with the common herd of humanity, but I see you are possessed of a different spirit, and you would have done the same thing had it been a poor girl instead of the young lady of Ringwood. That is the spirit I like to see, Dr. Hugh. I honor you for it."

He spoke so earnestly that Hugh was charmed, and when the solicitations of Mabel had been added to his, the young doctor agreed to become a frequent visitor there.

And a frequent visitor he soon became. And not only a visitor, but a most welcome one, as was evinced by the color that dawned on Mabel's beautiful cheek at his approach, and the constant smile by which her father greeted him. Altogether, everything appeared in a roseate light, and he was congratulating himself that his prospects were greatly improving, when, all of a sudden, he found that he loved Mabel.

Then the silly young man, afraid of the wealth of the Ringwoods, allowed concealment to prey upon his frame and he became thin as a shadow.

After a time he ceased to visit his friends, and Mabel grew thin as a shadow, too. But the doctor, whose practice had rapidly grown extensive, drove by each day like Jehu, the son of Nimshi, and never looked toward the house. And Mabel would sit by the window and cry. But when her father would ask what troubled her she would not tell him.

Old Mr. Ringwood was sorely puzzled. He liked the doctor and wondered what ailed him, and wondered why he stayed away so perversely. And he loved Mabel and wondered why she was growing so terribly pale and thin. But for all his study the riddle remained unread.

One day a thought like an inspiration flashed into his mind. He would send for the doctor to come to Mabel. No sooner decided upon than done, and Hugh came over in haste, believing she was very ill. The servant was not explicit.

"Where is she?" he cried, "and how long has she been ill?"

The old gentleman saw that he was intensely excited, and he got another inspiration.

"She isn't so very ill," he muttered. "I think that she's only pining for you."

Poor Dr. Hugh! He turned all sorts of colors and grasped a chair for support.

"If you love her, my boy, go in and win," said the old gentleman warmly. "I've not the slightest objection, provided that your love is reciprocal, and shall feel proud to have you my son-in-law. Don't mind the money, my boy, but only think that human nature is human nature for all the tinsel of wealth."

And he slipped from the room just as Mabel entered it by another door.

"Hugh!"

"Mabel!"

Do you think, kind reader, that we would intrude on a scene of private love-making? We shall not do it; so you will be disappointed, perhaps.

"But I did think," said Mabel afterward, "that you might have been brave enough to ask me whether I loved you or not, instead of running away from me."

"Then you were conscious," said Dr. Hugh. "You might have rebuked me."

"I have seen your face, remember, and I rather liked to be killed by you."

And that is all that needs to be said.

The Key of Death.

About the year 1600 a stranger named Tebaldo established himself as a merchant in Venice. Soon becoming infatuated with the daughter of one of the most ancient and wealthy families, he asked her hand and was rejected, the young lady being already affianced. Half crazed and thoroughly enraged, he planned revenge. Being an excellent mechanic he soon evolved a most formidable looking key. The handle of this unique weapon could be easily turned. Being turned it disclosed a spring with a missile in the shape of a needle of exquisite fineness. With this weapon Tebaldo waited at the church door until the maiden he loved passed in on the morning of her marriage. When the bridegroom appeared the desperate lover, unperceived, sent the slender poisoned needle into his rival's breast, and within an hour he was dead of a "strange, baffling disease." Again Tebaldo demanded the hand of the maiden, but was refused. Within a few days both her parents had died in a very mysterious manner. Suspicion being excited, examination was made, and the small steel instruments found in the flesh in both cases. One day the maiden allowed Tebaldo an audience, but told him that she would never be his bride. Within an hour she was a corpse. Tebaldo was suspected, the key discovered, and the culprit hanged. The celebrated "key of death" is still shown to the curious visitor of the Venice Museum.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL

HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than

J. SLAUGHTER,

Sixth and M streets.

Telephone 318.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

ALWAYS A FINE LUNCH ON THE COUNTER.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Pine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars.
ROBERT ALLEN,
Formerly of Agricultural Park.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO

UNCLE IKE'S

COLLATERAL LOAN OFFICE,

302 K Street, Sacramento.

W. R. STRONG CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fruit and Produce

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar Floors, Fence Copping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J

SACRAMENTO.

PACIFIC

HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

TELEPHONE No. 41.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & CO.
410 J STREET.

—ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED—

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON

CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-

ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

A Clever Crow.

Sardis J. Bacon, of Chestnut Ridge, owns a tame crow that talks, writes a correspondent of the New York Sun. His name is Eb, and he is a yearling bird. When Mr. Bacon had got Eb well tamed last summer, he split his tongue and began to teach him how to utter a few common words. By fall Eb could call the cows and the dog and the pigs, and yell out words that made the tails of the cats get big.

A few days ago Mr. Bacon got Eb to show off his accomplishments to a couple of strangers who had never seen the clever bird before. It was two hours before sunset, and Mr. Bacon told the crowd to go and call the cows. Eb instantly sailed over to a stake in the roadside fence, pointed his bill toward a pasture lot on a hillock several rods away and sang out: "Co' bos! co' bos!" a number of times. At the sound of the crow's voice the cows pricked up their ears, looked down toward the farm a moment, and then went to grazing again.

"Call them louder, Eb!" said Mr. Bacon, and the crow stretched out his neck, pitched his voice a tone or two higher, and rattled off "Co' bos!" as loud as he could yell, at least a dozen times. Again the whole herd raised their heads and gazed at the crow, but they evidently knew that it wasn't late enough for them to come home and get milked, and in a few seconds they lowered their noses into the rank herbage once more.

"Maybe you'd better get the dog to help you, Eb," Mr. Bacon remarked, and immediately the crow flew around as though he was in a great hurry, and sang out: "Come, Con! come, Con! Get the cows! get the cows!"

The dog was lying under the porch, but he roused up the moment Eb began to call him, hustled out into the yard and started for the pasture in a canter. Mr. Bacon told Con to come back, whereat the crow, who had sailed after the dog, turned about, alighted on the stake and set up a cackle of delight. He was laughing, Mr. Bacon said, at the way the dog had been fooled.

A little after sundown the owner of the place called the crow from his perch on a tamarack tree in the yard and told him to call the cows again. The herd were grazing along the base of a knoll, and Eb flew to the fence and sang out "Co' bos!" several times in a low tone. On the instant all the cows pointed for the bars, and Eb, as soon as he saw them moving all right, stopped his noise and sailed along the lane to meet them. One of the boys let down the bars, and the crowd rode to the barnyard on the back of his favorite cow.

While the milking was going on, Eb sat on the peak of the barn, and when the cows were ready to be driven back to the pasture he called the dog. Con came promptly, got the cows in line and drove them to the lot, Eb sailing along behind to see that it was done properly. It was nearly dark when the dog and crow returned to the farmhouse, and in a short time Eb sought his perch in the tamarack tree, tucked his head under his left wing and went to sleep.

The Difficulty in Acquiring Idioms.

Those who think the idioms in foreign languages hard to master and understand do not always realize that the English idioms are even more trying to the people of other nationalities than theirs are to us.

"But no," sighed a poor young French woman who was struggling to "acquire" our language by living for six months with an American family, "I cannot understand you. I am entirely confuse!"

"What is the trouble to-day?" asked the young lady of the family, who was the special instructor of the foreigner.

"Last week when you return from the concert you say that you think Mlle. Gould, who sing, cannot 'make up' so as to look well."

"Early this morning," this she said dolefully, "Margaret, your little sister, came into my room and said that yesterday she and the little Albert, her playfellow, had a quarrel, but to-day she had the intention to 'make up' with him. And this afternoon when I have asked you to walk with me you said: 'I must study to 'make up' what I lost last week.'"

"And now this evening," she concluded, with a comical grimace of despair, "you come to me and say: 'Tell me what I shall wear to the concert, for I cannot make up my mind.' What does it mean, this 'make up'?"

"If you try to explain," put in Frank, the irrepressible boy of the family, "she'll say that the whole 'make up' of the English language is wrong!"

Arab Proverbs.

Men are four.

He who knows not, and knows not he knows not. He is a fool; shun him.

He who knows not, and knows he knows not. He is simple; teach him.

He who knows, and knows not he knows. He is asleep; wake him.

He who knows, and knows he knows. He is wise; follow him.

There is only one cure for indolence—effort. The only cure for selfishness—sacrifice. The only cure for timidity—to plunge into duty before the shiver comes on.

Hogan's Wonderful Dog.

"I s'pose my father has got the smartest dog in the country," said John Hogan, the news agent in the Erie depot. "The dog is a water spaniel, and there's a good many men who don't know half as much as he does. One thing he has learned to do is buying the meat for the family. He'll take a quarter in his mouth and go down to the meat shop and get a pound of shoulder steak, give up the quarter, but wait till he gets ten cents change."

"But why don't your father give him just the 15 cents, so he won't have to bother with waiting for change?" interrupted the *Evening Chronicle* reporter.

"Well, my father did that once," said Hogan, "and the dog dropped a nickel out of his mouth, and he would never go to the meat shop again with more than one piece of money, so they have to let him take a quarter."

"One day the meat market man tried to put off on the dog a ten-cent piece with a hole in it, but the cute old fellow spit it out on the floor, and wouldn't stir a step till he got a good dime. They used to try all sorts of ways to fool him, but finally the market man thought he'd try him on the short change racket, and one day give him a nickel instead of a dime. They had been fooling with the dog so much that he had lost all patience, and so when he found that they were trying to beat him out of five cents what do you think he did?"

"Took the butcher by the neck, I s'pose," said the reporter.

"Naw," exclaimed Hogan. "He ain't none of your common biting dogs! What he did was this. He walked right out of the shop, stopped a policeman on the street, took him by the coat and led him into the shop, right straight up to the man who had tried to cheat him out of his right change, as much as to say, 'Here, I want you to arrest this fellow!' The butcher understood what he meant in a second, and gave the dog his right change, and the smart old chap marched home with his meat and his dime, with an air that said as plain as words that you couldn't fool him. There ain't anything can beat that dog!"—*Corning Evening Chronicle*.

Superstitions About Insects.

In Germany, where crickets are seldom seen, its cry is thought to be a death warning. Tapuaya Indians of South America believe that the evil spirit assumes the form of a fly when bent on mischief.

The Spaniards of the sixteenth century believed that an unusual number of spiders in a mountainous region indicated that gold in abundance could be found at that point.

Notwithstanding the fact that the beetle was the sacred insect among the Egyptians, it has been mentioned but few times in folklore.

In Germany stag beetles are held to be in league with the devil. In Ireland they are thoroughly hated; why, no one seems to know.

A. D. BOWLEY.

M. J. CURTIS.

CURTIS & BOWLEY,**Real Estate and Insurance Agents.**

Pacific States Savings, Loan, and Building Company.

1012 Fourth Street, bet. J and K, Sacramento.

REPRESENT THE

	Assets.
Etna Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn.	\$10,000,000 00
Hartford Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn.	5,750,000 00
German-American Insurance Co.	5,000,000 00
Manhattan Life Ins. Co. of New York	11,729,400 00
Fidelity and Casualty Accident and Plate Glass Insurance Co. of New York	774,550 20

SADDLE ROCK**Restaurant and Oyster House**

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

Capital Restaurant,

A. H. ARATT, Proprietor.

MEAL TICKETS, \$3 EACH.

321 J STREET,

Between Third and Fourth, SACRAMENTO.

Cosmopolitan Restaurant,

403 K Street, near Cor. Fourth,

Opposite Mechanics' Store, - - SACRAMENTO.

B. PILCOVICH, Proprietor.

The Cheapest and Best House in the City.

FOR SALE.

SECOND-HAND REMINGTON TYPE-WRITER for sale. Inquire at 1714 M street.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Grubler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to O. S. BOARDMAN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 22d day of July, 1891, in which action W. S. Hickey is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain judgment against you for the sum of One Thousand Four Hundred and Eighteen and $\frac{1}{10}$ Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to the plaintiff for the balance of an account; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for \$1,418.15, and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 24th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. a8-2m

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to THEODORE J. KERLIN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 14th day of July, 1891, in which action, Nettie R. Kerlin is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To have the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the plaintiff dissolved; that the plaintiff be awarded the custody of the children, issue of said marriage, and for alimony, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 14th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.

ARMSTRONG & PLATNAUER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. jyt8-st

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Emile Cavellier, Wm. T. Hynes and David M. Bemus, greeting:

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 23d day of June, 1891, in which action GEO. SMITH is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To determine the adverse claims of the defendants, and each of them, to the north half of the east sixty feet and the east fifty feet of the south eighty feet of lot two, in block between I and J, 3d and 4th streets, in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and for costs of suit; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take default against you and each of you, and apply to the Court for the relief prayed for.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 23d day of June, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, Attorney for Plaintiff. je27-9t

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

**PANTS to ORDER**

\$3.50 to \$13.50

SUITS TO ORDER

\$15.00 to \$50.00

1000 Patterns to Select from.

GABEL the TAILOR

426 J STREET.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

A. L. HART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON. ALBERT M. JOHNSON.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,

LAWYERS.

504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 604 J Street,

W. A. GETT, JR.,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,

LAWYERS,

Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,

LAWYER.

Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,

LAWYER,

920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney),

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

N.W. corner Sixth and K.

The Dress Reform Movement.

The new dress reform crusade is to be conducted on the following lines: To learn to stand well, to walk well, to breathe correctly, and thus to control the vital points of physical being. These are first principles of the science of true living. The work, then, will begin with the study of anatomy, the relation of the vital organs to each other, and the correct size and proportion of members of the body relatively, after which will follow the study of the famous statues of antiquity.

Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker, in speaking of the matter, said: "A great demand is being made to-day upon woman's strength and the public character, so to speak, of her work. She is coming into direct competition with men, and she finds that in order to keep up with her stronger brother she cannot hamper herself unduly. She cannot run the race with her male competitors with a handicap of twenty pounds extra weight; and so, because her clothes do impede her action—because she sees that they are so many barriers to her success, custom goes to the wall and innovations are coming thick and fast. In looking through a book of costumes of the twelfth century I found a great similarity between the dress of the women and men. In fact, I could not tell a man's dress from a woman's without looking at the label beneath the picture. I looked through the book and found that by and by changes began to creep into the men's dress, while the women's dress remained the same. The skirts began to shorten, the sleeves began to grow less voluminous, lace, ruffles, necklaces and bonneted plumes began to disappear; in fact, the whole dress became more and more sensible; a dress that one could work in better, that interfered less and less with the ordinary pursuits of a useful being.

"Precisely the same experience is coming to women to-day. They are broadening their sphere so rapidly that instinctively they are dropping all hindrances. In the book of costumes mentioned, the first radical change was a shortening of the skirt. It is a remarkable coincidence that about the first change advocated in our dress improvement was a shortening of the skirt. Our first and strongest point is the appeal to the aesthetic, and the endeavor to educate women as to what ought to be. We next call their attention to the manufacture of undergarments, working for two points: First, that garments should be manufactured so that we could buy them as a man buys his garments, and not be troubled by having them individually made at home. And then we endeavor to have garments that will more nearly follow the outlines of the human figure, because garments which deform the body, departing radically from its peculiar lines, really demand padding out in some other part to balance the deformity; besides, hoops, the ridiculous balloon sleeves of the past, that emphasize the hour-glass forms, are illustrations of this.

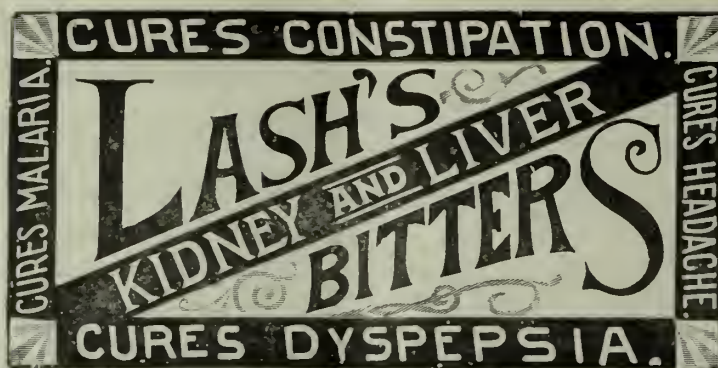
"We have influenced the business centers of Chicago to such an extent that a whole line of goods is kept by leading dry goods houses to meet the demands of the trade." The liveliest interest is manifested at Chautauqua in the movement. The Delsarte teacher, Mrs. Bishop, of Washington, showed a big audience of ladies recently how, under the new system, they could gracefully perform the small physical acts, such as sitting down and rising, standing, walking, resting, yawning, etc.

That is a serious time of life when you begin to realize that the man you are is not the man you hope to become, but the man you have shown yourself to be; a definite quantity with precise limitations, and not a great one. We all compare ourselves at greater or less distances with people in books and in history. There is a time when it is a delightful reassurance to learn from the lives of Keats, Pitt, Hamilton, or Henry Clay that we are not too young to be famous, and that men no older than we have immortalized themselves as poets or as statesmen. Again there comes a time when we go to books for reassurances of another sort, and pluck up our fainting hopes as we read how Grant, Sherman, Cromwell and Nathaniel Hawthorne reached our time of life without distinguishing themselves beyond common, and yet lived to take rank among the immortals. There may be hope for us, we feel, for all of our forty odd years.—*Scribner's*.

At a fashionable gathering a gentleman made several attempts to start the conversation, but owing to the stupidity of those present he failed completely. After a painful pause he finally remarked: "Now let us be silent on some other subject."

It is currently stated that over 200,000 girls in English factories earn no more than \$1.50 a week. How long will womanhood, with all its splendid moral strength, be able to remain unsullied under those starvation wages?

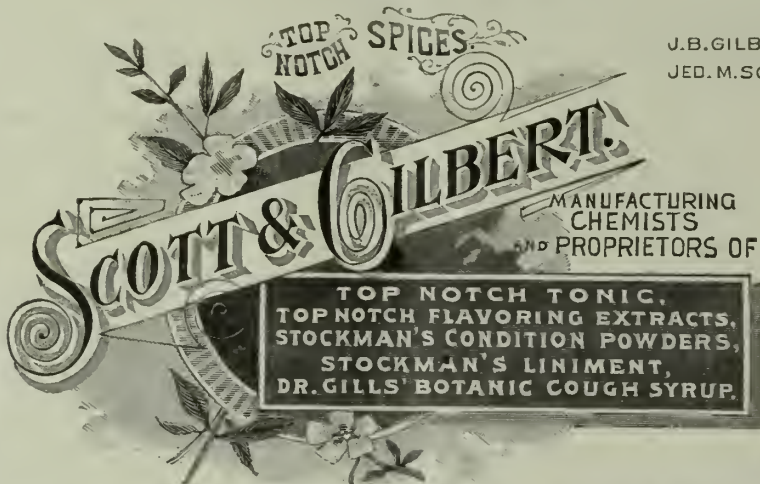
Women are excluded from the galleries of the Japanese parliament because, as a Japanese newspaper says, "they might be moved by the debates there to further political agitation in the empire."



W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



San Francisco Branch, 305 Battery St. SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Imperial GALLERY,
No. 415 J Street,
Between Fourth and Fifth,
SACRAMENTO.

Finest Finished Cabinet Photographs, \$2.00 per Dozen.

All Other Work in Proportion, and Guaranteed First Class.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR SPECIMENS BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE.



W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

August 2, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6:50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:05 A
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8:10 P
12:50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4:20 A
4:30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7:00 P
7:00 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7:40 A
10:50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9:35 A
11:50 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	2:25 A
11:00 P	Central Atlantic Express	5:25 A
3:00 P	Oroville	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:35 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
2:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:25 A
4:35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12:30 A
6:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:05 A
5:40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10:40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8:10 P
*10:00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26:00 A
10:50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2:50 P
10:50 A	San Jose	2:50 P
4:30 P	Santa Barbara	9:35 A
6:50 A	Santa Rosa	11:05 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	8:10 P
8:50 A	Stockton and Galt	7:00 P
4:30 P	Stockton and Galt	9:35 A
11:50 A	Truckee and Reno	2:25 A
11:00 P	Truckee and Reno	5:25 A
6:30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2:30 P
6:50 A	Vallejo	8:10 P
3:05 P	Vallejo	8:10 P
*8:20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2:40 P
*12:15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10:20 A
*4:45 P	Folsom	*8:00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND HAS BEEN DECLARED BY THE
People's Savings Bank for the term ending June
30, 1891, at the rate of five and one-third (5 1/3) per
cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per
cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes,
and payable on or after July 3, 1891.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER, WHEN FOR
a trifling amount expended in the purchase of
one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can
obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed
in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THE FRANKS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1891.

No. 27.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

It is mainly due the exertions of Senator Frederick Cox and Assemblymen C. T. Jones and Win. J. Davis that the State exposition was permanently located in this city. These gentlemen, while members of the State Legislature (Cox in the Senate and Jones and Davis in the Assembly), secured the appropriation to construct the present exposition building, thus fixing the locality for all State exhibitions under the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture. Mr. Cox has devoted his valuable time in the interest of the people of this city, as well as the State, by serving on the board of directors and, latterly, as president thereof. The citizens of Sacramento owe it to themselves and the directory to assist in making the exhibition a success. Every business man in the city should make himself a committee to add to the exhibition. It should not require importuning, or even asking, to inspire our citizens to take an active part and interest in making a full exhibit, from this city particularly. We understand that the leading enterprises and industries of San Francisco are active and zealous in adding to the attraction of the State Fair. It is time our people became alive to the necessities of showing Sacramento to a good advantage. The managers are doing their duty toward us, and it is in order for our people to not be laggards in aiding them.

Our annual exhibition of the resources, industries, arts and sciences is the chief attraction in this State and on the coast. In abundance and variety there is nothing in any country can surpass the products of the Golden State. This year there will be new and attractive features of the exhibition. It will be an exhaustive panorama of enterprise, industry, art and science, including the rich products of the richest soil on earth. It is such expositions as ours that give a stimulus to enterprise. The Eastern tourists, very many of whom will be sojourning on this coast during our great festival, will have a rare opportunity to judge of our inexhaustible resources, and can carry the news to the Atlantic side of the continent. These great occasions are noted, too, for the splendid amusements and trials of speed of the finest stock in the world. No stables can exhibit such elegant horseflesh, rare indeed for speed as well as beauty. The prosperous condition of the grain-growers, as well as the fruit interests, will be the means of adding life, energy and success to the endeavors of the directory of the State exhibition. No men are more entitled to honor and credit than the Directors and officers of the State Board of Agriculture, who have, by long experience and purely unselfish efforts, reduced the conduct of these great exhibitions to a science so perfect in its workings that there is little or no friction from any source.

The custom of fairs is of great antiquity. From the time of Dagobert, king of the Franks "for the glory of God and the honor of St. Denys," fairs have been part of the government of all civilized countries. The importance attached to the old fairs may be better understood from the inducements which, in the 14th century, Charles IV held out to traders visiting the great fair of Frankfort-on-the-Main. The charter declared that, both during the continuance of the fair and for eighteen

days before and after it, merchants would be exempt from imperial taxation, from arrest for debt, or civil process of any sort, except such as might arise from the transactions of the market itself and within its precincts. Under the rule of Henry III of England, the fair of St. Giles, the authorities of Winchester on these occasions surrendered the keys of the city, and the civil government, to the bishop who had the control of the fair. We refer to this scrap of ancient history regarding fairs, with a view of suggesting that, in some particulars, the city authorities might do well to give the absolute jurisdiction of the city civil government into the hands of the able and efficient management of the directory of the fair with profit to the entire community. While this might be "looking backward," there would be at least the virtue of relieving the people from the vicious and injurious action of those ill-natured cranks that are eternally trying to keep visitors from the fair, and to drive away those that come to patronize our great State institution. We are not convinced against the policy of adopting the old-time custom, and sometimes argue to ourselves that during the continuance of our State exhibition there would be much more systematic government, and less lawlessness, if the whole power and authority to administer the laws were in the hands of the directory; and that all peace officers and magistrates should be under this rule. As a matter of fact, there would then be a uniform system at least.

We believe there is a partial adherence to this old-time law in the great fairs in France. A couple of years ago, at Paris, our fellow-citizen, H. Weinstock, and Rabbi Kranskopf (we think) were called before a fair court to determine some dispute. The fair courts were called by Chitty the Pie Powder Courts, the lowest and most expeditious courts of the kingdom, and are of very ancient origin. The Conqueror's law *De Emporiis* shows their preëxistence in Normandy, and the name was derived from *pied puldreux*, Norman for peddler. The lord of the fair, or his representative, was the presiding judge, and usually he was assisted by a jury of traders on the spot. The jurisdiction was limited by the legal time and precincts of the fair, disputes about contracts, "slander of wares," and the preservation of peace and good order. We think Chris Green, Fred Cox, H. M. LaRue, Geo. Hancock and Ed. Smith would make a tribunal that would set things about right during the great State exposition.

The older residents of this city will remember those vile publications under the names of *Muzeppa* and *Varieties*, wherein appeared the most indecent references to many respectable residents of the important cities of this State through the medium of so-called correspondents. So infamous became these assaults upon private character that as a result several tragedies occurred. One in particular in this city which served to call a halt by the vile assassins of character, and put a stop to the publications. The experience of the past has, until recently, deterred this vicious class of libels. But it seems that a weekly publication in San Francisco, under the guise of a journal devoted to society, music, sport, books, pictures, and "a merry life," has prostituted its columns to a system of infamy, on a level with those former publications mentioned above. It is a mystery to a thoughtful person, what satisfaction can arise from these malignant and vicious assaults upon the characters of inoffensive citizens. What is most dastardly, the filthy libels are principally directed against respectable ladies, young and middle aged.

Week after week there appears in this alleged "society" journal correspondence from the principal cities and towns on the coast, and the correspondents vie with each other in trying to cast infamy upon individuals, by insinuations and innuendoes. In most instances only initials are given, but used in such a manner and under such circumstances as to impart the knowledge of whom it is intended to traduce. Some of our most honored and respected people, those given to charity and good deeds, are made the victims of these indecent innuendoes. As an illustration: "Miss F—, daughter of a prominent citizen, was seen entering a *certain* house on Ninth street with P —." Now, the insinuation made, and the idea intended to be conveyed is that the parties were bent on evil. While it is true that there are very many *certain* houses on the two miles of Ninth street, the writer wanted it understood that some *certain* house was disreputable, and the purpose was to cast reflections of an immoral character upon the parties. So all through the list of these villainous references, which appear weekly from the leading cities and towns of the State, we find the one object only—injury to character and reputation, by the dirty scavengers who pen the articles. There will be an awakening some of these days, and the wretches who are perpetrating these infamous libels may merit their deserved fate at the hands of the injured. For such assaults upon private character there is but one redress.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Life at the Mountain Springs—Comfort of Old Clothes—Sacramento as Viewed Through Foreign Eyes—Proposed Change in the City Seal—Man's Inhumanity to Other Animals.

The more of leisure the less the disposition to work. At Deer Park Springs each day is one of rest, save for those who climb the mountain sides for ferns, or go a-fishing at the Truckee river. We care little for ferns, and it is apparent from experimentation our personal appearance is against us, or we are so insufferably awkward, that the fish avoid our fly; hence a hammock, a light novel and *ennui*. So long as one is able to pay the landlord, and for his return fare, he can feel that indolence is for kings and toil for slaves. It is manifest there must be a making up for lost time when home will be reached, but there is a feeling that after a rest there will be a compensation; that more will be accomplished in less time. We do not propose to array our opinion against that of the great majority that think otherwise, but we are impressed that to enjoy an outing business cares should be severely left at home; and one should leave behind his good clothes and meet nature, not precisely full way, but in a garb primitive in large degree.

There are very many things in the world that are comfortable and agreeable; some are so credited, others are not. We are not aware of having read a defense of old clothes. As a rule, the antiquated trousers that have been an efficient shield and day companion to a man throughout their life, suffer the humiliation of being cut up into clothing for the small boy, or are relegated to an "old clo'" store, where they are hung out for sale to someone of an economical turn; or are given to a tramp as pay for carrying in wood. The coat that from faithful service has become shiny on back and elbows falls lower and lower in the social scale and eventually, perchance, its threadbare remnants add to the squalor of the mendicant who supplicates for a morsel at the kitchen door. So short a time since the same coat set off the proud form that

rang the front door-bell and was ushered into a parlor of luxury! But the silk hat: Made for adornment; perhaps the article of apparel most suggestive of pride, dignity and fine breeding; as much petted as a bride, and as sensitive, treacherous in that it serves as a tell-tale crown to the gentleman when in his cups; it brings upon him ridicule; at the last, battered and ruffled, it hopelessly strives to add gentility to an old suit of clothes; succeeds in forming a striking contrast to its more modern and shiny fellows. We have, however, diverted from our thread. What we proposed was to pen a defense of old clothes, barring the silk hat, for of that its fate is but merited. Pride must have its fall, and deservedly. In the mountains the old-time elegance and comfort of cast-off clothes come back; they again have the mastery; and satisfaction it is that, as they go the way of all worldly things, their last days are characterized with usefulness; they are respected.

To give advice is one thing; to practice it another. We have advised that on trips of rest business should be left behind. Good advice; we know it in that we practice it. Here there are no courts; we have no occasion to puzzle over cold shorthand writing; there is no occasion to get mad that our debtors do not respond, and that they take less interest in our finances than do our creditors. Above all that conduces to serenity, very few newspapers find their way up here. For a time we did miss that, but, after all, it may bring to us pleasing surprises. May it not be that when we return we shall find a harmonious and progressive Board of Trustees; the inauguration of a common-sense system of sewerage; Leitch and the president of the liquor association settling their differences over glasses of Buffalo; the swimming baths intact; the Stevens pump repaired; the bonded indebtedness not augmented; new electric roads projected; the escapement of Dr. Nichols from assassination; the smoke rolling from the stack of the new brewery, and harmony in the grand old Republican party? Should these things come to pass, traveling Sacramentans will have to talk on general subjects, and they will not be drawn to answer the questions of the curious as to what manner of government the city has; is it not extremely unhealthy in Sacramento; is it not intolerably hot; are the taxes not oppressive; does not the city's main dependence come from the railroad shops and the State Capitol; is not the city a cesspool of political corruption, and, generally, is there any inducement for a man to move there. We must confess Sacramentans generally are accustomed to view their immediate surroundings through colored glasses, but, as remarked to us by a gentleman from the East, who had passed but a few hours in the city, "You will find it impossible to convince people from abroad that you have the advantages you claim. An intelligent stranger will estimate your city in an hour, and if prudent will move on." It is apparent, if we would progress through the aid of outside capital, we must put our house in order and act rather than talk; our own people must manifest the confidence they seem to expect of strangers. It is rather a set-back that an in-comer, pointing from the cars to the ruins of the woolen mills, is informed that after the fire our people had not sufficient push to rebuild it, but would lend any amount of encouragement in the way of speech and writing to anyone from abroad who would undertake the enterprise. And so it has gone all along the line.

It would seem the seal of our city should be remodeled; the central figure should be eliminated and substituted by the word "IF" prominently engraved. It is now "if we had better levees;" "if we had a modern sewerage system;" "if taxation was not so burdensome;" "if there could be an intelligent adjustment of the bonded indebtedness;" "if we had a Board of Trustees that would transact business, rise above the control of petty politicians, not waste their time in boyish wrangles, and of such breadth of mind that they would not use the same heavy handspike to overturn a chip that they would employ to roll a saw-log." "If there could be a migration of some of our population—of the cranks say—to the cemeteries;" "if it were that the rule could be changed that so many of our prominent business firms would not remove to San Francisco;" "if there would be none of the senseless tirade against enterprises that are about to be set on foot." These "ifs" have unquestionably retarded the

progress and prosperity of the city. To some extent they savor of jealousy. They are the outgrowth of a very general apathy on the part of the mass of the people, the absurd and windy enthusiasm of the self-constituted leaders of public thought, and the stubborn and idiotic antagonism of the narrow-minded. We are, as it were, the spectators of a panorama of our own. There comes the painted scene of figures. It pictures that the bonded indebtedness will be "paid off, every dollar, in seven years." Pretty it is to look upon, yet the figures do belie; and while the mass of the people are conscious they see but painted canvas, there are some who see upon it apparent reality. Its shifting brings along the representation of a sewerage system that will compare with favor with that of prosperous cities elsewhere. It fades and dies away. There remains the stench of decomposition; the graveled streets are worn away by the wheels of doctors' phaetons and funereal hearses. There comes next a scene depicting manufactories of varied description; large buildings with huge smoke stacks; swarms of busy workmen; steamers and cars loading with finished goods—enough seemingly to supply the State and much for foreign exportation; but it is all paint. A birdseye view represents the streets gridironed with electric roads, over which are swiftly passing loaded cars. It is, however, fancy. Other scenes are presented: the Trustees in council—men of brains and push; the catacombs peopled by the cranks; the jails filled with criminals whom juries have justly condemned; an election conducted with decency and without corruption; and so on. That some of our people look upon these things as of future reality is perhaps pardonable, in that they have been persistently "drummed in." But in what light are they regarded by the outside world?

To recur to the subject more appropriate in a letter from the mountains. A day or two wears off the feeling of loneliness consequent on a transition from the city to the sparsely settled mountain resort. While at the outset time passed slowly, there came the period when the hours from noon till bedtime pass by with amazing swiftness, and one looks with regret to the day of departure. The ladies find much pleasure in climbing the hill sides in quest of pretty ferns and flowers; men and women fish for brook trout. The business of trapping chipmunks was first engaged in by the boys, and their success inspired the men to try their luck. It would be presumed the man would know more than the boy. Generally that is true, but the reverse is the rule in the trapping of chipmunks. It is one of the things in life where one is apparently dealing with a "dead thing" when, after the animal is captured he is to be transferred from the trap into the cage. It looks easy enough, but it is evident, in many instances, that the squirrel does not fall in the category of "still life." You have him and you have him not. A large number have been caged, and many have been shipped to San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton. We have captured some, but the woods are yet full of them. "Man's inhumanity to man" is a pleasing sentiment; there is, however, much fiction about it. Superlatively it should be rendered "Man's inhumanity to the balance of the animal creation." With our species of animals there are broad constitutions that guarantee to us protection of life, liberty and property. Were we to seize a man, even for the commission of a palpable crime, the chances are we would not be able to get him out of this county (Placer) without running the gauntlet of a writ of habeas corpus. If we reached Sacramento with him he would not be permanently deprived of his liberty until after a legal battle in court, wherein he would have the advantage of the sacred guarantees the law throws around him, and those guarantees magnified through the dense brains of a jury. Not so with the poor chipmunk. Dreaming not of the trap that has been laid for him, he finds a tempting bait in a box. Seemingly some kind hand had placed it for his benefit. A touch, the terrible crash of the spring door, and the little fellow is instantly transformed into what we term in law "personal property;" he is deprived of his liberty forever; torn from his family and his friends, and exiled to a foreign land. To him the constitutional guarantee of liberty is a mockery; the writ of habeas corpus a sham. Condemned he is without a hearing to life-long confinement and slavery. It

does seem his little eyes are full of reproach as he looks through the bars of his prison at his captor, and feels the sentiment of the canary bird in the song of our school boy days: "My palace is a prison." Would it be had he the might and man the weakness, he would so cruelly exercise it?

The rambles over the hills frequently report traces of bears—of a species, however, that are not dangerous. We have no disposition to ascertain if they are savage or not. With most people a bear is a bear, and their general reputation is that they lack in politeness, and are given to a rugged kind of sociability. There is the story of a man who, being pursued by a bear, climbed a tree, and the bear followed him. The man crawled out on a small limb, and the bear started to follow him, when the man warningly cried out: "You darned old fool, don't you see if you come out on this limb it will break down and both of us will be killed!" The many stories that have been told us by Billy Hamilton of bears have created an unfavorable impression, and upon hearsay we would not be a favorable witness as to their character for peace, quietness, and politeness. D.

Uncle Sam Must Furnish Whisky.

In a certain popular restaurant in this city, says the *Washington Post*, there hangs a picture of Andrew Jackson—"Old Hickory" in his old age, when he had become the sage of the Hermitage. It is interesting because it differs somewhat from the accepted representations of him, and is evidently and undoubtedly authentic. Jackson has always been a popular hero because he was so human—a "human volcano" one writer calls him. When he became President old General Solomon Van Rensselaer was postmaster at Albany, N. Y., under an original appointment from President Monroe.

Van Rensselaer was one of the heroes of the war of 1812 on the Northern frontier. In politics, however, he sided with the Federalists, or, as they had come to be known, the "National Republicans." He was a great friend and admirer of General William Henry Harrison, and always claimed that he was the real hero of the war of 1812, as perhaps he was on the Northern frontier. When Jackson became President an effort was made to have Van Rensselaer retired from the post office.

Two different delegations with the same object in view left Albany in the same month. They came to this city and told "Old Hickory" how Solomon Van Rensselaer would load his clay pipe, and then, sitting out on the public veranda of the only hotel in Albany, the capital of New York State, would puff tobacco and denounce Jackson and all the works of his administration. When "Old Hickory" heard all this he took from his mouth his own clay pipe and said:

"Gentlemen, Solomon Van Rensselaer was the first man in New York in 1812 to raise men to fight the enemy, and he led his own men. Now, by the eternal, he has gained the right to abuse me if he wants to, and he can do so as much as he d—d pleases."

Van Rensselaer held his office until finally removed by Van Buren. He was reinstated by President William Henry Harrison, though disappointed in not being called to the Cabinet as Secretary of War.

General Jackson on another occasion, when complaint was made that Major George Groghan, whose defense of the fort at Lower Sandusky against a force of 1,000 British and Indians was one of the most memorable exploits of the war of 1812, and made the whole country ring with his fame, had fallen into dissipated habits, and should be dismissed from the army, replied:

"Major Groghan has earned the right to get drunk every day of his life if he wants to, and, by the eternal, the United States should pay for the whisky."

A traveler writes from Spitzbergen "that when a violin was played on board a vessel a numerous audience of seals would often assemble and follow the vessel for miles." Sir Walter Scott mentions this taste in the lines—

Rude Heiskar's seals, through surges dark,
Would oft pursue the minstrel's bark.

And it is said that when the bell of the church on the island of Hoy rang, the seals within hearing swam to the shore, and remained looking about them as long as it was tolled. After remarking how interesting it would be to make some musical experiments in the Zoological Gardens, a writer in a London paper relates his own experience in this direction. "The only occasion when he attempted this led to such strong suspicions of his insanity among the visitors that, in the face of a caution addressed by an elderly nurse to her charges—'Don't go near 'im; he ain't right in 'is ead'—he had not the courage to continue his researches. Who knows what useful discoveries have been arrested by this untoward incident!"

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

No matter how prompt actors may be at rehearsal, there is always one man who is prompter.

Poor old Tragedicus was quite cast down.

I straightway asked him the cause of it.

He heaved a sigh, and answered, with a frown,
"I lost a hundred on my benefit."

The widow of the Italian poet and playwright, Giacometti (who wrote several historical plays, notably *Maria Antonietta* for Ristori) has died at Milan. The Signora Giacometti was both a poetess and a painter of decided talent.

Miss Rose Coghlan will begin her regular season at the Park Theater, New York, on August 24, in *Dorothy's Dilemma*, by Leopold Jordan. A feature of the play will be the introduction of a horse, which Miss Coghlan will ride astride at a gallop.

Mr. Reeder—Don't you find much enjoyment in reading Shakespeare, Mrs. Shadmind? Mrs. Shadmind—To a certain extent, yes. I think, though, he would have made his works of much more interest to us if he had introduced some of our great Americans in his plays.

Marie Gordon, once an actress of note, a handsome woman, and the first wife of John T. Raymond, died in London recently. She was born in New Orleans, and first appeared on the stage at the Holiday Street Theater, Baltimore, in 1864. About 1882 she procured a divorce from Raymond, who subsequently married Rose Eyting's daughter, Courtney Barnes. Miss Gordon of late had resided abroad. She was rather a tall blonde, with a finely rounded figure, brilliant eyes, and a small, shapely head.

Colonel Jack Haverly, after a meteoric career as a theatrical manager, left New York five or six years ago to see whether he could not gather a fresh streak of luck out west. He was broke when he went away. He returned a couple of weeks ago with a gripsack full of money. He says he has been down in Mexico, where he struck a silver mine, not a big bonanza, but a mine that is calculated to make the hearts of its owners pretty light during the rest of their lives. He is as chipper as ever, and is full to the brim with big theatrical schemes.

Amid a multitude we sat alone,

By friendly half-lights screened from wondering gaze;

Hand clasped in hand we watched the stage ablaze

With rainbow fires—saw Richard to his throne

Stride through his kinsmen's blood, to lose at last

Throne, life and soul. What tragic forces swayed

This world in counterfeits! Yet undismayed,

Half in a dream we saw the scenes shift past;

And when the curtain fell upon the strife

We turned and smiled into each other's eyes

With unchecked love—as under broader skies,

When this strange pageantry which we call life

Has fitted by, somewhere we two shall sit

Together, smiling at the close of it.

As in the arts of painting and sculpture, so in the drama and on the stage a strong reaction is taking place against the stilted conventionalism and elaborate artifice of the past generation. Such plays as the *Nina Sforza* of Mr. Troughton, the *Legend of Florence* of Leigh Hunt, and the *Blot in the Scutcheon*, and *Colombe's Birthday* of Mr. Browning, are vigorous protests against the feeble pretensions and artificial tragedies of the previous century. The poems and plays of Mr. Browning breathe a new life; and if as yet they have only found "fit audiences though few," they are stimulating the best thought of this age, and slowly infusing a new life and spirit into it. But the traditions of the stage are very strong in England, and are not easily to be rooted out. The English public has become accustomed to certain traditional and conventional modes of acting, which interfere with the freedom of the actor, and cramp his genius within artificial forms. There is almost no attempt on the English stage to represent life as it really is. Tradition and convention stand in the stead of nature. From the moment an actor puts his foot on the stage he is taught to mouth and declaim. He studies rather to make telling points than to give a consistent whole to the character he represents. His utterances and actions are false and "stagey." In quiet scenes he is pompous and stilted; in tragic scenes, ranting and violent. He never forgets his audience, but, standing before the footlights, constantly addresses himself to them as if they were personages in the play. Habit at last becomes a second nature; his taste becomes corrupted, and he ceases to strive to be simple and natural. Still, it is plain that a strong reaction against this bigoted admiration of tradition and conventional forms is now perceptible. The facilities of travel and intercourse with other nations have engendered new notions and modified old ones. It is impossible to compare the French and Italian stage with the English, and not perceive the vast inferiority of the latter. In the one we see nature, simplicity, and life; in the other, the galvanism of artificial convention.—*W. W. Story.*

Book Chat.

Bret Harte says he can get three times better pay for his writings from English than American publishers.

Mona Caird's "Romance of the Moors" is the first English novel to be copyrighted in this country under the new law.

Marion Harland is a large woman, of matronly appearance, somewhat above medium height. She has a brown complexion, black hair that is beginning to turn gray, and a broad forehead. She began to write stories when a child of six.

Forty-niners who climbed the mountain peaks in search of gold will appreciate a recent volume of legendary poems descriptive of the Sierra Nevada. The poems are called "The Vision of Misery Hill," and Miles Payson is the author.

Paul du Chaillu, who is an original American and noted as the discoverer of the gorilla, is preparing a novel on the "Land of the Midnight Sun." The scenes will be from ancient Scandinavia, and the description of the character and customs of the old Norseman will be very accurate, as Du Chaillu has spent several years in painstaking investigation.

William Morris, the English poet, artist and socialist, affects a singularly shabby and unpicturesque attire. He may be seen on Oxford street, in London, wearing an old, black slouch hat, an ancient sack-coat, baggy trousers and a blue flannel shirt. The necktie is usually missing, and sometimes he wears no collar. But his flowing white hair and beard make him an object of interest to every passer-by.

Amélie Rives was named by her grandfather, William Cabel Rives, Minister to the Court of Louis Philippe, after the Queen of France. She is now only twenty-eight years old, and at fifteen wrote a sonnet which has since appeared in the *Century*. It is to be observed that sonnets by fifteen-year-old geniuses do not appear in the magazines as a rule until after some other exponent has made public the genius's literary existence.

"Masters and Men; a Romance of our Times." By Eugene Hall.—To "American employers and workmen, this book is affectionately inscribed by the author with the hope that it may help to strengthen and cement the amicable relations existing between capital and labor, upon which the commercial prosperity of our country rests." The book is illustrated throughout with what are evidently pictures of actors and actresses, whence the conclusion may be drawn, as well as from internal evidence, that this novel is based upon some melodrama that has been more or less successful.

There have been in modern years few more remarkable books written than "Black Beauty." Its author, a young English woman, by name Anna Sewell, lived just long enough to see the gentle gospel she had preached spread itself around the world, and died in the full hope that she had accomplished something in the way of ameliorating the suffering of the dumb faithful companion of man. The book is the autobiography of a horse—just a plain story plainly told; but in the lesson that it teaches it is inexpressibly touching. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The quotation is as old as civilization, and yet how little does man regard it. Perhaps it is a fact that association with horses brutalizes men as it elevates the brutes, but there is no good reason why it should be so. The horse, under man the noblest of animals, is amenable to kind treatment and appreciates it. This has been proven so often that it must be accepted as the fact. Kicks and curses, blows and profanity, are not needed in the successful management of dumb brutes. They can be taught by kindness much more readily and the lesson is remembered longer. Viciousness in a horse is more often than not the result of handling by vicious grooms; and many a horse has been cured of vice by kind treatment from a new master. It is, however, hard to reach the present generation of handlers of dumb brutes. Vicious men are seldom healed of their vices. It is with the coming generation we must work, for children can be trained in ways of gentleness; and it is precisely in this line that the book "Black Beauty" can be used to greatest advantage. A child can understand its lessons, and in the hands of children it will direct their thoughts to tenderness and mercy. It has been made a supplemental reader already in the schools of Oakland, of San Francisco and of many Eastern cities. It should be so made everywhere, and it should be, besides, in every home in this broad land. A good supplemental reader in the hands of the teacher, so it would supplement well the mother's gentle lessons to her little ones.—*Oakland Times.*

"And so you think she no longer loves you?" "I know it. She used to let me help her on with her ribbon gloves, and lately she has worn nothing but the one-button kind. Oh, I can take a hint."

Professional Chat.

Chief Justice Lucas, of West Virginia, is said to be the smallest man in the State. He is only four feet high.

The time may come when successful criminal lawyers will advertise: "Black eyes painted in for effect on the jury."

"When T. DeWitt Talmage was in Colorado," said Lew Dockstader, the minstrel king, while in Omaha the other day, "the eminent divine was shown the wonders of a mineral exchange. The making of ice was a startlingly new feature to the man of cloth, and he inspected the machinery with the minutest care. In the midst of his investigations he looked around and saw an Indian of the Sioux nation standing near him in open-mouthed astonishment. He was watching the process with intensest interest. After a protracted silence, the Indian said to Talmage: 'Uh! Heap great! white man bigger than God; God make ice in winter, white man make ice in summer.' And this is one of Talmage's great stories on the lecture platform."

A struggling sculptor, reduced almost to starvation, had finished what to him represented the aim of his existence. It was a plaster cast of a very beautiful woman, and the poor fellow hoped it would mark the turning point in his existence. The weather was bitterly cold, and the sculptor, shivering in his Parisian garret, became alarmed for the safety of his work, for it is well known that frost is a deadly enemy to plaster. Tenderly and lovingly he draped the figure in the worn coat he took from his own ill clad shoulders, and lying down beside it, fell asleep. The morning broke, and the frosty sun shone upon the two figures, both inanimate. The artist had sacrificed himself to his art, for he was frozen dead. His brethren, stirred by his untoward fate, raised sufficient money to have the figure cast in bronze with an inscription let into the base of the pedestal, describing how he gave his life—all he had to give—for his beloved art.

A writer in the Indianapolis *News* once asked Col. Ingersoll what was the greatest compliment he ever received. He thought a moment and said: "I will tell you. I was strolling about the lobby of the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago one evening after supper, smoking a cigar and waiting for some friends with whom I was going out to spend the evening. I saw a vacant chair and sat down in it. Presently I was accosted by a man sitting near who was trying to smoke, but was pretty drunk. I noticed that he was crying. He said: 'Stranger, did you ever read that?' pointing to a poster six feet long and three and one-half wide, hanging against the wall of the Grand Pacific office giving the 'dream' or 'vision' portion of my speech at the soldiers' reunion at Indianapolis only a short time before. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I have read it.' The fellow sobbed away for a few moments longer and continued: 'Stranger, do you know what I think?' 'No; what do you think?' 'Well, sir; I have a copy of that bill hanging in my store at Tuscola, Ill., and I watch every man that comes in read it, and I tell you any man that can read that through and not cry is blankety, blank, blank, and I would not trust him any further than I could throw a male bovine by the tail. I tell you, his heart is not in the right place.' Now," said Col. Ingersoll, "if that man did not know who I was, and I have no idea that he did, that is the greatest compliment I ever had paid me."

The late lamented Bishop Cavanaugh, of the Methodist church, who was as ugly as eloquent and as jolly as good, says the Galveston *News*, never tired of telling stories about his distinguished, but unfortunate friend, Tom Marshall, of Kentucky. The two men were warm personal friends, notwithstanding the striking antithesis of character, and the not less striking difference in personal appearance. Marshall was handsome and commanding. The Bishop was anything but handsome; he was about as trim as a barrel and as graceful as a sack of salt. This explanation is necessary for a proper appreciation of what follows, but when the great divine used to tell the story he would bring out the application by incidentally stroking the wealth of shapelessness that hung to his person like the ill-fitting garments he wore. One calm June evening the Bishop was disturbed by a noise in the direction of the barn. He groped his way thither and found Marshall in the hay-loft, where he had sought shelter and lodging. Tenderly the son of misfortune was escorted to the best room in the Bishop's house and induced to go to bed in civilized fashion. Between prodigious efforts to get off his clothes his brain and tongue partially recovered their cunning, and he said: "Kav, do you know why you and I make a good illustration of bible history?" The Bishop replied as he would to a questioning child: "No, Tom. Why?" "Well," said Marshall, reverently and pathetically, "the Savior was without where to lay his head. That's me. Then in the beginning the Bible says the world was without form and void." And surveying critically the Bishop's pudgy stature he finished with more vehemence than romance: "By the gods, that's you!"

NOTES.

New York *Recorder*: Shopgirls' pay averages from \$2.50 to \$4 weekly. Harvard graduates hired to run soda fountains receive from \$4 to \$6.

Dr. F. F. Tebbitts has been elected President of the State Board of Dental Examiners. It is a remarkably chilly day when our genial doctor gets left.

It makes us laugh to hear these fellows shout: "The spoils system in politics has had its day!" When there are no spoils to fight for, you'll see very little politics.

Forty millions of humming birds, sun-birds, orioles, gulls, sea birds, wax-wings, birds-of-paradise, and fly-catchers are annually used in decorating women's hats.

Vossische Zeitung takes a very gloomy view of the economic situation of Germany. There is great destitution among the lower classes on account of the high price of provisions.

The most precious life in the world is that of Viscount Dudley, who has just been insured for £1,200,000. The Prince of Wales cannot get his life insured for more than £650,000.

J. B. Harris, one of the city editors of the *See*, after a spell of severe illness is at his usual post of duty. The complacent and able news gatherer has many friends who are rejoiced at his recovery.

The biggest doctor's fee of the age is the 2,000,000 marks paid by Herr von Donner, a Hamburg merchant, for Dr. Michelsen's cure of his wife. The money wasn't given to the famous Wiesbaden practitioner, however, but, at his wish, to found a hospital in Hamburg.

It is quite a fixed belief among the Russian peasantry that throwing the dead body of a drunkard into the river is sure to bring rain. If this scheme could be utilized here, we could make a good use of some of our hoodlum element.

A flexible sandstone is found in the mountains of the southwestern section of North Carolina. When cut in a thin piece like a whetstone it can be bent considerably without breaking, and will resume its shape when the pressure ceases.

The Koreans are the greatest eaters known. Their stomachs are generally abnormal in size, and the one possessing the largest is considered the richest. If that rule obtained in this country we know of several who would be considered rich.

A Chicago man has come forward with a novel suggestion for the World's Fair. Instead of trying to build a lofty structure, he says the thing to do is to dig the deepest hole in the ground on record and take people in an elevator to the bottom.

A drill sergeant in the British army was recently ordered to ascertain the religious views of some recruits, and this is how he did it: "Fall in!—Church of England men on the right, Roman Catholics on the left, all fancy religions to the rear!"

A Milwaukee man who failed to catch the train and missed seeing a game of ball sued the company for \$100. An American who places no greater value than that on the noble game is unworthy of being a citizen of this great and glorious country.

An English inventor has constructed a novel device to do away with the enormous pressure of water against the bows of ocean steamers. It consists of one or more screws on each side of the bow, which throws the water aside and creates a dry well in front of the vessel.

According to Roman Catholic historians, 253 popes have occupied St. Peter's chair up to the present time. Of these, 197 were Italians, 15 were Frenchmen, 14 were Greeks, 8 Syrians, 6 Germans, 5 Spaniards, 2 Austrians, 2 Africans, 1 Portuguese, 1 Swiss, 1 Dutchman and 1 Englishman.

The queen of the Belgians, who learned sleight-of-hand from Hermann (the European, not the American) is fond of traveling incog. Not long ago she and Princess Clementine were run out of a railway compartment, near Ostend, by a fat woman, who declared she didn't believe "such plain people had first-class tickets anyhow."

It is doubtful if the record of early expenditures of any great man begins with a more creditable disbursement than that of Webster while a pedagogue at Fryeburg, Me., which is preserved there as a memento. The first charge set down is "for soap, one sixpence," on January 9, 1802. The items that follow are not unworthy of this beginning. They are: "A comb, sixpence;" "quills, one and sixpence;" "pencil, sevenpence;" and "a book, four and sixpence." The items, "a ring, five shillings," and "one pair of silk hose, fourteen and sixpence," might have given ground for a suspicion of extravagance, to be afterwards justified.

All seasons are proper to record a heroic act. The heroic act of Burt J. McDonald, on Sunday, in recovering three souls from a watery grave, is entitled to the plaudits of the whole community. Such acts are deserving of more than a mere passing reference. This brave man deserves a gold medal as a remembrance of the brave and unselfish act.

In their abundant crops the Kansas farmers are finding a more effective means of lifting their land mortgages than could be had afforded them by the sub-treasury schemes of Government warehouses for corn and Government loans of inconvertible paper at a nominal rate of interest. Bounteous nature and deep plowing legislate much more wisely than the Peffers and Simpsons.

Of course, nobody believes that the Shah of Persia punished an embezzling tax collector by having him boiled alive; but such unbelief is unfortunate. Nothing would give a greater sense of security to bank depositors, taxpayers, stockholders and all the category of creditors than the knowledge that persons in positions of trust stood in wholesome fear of being boiled alive for stealing.

The Ancient Order of Foresters has made some important changes in its constitution, chief of which is a provision that the officers of the High Court shall hereafter be chosen without regard to the State in which the court may be sitting. Heretofore the officers have been selected from the State where the court sat. Brooklyn is said to be one of the centers of Forestry, and Chicago and San Francisco stand next to it. Within a radius of 400 miles from Brooklyn there are 56,000 members of the order.

There is considerable sensation in the orthodox religious world concerning the identity of the coat of the Saviour Jesus Christ. It is claimed by different factions that each has the identical coat worn by the Saviour, and called the "holy coat." The Simon pure holy coat is said to be at Treves, but the Rector at the church at Argenteuil, in France, who possess the rival coat, has arrived there with two friends. He declares that the holy coat of Treves is not seamless, as has been represented, and as the description in the New Testament requires the coat should be, and moreover that it is a long cloak, falling from the shoulders to the feet, which Jesus, being a mere craftsman, could never have worn. The French Rector's presence is likely to cause trouble, as his remarks have stirred up much indignation among the faithful there. We cannot see what difference it makes which coat he wore, or whether he had a coat at all. From accounts of the lowly condition of the Saviour, it is fair to presume he had no coat. Our orthodox brothers must have something to fight about however.

Kentucky has ratified a new Constitution to supersede that of 1849. The old instrument provided that seven years must elapse from the passage of an Act proposing a change, and its ratification by the people. Hence it was for a quarter of a century the people have vainly endeavored to reform their Constitution to adjust it to the changed condition that has naturally come about with time. The old Constitution provided for viva voce voting; that has been done away with, and all elections will be hereafter conducted by secret ballot. Kentucky was the last State to abolish the system of open ballot. The evil against which the Constitutional Convention of Kentucky directed their chief efforts was the growth of corruption of politics. The instrument which they framed abounds in preventive and punitive provisions aimed at this evil. Any person who has obtained a nomination or secured an election by the unlawful use of money, bribery or intimidation, or any other corrupt practice, shall be deprived of his office. Any corporation which is shown to have used money, or intimidation, or corrupt practices to promote its own schemes shall forfeit its charter. Any official who accepts free passes on railroads or steamboats shall forfeit his office. These provisions are generally in the present Constitution of this State, and they are supplemented by stringent statute laws, yet they have not been effective, and it is doubtful if the Kentucky Constitution will attain the reform designed. However, the tendency of modern legislation is to curb corruption in politics, and while all that could be desired has not been attained, much good has resulted, and there is hope of more in the future. Concerning the matter generally of a prominent evil in politics, the Baltimore *Sun* pointedly remarks: "It is a most significant as well as encouraging sign of the times that popular attention everywhere is being awakened and directed to that overshadowing curse of American politics—the power of the local political manager or boss. It is an evil that has grown enormously with the growth of our great cities, and with the gradual formation of the class of professional politicians of a low type, who follow politics as a trade and simply for the sake of the money that is in it."

NEW YORK LETTER.

Building Improvements and Street Obstructions—The New Union Depot—The Ocean Racers—"On the Avenue."

[Special Correspondence of THEMIS.]

NEW YORK, August 15, 1891.

At this particular season of the year one can scarcely walk three blocks in any direction in the city without coming across a pile of wretched buildings in the course of demolition, with their accompanying unsightly piles of brick and lumber. The worst places in town are down town, of course. The whole eastern side of Church street, between Cortlandt and Dey for instance, has been torn down; the entire street presenting a scene distressing to look upon, and, worse still, absolutely blockaded to all traffic, both of trucks and on foot. Of course there is a reason for all this; there is probably no city in the New World which presents the same obstacles to the erection of massive buildings as New York. In some sections boulders of the toughest kind of rock are found only a few feet beneath the surface, which necessitate extensive drilling and blasting, while in other portions quicksands imperil the safety of the most solid foundations. The modern building engineer has, however, reached such a degree of skill that he is able to erect immense structures on foundations that would give to an ordinary man but little encouragement in their promises of support. The huge building of the Coal and Iron Exchange, for instance, is built on a foundation composed of piles driven into the earth close together, and thickly covered over with concrete. It is fifteen years and more since this building was erected, and yet there has not been any indication of a lack of security in its supports. The present excavations are on the opposite corner, where it is intended to erect another large building. As the same difficulties are encountered in the effort to find a natural support for the new structure, it is but natural that similar means should be employed as were adopted in the case of the former building.

Another beautiful example of the total disregard for the convenience of the public and the demand of business, is furnished in the snail-like manner in which the work of laying the new stone pavement on Twenty-third street is conducted. About a month ago the granite blocks for the pavement were unloaded upon the sidewalk on both sides of the street from Fifth avenue to Tenth avenue, and shortly afterward workmen began tearing up the street. The old pavement was removed, and the street excavated to the depth of about three feet, but not a stone of the new pavement was laid. Merchants have appealed to the city officials for relief, but their appeals were not listened to; at last the abuse became so flagrant that the fire department had to notify the street commissioners that the state of the street in question was a menace to the safety of the city. The commissioners replied that they were hampered by troubles and disagreements among the laborers employed in laying the pavement, and then began work in a half-hearted way. Judging by the present rate of progress winter will be here with snow and slush to complete the discomforts of the situation before the pavement is laid on the westerly end of this street. The only apparent reason for this trespass on the rights of property owners and pedestrians, is the convenience of the contractors who have charge of the work, and the indifference of city officials, popularly supposed to be the servants of the people.

For some time the plan of a union depot, situated somewhere about Thirty-ninth street and Broadway, has been agitated. Some of the newspapers talk with suspicious enthusiasm, but there is no real reason for believing in its probable erection. Once in a while we are flooded with a series of articles, illustrated with cuts, which go to show that we will shortly have an enormous suspension bridge over the Hudson, anywhere from eight to twenty tracks, and about 750 trains a day landing in the heart of New York. If the scheme goes through it will have the effect of changing the whole character of New York. The proposed station is to be at Thirty-ninth street and Broadway, extending over two blocks to Eighth avenue, and covering about four times as much ground as the Grand Central depot. In imitation of the St. Pancras station of London, of course. This would place the Metropolitan Opera House next door to the railroad station, and, of course, ruin it as a home of music and art. The Casino would be across the way and the Broadway Theater two blocks distant; the Hotel Marlborough and the Normandie would face the structure. All these buildings would be ruined and rendered valueless, except as store-houses. This has been the experience of the enormous stations of London, Paris and Berlin. Wherever there is a great railroad station the neighborhood is gradually absorbed to commercial uses, or

turned into cheap hotels for transient guests. Furthermore, as Broadway is none too wide at Thirty-eighth street, and the different side streets are narrower still, it would be necessary before long to tear down some of the most imposing buildings in that neighborhood to make room for the railroad. This may be thought advisable fifty years hence, but just now would be a real detriment to the city.

It is not so very long ago that I had occasion to remark that the record of the European passage had been broken by a steamer of the Hamburg-American company. Just to keep abreast of the times, I would like to mention that even this record has been beaten by the White Star steamer *Majestic*. But there I intend to stop. Life is too short to spend it following up the doings of the ocean racers, unless one has nothing else to occupy his time. I should very much dislike to fall behind the procession of progress, but must none the less surrender the keeping a "racing guide" into the hands of some one with a mania for statistics—and nothing else to do.

What funny things we do see in a day's walk on "the avenue," for instance. A handsome young woman in deep black, with very red lips, sauntering along, and dropping her visiting card every block or so with charming unconsciousness. And then there are the politicians around the big hotels that face on Madison square, who actually think that at least one man in ten knows them, and worships their greatness. And, funniest of all, the city fathers who think they are the equals of "society" because they have been elected by the "people"—that is to say, by the heelers.

One of the luckiest of European rulers is the King of Denmark. His son is King of Greece; one of his daughters is the Princess of Wales, and another is the Czarina of Russia. The only reason why he cannot claim connection with the other royal houses of Europe is that the supply of marriageable children has fallen short. He proposes to have a family reunion next month, and the event will doubtless be a pleasant one. House cleaning has been going on for some time in the palace; there will be a great deal of baking and brewing, and the thrifty burghers of Copenhagen are delighted with the prospect of such an influx of royalty. As a successful matchmaker old Christian could give points to the most scheming dowager to be met with at the popular summer resorts.

Another scientific observer publishes a pamphlet to show that the European jaw is narrowing through the lesser severity of its labors that accompanies civilized food. The lower jaws of the later English are smaller than those of ancient Britons, or even of Australians. The jaw of the modern woman remains intact, which can be demonstrated without resorting to scientific principles. Just oppose a woman in some pet scheme, and the practical illustration will become manifest.

Let every person who earns money and is desirous of saving a few dollars a week or month, call on the General Agent and join the P. C. S. S. The Society will issue to you a certificate of its stock, and a pass book, same as you get at a bank, and then you can run in to the local collector every Saturday, Monday, or pay day, and deposit what you can spare.

The P. C. S. S. furnishes homes to the people upon terms so easy as to place it within the reach of every man to own his own home. No man permanently employed and earning good wages should be content to live in a rented house, but should join this Society and pay his rent toward the purchase of a home of his own.

Five hundred dollars at 7 per cent. compound interest will double itself in ten years; but you must get the \$500. Six dollars a month in the P. C. S. S., or say \$500 in seven years, will also double itself, or nearly so. And you can raise the \$6 a month.

Rent paid into a landlord's coffers yields no return, except probably 4 per cent. bonds for his lordship. Rent paid into the P. C. S. S. is refunded to you in several years in the form of a deed to the property.

The P. C. S. S. receives extra payments from shareholders as deposits, which are subject to sight check at any time. The Society pays 5 per cent. annual interest on any deposits which remain with the Society for three months or more.

One of the bridesmaids was softly crying during the ceremony, and her escort, nudging her, whispered: "What are you crying for? It isn't your wedding." "That's why I'm crying," she said.

The P. C. S. S. offers the safest and most profitable form of investment known to modern finance.

The plan of the P. C. S. S. is just, reliable, equitable, mutual and coöperative.

FLASHES.

The wealthy boor is a social nuisance.

The song of the Alliance farmers: Give us some offices.

A fresh face on a young lady is uicer than a fresh tongue.

Nearly all the fish liars have returned from their outing.

Misery and the society girl are alike—they both love company.

Some men of elegant leisure would have a better standing if they worked.

The usual college courses in these days are the racecourse and watercourse.

Poverty is not a crime, but it is devilish inconvenient when we want to have a vacation.

We could all be great men if we could be measured by the great things we intend to do to-morrow.

We all have axes to grind, but none are willing to turn the grindstone; we expect the other fellow to do that.

Most of our very religious and extremely good people have an idea they serve the Lord by wearing a long face.

There are very few of us who would like to be judged by our own thoughts. Even the alleged men of God would hesitate if called on to confess the truth with this regard.

After the Boodlers.

Superior Judge Wallace, of San Francisco, in impaneling the Grand Jury, on Thursday, delivered a masterly charge. After calling the attention of the jurors to their duties with reference to the municipal and county offices, he went into a broader field and said:

"It is asserted that at the late session of the Legislature the county of Colusa was territorially dismembered as the result of legislation procured by means of bribery; that part of the bribe was a promissory note for \$20,000 now or lately held on deposit in this city, its payment to await the ultimate effectuation of the measure. It is rumored—indeed, become notorious—that at the same session a corrupt combination—a trust—was formed by a majority of the members of the Senate of the State to sell the legislation of that body to purchasers for a price, and that a like combination for a like purpose was organized in the Assembly, indeed, a suit to recover a sum of money which is said to have been a part of the gains made in that business was lately brought and actually tried here in this department of the court.

"I advert to these matters merely by way of introduction to an illustration of the instruction which I now give you; which is, that for you such rumors are facts; not facts, of course, upon which to find any indictment or indictments of anybody—that can only be done after legal evidence of the commission of the offense shall have first been obtained by you; but these rumors are facts upon which your inquisitorial investigating power is put in motion. You must investigate them, you must inquire concerning them; not in a formal or perfunctory manner; not as those who, having eyes, see not, or, having ears, hear not, but, in the language of your oath, diligently, with assiduity and with the intent and purpose, in good faith, to find out the truth; and if the commission of the offense be proven, to present an indictment or indictments here against the guilty parties, provided the offense be one which, to quote the statutory phrase, is 'triable' in the city and county."

The foreman of the Grand Jury is ex-Congressman Barclay Henley, a lawyer of distinguished ability. Among the jurors are James M. McDonald, ex-Supervisor; Jeremiah Lynch, ex-Senator, and James Denman, a prominent educator. The composition of the jury, generally, is good, and we confidently await their action—it will be salutary. There should be a penetration of the black cloud that obscured the last days of the Legislature. If men are guilty as charged, there should be an exposure; if they have been unjustly accused by such men as Faylor, an opportunity should be afforded for them to clear their skirts. The people are interested in matters of so much public moment; the ax should fall and the guilty not spared.

The P. C. S. S. meets with universal success because its plan is equitable and its purpose is to encourage industry and to promote thrift and economy among its members, providing a medium through which their savings may be invested to the greatest advantage consistent with safety.

The birds have nests and the beasts of the field have burrows or dens in which they live year after year, and for the retaining of which they will use strength, instinct and cunning; and man should have a home which is his. You can get it by uniting with the P. C. S. S.

The popular method of saving money is to purchase five or more shares of P. C. S. S. stock.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Last week we gave an extended notice of the appearance of Russell's Comedians in *The City Directory*. On Monday night this excellent combination will give this farce comedy at the Metropolitan. For pure and delightful fun the company is particularly adapted. The only wonder is that this city should be cut off with a one-night engagement.

Our friend Charley McClatchy, who is recognized as one of the best dramatic critics on the coast, and who never slobbers over a performance or an actor, must have been a little cross-grained on Monday night when he witnessed the Lyceum Company in *The Charity Ball*. Charley must have experienced a burr under the crupper, which caused him to kick clear over the lines and traces. When a surly critic desires to find fault, there is always something he can seize upon as a pretext, and our young friend thought there was a little scheme of advertisement interpolated in the scene between "Cain," the ragged and hungry little waif, and Ann Cruger (Georgia Cayvan), wherein she soliloquizes on the wretchedness of Cain, and witnessing the wonderful capacity for food of the poor little waif, says: "His stomach must be made of Goodyear's rubber to contain such quantities." This the critic jumps on with both hands and feet, as an advertisement. It could not be of any benefit, as Goodyear's patent expired many years ago by limitation. Why, half a century ago Daniel Webster argued the Goodyear patent cases in the United States Supreme Court and the patent expired ten or fifteen years ago. We think the reviewer is in error when he urges that this was an advertisement.

The Poe Cottage.

By the telegraph we are informed that one Bryson has purchased the building known as the Poe cottage, near the village of Fordham, and that he intends to preserve it in memory of the lamented poet, Edgar Allan Poe, whom he admired. A large sum was paid for the cottage, and \$50,000 has been set apart to keep the house and grounds in order. It was in this place that "The Raven" was written. It is old-fashioned in exterior appearance, and quaint to a marked degree in the interior arrangements. The cottage is admirably preserved, and is just about as it was in the days of Poe. The propriety of this act of Mr. Bryson cannot be questioned, but it will strike one that a little less sum could have been expended with better result to have saved Poe from the misery he suffered in his later years, and from the death he miserably encountered. Poe is regarded as among the finest and most original poetical genius produced by America. He was born in Boston, February 19, 1809. Left an orphan at a tender age, he was adopted by John Allan, a rich merchant, who had no children. He was carefully educated, but in early life developed a strong passion for gaming. In 1829 he published a volume of poems, and afterward entered West Point, but drank to excess, and was cashiered March 6, 1831. Incurring the displeasure of Mr. Allan he was disowned and thrown on his own resources. He adopted literature as a profession, and his success was marked. In 1845 his famous poem "The Raven" appeared. On October 4, 1849, he left Richmond by train for Baltimore, where, a few hours after his arrival, he was discovered insensible in the street, and on the 7th he died in a hospital. It is stated that he was made drunk on an election day, and made to cast his vote by designing persons. As well, however, pass his weaknesses, and give credit to his masterly intellect.

Thought He Had the Right Man.

A traveler, with a large-sized jag, got on the train at Buffalo, called the sleeping car porter, gave him a dollar, and said:

"I'm always ugly when I'm drunk, and it makes me fighting mad when waked up early in the morning, but I've got to be in Rochester to-morrow morning, sure. When we get to Rochester I want you to get me off the train. Never mind how ugly I am. Use force, if necessary, but get me off somehow, if you value your life."

The porter took the dollar and promised to put the gentleman off at Rochester. Next day when this gentleman woke up it was broad daylight, and the train was just entering Albany. Foaming with rage he hunted up the porter. That unlucky individual was found in a badly demoralized condition—one arm broken and tied up in a sling, two ribs fractured, his skull cracked, and both eyes draped in mourning. Paying no attention to these things, the traveler swung his fists and shouted:

"Blankety blank your soul! Why didn't you put me off at Rochester?"

The porter seemed stupefied for a moment. Then he faltered out:

"Be you the—the gentleman I promised to put off?"

"You bet your — life I am!" yelled the infuriated traveler.

"Well den, fo' de Lord, boss, I—I wonder who dat gentleman was I put off at Rochester!"

Tobacco Culture in California.

Tobacco was first produced in California, on a small scale, in 1854. The production was in the counties of Santa Clara, Napa and Sonoma. The product was inferior and only fit for pipe-smoking. In 1858 a fair quality of the weed was produced in Sonoma and Napa valleys, a temporary factory was established at Sebastopol, and a small quantity of inferior grade plug tobacco manufactured. Lack of care and knowledge led the tobacco to undergo a fermentation and spoil. In 1860 two colored men who had been employed in factories in Richmond, Va., purchased some of the best cured leaf and manufactured a limited amount of plug chewing, which favorably compared with the average Virginia grades. They ceased the business for want of capital. In 1863 Weil & Co., tobacco merchants of San Francisco, purchased all the fair leaf tobacco available, and some 100,000 pounds were shipped to San Francisco. A temporary factory was erected and about 50,000 pounds of light-pressed natural-leaf plug tobacco made. The same firm also manufactured Kilickinick smoking tobacco of good quality. Their goods met with ready sale, but owing to the fact that California growers ceased to produce the necessary leaf, the factory was closed down. About this time J. D. Culp, of Gilroy, produced a superior quality and manufactured smoking tobacco and a few cigars from tobacco grown by himself from Havana seed. These compared favorably with the average Havana-filled cigar with Connecticut wrapper. Mr. Culp then proceeded to grow tobacco on a more extensive scale. After three years' crops had been produced a stock company was organized, and by 1873, when the various companies that had been organized were consolidated, the business became of considerable importance. In 1873 they made up their tobacco into cigars as a test. They planted 300 acres in tobacco, 100 acres of Havana seed for cigars and the rest for filling and smoking. That year they made over a million cigars and a large quantity of plug, fine-cut, long-cut and granulated tobaccos, all of which found a ready market. In 1874 they planted 500 acres, and in 1875 they were at work in earnest. New buildings were put up and the old one at Gilroy enlarged. At one time that year they employed 785 men at the Gilroy cigar factory alone. That year the manufactured product was worth \$600,000, and it was readily disposed of, about one-half finding market in California. In 1877 the cigar factories of the company were burned and all the appliances and raw material destroyed. The affairs of the company were wound up and its business ceased. Since that time little tobacco has been produced in the State, as no inducement has been held out to growers. Of late there has been a demand for California leaf by Eastern manufacturers, and it would seem the time is near at hand when tobacco culture will be revived here.

A few vines, lovely roses, little odds and ends of conveniences that add so much to home—make it attractive and worth living in—make it a sure enough home, which keeps the tired merchant or worker contented with his family, and the plan of the P. C. S. S. will help you get that home.

A Matter of Etiquette.

A question which the etiquette books should settle is the proper behavior on being caught in a lie. This would interest persons of both sexes. It is the custom of one woman to play a brave hand on such occasions. "I've found out that lie you told about me," said an irate person to her one day. "Have you, really?" she promptly answered. "Which one?"

This is sure to stagger. But it takes nerve to do it. Another person—a man this time—had an acquaintance rush in upon him one day like a cyclone. "Look here, you rascal you!" he shouted, "you've been lying about me!"

"Then thank your lucky stars, man, that I haven't told the truth about you," answered the other, coolly.

It was a woman this time. Another woman had said to her: "Is it possible that you have been lying to me?"

"Lying, my dear child? Lying? Why, I am self-confessed and self-approved the worst liar in the world. I have lied a great many times to you. If I hadn't lied all the years of my life religiously and conscientiously I should have been untrue to all my friends and all the obligations that life has brought to me."

Gail Hamilton somewhere tells this story about a friend of Mr. Lincoln, who, in the first convention that nominated Mr. Lincoln for the presidency, had both worked and spoken with great effect for Mr. Lincoln. Afterward, in thanking him for his enthusiasm, Mr. Lincoln said to him: "But I am afraid, Colonel, that when you spoke for me you prevaricated just a little."

"Prevaricated, Mr. Lincoln?" said the other; "prevaricated? Why, I lied like the d—!"

The P. C. S. S. allows 5 per cent. on extra deposits and 6 per cent. on withdrawals.

P. C. S. S. stock is popular with young people, and with ladies, who thus accumulate for some specific object. It induces habits of thrift, prudence and industry, is an unequalled temperance factor, and in every way an effective moral as well as material agency for the benefit of all stockholders as well as a power in the general growth and prosperity of the community.

The art of money-saving is an important part of money-getting. Without frugality no one can become rich; with it, few would be poor. The first effort to save is the most difficult. Only begin by taking a few shares of P. C. S. S. stock and it will soon become easy.

The P. C. S. S. offers unequalled inducements to the mechanic, laborer and persons of small income, desirous of putting aside sums of money from month to month where it will give him the largest return consistent with safety.

How many life failures, how much ill-health, hardships and misery could be averted if every man would learn to save a little money! Men who are thrifty and saving will always find the P. C. S. S. ready to help and encourage them.

MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber
and
Elder Flower
Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles; and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hairdressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GRAHAM'S

FACE BLEACH

Cures the worst cases of Freckles, Sunburn, Sallowiness, Moth Patches, Pimples, and all skin blemishes. Price, \$1.50. Harmless and effective. No sample can be sent. Lady Agents wanted.

The Druggist in this city who first orders a bill of my preparations will have his name added to this advertisement.

My preparations are for sale by wholesale druggists in Chicago and every city west of it.

THE
STATE
FAIR
OCCURS AT
SACRAMENTO
SEPT. 7TH TO 19TH 1891
THE EVENT OF THE YEAR.
DON'T FAIL TO EXHIBIT.
WRITE THE SECRETARY
FOR INFORMATION.
FRED K. COX,
PRESIDENT.
EDWIN F. SMITH,
SECRETARY.

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated
Orleans
Vineyard.

Producers of
the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

The Very Sweetest.

What are the sweetest things of earth?—
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn.
A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile though they may weep;
A brother's cheer; a father's praise;
The minstrelsy of summer days.
A heart where never anger burns;
A gift that looks for no returns;
Wrong's overthrow; pain's swift release;
Dark footsteps guided into peace.
The light of love in lover's eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise;
An honest hand that needs no ward;
A life with right in true accord.
A hope-bud waxing into joy;
A happiness without alloy;
A mother's kiss; a baby's mirth—
These are the sweetest things of earth.—
[Ladies' Journal.]

Nap's Duel.

Emile Fontaine was the handsomest young man in New Orleans in the old dueling days, and was engaged to marry Adele Lawson, a famous Southern beauty. Her father, the Colonel, was very much opposed to dueling, and when Emile had challenged a former rival, Mr. Lawson vowed that he must give up the fight or give up the daughter. He decided to brave the city and keep Adele.

From that time he suffered a martyrdom—was snubbed as a coward; and Adele at last, finding that she shared the universal opprobrium, broke the engagement.

Fontaine felt this keenly, and, seeking out the man he had challenged before to fight, he shot him dead and left the city. After that he became known as a famous Indian fighter and did some brave deeds on the frontier.

Stopping one night at a border ranch, I heard that the daughter of the house had been carried off by Comanches, and that "Nap" Fontaine, as he was now called, had gone with the father in search of them.

Before daylight a great shouting and laughing and crying and hurrying of negroes and rattling of dishes and glasses, convinced me that the party had returned successful. I would like to have joined in the happy, noisy meal, but being an entire stranger, I felt some delicacy in the matter. In the morning I was sorry I had not waived ceremony. Nap and his men had gone into camp three miles away and three miles quite out of our course.

The girl was frightfully exhausted, and her flesh severely cut with the rawhides with which she had been tied; but, somehow, I hoped that pretty Nellie Wharton's trouble might be the saving of Nap Fontaine; for as she spoke of him her eyes filled with a tender light, and all her face flushed as she recounted the bravery of his hand-to-hand fight with her captor.

"He's a number one fighter," said the grateful father, "and he has 'lifted more hair' than any twenty men on the frontier. If he hefts an Indian he is as sure of his scalp as the day is sure of light."

"He must like to fight," I said.
"Why, yes. It's meat and liquor to him. And he is like a lobos wolf—he gets better at it the longer the tussle lasts. And that's a fact, ma'am."

Soon after this he got fighting enough. The war broke out and he went, with a few men who stuck to him, to Fort Inge and offered his services to the government. His intimate knowledge of the lower part of the Mississippi caused him finally to be sent there to command some important operations. Things had then changed very much in New Orleans. The rich had then become poor, and most of his old friends were dead or scattered or impoverished.

Still all who had any acquaintance with him eagerly sought his protection and favor, for now he was a great man and had won a famous name, and been intrusted with much authority. He never sought Colonel Lawson at all, and it was therefore a surprise to him when he received a letter from that gentleman placing his home at his service. The offer was accompanied by an invitation to dinner, which, for some reason or other, he chose to accept.

He was now a strikingly handsome man, but Adele was much changed. Beauty in that climate has but a short, brilliant life. She was an old maid, thin, sallow and faded, and no arts of her splendid toilet could disguise the fact. She saw at once that her old lover was not inclined to retie the knot she had so rudely broken, but the opportunity was very likely to be her last one, and she could not bear to let it slip away unimproved.

"General," she said softly, as she led him to the warm, scented orange grove, "can I hope that you have forgotten and forgiven the past?"

"Yes," he replied sadly, but very coldly; "it is, I hope, both forgotten and forgiven."

"And—and, Emile—Emile, dear—"

"You must not call me by that name, Miss Lawson; I have forgotten it, too."

"What shall I call you, then? 'General' seems so cold."

"You may drop my title, then, Miss Lawson. I care nothing about it. Out on the far Western prairies they call me Capt. 'Nap,' and I got to love the name, especially

since a little blue-eyed wonder of a woman whom I saved from the Comanches has begun to call me 'Nap dear.'"

"Then I can't call you that name?"
"No; she might not like it; and I would not grieve her for all the gold in Christendom. The Tonkaway Indians called me 'Big, Black, Whistling Thunder,' but you could not call me that either."

Adele faintly laughed, but she was sick at heart, for she knew that she had bought her desolation and her disappointment by her own falseness and folly.

"When people profess to have principles," she said bitterly to her father, "they ought to stand to them. For my part, I think it was cowardly to fly from them as from one's colors on the battle field."

"Why do you blame me, Adele? A man has got to do as the world does; though I must say the world has a trick of punishing the very crimes it creates. But it is different with a woman. It admires a woman who has heart enough and pluck enough to stick to her lover through thick and thin. I always thought General Fontaine was right, and I was a fool to mind your complaints." That was all the consolation she got. She went slowly and sadly to her own room, while the refrain of an old song went moaning through her heart and would not be silenced:

If she will not when she may,
If she will not when she may,
When she will, she may get "Nap!"

For the general had made an excuse and gone home early, having a letter to write to blue-eyed Nellie Wharton, who a few months afterwards became Mrs. "Nap" Fontaine.

Some Bill of Fare Puzzles Translated Into English.

Many cook books and bills of fare at hotels contain terms not generally understood. Here are some of the most common of them, with their meaning:

An blue—Fish dressed so as to have a blue tint.

Aspic—A meat jelly for covering game pies, served with boned turkey, etc.

Au jus—In the natural juice or gravy.

Bechamel—A sauce made from meats, onions; and sweet herbs.

Baine-Marie—A saucepan for boiling water, into which a small pan fits.

Braise—A manner of stewing meat.

Blanquette—A preparation of white meat.

Bouilli—Beef stewed slowly and served with sauce.

Bouillon—French soup or broth.

Bisque—A shellfish soup.

Civet—Wild fowl or game hash.

Compote—Something applied to fruit stewed in sirup, and sometimes to pigeons and small game.

Consomme—A strong gravy used for enriching other gravies and soups.

Caramel—Sugar boiled until the moisture is evaporated, and then used for ornamental dishes.

Croustion—A sippet of fried bread.

Entree—Side dish for the first course.

Gateau—A cake.

Jardiniere—A mode of stewing vegetables in their own sauce.

Maigre—Dishes made without meat.

Meringue—Pastry made of sugar and white of egg beaten to a snow.

Nougat—A mixture of almonds and sugar.

Pate—A small pie of oysters or meat.

Pot-au-feu—The common bouillon of the French peasants.

Quonelles—Force meat balls.

Roux—Thickening for sauces.

Saute—To mix or unite all the parts of a ragout by shaking while frying.

Salmis—Game hashed when half roasted.

Piece de Resistance—The principal joint of the dinner.

Serviette, a la—Served on a napkin.

Sorbet—A sherbet.

Souffle—A very light pudding.

Veloute—White sauce.

Vol au vent—Light puff tarts filled with meat.

Every dollar you deposit with the P. C. S. S. begins to earn money for you from the time you pay it in, and if you are persistent it does not take so long a time as you might think to accumulate enough money so that it will earn as much as you do, and money works every day if you give it a chance—every day and every night, rainy days and sunny days, holidays and working days, whether you are asleep or awake, at work or at leisure—money is constantly bringing an income to the thrifty depositor in this Society.

Costs Must Be Paid.

A Georgia editor, who is also a Justice of the Peace, recently granted a quarreling couple an absolute divorce.

"Mr. Bailiff," he said, "collect \$3 costs out of the couple."

"I can't do it," said the bailiff, mournfully, "They hain't got a cent."

"Then," said the editorial justice, "fetch the ordinary before me and make him issue a license, and I'll marry the woman to the first man who has got \$3. This court can't live on air. Step up lively, gentlemen."

Every cent paid your landlord for rent is a nail pulled out of a home of your own. The system of the P. C. S. S. enables every man to provide a home for his family.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than

J. SLAUGHTER,
Sixth and M Streets.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

ALWAYS A FINE LUNCH ON THE COUNTER.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO

UNCLE IKE'S

COLLATERAL LOAN OFFICE,

302 K Street, Sacramento.

W. R. STRONG CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fruit and Produce

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar
Floors, Fence Coping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J

SACRAMENTO.

PACIFIC

HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

TELEPHONE No. 41.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & Co.
410 J STREET.

— ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED —

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON

CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Clippings from Harper's Magazine.

A WOEFUL STATE.

One of Philadelphia's most prominent physicians, while in Virginia recently, wandered into a village court-room where a trial was in progress. As he entered, a dispute which was being carried on between the prosecution and defense as to the advisability of admitting a certain letter as evidence was ended by the judge desiring that the letter be given to him, in order that he might decide the matter. When the letter was handed him, he put on his spectacles, turned it first inside out, then upside down, then sideways, examining it carefully all the time.

"What's the matter with the judge?" asked Dr. Blank of a by-stander. "Why doesn't he read the letter?"

"Pshaw!" said the individual addressed, with a world of contempt in his tone, "he can't read readin'-readin', let alone writin'-readin'."

AN EXPENSIVE COMMODITY.

A gentleman traveling in Sweden asked the price of smoked salmon.

"One dollar and a half," replied the clerk. "What does fresh salmon bring?" he inquired, in wonder.

"About thirty cents a pound at retail."

"And what is labor worth in the smoker-ies?"

"Something like twenty-five cents a day, I believe, sir."

"Then," said the traveler—"then smoke must be very dear here."

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Nubar Pasha, the famous Egyptian statesman, no longer possesses the magnificent watch, all encrusted with precious stones and embellished with the imperial monogram, which Napoleon III presented to him as a souvenir of the Empress Eugenie's visit to Cairo in 1869. The manner in which he lost it, or at least the story which he tells of its disappearance, is characteristic of Oriental notions of morality. Nubar, while Prime Minister, was accustomed to place his watch in front of him on the council table at meetings of the cabinet. These invariably took place in the evening. One night, while the cabinet was in session, the electric light suddenly went out. A minute later, when it shone forth again, the Premier noticed that his watch had vanished. The doors, as usual, had been locked from the inside at the beginning of the meeting. No one had stirred. But the watch was gone. Nubar gazed, first of all, at the spot where the watch had lain, and then inquiringly at each of his colleagues in turn. All bore his searching look without flinching. "Gentlemen," he finally exclaimed, after an awkward pause, "at the beginning of the council I had my watch down in front of me, in accordance with my usual custom. The light went out a few minutes ago, and during the darkness which prevailed, the timepiece disappeared. The door is locked, and no one has entered or left this room. I am ready to believe that the removal of the watch has been due to a practical joke, or else to a moment of temporary aberration on the part of one of the ministers present. I will now press this button so as to extinguish the light once more, and I am certain that when, a minute later, the light is turned on again, the watch will be found restored to its accustomed place." Nubar thereupon extinguished the light. A few seconds later, when it shone forth once more, the place previously occupied by the watch was still vacant, and the jeweled inkstand presented to him by King Victor Emmanuel had likewise gone, presumptively to join the watch. He was never able to recover either the one or the other.

A BIT OF LEGAL REPARTEE.

Sir Henry Hawkins, the only British judge who combines in his person a membership of the Supreme Court of Judicature and a membership of the Jockey Club, was accustomed before his elevation to the bench to practice a great deal in the Court of Admiralty. The presiding judge at the time was the popular Baron Channel, who, though renowned for his legal acumen and for the facility with which he disentangled the most knotty problems of marine law, was never able to master the letter H. On one occasion he was engaged in trying a case in which a vessel named the Hannah had been run down just off Dover by the steamboat Wave. Mr. (subsequently Judge) Huddleston represented the owners of the latter, while Mr. Hawkins appeared for the proprietor of the Hannah. Throughout the trial Judge Channel persisted in referring to the lost vessel as the Anna. Finally, Mr. Huddleston, gravely rising from his seat, pulled his wig down over his forehead with a gesture that was habitual to him, and after slyly winking at the opposing counsel, remarked, in his most solemn and impressive manner: "There appears to be a good deal of doubt about the name of this vessel which my clients are asserted to have run down. Some call her the Anna, and others again the Hannah. Perhaps my learned brother Hawkins will be good enough to state definitely for your Lordship's information what the real name of this unfortunate vessel was." Before Huddleston had time to resume his seat, Hawkins was on his feet. "Certainly, my Lord," he replied, with equal seriousness and unction. "The real name of the vessel is the Hannah, but the H has been lost in the chops of the Channel!"

The people of Thessaly were the first to break horses for service in war, and their proficiency as equestrians probably first gave rise to the ancient myth that their country was originally inhabited by centaurs, fabulous creatures supposed to be half horse and half man.

There are savings banks where money is received in small sums, and if left long enough will accumulate; but the best in every way—the safest way—to procure a home from small savings is through the P. C. S. S.

A. D. BOWLEY.

M. J. CURTIS.

CURTIS & BOWLEY,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

Pacific States Savings, Loan, and Building Company.

1012 Fourth Street, bet. J and K, Sacramento.

REPRESENT THE

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn.	\$10,000,000 00
Hartford Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn.	5,750,000 00
German-American Insurance Co.	5,000,000 00
Manhattan Life Ins. Co. of New York	11,729,400 00
Fidelity and Casualty Accident and Plate Glass Insurance Co. of New York	774,550 20

S. A. WOLFE,

Photographic Art Parlors

426½ J Street, Sacramento.

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

Capital Restaurant,

A. H. ARATT, Proprietor.

MEAL TICKETS, \$3 EACH.

321 J STREET,

Between Third and Fourth, SACRAMENTO.

Cosmopolitan Restaurant,

403 K Street, near Cor. Fourth,

Opposite Mechanics' Store, - - SACRAMENTO.

B. PILCOVICH, Proprietor.

The Cheapest and Best House in the City.

Capital Coffee House

J. H. BRUNING, Proprietor.

509 K STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth, SACRAMENTO.

Fine Coffee, Tea or Milk, { with Pie or Cake, } 10 Cents.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Grubler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

JUST AT HAND

The latest New York styles in Note Paper, Visiting and Correspondence Cards, Card Envelopes, Mourning Cards and Paper.

Tinted Note Paper and Correspondence Cards are now the rage. All the latest tints in stock.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

FOR SALE.

SECOND-HAND REMINGTON TYPE-WRITER for sale. Inquire at 1714 M street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of V. CURRAN, an insolvent debtor.—V. Curran having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said V. Curran is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said V. Curran, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 18th day of September, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

A. P. CATLIN,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated August 13th, 1891.

JAMES B. DEVINE, Attorney for Petitioner. a15-5t

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to O. S. BOARDMAN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 22d day of July, 1891, in which action W. S. Hickey is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain judgment against you for the sum of One Thousand Four Hundred and Eighteen and 1/10 Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to the plaintiff for the balance of an account; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for \$1,418.15, and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 24th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. DODDY, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. a8-2m

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to THEODORE J. KERLIN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 14th day of July, 1891, in which action, Nettie R. Kerlin is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To have the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the plaintiff dissolved; that the plaintiff be awarded the custody of the children, issue of said marriage, and for alimony, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court, this 14th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. DODDY, Deputy Clerk.

ARMSTRONG & PLATNAUER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. jy16-8t

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to Emile Cavellier, Wm. T. Hynes and David M. Bemus, greeting:

You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 23d day of June, 1891, in which action GEO. SMITH is plaintiff and you are defendants.

That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To determine the adverse claims of the defendants, and each of them, to the north half of the east sixty feet and the east fifty feet of the south eighty feet of lot two, in block between I and J, 3d and 4th streets, in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, and State of California, and for costs of suit; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take default against you and each of you, and apply to the Court for the relief prayed for.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 23d day of June, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, Attorney for Plaintiff. je27-9t

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.



PANTS to ORDER

\$3.50 to \$13.50

SUITS TO ORDER

\$15.00 to \$50.00

1000 Patterns to Select from.

GABEL the TAILOR

426 J STREET.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

A. L. HART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON.

ALBERT M. JOHNSON.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,

LAWYERS.

504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 604 J Street,

W. A. GETT, JR.,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNEL,

LAWYERS,

Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,

LAWYER,

Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,

LAWYER,

920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

THOMAS W. HUMPHREY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

630 J Street, Rooms 7 and 8.

H. L. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney),

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Sam Didn't Holler.

It was election day in the town, and I noticed that almost every white man was armed. There was no appearance of any trouble with the negroes, and I finally asked a man who was carrying a big revolver under his coat-tails what was apprehended.

"Can't allus tell jist how this yere will turn out," he replied. "I've dun bin down on the Greens fur fo' y'ars, and they've dun bin down on us jist the same. Thar's the Parkers; they ar' dun down on the Jacksons. Thar's the Lowrys; they ar' dun down on the Browns. Thar's the Perkinses; they ar' dun down on the Weltons. Can't tell when somebody will begin to shute, you know."

"You don't mean there is danger of a regular fusilade right here in the street, do you?"

"Can't tell. I've seed it afore. Got a bullet in that hand right about yere two y'ars ago. It all depends, I reckon."

"What does it depend on?"

"'Bout as much on my boy Sam as anything. Sam's got two guns and is powerful reckless. I wanted him to stay home, but he wouldn't."

"And what will Sam do?"

"Can't tell. If somebody will take Sam over to the saloon and fill him up so he can't shout thar won't be any row yere to-day. If they don't, and Sam should take it into his head to jump out on the squar' and begin to holler, nobody can be held in. Sam is powerful on the holler. Never heard him, did ye?"

"No."

"Wall, he fust flaps his arms and crows like a rooster; and you kin hear that crow a mile away. Then he a-ounces that he was b'on on the top of the Rocky Mountains, and is used to grizzly b'ars, chain lightning, cyclones and all that. Then he offers to out-run, out-jump, out-holler, out-wrastle, out-cry or out-fight any livin' animal on top the face of this yere airth. He works hisself up by degrees, and when he gits to the climax you kin hear him three miles, if the wind is right."

"Aud that brings on a row?"

"Suah to do it, sah. Thar comes Sam now, and I'll be clawed if he doan' look jist like he was gwine to begin hollerin'. Will ye do me a favor?"

"I will."

"Take him over and fill him up. I'm a runnin' fur office to-day and doan' want no row."

Sam and I were introduced, and we adjourned to a saloon. It took an hour's time and a full quart of whisky to lay him in a corner, but he was there for all day; and when the father came in and saw him he shook hands and said:

"A thousand times obleeged. Sam will lose his vote, of co'se, but we'll count out ten niggers as an offset, and thar won't be no shuttin' to speak of; jist a little shuttin' now and then—jest 'nuff to sorter make 'em realize that this yere is 'leckshun day an' our ticket is gwine to git thar by over fo' hundred majority." M. QUAD.

Improved Sport.

He sat on a horse-block on Amherst street with a long fish-pole in his hands, says the *Buffalo Express*. The line was dangling in a little stream of muddy water which flowed along the gutter. He had an umbrella over his head, a rubber coat on, a box of bait beside him and a pipe in his mouth. It looked like a boyish trick for a man of 50 or more, so it was natural for a neighbor who passed to stop and inquire:

"What are you fishing for?"

"Oh, anything that I can catch."

"But you don't expect to catch anything in that gutter, do you?"

"Perhaps I may."

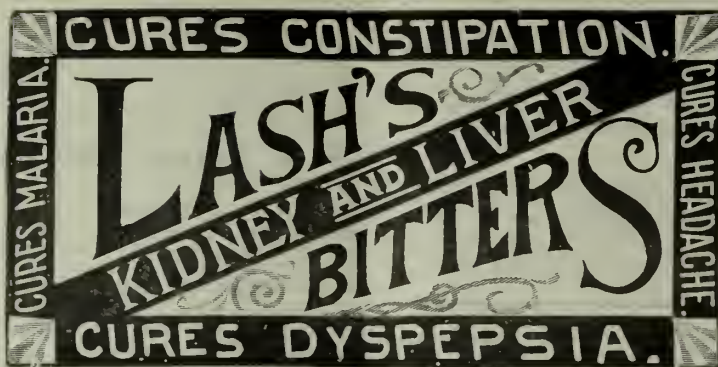
"Why, there are no fish there."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Why, it stands to reason. You must be crazy."

"No," slowly drawing his pipe from his mouth, "I'm not crazy; I'm the sanest and most sensible fishing crank in the city of Buffalo. I used to be like all the rest. Every time there came a rainy day I would tramp off ten or fifteen miles into the country, or row away down the river, for the fun of sitting all day with this pole in my lap and buying some fish at a market to take home at night. I'd get all tired out and be unfit to work for a week afterward. Now, I'm not going to do it any more. I'm going to fish right here from my own horse-block, in front of my own house. Here's a stream of water, and I can have just as much fun, and get just as many fish—if I buy them—by staying here as I can by going anywhere else. I save the tramp and the work, which are likely to lay me up. I can go in the house at noon and get a hot dinner, instead of a cold lunch carried in my pocket; and I've made up my mind that this is the best way to go fishing. If you'd try it you'd think so, too."

The plan of the P. C. S. S. is simple, inexpensive, easily understood and effectual. There is no better method, at present, at least, by which a home can be obtained. There are hundreds of neat, pleasant, happy homes in every city which never would have been obtained but for these Savings Societies.



W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



San Francisco Branch, 305 Battery St.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Imperial GALLERY,
No. 415 J Street,
Between Fourth and Fifth,
SACRAMENTO.

Finest Finished Cabinet Photographs, \$2.00 per Dozen.

All Other Work in Proportion, and Guaranteed First Class.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR SPECIMENS BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE.



W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

August 2, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6-50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11 02 A
3-05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8 10 P
12-50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4 20 A
4-30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7 00 P
7-00 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7 40 A
10-50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9 35 A
11-50 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	2-25 A
11-00 P	Central Atlantic Express	5-25 A
3-00 P	Oroville	10-30 A
3-00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10 30 A
10-35 A	Redding via Willows	4 00 P
2-50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 25 A
4-35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12 30 A
6-50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 05 A
5-40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10 40 P
3-05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8-10 P
*10-00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	6 00 A
10-50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2 50 P
10-50 A	San Jose	2 50 P
4-30 P	Santa Barbara	9 35 A
6-50 A	Santa Rosa	11 05 A
3-05 P	Stockton and Galt	8 10 P
8-50 A	Stockton and Galt	7 00 P
4-30 P	Stockton and Galt	9 35 A
11-50 A	Truckee and Reno	2 25 A
11-00 P	Truckee and Reno	5 25 A
6-30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2 30 P
6-50 A	Vallejo	8 10 P
3-05 P	Vallejo	8 10 P
*8 20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2 40 P
*12 15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10 20 A
*4 45 P	Folsom	*8 00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen'l Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND HAS BEEN DECLARED BY THE People's Savings Bank for the term ending June 30, 1891, at the rate of five and one-third (5 1/3) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on or after July 3, 1891.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER, WHEN FOR a trifling amount expended in the purchase of one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THE LUMPS

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1891.

No. 28.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

Whither are we drifting? The city authorities are in a quandary regarding the unfortunate situation of the municipality. For several years there has been a disposition on the part of the city trustees to lean on shadows. Indeed, so great is their weakness that they have depended in a full measure upon the chimerical impulses of that reform institution called the Improvement Association. If we were called upon to arraign this association, there are several counts in the indictment that the people could easily substantiate. It is probable that these men are over-zealous and honestly sincere in their plans, puerile and weak as they are, and that the trustees have been in a measure forced to adopt the course laid down by their suicidal policy. One of the first counts in the indictment is, that these "reformers" became wedded to the schemes of the city creditors, and lent absolute aid and comfort to them by throwing wide open the treasury doors to their unholy demands. Through their behests all resistance was abandoned against the creditors, and the water-works and its revenue given over bodily to these cormorants, which has almost resulted in the destruction of this great source of revenue to the city. The second count in the indictment rests upon the bitter opposition to the adoption of a new organic law for the city, whereby our system of government could have been made to conform to the State Constitution, and become abreast of the times, and to meet the requirements of the progress made in governmental affairs within the past 28 years. It was through these "reformers" that we are now drifting along under the tattered wreck of the government craft. They should be indicted by public sentiment for abolishing our awnings, and not substituting something in their places. About the only things done by this association have resulted in a detriment to the well-being of the city. It might not be out of place for the trustees to have a watchful eye upon the only good measure that was consummated by these "reformers": that is the subject of street improvement. It would do no harm to see to it that the \$100,000 voted by the people is properly appropriated. We have already said we believe these gentlemen to be honest, but then they are so very zealous in behalf of the revenues of the city, that a little care should be taken that we are not placed further in the power of our bond creditors.

For building great castles and imperishable public improvements—by resolutions—commend us to these *public-spirited* men. We assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that, had these men kept their influences from the trustees, the city would have been much better off. Certain it is that we might have been able to resist the assaults of the bond creditors on our water-works, at least, not to mention the other raids on the treasury. Whenever any attempt has been made to break the shackles fastened upon the water-works we find these men, to a man, advising against such a course. So completely are they a part of the funded-debt scheme that the first consideration is, "How are we to add to this fund?" It is one of the strange things in governmental affairs that the masses will blindly follow these chimeras and permit the affairs of state to go to wreck. Is it not time that

the Trustees should assert themselves? Here are our water-works about exhausted and ready to go to pieces, and the only attempt to protect them is by supplicating the bondholders, who have the city by the throat, asking for a loan of the interest money for a few months, which supplications are treated with indifference. Would it not be more in accord with right and independence to take the revenue from the water-works and place only what lawfully belongs to the creditors in the interest and sinking fund; namely, 55 per cent. of the net proceeds? Thus there would be what law and reason says belongs to the city—the expenses of running and repairing the works being deducted before any apportionment of the water rents. But we are answered that the city treasurer will not apportion this money on any other basis than 55 per cent. of the gross revenue, because he fears that he might be guilty of contempt of court. Well, if this is the only reason, the Board of Trustees should find some person who is not so squeamish about contempt, and who would obey the orders of the board. Let the bondholders cite one officer for contempt; let us have the contest over again. That is what we want. It is to be released from the ruinous decision of the bare majority of the old Supreme Court that we demand this. It is useless to think about conducting our water-works on the basis of giving 55 per cent. of the gross revenue to the creditors. It is not law or common sense to say that we shall pay all the running expenses of the water works, keep them in repair, and when worn out build new works, and then give 55 per cent. of the entire revenue to the interest and sinking fund. The present Supreme Court will hold this view of the case, judging from the written opinions of two of the ablest judges now on the bench. Gentlemen of the Trustees, you must do something to protect the water-works, and that quickly; and the best that can be done immediately is to order only 55 per cent. of this net revenue into the sinking and interest fund.

There is now an agitation of the question of providing suitable accommodations for the city prison, the Police Court, and the attendant officers, and the proposition is made to rent property for a term of years; it might be termed a temporary expedient. We are disposed to regard this matter with a view to the future. The city of Sacramento has a population of something like 28,000; there will be the natural increase consequent from its location and natural advantages. It has been, notwithstanding the depression of the bonded indebtedness, that within the last ten years very considerable extensions have been made in the way of improvements to the east and to the south. What will the next ten years develop? It is apparent the city will need a public building suitable to its increased wants. As it is now we are practically without accommodations for the officers of the municipal government, its court and its jail. The city prison has long been condemned as a death trap; the quarters of the municipal officers are in the second story of the brick shell of the new water-works building. What we do need, if we had the present means, and what we will have to have in a very near future, is a city hall, a city jail, and a police court-room. The proposition now made is to rent a building for a term of years for prison and police court purposes only. The rental and the cost the city will be put to to appropriately fit it for the purposes intended will be very considerable, and at the termination of the lease there will be nothing left in the way of property to the city. We esteem the wiser policy will

be, as we have arrived at a contingency when the proposition is forced upon us as it is now, to take time by the forelock. We should own rather than rent, and should look to what the future demands of a considerable population will be. Time will come when Sacramento city will require more real estate, and when it will need appropriate public buildings. We suggest that for the present the property we now own, known as the Perry Seminary, embracing a frontage of 135 feet on I street, and a depth of 160 feet, would be available, and that the building could be remodeled at little expense to meet the present demands. There have been attempts by the Board of Education to dispose of this property, as we think very unwisely. Unquestionably the city will be better off by keeping it for public uses than to sell it, and in years to come purchase other ground for public purposes at an exaggerated price. If the city authorities will conclude to utilize this property, and the building that stands upon it, for municipal purposes, the most of the site upon which the old water-works building is now located could be disposed of to advantage, and the proceeds would more than pay the expense of the remodelling of the Perry Seminary building and the construction of a jail. Enough of the Front and I street property should be retained upon which a police station could be erected to accommodate prisoners arrested in the lower portion of the city and those in transit. Those arrested could be taken each morning to the central jail for trial.

There is another proposition that appeals with favor—to purchase the old Pavilion building at Sixth and M streets. That includes a full quarter of a block, and we understand that it can be purchased at a reasonable price, and that time will be given to pay for it. The property is desirable, and time will come when it will be needed for city purposes; for the present it could be used to accommodate the municipal government; and if it should be abandoned for that purpose, the Board of Education could make good use of it. We make these suggestions in that we believe there will be a wastage of money to rent when we can own. The proposition with a city of endurance is different from that of a private individual who seeks only a temporary location. It strikes us as apparent that what we use for public purposes we should own, and that upon our own soil we should make such permanent improvements as the demands of progress will require.

There is now some talk of expending \$6,000 or \$8,000 in fitting up temporary quarters for city hall and city prison. It seems that misfortunes never come singly. With the water-works in bad repair, we have no place for the conduct of the city business or the detention of the city prisoners. Now is a time we need action on the part of the trustees; not hasty and ill-considered action, but such as is tempered with a knowledge of the science of government. It is never good policy to expend public money on other people's property not in the public interest. We have been too long without a proper city hall, and the trustees might as well face the music now, and take the initial steps in securing a permanent place for the administration of municipal affairs. It will not do to expend any large sum of money for temporary relief. Better bear a little longer our ills, and finally have some plan worthy of the city.

It looks as if the matter of doing something practicable with regard to the disposition of the sewage of this city will not be accomplished. That it will be

simply a wind explosion seems now assured; there will be but an addition to the long line of tornadoes that have swept over the city, leaving a trail not so pronounced as the cyclones of the western States, but as destructive. There is something of dignity in a cyclone; its emanation is from the supreme power, and its coming and destructive action is not heralded through the medium of public meetings and the local press. With the petty outbursts that periodically sweep over Sacramento there is a condition different. Much of good is promised; there is a general feeling, when time has lapsed and nothing accomplished, that there exists in the city a large sprinkling of visionists, who seemingly are adept at plans and figures, but who are in the background when it comes to an intelligent solution of an important problem. It would be unjust to criticize with severity the various speeches made and the numerous articles that have been printed suggesting improvements and advancement, the propriety of which will be readily admitted by a student in our grammar schools. But it is, at what time may we look for their culmination? For some years there have been periodical agitations of the question of the disposition of the sewage matter that is thrown out in this city. There is no question but that in a subject of so serious importance action should have been taken years ago. Under the present imperfect system we are dumping most of our refuse upon the lands of people below us; that they have a righteous cause of action against us for maintaining an intolerable nuisance will not be questioned. Perhaps there is no community in the nation that could say with more ill grace than Sacramento to the people between here and Snodgrass slough that they should uncomplainingly accept the filth we flow upon their properties. But a few years since our people embarked in expensive litigation against the hydraulic miners, and were successful in establishing the doctrine that one must so use his property as not to injure that of others. In the action against the Gold Run Mining Company the gravamen was that by mining by the hydraulic process there resulted injury to properties in the Sacramento valley—the waters of the rivers were polluted, navigation obstructed, health menaced, and lands rendered unfit for production. We can see little distinction in the matter of sewage disposition that is now presented; we are injuring others. If there is a distinction in the two cases, it is against the people of the city. Courts will unquestionably hold that however populous a city may be, there is no warrant to destroy the holdings and impair the health of those who are located within the destructive influence of its offal. And against us is the patent proposition that science, not at all modern, has demonstrated that cities as unfavorably situated as Sacramento are disposing of their sewage matter with benefit to their population, and without incommode to their neighbors. We are told that cities in the East so dispose of it within their limits that the elements of offense are removed, and that profit is derived from its conversion to fertilizers.

We have no faith that the people of this city will do anything practical in this regard, and feel that the agitation that has been had has resulted in more harm than good, in that it has advertised our sanitary situation unfavorably. Other cities in the State, so far as natural conditions are concerned, are similarly situated: Stockton, Marysville, Woodland and many others. More economical it would be for the State to authorize the creation of a board of competent men to carefully consider the subject, with regard to each city and town. Let them advise themselves from the experience of cities and towns in Europe and in the East and comprehensively report. Good would certainly result, and the expense of gathering the needed data would be trifling to the people. We feel the recommendations of a board of scientific men will be regarded; they will carry more weight than the suggestions of men who have superficially read up and formed conclusions that may or may not be adaptable in a particular community. The importance of intelligent activity in this matter cannot be questioned. No city can hope to be healthy with its soil permeated with the filth ours naturally is—standing on almost a dead level plain, with little fall for drainage. The time for the meeting of the next Legislature is remote, and we would suggest that in the meantime coöperation could be had with the

official representatives of other cities and towns and a plan adopted whereby first-class engineering ability could be secured, and the expense of the suggestions and plans jointly borne. While the aggregate cost may be great, when divided it would be a trifle to the people of each community, and it will result, as such means always have, in the acquirement of technical knowledge that will be practical. We are of the opinion that the amounts expended for medical attendance and drugs, and those incident to the present unhealthy condition of the city, will much more than offset the expense to us of scientific experts and the cost of placing a modernized system that will relieve the embarrassments under which we now labor. Little good in this regard will be accomplished in public meetings. The Trustees could, perhaps, meet it by a proposition to coöperate with corresponding municipal heads in other cities and towns. No harm will come from an attempt to secure unity of action, and if there will come consent, the cost will be no burden upon the people of any particular place.

There has been much said and written within the past year about the general disquiet in Europe. Prognostications of war have been rife, and foreign correspondents have had Russia, England, France, Germany, Italy, Bulgaria, Turkey, and other countries on the eve of hostilities. Whatever may have been the situation in the Balkan country, or the inflammable condition of Central or Northern Europe, the wan and weird spirit of hunger has hoisted the white flag of peace. The failure of crops in the agricultural regions of Europe has knocked all the propensity for fighting out of those diplomatic powers, which were heretofore striving to obtain some advantage over their weaker neighbors. Their people are crying louder for bread than for cannon, and the contest with that gaunt invader, hunger, is about all the war that can be attended to this year. There is too much diplomacy with the great crowned heads of Europe to engage in war when the wolf is at their doors. The rulers have as much as they can attend to in answering the complaints of their hungry subjects, without the arbitrament of battle with other powers. Next year when there will be full granaries and full stomachs, we may look out for the clash of arms.

Relics of America's Prehistoric Age.

Among the most prehistoric remains yet discovered in this country are those found in Pinal county, Arizona. They are the Casa Grande (Great House) ruins. They were the object of special investigation by Mr. Morrison in 1889, and Congress in that year appropriated \$2,000 for the purpose of repairing and protecting the ruins. Special Agent Morrison, who was sent from Washington to examine into their condition, reported that these venerable relics of prehistoric America stand in a great undulating plain, about midway between the station of Casa Grande and Florence, seven or eight miles from the Gila river. He said that the front of the main building measures sixty-six feet and the width forty-three feet. The height of the first story is thirteen feet, the second nine feet, and the third and fourth stories are eight feet each. The greater part of the upper story has disappeared. The walls are between four and five feet thick, and the material of which they are constructed is almost indestructible concrete made of fine gravel, sand and cement, closely resembling the granolithic now used in Washington. This was laid in the walls in great blocks. One of these measured seven feet three inches in length, four feet three inches in width and two feet six inches in height. The walls, both inside and out, were plastered with cement, which yet clings to them with wonderful tenacity, that on the inside being as smooth and glossy as the best hard-finished interiors of the present day. All of the rooms, of which there are four now intact, are of a uniform buff color, which is very pleasing to the eye. The largest of the rooms is 34x9 feet. The extreme height of the building is nearly forty feet. The lower story is filled up with crumbling debris, and the drifting sand of the plain, to the height of thirteen or fourteen feet. The holes in which the ceiling timbers were placed are plainly visible, but every particle of wood had been carried away by relic hunters, and the disintegration of the walls had been so rapid of late years that, if measures were not taken to strengthen them, the entire mass would soon fall into a shapeless ruin. The report said that for miles around the mysterious Casa Grande many great mounds, now hardly distinguishable from the desert sands, bear indisputable evidence of having been at some far remote period the abode of busy industries. Mr. Morrison was convinced that the Casa Grande was not used either for religious or warlike

purposes. The superiority of its architecture, it having outlived all the other structures by which it was surrounded; the numerous small apartments into which it was divided, and the elegance of the interior finish, all point to the conclusion that it was the palace of the king, or chief, who governed the primitive Americans who inhabited the vast domain ages before Aztec or Toltec. The most ancient of the traditions of the Pimas and Papagoas, who yet live here, where their fathers have lived for centuries, allude to them as "the ruins." The earliest historic record we have of Casa Grande was given by the famous Spanish cavalier and explorer, Cabeza de Baca, who discovered it during his journey across the continent about 1537. A few years later the famous explorer, Don Francisco de Coronado, governor of New Galacia, who led an expedition into New Mexico, described the ruins as being four stories high, with walls six feet in thickness. As a proof of the great antiquity, he says that the Pima Indians then (350 years ago) had no knowledge of the origin or history of the town which had existed there. It had always been a ruin to them and their ancestors. Fathers King and Mange, who visited the place in 1694, found the remains of the great edifice. They also gave an account of twelve other ruins in the vicinity. Father Pedro Fout, in 1777, found them in much the same condition. He describes the main building as an oblong, facing the cardinal points of the compass. The exterior walls extended from north to south 420 feet and from east to west 260 feet.—*Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine for August.*

The Wisdom of the Ancients.

Homer has long ago been proved to have had a most accurate knowledge of geography, and he was so good a botanist that under the name of lotus, he described accurately the rotob date, and the intoxicating wine still made from it by the Berbers of Djerba Island. Ptolemy, after being scoffed at for ages as a compiler of romances, is at last vindicated as a first-rate geographer of Africa. The latest discoveries tally very exactly with his supposed fabulous descriptions. It is conceded that the great African lakes were known to the early Portuguese long before Burton, Speke, Stanley and Baker rediscovered them, and Dr. Schlieter has just demonstrated that not only was Ptolemy acquainted with the general outlines of Eastern Africa, but that his Eastern Nile lake was the Victoria Nyanza, and his Western Nile lake, either the Albert Nyanza, or lake Albert Edward. Kilimanjaro and Denia are, of course, his mountains of the Moon. It is quite certain that his Rhaptus was the Pangani river, and Rheptum Ras Mambo Mku, a cape south of Zanzibar. It has also been shown that the ancients were familiar with Melina, the Tona river, Brova and many other places that are claimed as very modern discoveries. But the ancients knew some other things besides geography. In poetry and philosophy the Greeks stood at the head, as they did in sculpture, architecture, and many other arts. But long before the Greeks came the Egyptians, who have surpassed the people of every later age as engineers and mighty builders. Then they were engravers and cutters of gems in a manner so excellent that their work has never been outdone, and the relics and memorials which they have left behind suggest that they were the possessors of arts and sciences which even today have not been equaled. Yes, those old fellows of 4,000 and 5,000 years ago were not such fools as are many who are accustomed to boast the superior excellence of modern civilization. They were mighty men, those who built the pyramids, and set up the obelisks, and regulated the floods of the Nile, and established a rich and powerful empire that overshadowed the nations both East and West. They were mighty men, too, whose history is told in the Hebrew Scriptures, and so were they who gave to posterity the art and literature of Greece. And they were all used as instruments to preserve and perpetuate the revelations of a divine theology, to be inherited by the peoples of this latter age. Yes, those ancient peoples were giants intellectually, and generations that must come after us will arise to testify to the fact.

Famous Horses of the Greeks.

The Greeks were genuine lovers of horses. It was claimed that Poseidon struck the earth and produced the horse—a poetic way of saying that horses were first imported into Greece from beyond the sea. Homer's favorite appellation for the Greek heroes is "tamer of horses." And almost every page of the Iliad shows that Homer's admiration for the chieftains is almost matched by his enthusiasm for the firm footed coursers, the fiery steeds, the horses famed in war. No common animals were these of the Greeks and Trojans.

The horses of Æneas were of the stock which Zeus the thunderer gave to Tros. The horses of Rheus were as glorious as the sun; the snow was not so white, the wind not so swift, as they. The horses of Dromed seemed to be in the air as they flew along; but of all the horses that proudly distinguished themselves in that famous war, the wooden horse took the lead for efficiency. It was the wooden horse that gave Troy to the Greeks.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

After a long absence the popular Kate Castleton will return here with *The Dazzler*, and it is safe to predict that she will be tendered an enthusiastic reception.

One of the novel scenes that Walter Burridge has painted for *A Peaceful Valley*, Sol Smith Russell's new production, is a set representing a farm on the steep-sloping side of a mountain.

Charles W. Hoyt rewrote portions of *A Parlor Match*, and introduced a new ending for the second act, this summer. Mr. Evans spent several weeks at Mr. Hoyt's country seat, Charleston, N. H., while the work was in progress.

Time was when the actor was a kind of licensed vagabond, "his days all past in jeopardy and jest." With us he may rank as a gentleman, if he so will, and his once despised vocation may be conceded the rank of a profession which, if not learned, is at least deemed illustrious.

Advertising being part of the player's stock in trade there is always present the temptation to get it by making himself or herself notorious. This is a cheap and easy road to fame, and it seems to be a profitable one. But it is death to legitimate art, and it is quite unworthy of men and women claiming for their business the rank of a profession.

The United States is the only country in the world that boasts of a national organization of musical composers. The society consisted originally of four members, and to-day, after three years of untiring zeal and labor on the part of a few, the club contains 114, among whom are enrolled most of America's ablest composers. This membership list represents twelve different States of the Union, from Massachusetts to California, and from Michigan to Virginia. New York is the headquarters of the society.

A comedy of American life, entitled *The President*, will be produced with the well known comedians Frank David and Frank Lane in the two leading parts. Preliminary performances have been given in Jackson and in Grand Rapids, Mich., and the results indicate a very emphatic success. The story deals with a series of interesting complications, is ingeniously developed and moves with briskness and certainty. The characters are cleverly individualized and contrasted, and the dialogue is crisp, sparkling and humorous. After a week in Chicago the comedy goes to the Pacific coast under a contract with Leavitt.

When Marie Halton returned from her first visit to Paris she secured a position as governess in a family where she taught the little folks French, dancing and music. She had a pretty little voice, and the children got very fond of her catchy tunes, and would listen to them with delight for hours. One day it occurred to the small governess that if the children were so pleased with her songs, big folks might not find them uninteresting. She looked at herself in the mirror and made up her mind that she would go on the stage. The next day she called on Jimmy Duff, who was worrying and working over the rehearsals for the production of *Dorothy*. Miss Marie Halton was in her best bib and tucker, and she was in dead earnest. She told him that she had just come from her home in Paris, that she could sing and dance and act, and wanted an engagement at once. "Any bit would do until she was settled in this strange country." Well, Jimmy Duff, sometimes Duffy, was charmed. He engaged the little girl on the spot, gave her a copy of the score she was to sing, and told her when to report for rehearsal. When she got home she began to do a lot of thinking. She had never been on a stage in her life, and didn't know any more about acting a part than she did about making an electric lamp. It so happened that there was an actor in her boarding-house, and the day of the rehearsal she went to him for some points. He said he hadn't any time even to talk to her as he was in a hurry to get to the theater. On his way out he added, never dreaming that the girl would take him seriously: "Just go to the theater and put on all the airs you can imagine; bully the chorus; sass the stage manager; kick at the conductor; find fault with the opera and the theater, and everybody will think you are a great artiste." Well, Marie Halton carried out his direction to the letter. When she appeared on the stage she pushed her way across with her head in the air and that fine scornful expression on her face she afterwards turned to account, unfastened her cloak and threw it into the hands of one of the principal male singers. Then she began to feel the draft and ordered some window closed before she caught her death. When the conductor impatiently rapped the music rest with his stick for that new soprano she jumped to her feet, marched down to the footlights, with her eyes flashing defiance and her nostrils dilated, and asked if he expected her to ruin her voice for him. The farce worked like a charm. Everybody really took her for a singer of experience and ability. Her success dates from that time.

Book Chat.

This did not occur in any Sacramento library: Reader (to the attendant at the desk)—"Have you the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table?'" Attendant—"I think so, but am not sure. Is it a cook book?" Probably that attendant would call the same author's "Over the Teacups" a lot of recipes for steeping tea. She is married now, and we shouldn't be surprised to find the books in her kitchen library.

I watched a sail until it dropped from sight
Over the rounding sea. A gleam of white,
A last far flashed farewell, and, like a thought
Slipt out of mind, it vanished and was not.

Yet, to the helmsman standing at the wheel,
Broad seas still stretched before the gliding keel.
Disaster? Change?—he felt no slightest sign;
Nor dreamed he of that dim horizon line.

So may it be, perchance, when down the tide
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide
On level seas, nor mark the unknown bound.
We call it death—to them 'tis life beyond;

The initial defect of most of our poetry is that our poets do not consider whether or not they have a good subject with which they are adequate to deal. Another defect is its tendency to extraordinary prolixity. Akin to this there is the cultivation of obscurity and the copying of the artificialities of the French verse. When we have got rid of the devastating pests of obscurity and triviality; when our poems are made lucid and not immensely long; when our poems have some human interest, and pedantry has been rooted out, and we follow Greek models in the spirit and not the letter, and rely more upon metrical harmonies than upon the mere jingling of sound, we shall have attained the poetry of the future.

The young woman of to-day does not read books; she skims paper-backed novels of the fourth rate instead. If you doubt, look over any news stand, from New York to San Francisco, and see what literature you find there. The newsman knows what his customers want, and supplies it. And his customers are mainly young women. Every book publisher has felt the effect of this tendency. It is no longer possible to count confidently upon a good sale for a masterly book of essays or other book belonging to the higher forms of light literature. Even novels of the better class—those that are worthy of a cloth binding—are no longer in much demand. The reading public of our time wants trash, and it gets it in lavish abundance. The effect upon the book trade concerns the publishers and dealers mainly. There are other effects of greater consequence. Our young women are growing up ignorant of literature and with perverted tastes which will prevent them from repairing the fault in later life. They do not read books that make them think, and, for the most part, they do not want to think. They want to kill time with the least possible intellectual exertion. To this there are exceptions, but this is the rule. It is an age of trash.

Professional Chat.

The action of President Balmaceda in removing all the old judges and appointing new of his own stripe, will not be received with favor by the world at large, as this act is in direct violation of the Chilean Constitution, which declares that judges shall be appointed for life, and shall not be removed, only after trial and sentence.

When a rich man calls in a physician he does not expect that he will be presented a bill for medical services. In fact, no such thing as a doctor's bill is known in Japan, although nearly all the other modern practices are in vogue there. The doctor never asks for his fee. The strict honesty of the people does not make this necessary. When he is through with a patient a present is made to him of whatever sum the patient or his friend may deem to be just compensation. The doctor is supposed to smile, take the fee, bow and thank his patron.

Here is a portion of the examination to which an old lawyer recently told that he was subjected when he applied for a license to practice. The oldest member of the examining committee interrogated him: "Are you familiar with any game of chance?" "No, sir." "Don't you know how to play any game of cards?" "No, sir." "Surely, you understand euchre?" "Never heard of it before." "It can't be possible you never indulged in a game of draw poker?" "Yes, sir; it can. I am a member of the church, and don't know one card from another." "Well," after a long pause of astonishment, "young man, we'll give you a license, but how in the world you're going to make a living for the first two or three years after you start to practicing law is a mystery to us."—*Chicago News*.

The Berlin courts have decided that a lover may cut off his sweetheart's tresses and yet escape with a light sentence, even if it be proved that the act was inspired by malice and with a view of spoiling the young lady's outward appearance. This decision has been arrived

at in the case of a girl who last week sued her ex-lover for "conspiracy," alleging that he robbed her of her blonde locks with the object of injuring her personal attractiveness to such a degree that she would be glad to accept his offer of marriage. The case, it appears, has been before several courts, and finally reached the Supreme Court of the Prussian realm, which decreed that 'Arry might cut off 'Arriet's 'air, but could only be punished for assault and sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

Since eating is the only subject on earth, or in the heavens above the earth, or in the waters under the earth, which engages the thought of every human being, daily at least, it is not surprising that wise men have said many notable things about it. Robert B. Roosevelt, ex-Minister to The Hague, who is known as the successor of Sam Ward, the most famous bon vivant of America, is perhaps as notable an example as can be cited to-day of the quickening, generous impulses which good living gives to a broad nature. He has said: "More divorces are due to an ill-regulated kitchen, when the trouble arises with the man, than from an ill-regulated morality. No husband ever deserted or abused a wife who always gave him a perfect dinner, unless driven to it by dire force. Good cooking is at the foundation of all happiness, for there can be none without it, and it should be taught in our public schools."

The author of "Ten Thousand a Year" could not have been a dull man; yet the wags of the time made a common butt of Samuel Warren, and he is the hero of many ridiculous stories. But, with all his innocent conceit and apparently stupid pomposity, he could hold his own in the war of wits. On one occasion he was severely attacked by Roebuck at a debating society of which both were members when they were young. "In the course of his harangue," Sir William Fraser tells us in his "Disraeli and His Day," "Roebuck had stated that it had been imputed to him that he was a 'Party man.' He repudiated that statement; he denied it with indignation. He was not a party man; he never had been a party man; and he swore by everything that he held sacred that he never would be a party man. This produced considerable applause, in the midst of which Roebuck sat down. Warren, with that solemnity of demeanor with which his friends were familiar, rose, and, in a deep voice and with the impress of earnestness, said: 'My learned friend has just informed you that he is not a party man, that he never has been a party man, and in terms of fearful adjuration he has sworn that he never will be a party man. Mr. Chairman, what my friend has said reminds me painfully of the words of Cicero, "that he who belongs to no party is probably too vile for any." As they left the debating-hall an hour later, the two men, as is the custom of their profession, walked away together in apparent amity. Roebuck complimented Warren upon having made a good hit, and added, 'I am fairly well up in Cicero, but I cannot form the least idea where I shall find the passage you quoted.' 'No more have I,' said Warren. 'Good night!'"

Dixon C. Williams—not reverend, as he is not an ordained minister, and dislikes to be called by any other title than plain Mr.—whose reputation as an evangelist is almost world-wide, and second only to that of the Rev. Sam Jones, is one of Tennessee's most original and unique products. He began his evangelical career, says the *Memphis Commercial*, about ten years ago, and previous to that time he was a sort of horse fancier and patent medicine fakir. He acknowledges the charges, and still claims that he made a pot of money out of the medicine business, which was conducted on the brass band and free lecture principle. Mr. Williams, in addition to the reputation of having saved more souls than any other man or minister in the country, is also an all-round financier. He is the manager of the extensive street railway company at Anderson, Ind., where he now lives, and occasionally dabbles in politics, sufficiently to get a rapping from the Republican newspapers of that city, which accuse him of saving souls at so much per soul. He is a magnetic talker, and can reach an audience quicker than almost any other man now engaged in that work. "I have had some very funny and still very serious, to me, experiences since I have been engaged in this work," said Mr. Williams to a reporter. "Not long ago I went to Princeton, Ind., to hold a revival. I reached town the day before the meeting was to open and went into a barber-shop to get shaved. I was sitting in the barber's chair and about half my beard had been taken off when the man in the chair near me, who had been telling very dirty tales and experiences, jokingly remarked: 'Wait until that Tennessee preacher gets here and I'll get religion.' No one in the shop knew I was the evangelist until the remark of that man was made, when I said: 'Barber, let me up. I'm the man that fellow over there is waiting for, and we mustn't wait to finish getting shaved.' With that I got the 'tough' down on his knees, and we held a prayer-meeting right there, which resulted in not only the man referred to, but all the barbers becoming converted. We then resumed our seats and the shaving operations were completed."

NOTES.

At a recent auction sale of odds and ends in Paris, a woman bought an old mattress in which she discovered 14,000 francs in gold.

Albert M. Johnson has been very ill during the past two weeks. He has recovered sufficiently to be again on the street, but is by no means a well man.

Miss Louise Imogene, Guiney, the poetess, thinks nothing of walking twenty miles a day.—*Exchange*. Neither do we; we have more important things to think about.

The breaking up of the large lauded estates in Ireland under the operation of the Land Purchase Act is the dawn of better days for that country. The small-farm system has worked wonders in France.

Kentucky keeps up its record in deadly family feuds. Another bloody tragedy is recorded at Georgetown, Ky., where two families proceeded to butcher each other over a quarrel about stealing watermelons.

Governor Markham has returned from his vacation much improved in health. He has taken up his temporary residence at the Sutter Club. The Governor's family will for the present remain at their home at Pasadena.

The parsons are all taking their summer vacations—synods, conventions, conferences and revisions of doctrine are forgotten. You can, consequently, believe the same theological dogmas for two months without falling behind the times.

A fellow in Chico tried to revive the custom of the halcyon days in California when it meant fight to refuse to drink when asked. This fellow failed in his endeavor to make his intended victim drink, and received his quietus with a bullet.

King Humbert of Italy is candid enough to acknowledge his inability to sing acceptably; and so, when Queen Margherita wears spectacles, which he detests, it is said he threatens to vocalize unless she immediately removes the obnoxious glasses.

What is the secret trouble that bothers the indignant bowels of the *Chronicle* that it is not pleased with Judge Wallace's way of selecting a Grand Jury? Is anyone connected with that paper interested in some of the business that may come before that jury?

There is great dispute in France and Prussia as to which country possesses the garment known as the "holy coat." Notwithstanding the difference of opinion as to the identity of the ancient relic, both sides adhere to the same creed of "I believe in the 'holy coat,'" etc.

The situation in Chile has evidently become somewhat "chilly" for the insurgents. From last accounts Balmaceda has been victorious, although the opponents deny this result. It is about time this strife was brought to a close, even if outside powers have to interfere. Say, our own brigade staff.

The old Duke of Nassau, who, at 75, is hale and active, has a fortune of \$25,000,000, and is consequently set down as the richest prince in Europe. Much of his wealth represents the profits of the Wiesbaden casino, and for many years the royalties from the gaming tables there flowed into his pockets in a veritable stream of gold.

The new Sheridan statue for a West Side park, Chicago, is to depict the famous cavalryman as he appeared when "he dashed down the line with a terrible oath." The sculptor cannot render the terrible oath in bronze, but if the statue is like most of the statues in the Chicago parks the people who look at it will supply that feature.

Clinton L. White continues to make it lively for the liquor dealers. He does not rest satisfied to have a judicial determination in one or two suits, but insists on piling Ossa upon Pelion. Yesterday fifty-six new suits upon attachment were commenced in Justice Starr's court. There are now about 250 actions, civil and criminal, upon the calendars.

The chief article of creed held by the believers in what has been called the "Religion of the Great Pyramid" is that the pyramid was built for the purpose of revealing a number of remarkable truths to the human race. They hold that it was designed by direct inspiration of the Deity, and was meant to embody important astronomical and mathematical truths for the instruction and guidance of future times.

The State Fair this year is already an assured success. Everything is combining in favor of a splendid exhibition. The weather forecast is excellent, and which will add to the comfort of the visitors. The racing programme will be the finest in years. There will be no lack of fine stock of any character at the park. Exhibitors at the Pavilion are preparing their exhibits already. Many visitors are now in the city, attracted by the exhibition. The directors of the fair are busy arranging for the splendid exposition.

The Associated Veterans of the Mexican war will celebrate the forty-fourth anniversary of the entrance of the American army into the city of Mexico on September 14, at San Francisco, by a grand banquet and reunion at Pioneer Hall. The old "Vets" will assemble and doubtless recount their exploits and fight the old battles over again. Capt. Wm. M. Siddons showed us one of the elegant cards of invitation issued for the occasion.

It would seem in good taste California should withdraw all claims for representation in official capacities at the World's Fair. It seems there has been a comedy of blunders, and that the action of those who have forced themselves into positions to represent our people has been reflective upon the State. As well let the representatives of California be deposited; the interests of the State will be in better keeping in the hands of less ambitious people in the East.

A young man in Berlin, Germany, stepped upon a cherry, slipped, fell against a window and had his nose almost severed from his face. A young lady came forward and acknowledged that she had carelessly thrown the fruit upon the sidewalk, and her parents promptly defrayed the bill of the surgeon who stitched on the young man's nose, amounting to 450 marks. Now romance should lead the victim and the cause of the mishap to commit matrimony and give some novelist the cue to "The Romance of the Cherry."

Wong Gee On, the Chinaman who forged the stamp of B. M. Thomas, an officer in the U. S. revenue service at San Francisco, is out in a published confession. Upon its face there is much of concealment on the part of the Chinaman. He adopted the usual subterfuge of his people when confronted with a charge of a violation of our laws, of professing ignorance of our regulations and our language. As a rule Chinamen are better posted on our public affairs and happenings, than very many whites, and their professed innocence will not deceive.

It is idle to spread upon the statute books enactments touching questions which do not need the regulation of fixed statutes for settlement. The great currents of human activity ebb and flow controlled by laws not written, subject to influences beyond the letter of the book, more wisely, more beneficially, than when weighted down by excessive burdens of over-legislation. Not every petty detail of life requires a law to guide it; not every trifling social problem needs a statute for its solution. Human intelligence does not require a leaning staff at every step.

John Catlin, son of Superior Judge A. P. Catlin, is having glorious sport killing California lions in Tehama county. The last one killed was a monster. When young Catlin first came upon the savage brute he was only about twenty five yards distant from him, and the lion gave a terrific scream, which, says John Catlin, "made his hair stand up straight." But the young sportsman's presence of mind never left him, and the bringing of his rifle to bear upon the monster was the work of an instant. The hind claws and hide of this large lion were shipped to Don Catlin in this city, who intends to have them tanned and mounted. These ferocious animals are quite plentiful in the mountains, and destroy a great deal of stock. They are dangerous customers for a fellow to meet in close quarters.

It is natural that with the very large crowds of people that come here to visit the great State exhibition, that the rough and thieving element is attracted. With the army of visitors always come the camp followers. There is no power, police or otherwise, can prevent this influx of the scum of society. The only thing that can be done to prevent these pests from doing any harm is for the citizens to be on guard, and see that no opportunity is afforded for plying their thieving occupation. The carelessness of the ordinary citizen is about as much the cause of these petty thefts as the propensities of the thief. See to it that there is no opportunity for the plying of their vocation and there will be less thefts. Let every citizen constitute himself a guardian of the peace, and our police force will have such assistance that crime will be averted.

Senator Sherman puts the silver question in a small compass when he says no man will be fool enough to deposit an ounce of gold for coinage, into sixteen dollars, when with it he can buy enough silver bullion and have it coined without cost into twenty dollars. The present coinage Act of Congress has already advanced the value of our vast store of silver in the treasury; it has given great activity to the production of silver; it has furnished increase of circulation; it has maintained the gold standard, while utilizing silver to the utmost extent short of demonetizing gold; it is the key to our exalted, almost prominent standing in commercial credit and national honor among the nations of the world; it treats both silver and gold, like all other commodities or produc-

tion, as subject to the universal rule of being worth what they will bring in the markets of the world.

The trustees of the town of Woodland have found it necessary to construct a city hall, erect new water-works and provide for a system of sewerage. They did little talking, but determined to issue bonds, and made provision to pay the interest and the principal. The assessment roll showed a valuation of \$2,653,544. To raise the necessary amounts the levy was made as follows: For city hall (\$30,000), .0009; for water-works (\$55,000), .0017; for sewerage (\$45,000), .0014. Total, .004. This rate is equal to 40 cents on the \$100, which will decrease annually, both as the payments are made and the profits of the water-works are turned into the sinking fund. "This tax," said a trustee, and he was endorsed by the rest of the board, "is simply nothing. Any taxpayer will save more than the extra tax by getting water at half the present rates; besides, with sewerage, he will have another great saving of expense."

Corea has good harbors and Russia wants them. The czar already possesses a long strip of Pacific coast lying directly east of Chinese territory. The fortified port of Vladivostok is at the very south end of this strip and just north of the Korean peninsula. China claims suzerainty over Corea, but it is of a very shadowy and intangible texture. The possession of Corea would give Russia a great vantage ground for the use of her fleets and armies against both China and India, and the purpose to annex that little kingdom as soon as the projected trans-Siberian railroad is well under way is hardly disguised. Russia is spreading over a great deal of territory, and the czar rules a badly scattered domain, poorly provided with the means of transportation and communication; still he is ever pushing on to military conquest for commercial advantages. Toward the Mediterranean Sea, the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean, and southward along the Pacific, he is approaching.

The Farmers' Alliance.

Some of the ambitious are getting the Farmers' Alliance into hot water, and are earning for it ridicule. It is the old story: a new party is presumed by political moss-backs to become the winner. It rarely has been that one-ideal political organizations have lived to pass through the brief period of their infancy. We had in this State the New Constitution party. It rose as a rocket, fell as the stick. It is apparent now that the Farmers' Alliance is largely dominated by ambitious politicians. It seems in North Carolina a row has occurred between the Alliance and the Democratic party, and that President Polk, of the Alliance party, and an editor of a political paper called the *Progressive Farmer*, and a Democratic editor, engaged in personalities that have resulted in the passage of a challenge to mortal combat. The matter got out. Polk doubtless will not risk his life for the cause he is so vehemently championing, but there is no excuse to write him down as an unmitigated ass, as is evidenced by the following advice sent him by wire:

SAN FRANCISCO (Cal.), Aug. 26, 1891.

L. L. Polk, President N. F. A. and I. U., Raleigh, N. C.—MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: In the name of your family and of the Alliance and of civilization, you cannot afford to accept that challenge. It is a Wall-street plot to ruin us. The world has its eye upon you. Your brethren expect better things. Let your moral courage predominate.

J. L. GILBERT, Lecturer F. A. and I. U. Indorsed by J. S. BARRER, National Organizer.

We sympathize with Polk, whoever he may be. If he should be killed we would feel like reenlisting in the National Guard and braving an attack on Wall street. To Polk we calmly say: Restrain, else you may perish. Possibly, though, as your brethren say, the eyes of the world are upon you. Should you fall in combat you will be as much missed as the hole made by the plunging of a finger into the water in a basin.

Decline of a Great Journal.

The *Call* refers to the recent change in the heading of the New York *Herald*, where, in place of the name of "James Gordon Bennett" there appears the names of G. G. Howland, general manager; W. C. Reick, city editor; and John Henderson, night editor. Bennett lives in Paris, and is making a failure by attempting to control a newspaper from a distance. His father was successful in building up a great paper in that he attended to its business in the office; under the rule of the son the *Herald* has dropped out of the list of national newspapers. There are some papers in this State that are declining for the same reason—that their controllers dictate their policy from a distance and with little knowledge of the sentiment of the readers. That they will fall into the trail of the *Herald* is manifest. It may seem a man can have the brains to run a newspaper from out of the city of its publication, but that man has not materialized, and he will not.

A Reminiscence of Judge French.

The late Judge French was the personification of dignity and pomposity if anything in life. He could not brook familiarity or the semblance of hilarity in any one while communing with him. The least approach toward merriment he was immediately ready to resent with dignified reproof that taught the luckless offender a lasting lesson so far as the Judge was concerned; and one unlucky misadventure in that respect was sufficient to give the New England Apollo a horror of ever again meeting the man that could so far forget himself as to become familiar in the presence of that monument of perfect decorum. Especially in court was he most scrupulous and courteous in his manner to both judge, fellow-attorneys, jurors and witnesses, and no ancient Temple Bar ever made obeisance to the wool-sack with more knightly grace than did the late Chief Justice of Arizona to the judges of the District Courts when he was before them. But at times his stiff harsh methods subjected him to the practical jokes of the "boys" about the court-house, and more than once he has nearly wept tears of regret for the degeneracy of the human family when he found himself the object of a prank suited only to the play-grounds of children. One example will answer for the many. When Jim Lansing was sheriff and the old District Court-room was in the Masonic building, at Sixth and K streets, the occurrence took place. Judge French was arguing a law point to the court, and was, of course, absorbed in the matter. In the progress of the case it became necessary for the Chesterfield of the bar to get some papers from the clerk. He wore a bob-tailed, sack-coat, and as he leaned over the attorney's table waiting for the clerk to secure the papers, his position, for one so strictly decorous, presented a very amusing picture, for as every one knows Judge French was inclined to be more than corpulent. It was Jim Lansing's chance; Jim was the life of any crowd in which he ever appeared, and cared as much for the proprieties and amenities of high life as he did for the dead languages. This was his opportunity to play a joke, and he would not neglect it. He was merely an idle spectator in court that morning, as he had his bailiff there. So, quietly getting up, he started out of the room, and in doing so he had to pass by the leaning future Chief Justice of Arizona, who was waiting for the clerk to find the desired papers. With a quick move Jim gave the gentleman a peevish little pinch on the broadest part of his anatomy and left the court. With a sharp cry between that of a smitten child and bleat of a calf the luckless attorney fell, face down, over the table before him like a prostrate leviathan, and indulged in some vigorous kicking as if he expected another attack from the rear. The court-room was in a roar; the presiding judge, while struggling between the dignity that belonged to him and a desire to shout with the rest, stuffed his handkerchief in his mouth and assisted the bailiff, as best he could, to maintain order. Judge French, with a frightened look about him and his hand covering the spot assailed, slowly arose to his feet. The look of martyrdom that covered his countenance can never be forgotten by those who were present. Indignation and supreme contempt mingled with injured pride and vanity. With a voice trembling with passion at the insult he called on the court for protection, and delivered a most impassioned plea for the dignity of the judicial branch of the government. The court ordered the bailiff to make diligent search for the offender, and to produce him before the bar the next morning. But no one had seen the act, and no arrest was ever made. Curiously enough, Judge French never suspected Jim Lansing.

Sickly Sentimentality.

Warden Aull, of the Folsom State Prison, very properly replied to a foolish letter from a young woman of this city, who desired to open a correspondence with Milton Halligan, alias Gordon, who confessed active complicity in the murder of Robert Allen, and who is now serving time in the penitentiary. The Warden sensibly advised the sentimental creature to bestow her little sympathy where it will do credit to her intelligence—over the grave of the murdered man. Halligan has not yet received the punishment his terrible crime merits—a crime that is entirely without mitigation, so far as he is concerned. He saw Allen stricken to death with a blacksmith's hammer, and coolly knelt beside his bleeding form while Haley rifled his pockets. A man of education, he gloatingly told upon the stand the story of the robbery and the murder, and the incidents of his own mispent life. Aull perhaps did right that he did not publish the name of this candidate for admission into the Home for the Feeble-minded.

The question is often asked: "How can a man most systematically and surely acquire the habit of saving?" The answer is: By uniting with the P. C. S. S.

P. C. S. S. stock can be withdrawn and cashed through the Society at any time, with 6 per cent. interest.

FLASHES.

An affected simplicity is refined imposture.

A slow debtor is usually a man of promise and of note.

An unlucky word dropped from the tongue is difficult to recall.

It does not require long ears to distinguish the modern ass.

The city Farmer Alliance men have caused a shortage in hay seed.

The average working man wears out five ounces of muscle daily.

The idiotic style of lifting the hat to salute ladies should be abandoned.

When pleasure is at the helm, look out that the devil is not near the boiler.

Wealth without refinement produces more snobs than from any other source.

The fellow who never reads the papers is first to find anything about himself.

Is it not the very cheapest notoriety to keep up the so-called "social" column?

The Matter of the Water-works Management.

In the *Bee* of Wednesday was published a statement that the breaking of an arm of the air apparatus of the Stevens pump was due to the carelessness of the engineer on watch, Frank Daroux, and that he is retained in his position through political influence. This statement was made on the authority of Mr. Judd, presumptively the Chief Engineer of the water-works. The next day Judd rather backed out of it, and Daroux served upon him a demand for an investigation. In the demand Daroux, or whoever wrote the paper, said:

"Particular reference is made to your accusation that, referring to me, 'there is too much politics' in the water-works management, and that it was due to carelessness on my part that the arm of the air-pump attachment to the Stevens pump was broken on Saturday, August 22d."

As to the responsibility for the breaking of the machinery we know not, but there should be an investigation; that there is too much politics in the water-works management is manifest. Trustee Conklin sails into the fight, and expresses surprise that attention should have been paid by anyone to statements from Judd. He is thus reported:

"The trustee said that the talk about politics is simply nonsense. Politics or politicians had nothing to do with the appointment of Daroux or anybody else in the water-works."

Mr. Conklin is as well aware as any man in this city that politics has much to do with the management of municipal affairs. He has discussed the subject with the editors of this journal, and expressed regret that he felt forced to bend to a power that seems to have secured the contract to control our elections. We have had opportunity to observe the inside of politics during the three terms we have served as Chairman of the Republican County Committee. At the last State election it became manifest to us that an attack would be made upon William Beckman, the nominee for Railroad Commissioner, and that the purchasable vote would be controlled against him. We had several interviews with Mr. Beckman and other leading Republicans, and it was determined that we should, as chairman of the committee, observe the proceedings at the polling place on J street, between Third and Fourth, at which the white denizens of Chinatown and the habites of the disreputable resorts near Third and J would vote. The polls closed. An inspection of the ballots disclosed that Mr. Beckman had been systematically scratched. Daroux admitted to the writer and others that he and another pensioner on the city government were responsible for it. Personally, he had the right, and has it now, to marshal the I-street gin bums and the scruff of the lower end of the city to the polls; as the holder of an official position of responsibility, the impropriety will not be questioned. A few months afterward the delegation of the Second Ward made him a member of the city Republican committee. Mr. Conklin is not blind to the fact that the baser element of politics does control in large degree municipal management, and that it is a source of unjust expense to the people. Were it there would be contentment in the control of the city treasury alone, perhaps there would be no disposition to criticise; it, however, goes farther. In this matter it is apparent that Mr. Judd has spoken his own death warrant. We know him not, but are told he is an honest man. He has made his mistake. Rather than to criticise the palpable evils that exist, he should have secured a political pull.

The P. C. S. S. will help you to save your money, and by small and constant savings you can accumulate a handsome sum in a short time.

The P. C. S. S. loans only to shareholders in good standing, on first mortgage security on real estate.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The Heated Term—Summer Exodus—Long Branch—Employees' Vacations—The Decline of Baseball—Foreign Currency.

[Special Correspondence of THEMIS.]

NEW YORK, August 22, 1891.

The misery of life in New York during the superheated term was beyond description. After a day or two of heat the wilderness of brick and mortar below Fifty-ninth street grows to be a regular oven. Below Central Park there are no trees except in one or two small squares, and the stone and brick walls hold the heat long after the sun has set and the night wind has cooled the more favored parts of the town. As a consequence the nights are terribly exhausting. Uptown and on the west side the conditions are somewhat better. Trees are to be found at moderate intervals, and the blocks of houses are not built so closely as to prevent the cooling river breeze making its way into each and every house. New York as a summer resort is all very well as a piece of "fine writing" from the imaginative dealer in fiction; between ourselves it is a tremendously uncomfortable place when the solid masses of stone and mortar of which it is composed become heated to the radiating point.

Everyone that was able left the city during the three days of extreme heat. To look at the conveyances leaving the city, a casual observer would imagine that the exodus was as complete as that of the Israelites of old. Every horse-car, railroad train and boat had its full quota of out-bound passengers. To watch the constant stream of overheated humanity flowing constantly in one direction gives one an impression of an infinity of resources only equalled by a first-class snow storm or an hour's profound pondering on the succession of rollers on the sea shore. As a natural consequence, the seaside resorts were overcrowded. The hills had their fair share of visitors, but the average man seemed to believe that a dip in the surf and a long drink on a veranda, cooled by the sea breeze, was the only remedy for his discomfort. One of the officers of the Long Branch boats told me that his boat had been loaded to its legal capacity on every trip. The hotel men, who have been complaining of the lateness of the season, enjoyed the rush and made the most of the opportunity of reaping an abundant harvest of New York shekels.

As a seaside resort Long Branch is as nearly perfect as it is possible to find in this vale of tears. It has been noted for some time as the home of Phil Daly's Club House, where the heaviest gambling about New York was carried on; for its gorgeous bathing suits and for the kindness with which it received the stranger within its gates. The glory of the first is somewhat dimmed by the closing of the Monmouth race track, some five miles from Long Branch, and the consequent exodus of those to whom the "lay out" and the track had more attractions than a fine beach and beautiful drives. The fame of the Branch for chic women and hospitality has in no wise diminished. It is truly a beautiful place; nestling along the bluffs between the huge hotels are the cottages of the summer residents, while everywhere the background forms a framework of dark green foliage. The sand is white and firm, the roll of the breakers is tumultuous, the roar of the ocean is imposing, and nature distributes her choicest gifts with a lavish hand on rich and poor alike. The majority of the folks you see are "nice people one would admire to know," as they say in Boston, and a "clubbable" fellow does not have to travel far before he finds someone to assist him in enjoying the freedom of shore life, and the absence of enervating heat.

The practice of allowing summer vacations to the subordinate clerks in the down-town offices has become almost universal. A few years ago it was confined to a comparatively few philanthropic business houses, but the value of the vacation from the business point of view has been recognized, and now it is not uncommon to find nearly half the regular force of clerks absent during the warm weather. Every Saturday crowds of pale-faced and tired-looking men may be seen hurrying toward the depots and ferries with overgrown grip sacks in their hands. Two weeks later these same men are to be seen returning to their work with bronzed faces, clear eyes and a springy step plainly indicative of elastic muscles. The majority spend their short vacation in some of the smaller mountain or seaside villages, where they find quiet boarding houses or small hotels, with rates suited to their means. On the whole, their two weeks, well spent, seem to have a far better effect on them physically, mentally and morally than the longer vacation of the man about town spent in the fashionable watering places. About the only man in New York who seems to get no rest is the

head of the firm. He has to be at the service of his business from year's end to year's end, and it is indeed seldom that he is able to get a week's outing without worry or care. They appreciate the value of the vacation from a money stand point, however, and are generally very willing to grant leave of absence to their clerks, even if unable to go away themselves.

If there is anything that so plainly shows the peculiarity of the course of public opinion it is the baseball season of 1891. First-class players are just as numerous, and the great clubs are doing just as good team work as ever, but there is a notable lack of enthusiasm among lovers of the game. There is not the outpouring of the people to see a match game between the leaders that there was a few years ago, and which crowded from 15,000 to 20,000 excited men and women in the old Polo grounds, who could not have been more deeply interested in the game if the fate of the nation was at stake. It is rather difficult to determine the reasons for this apathy. Undoubtedly the mistakes and quarrels of last year have had much to do with the indifference with which the public looks upon its aforesaid favorites. Then the changes that have taken place in the teams have had something to do with it. Men who have been accustomed to yell for "Johnnie" or "Buck" don't like the idea of seeing their favorite players on opposing teams. The sentiment of hero-worship is still strong within us. It is safe to predict, however, that baseball will always be our national game and the favorite outdoor pastime of the American public. There is a dash and spirit in the game which appeals peculiarly to the American temperament. A successful cricket player may have as much skill and endurance as a good all-round baseball player. It is even possible to admire the fine plays in the noble English game. Football is exciting enough, but does not admit of brilliant strokes that appeal to the spectators. But there is nothing but baseball that will make a man dance on his seat, turn red in the face and yell like a Conanche Indian over a home-run or a three-bagger. The baseball crank falls asleep over cricket and considers football "no game."

It is no longer fashionable in the best society to drink heavily. Men of wealth do not think it necessary to have wine upon the table, and have set the fashion of putting the seal of approval upon business men who are abstainers. The change in this respect is remarkable to those who have watched the social happenings of the past fifty years in New York. It used to be believed that the reporter as well as the poet and essayist was most brilliant with the pen when drunk, but the habits of the old-time Bohemian are no longer tolerated on the press, and the man of education and brains, who dresses well, is refined in his manners, has steady habits, and shows himself the gentleman at home and abroad, is the only one who is in line for promotion. The clubs, which are an excellent thermometer of society, have taken measures to rid themselves of the "soakers" who have been a nuisance and an eye-sore for years, not only with a desire to be rid of decayed timber, but as an object-lesson to young members. The so-called temperance movement has had nothing to do with this. Society has simply come to the conclusion that excess in drink is ungentlemanly, and has acted accordingly.

A pretty widow, who was still on the sunny side of 30, and whose face was her fortune, became engaged to a gentleman living in Harlem, who was twice her age, and worth something like \$400,000. After becoming engaged she found that he drank heavily, and so she threw him overboard and refused to marry him at any price. In the meantime he had made his will, by which everything was left to her in case she married him, and she was to have \$37,000 if they were not married. Upon his final rejection he went to Europe, and has recently died there without altering his will. She will receive the \$37,000 without opposition or question. Some of her friends, including his relatives, think she should go into mourning for him; but she refuses, saying that she did not marry him, and would not have done so, nor did she ask him to leave her any of his money. All the same, she counts herself a happy woman in that she no longer has to struggle with poverty, and can now choose a husband at her leisure and suit herself. It is a case in which, evidently, a man has nothing to say, and every woman must decide for herself whether it is a time for the habiliments of woe or the garment of joy—i. e., of fashion.

As a specimen of the cosmopolitan character of New York, I was offered an opportunity the other day of inspecting a collection of bank notes in the possession of a gentleman who does probably more business with the foreign element in our population than any other one man. There were specimens of English, French, German, Aus-

trian, Italian, Russian, South American and Chinese currency. The European notes differed from our own principally in coarseness of execution and the poor quality of the paper on which they were printed. They looked easy to counterfeit. The notes of the various South American Republics bore a strong resemblance to our own both in size and design, except that cinnamon brown and blue were the prevailing colors. The Chinese currency is in red, white and yellow paper, with gilt lettering and gorgeous little hand-drawn devices. They bear a general resemblance to washing-bills, but I was assured that they were as good as gold in the flowery kingdom. The Austrian bill bears on the back an extract from the law against counterfeiting as a warning to evil doers. On the whole, the collection was extremely interesting as showing how many different nationalities exchange their money on our shores, and also as an evidence of the fear in which European governments are held to make such easily counterfeited currency a legal tender.

No financial institution will assist in building up a town, add material wealth to the community, or enable greater numbers to obtain homes of their own, who otherwise would be renters, than the P. C. S. S.

MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles; and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues, and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hairdressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE mailed free to any lady on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GRAHAM'S

FACE BLEACH

Cures the worst cases of Freckles, Sunburn, Sallow-ness, Moth Patches, Pimples, and all skin blemishes. Price, \$1.50. Harmless and effective. No sample can be sent. Lady Agents wanted.

The Druggist in this city who first orders a bill of my preparations will have his name added to this advertisement.

My preparations are for sale by wholesale druggists in Chicago and every city west of it.

THE
STATE FAIR
OCCURS AT
SACRAMENTO
SEPT. 7TH TO 19TH 1891
THE EVENT OF THE YEAR
DON'T FAIL TO EXHIBIT.
WRITE THE SECRETARY
FOR INFORMATION.
FRED'K COX.
EDWIN F. SMITH,
SECRETARY.

Fine Table
Wines
From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

WOMEN JURORS.

"I was purser on one of the German Lloyd steamers about ten years ago, and we had been making a smooth journey of it on one summer trip. It was just after the school commencement season, and three-fourths of the passengers were ladies. There was a young fellow aboard from Georgia, I believe, who was traveling alone, and who appeared to have a very cool supply of cash when he first started out.

"He soon became the victim, however, of one of the most unprincipled scoundrels I ever saw, a desperate blackleg, who made his living crossing and recrossing the ocean, and fleecing the passengers at cards.

"He was a Spanish-Mexican, and a devilish handsome fellow. I saw him afterwards in Seville, where he had a wife living—as pretty a woman as a man ever laid eyes on.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, this young Georgian was fresh meat for the scoundrel. They were at their cards early and late. It was a pity to see him. The Spaniard knew he had him, and was playing him like a cat does a mouse.

"Little by little that young man's money was crossing the green, and the game was worked so nicely that he thought every loss would be his last. He was so sure luck would change that he got wild about it. He was pale and sick from excitement.

"One day the Seville got reckless in his cups and bungled, I guess, for all at once the young Southerner was at his throat and swearing he had cheated.

"I never saw such a desperate look as that Spaniard turned on us when several officers rushed up. He looked like an animal who had been wounded and whose first instinct was to strike back again. He was scared and self-assured at the same time. His face was red, his eyes were dancing from his assault to the spectators and back again, and the very moment we were pitying his fright he had whipped out a stiletto from his sash and had buried it in the young fellow's bowels.

"It was the work of a second, and the next he was struggling in the grasp of a dozen men, who had put a rope around his neck and were hurrying to the side of the ship.

"It was here the women came in. The murder occurred at an hour when the deck was thronged with passengers, and the situation was understood in a flash.

"There were screams and cries for pity and loud appeals for us to stay our hands. There were delicate white hands clinging to our coats, and before anything could be done, the whole aspect of the affair had changed, so that no gentleman on his honor could have followed out the plainest duty of the moment.

"From some motives of policy the captain took no active part in what followed. The fate of the murderer was turned over into the hands of the passengers, and our good will to the blackleg was so generally questioned that the ladies insisted in taking a hand in the trial.

"A jury of twelve ladies, school teachers, school girls and professional excursionists, was impaneled with small regard to opinions previously formed or expressed.

"A lawyer from some western state volunteered to defend the prisoner, and I have had very little respect for that man since, although his name is a household word to-day, and he has figured prominently in politics.

"There was considerable formality about the trial. The examination of witnesses was close, and the course pursued by the prosecution was vigorous and aggressive. The scoundrel's character was freely ventilated, and shown to be of the blackest sort.

"The details of the crime and the devilish system of robbery which led up to it were fully emphasized.

"In the meantime that villain sat and wept. Tears stood in his handsome dark eyes, and his cheeks were pale with every token of remorse. His long, waving black hair was matted on his forehead, and he was the picture of wretched despair.

"He had already been exalted from the lyncher's rope to the seat of a murderer on trial, and, damn me, sirs—begging your pardon, miss—before they got through with the argument that Westerner had made him an archangel.

"Every member of that whole blessed jury was crying. They would say, 'poor, dear fellow!' and when the blamed lawyer stooped lower than I ever saw a gentleman stoop, and asked for pity and mercy upon the devil whose life had doubtless been under bad influences, and would have been a Sunday-school superintendent if it hadn't been for misleading companionship, there was one grand burst of sympathy.

"Public sentiment, of which that jury was the center, became so strong in favor of the gambler that the young Georgian was made out to be a criminal for having crossed the path of this ill-starred but well-meaning imp of Satan and tempted him to wrong.

"The foreman of the jury took her lace handkerchief from her bosom and passed it down to him, as he sat blubbering with the rest of them. A pretty, blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl was at the end of the row, and she rose from her seat on the jury and dampened the handkerchief before she offered it to him.

"The gentlemen passengers realized that the trial was absolutely farcical, and gave up trying to bring the murderer to the swift justice which those on board ship felt it their right to mete out.

"The jury was finally allowed to retire and an immediate verdict of not guilty was expected. They were very earnest about it, although the rest of us had got to thinking of it as a joke. We waited to hear the result of their consultation. Twenty minutes slipped away. Then it lengthened into an hour. The judge got down off his bench and the court was resolved into a group of curious passengers, who expressed to each other at intervals the deepest interest in the secret deliberations of the twelve women in the cabin below.

"Sunset, and the bells for dinner, but still no jury. Finally they filed up the steps and gathered at the point where the judge met them. They were immediately surrounded by every passenger aboard, and ears were strained to catch every word that fell from the forewoman's lips.

"'Have you agreed?' asked the judge.

"'No, sir,' she replied.

"'How is the jury divided?'

"'I don't know, your excellency.'

"'Is there any point of law you wish explained in order to aid your decision?'

"'No, sir; we understand the law.'

"'Why do you not come to a verdict? Would you prefer to postpone decision until to-morrow?'

"'No, sir,' said the forewoman, suddenly gaining firmness, 'I will have nothing more to do with this jury, not another instant. I would not again resume the responsible position I now hold, sir, for any consideration. That poor man has been maligned and abused by the members of this jury until my ears revolt at the sound of their voices.' Everything went off smoothly enough at first, until one lady who was admiring the fine Spanish face of the accused, was interrupted by the most ignoble insinuation that he was a 'Mexican'—

"'Judge,' cried the blue-eyed girl, springing to her feet. 'I demand the right to speak. I meant no malice to the prisoner by saying he was a Mexican. I believe there are as good men in Mexico as there ever was in Spain, and it is traitorous to our own country to speak otherwise.'

"'Who ever heard of such rank heresy?' asked a Boston excursionist, turning in her chair and appealing to the crowd. 'Has Mexico ever produced a Ferdinand, a Philip V., an Isabella?'

"Then that whole jury opened up. Each woman on it was a volcano loaded to the neck for or against Mexico, and she took her crowd of listeners and harangued them vociferously. The passengers became involved in the debate. A splendid, full-chested jury-lady collared the judge and talked Prescott to him by the mile.

"The Mexican war was kept up for three days. The court never was convened again, nor was sentence passed. The blackleg was kept under guard, but he was the lion of that ship. Every effort was put forth to make him enjoy himself, and so jealously did the ladies protect him that while we were landing there was a grand final dispute about putting him in irons. The boat touched the pier while the discussion was still high, and in the midst of it the prisoner escaped."

Women and the Steam Engine.

It takes sand to run an engine; so it does to run a woman.

There is usually a great bustle about an engine; so there is about a woman.

It makes a fellow mad to get left by an engine; so it does by a woman.

An engine is an object of much wonder and admiration to men and of fear to horses; so is a woman.

When an engine goes off the track it usually takes a man or more along with it; so does a woman.

An engine is known by its company; so is a woman.

An engine will sometimes blow a fellow up if he puts on too much pressure; so will some women.—*New York Herald.*

Every man—or nearly every man, even if he be not in haste to get rich—still desires to have a home of his own, and a place where he can get rest under his own vine and fig tree, so to speak. The P. C. S. S. will assist you.

Talk of red hair or freckles or cross-eyes or bow legs or crooked noses, they, one or all, may be inconvenient, they may be useless, but they are blessings; yes, sir, blessings, compared to my "Adam's apple." An "Adam's apple," sir, is Nature's kick—her slap in the face—a camel's back on a small scale in a man's throat: Brains, sir, talent, genius—nothing will atone for it. It is a frost—and it never thaws. I might have been anything I desired but for my hunch-throat; but who could be persuaded that a man with an "Adam's apple" attached to him for life could be anything but a freak?

The P. C. S. S. has the best plan devised for securing a home for the amount usually paid to the landlord for rent money, advanced in one sum and paid back in small monthly installments.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL

HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a thorough education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening, Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than J. SLAUGHTER, Sixth and M streets.

Telephone 318.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

ALWAYS A FINE LUNCH ON THE COUNTER.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Ganible's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO

UNCLE IKE'S

COLLATERAL O LOAN O OFFICE,

302 K Street, Sacramento.

W. R. STRONG CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fruit and Produce

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

ADOLPH TEICHERT,

Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE

—FOR—

Sidewalks, Garden Walks, Cellar Floors, Fence Coping, Etc.

SCHILLINGER'S PATENT A SPECIALTY.

RESIDENCE:

917 Twenty-fourth St., bet. I and J

SACRAMENTO.

PACIFIC

HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

TELEPHONE No. 41.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & Co.

410 J STREET.

— ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED —

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON

CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-

ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

"M. Quad" Fables.**THE PEASANT AND THE WAYFARER.**

A Wayfarer one day found a Peasant in Tears beside the Highway, and naturally halted to ascertain the cause of his Sorrow. "O Friend," replied the Peasant, "I have Worked like a Slave the Season through, but owing to the bad Weather my corn is only half a crop."

"Dry thy Tears, O Son of Toil," replied the Wayfarer. "Had your Corn been a full Crop I was intending to come after it was gathered and Steal the whole of it to the last ear. As it is I will pass you by and strike some other member of the Alliance."

Moral—Things are never as bad as they seem.

THE HARE AND THE FOX.

A Fox one day caught sight of a Hare in its Burrow and quietly lay down to wait for him to come out. After an hour or two without result Reynard became impatient and advanced, with a grin on his Face, and said:

"Good morning to you, Sir Hare! Being as I was in the Neighborhood, I thought I would Call and see how you got along."

"That is Kind of you, and I am Happy to assure you that I am well," was the reply.

"I notice," continued the Fox, as he looked around, "that you have dug your Burrow very narrow. Does this come about from any want of Confidence in me?"

"Oh, no! no! no!" quickly responded the Hare, as he Winked his left eye in the darkness; "the idea was to prevent accident to our Friend the Elephant. He might tumble in on me some night, you know."

"Yes; I tumble, too," dryly observed Reynard, as he gave his chops another lick and started off.

Moral—One should have no weak spots in his armor.

THE FROG AND THE FARMER.

A Frog who dwelt in a Puddle close by the house of a Farmer one evening overheard the Agriculturalist vigorously Praising the Notes of a Nightingale, which sang from a tree near by.

"Loves Music, eh?" queried the Frog of himself. "Well, being as he is a good Man and seems to be Built that Way, I'll do my Best to Make him Happy."

The Frog had not been singing over two minutes when the Farmer came down to the Puddle with a big Tomato, and nearly knocked his head off, and yelled:

"If you don't shut up I'll fire the whole garden at you."

"Alas! but is this my Reward for Seeking to Make you Happy?" wailed the Frog, as he looked Around for the Arnica bottle to bathe his Head.

Moral—"You must learn," replied the Farmer, as he turned away, "that while there may be no great difference between the notes of the Nightingale and the Voice of the Frog, Man has been granted the Privilege of Choosing Which he shall Listen to."

Prayer, Cold Water and Faith.

The sect of "Illuminated Apostles" has been increasing considerably in Spain. They claim to have power to heal the sick by prayer and the application of cold water. Some of them were recently arrested in Madrid, but were subsequently discharged. Several of them then called upon the local authorities and asked that their sect be officially recognized as a legally constituted association. The spokesman of the party, a venerable-looking man, with a long white beard, said that they derived their doctrines from the writings of the evangelists and were Christian apostles. All they asked was to be allowed to preach their doctrines and to cure the sick. "Have you any diploma entitling you to practice medicine?" asked the governor. The old apostle replied that they had a divine diploma that could not be questioned and that was better than any diploma that a human being could give. He would give an instance of a cure that they had made and how they practiced on an old woman who had the small pox and was given up by the regular physicians. The apostles took her in hand, prayed over her, told her and her relatives to trust in God, to make her drink plenty of water, eat well and roll her up in wet sheets. And the old woman got well. The apostles added that they had established congregations of their sect in thirty-six provinces. The governor did not think it proper to give permission to men to practice medicine who rolled up small-pox patients in wet sheets and dosed them with plenty of water.

To illustrate Mrs. Polk's popularity when mistress of the White House they recount this incident: At one of her receptions, while she sat gaily talking, a distinguished South Carolinian said: "Madame, there is a woe pronounced against you in the Bible." Every voice was hushed, and a scared look came over the faces of the guests; only Mrs. Polk was at ease; and, while her black eyes flashed, she said, with a bright smile: "What have I done?" "Well," he replied, "the Bible says 'Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.'"

P. C. S. S. holders of a small number of shares are as acceptable as large stockholders. Everybody, rich or poor, should be a stockholder.

He Meant Well.

Some weeks ago, writes a Wisconsin correspondent of the *Youth's Companion*, a young temperance lecturer, in his travels from town to town, fell in with an Indian, who made signs for a ride. He was allowed to get into the buggy, and pretty soon it appeared that he was intoxicated.

The lecturer, who believed in being instant in season and out of season, began forthwith to labor with his passenger. He dwelt upon the disgrace and death which follow the use of liquors, and wound up by entreating him to forsake his cups.

The Indian did not understand a word of the exhortation, but judging the lecturer by himself, thought from his pleading eyes and earnest manner that he wanted a drink. Accordingly he drew a large black bottle from under his blanket and offered it to the white man.

The lecturer was elated. He had made a convert, he thought. He took the bottle and dashed it to the ground, where it flew into a thousand pieces.

The Indian could not have been angrier if his scalp had been threatened. He sprang from his seat with a tremendous war whoop, seized the white man by the arm, dragged him to the ground, beat him in the face and was reaching for his knife when the lecturer managed to break away and ran at his best speed for the next town, where his wounds were dressed.

According to his own version of the affair, he meant well, but showed a lack of judgment.

A homeless man is an object of pity, but how much the more a homeless woman or a helpless child. "But how can a home be gathered from the little savings of which the most of us are capable?" Through the P. C. S. S.

The P. C. S. S. offers all the advantages accruing from cooperative investment of savings, and secure for you the most satisfactory results.

S. A. WOLFE,**Photographic Art Parlors**

426½ J Street, Sacramento.

SADDLE ROCK**Restaurant and Oyster House**

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

Capital Restaurant,

A. H. ARATT, Proprietor.

MEAL TICKETS, \$3 EACH.

321 J STREET,

Between Third and Fourth, SACRAMENTO.

Cosmopolitan Restaurant,

403 K Street, near Cor. Fourth,

Opposite Mechanics' Store, - - SACRAMENTO.

B. PILCOVICH, Proprietor.

The Cheapest and Best House in the City.

Capital Coffee House

J. H. BRUNING, Proprietor.

509 K STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth, SACRAMENTO.

Fine Coffee, Tea or Milk, { With Pie } 10 Cents.
or Cake, }

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

A. D. BOWLEY.

M. J. CURTIS.

CURTIS & BOWLEY,**Real Estate and Insurance Agents.**

Pacific States Savings, Loan, and Building Company.

1012 Fourth Street, bet. J and K, Sacramento.

REPRESENT THE

Ætina Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn.	\$10,000,000 00
Hartford Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn.	5,750,000 00
German-American Insurance Co.	5,000,000 00
Manhattan Life Ins. Co. of New York	11,729,400 00
Fidelity and Casualty Accident and Plate Glass Insurance Co. of New York	774,550 20

JUST AT HAND

The latest New York styles in Note Paper, Visiting and Correspondence Cards, Card Envelopes, Mourning Cards and Paper.

Tinted Note Paper and Correspondence Cards are now the rage. All the latest tints in stock.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMANN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMANN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER.

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of V. CURRAN, an insolvent debtor.—V. Curran having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said V. Curran is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said V. Curran, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 18th day of September, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

A. P. CATLIN,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated August 13th, 1891.

JAMES B. DEVINE, Attorney for Petitioner. a15-5t

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to O. S. BOARDMAN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 22d day of July, 1891, in which action W. S. Hickey is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain judgment against you for the sum of One Thousand Four Hundred and Eighteen and 1/10 Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to the plaintiff for the balance of an account; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for \$1,418.15, and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court this 24th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. a8-2m

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to THEODORE J. KERLIN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 14th day of July, 1891, in which action, Nettie R. Kerlin is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To have the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the plaintiff dissolved; that the plaintiff be awarded the custody of the children, issue of said marriage, and for alimony, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court, this 14th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.

ARMSTRONG & PLATNAUER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. jyl8-8t

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

**PANTS to ORDER**

\$3.50 to \$13.50

SUITS TO ORDER

\$15.00 to \$50.00

1000 Patterns to Select from.

GABEL the TAILOR

426 J STREET.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

FOR SALE.

SECOND-HAND REMINGTON TYPE-WRITER for sale. Inquire at 1714 M street.

A. L. HART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON.

ALBERT M. JOHNSON.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,

LAWYERS.

504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 604 J Street,

W. A. GETT, JR.,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,

L. W. YERS,

Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,

LAWYER.

Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,

LAWYER,

920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney),

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, upstairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

N.W. corner Sixth and K.

An Odd Fact About the Potentiality of the Number 7.

Mr. John W. Kirk, the white-haired veteran who was with Morse when the first working telegraph line was stretched, and who stood beside the great inventor when the first message was transmitted from Annapolis Junction to Washington, has made during his life a great many interesting calculations in numbers. The two most remarkable numbers in the world are 3 and 7. "The numeral 7," says Mr. Kirk, "the Arabians got from India, and all following have taken it from the Arabians. It is conspicuous in biblical lore, being mentioned over 300 times in the Scriptures, either alone or compounded with other words. It seems a favorite numeral with the Divine mind, outside as well as inside the Bible, as nature demonstrates in many ways, and all the other numerals bow to it. There is also another Divine favorite, the number 3, the trinity. This is brought out by a combination of figures that is somewhat remarkable; it is the six figures 142,857.

"Multiply this by 2; the answer is 285,714.
"Multiply this by 3; the answer is 428,571.
"Multiply this by 4; the answer is 571,428.
"Multiply this by 5; the answer is 714,285.
"Multiply this by 6; the answer is 857,142.
"Each answer contains the same figures as the original sum, and no others, and three of the figures of the sum remain together in each answer, thus showing that figures preserve the trinity.

"Thus 285 appears in the first and second numbers, 571 in the second and third, 428 in the third and fourth, and 143 in the fourth and fifth.

"It is also interesting to note that, taking out of any two of these sums the group of three common to both, the other three, read in the usual order, from left to right, will also be in the same order in both sums.

"Take the first and second sums, for example. The group of 285 is common to both. Having read 285 out of the second sum, read right along and bring in the first figure of the thousands last. It will read 714. All the others will read in the same way.

"Again, note that the two groups of three in the first sum are the same as the two groups of three in the fourth, reversed in order, and that the same thing is true of the second and third. The last multiplication has its groups of threes the same as those of the original number, reversed again.

"Examine these results again and you will see that in these calculations all the numerals have appeared save the 9. Now multiply the original sum by the mighty 7—the Divine favorite of the Bible and of creation—and behold the answer!—the last of the numerals, and that one only in groups of three; again the trinity!

142,857
7
999,999

"No other combination of numbers will produce the same results. Does not this show the imperial multipotent numeral 7 and its divinity?"—*Boston Transcript*.

The P. C. S. S.'s plan enables a man to build a home and pay for it in small monthly installments.

P. C. S. S. shareholders are encouraged to save, because their savings immediately begin to earn profits.

The P. C. S. S. is organized under the laws of California, and is under the supervision of the Bank Commissioners.

In the P. C. S. S., six dollars a month will carry ten shares, \$1,000 worth of stock, maturing in from six to seven years.

A person may lease a house and pay \$16 a month rent for seven years, and at the end of that time have nothing to show for his money.

The P. C. S. S. will help you to save money, and as you owe it to yourself and family to lay up a few dollars for a rainy day, make a beginning by taking a few shares.

You can borrow \$1,000 of the P. C. S. S., build you a home, pay it back in monthly payments of \$16, and at the end of seven years, or sooner, own your home free of incumbrances.

Paying off a debt in installments is like attacking an army in detail; many a man who meets his monthly payments easily would despair if confronted with his whole debt at once.

Not one in a hundred pays off a mortgage in the usual way. It is renewed again and again. By the P. C. S. S.'s plan debts are paid so gradually and easily that no comfort is sacrificed.

Invest in a few shares of the P. C. S. S. stock. There is no better investment, as every dollar invested doubles itself in a few years, and your money in it is as safe as a safe deposit vault could keep it.

There are many thousands of people whose income from their labors are larger than is necessary to feed and clothe them, and many of them are investing a part of each week's income in the P. C. S. S.

There are thousands of the industrial class who save something from their monthly or weekly incomes, and thousands more who could and would do so if they would investigate the plan of the P. C. S. S.

CURES MALARIA. CURES HEADACHE. CURES CONSTIPATION. LASH'S KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS CURES DYSPEPSIA.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!

TOP NOTCH SPICES. J.B. GILBERT. JED. M. SCOTT. MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS AND PROPRIETORS OF TOP NOTCH TONIC, TOP NOTCH FLAVORING EXTRACTS, STOCKMAN'S CONDITION POWDERS, STOCKMAN'S LINIMENT, DR. GILL'S BOTANIC COUGH SYRUP.

SACRAMENTO, CAL. San Francisco Branch, 305 Battery St.

Imperial GALLERY, No. 415 J Street, Between Fourth and Fifth, SACRAMENTO.

Finest Finished Cabinet Photographs, \$2.00 per Dozen.

All Other Work in Proportion, and Guaranteed First Class.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR SPECIMENS BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE.

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN WATERS. A NATURAL MINERAL WATER OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT. "SHASTA" WATER. MOUNT SHASTA MINERAL SPRING CO. GENERAL OFFICE 908 & 910 2ND STREET, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA U.S.A. BOTTLED FOR EUROPEAN TRADE.

W. J. HANSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO., Book and Job Printers, 410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

August 2, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8.10 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.20 A
4.30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7.00 P
7.00 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7.40 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9.35 A
11.50 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	2.25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	
	Ogden and East	5.25 A
3.00 P	Oroville	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.35 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.25 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12.30 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.05 A
5.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8.10 P
10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	8.00 A
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	2.50 P
4.30 P	Santa Barbara	9.35 A
6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8.10 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt	7.00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	9.35 A
11.50 A	Truckee and Reno	2.25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	5.25 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2.30 P
6.50 A	Vallejo	8.10 P
3.05 P	Vallejo	
*8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2.40 P
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10.20 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	*8.00 A

*Sunday excepted, †Sunday only, ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon. RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND HAS BEEN DECLARED BY THE People's Savings Bank for the term ending June 30, 1891, at the rate of five and one-third (5 1/3) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on or after July 3, 1891. GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier

BAKER & HAMILTON,

Sau Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER. WHEN FOR a trifling amount expended in the purchase of one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THE LEADER



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1891.

No. 29.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

One may find many good texts in the speeches of Robert Ingersoll. They are instructive and suggestive, and for the greater part true. Take this, from one of his recent addresses: "Property is valuable in proportion as people are intelligent and honest. What is property worth in a town full of ignoramuses?" And this: "I want to live until toil is honestly paid; until no person is perfectly happy so long as somebody is toiling; until it will not be enough to live in a palace if a woman a few blocks away is working and stitching and praying that the angel of death may with cold fingers touch her weary heart."

Outside of a term in Congress years ago, who can name an office that Colonel Ingersoll ever held? What a misfit would such a man be in any office? He was "born for the universe," and, unlike Edmund Burke, who "to party gave up what was meant for mankind," he has kept to his principles, though the prejudices he has created prevent his official preferment in the party whose most eloquent eulogist he has been. In his eulogy upon Roscoe Conkling, at Albany, he seems to have unconsciously drawn a picture of himself, or at least of what his admirers believe him to be.

Of Roscoe Conkling as a great man, orator, statesman, lawyer, he spoke as no other man could speak, and his sentences are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. While the following may be true of Conkling, does it not also picture Ingersoll? "He was an orator, earnest, logical, intense and picturesque. He laid his foundation with care, with accuracy and skill, and rose by cold gradation and well-balanced form from the corner stone of statement to the domed conclusion. He filled the stage, he saddened the eye, the audience was his. He had that indefinable thing called presence. Tall, commanding, erect, ample in speech, graceful in compliment, Titanic in denunciation, rich in illustration, prodigal of comparison and metaphor, his sentences, measured and rythmical, fell like music on the enraptured throng."

Of Conkling as a legislator he said: "Roscoe Conkling was an absolutely honest man. He uttered the splendid truth that the higher obligations among men are not set down in writing, signed and sealed, but reside in honor. He was an ideal representative, faithful and incorruptible. He believed his constituents and his country were entitled to the fruit of his experience, to his best and highest thoughts. No man ever held the standard of responsibility higher than he. He voted according to his judgment and his conscience. He made no bargains, he neither bought nor sold. To correct evils, abolish abuses, and inaugurate reforms, he believed was not only the duty but the privilege of the legislator. He neither sold nor mortgaged himself. He was in Congress during the years of the vast expenditures of war and waste, when the credit of the nation was loaned to individuals; when claims were as thick as leaves in June; when in the amendment of a statute a change of a single word meant millions, and when empires were given to corporations. He stood at the summit of his power, the peer of the greatest, a leader tried and trusted. He

had the tastes of a prince, the fortune of a peasant, yet he never swerved. No corporation was great enough or rich enough to purchase him. His vote could not be bought for all the sun sees or the close earth wombs or the profound sea hides."

The recent charge to the grand jury by Judge Wallace, in San Francisco, has been the cause of much praise and some adverse criticism of that gentleman. The amusing part of it is the wonder of the press at such an "innovation." The charge may be unusual here, but such a charge to the grand jury in the Eastern States is a usual thing there. It is done every year, or every quarter, and to every grand jury. If certain crimes have been by general report or rumor talked of, as within the jurisdiction of the court, the judges who impanel grand juries, in New York any way, always call the attention of the jury to such matters, and charge that it is their duty to investigate. Judge Wallace has done a good thing, and it looks very small for any one to insist on putting a base motive behind the good deed. Some minds are always occupied more or less in such kind of detraction. To them there is no good action done except from some ignoble motive; for such Judge Wallace can well feel the contempt and aversion they deserve.

Our city fathers are loth to enter upon new and necessary improvements because of lack of funds. "We are poor," quoth they; "taxation is heavy and burdensome, let us put up with our present sewerage, our city hall and jail, our streets, though the sewerage breed a pestilence, the city hall (?) tumble down upon our police and prisoners, and the municipality suffer much, it is better to bear the ills we have than fly to others we know not of." Yet, while they save a tthe spigot, lo! the treasure runneth out at the bung. The city's coin is cared for by a solvent and sound bank, and there is at all times a large balance on hand, the use of which brings no revenue. The city even pays the bank for keeping it, and when in need the bank very graciously and generously lends the city her own money at interest to improve the streets. If this is not Bob Ingersoll's town of ignoramuses, it seems to be on the high road to such a goal, and may get there in course of time.

A competent physician is named as health officer, and in a straightf-orward, truthful way points out the particular dangers and abominations of our so-called sewerage system; he advises cleanliness, the suppression of leaky and foul dripping drains, the cleansing of cess-pools, enforcement of the ordinances against depositing filth, swill, and festering corruption in the streets, alleys and public places; tells us in plain language that if we mean to continue decent and in health we must observe the plain laws of health and hygiene, even if it does cost money; and straightway this admirable official is jumped on by a mob of our silurian, semi-savages who seek to crucify him for warning us of the wrath that is to come. Filth and disease are extolled and invited; open sewers or none at all, noxious, mephitic gases and vapors from everywhere, and always right under our noses on every down-town street and alley, must be ignored or lied about for fear of harm to the city's reputation; systematic and regular violation of every health ordinance we have must be winked at, and every rule of municipal decency and neatness set aside to quiet the howl of a few oranges to whom civilization of any kind is distasteful and too expensive. Travelers say it would be difficult to find a

city in Asia, Africa, or South America where a greater indifference is shown by officials to sanitation and municipal regulation of stinks and disease-breeding nuisances of all kinds than there is in this.

There is profit, yea pleasure, in the reading of antique books. "The Tatler," by Isaac Bickerstaff, was published in London in 1794. Then was printed the manuscript of the author, written "from his own apartments, September 12, 1709," that "no man can conceive, till he comes to try it, how great a pain it is to be a public spirited person. I am sure I am unable to express to the world what my lucubrations have been to my fellow-subjects. Men will go on in their own way, in spite of all my labour." Perhaps at so early a date there did exist public boards presumed to administer important trusts. We are not, however, aware Bickerstaff had the advantages 1891 affords, in a country known not in his time. That we quote from this writer of old imparts not a feeling for the pain he then did feel; rather it is he is to be congratulated he died so early in the world's history, and encountered not the mismanagement of the Sacramento city government.

This week witnessed the ending of the official inquiry by the municipal heads into the water-works farce. So nearly as the public can gather, Conklin assumes to superintend these works, yet it seems his chief engineer—one Judd—is adjudged indiscreet in saying that which is known by every grammar-school boy in the city—that the lower grade of politics does control in water-works management. It is apparent Conklin has in his chief engineer one who admittedly is not fitted to fill the place; Judd should be removed; he should be supplanted by Daroux. We are not aware that Judd has ever been so indiscreet as to degrade himself with lower politics; that he did not do so is his fault; he will suffer.

We understand from the investigation these conclusions have been arrived at: That Judd is a "chump;" that under the management various parts of important machinery have been broken with little matter who had the watch; that the influence of ward politics cuts no figure in that department. All hands are exonerated. We repeat our declaration made last week, that ward politics has too much to do with water-works control, and this remark we apply both to the management of the machinery of the works (very important to the inhabitants of this city) and the collection of the rates. In this late investigation it is apparent the matter was pre-judged against Judd, so far as political influence in appointment in the works is concerned.

With relation to the collection of the water rates only, there is paid out annually for salaries over \$5,000. Compared with the cost of collecting the direct tax for the maintenance of the city government by Mr. Putnam, or the State and county dues by the Sheriff, the percentage will be readily seen by figuring to be absurdly high. And yet it is gravely claimed that politics cut no figure. As the water-works are now managed they are about a loss to the people. With an inexhaustible supply from the river, why not grant a franchise to a private corporation to supply water service to such of our inhabitants as see fit to encourage such an enterprise? There will then be an assurance the machinery of the competitive works will not be impaired; that they can be depended upon to furnish protection if emergency demands; that we will get for a trifle water service more adequate and satis-

factory than the present. Taking into consideration the 55 per cent. of the gross receipts now paid into the bond fund, the cost of fuel, salaries, political incidentals, and interest on the capital invested, we cannot see that the people of this city are now getting off even. Would this important matter not be weighty in the county municipal conventions?

We have read with interest as well as amusement the criticism of the Colusa *Sun* of an article in THEMIS. It is as follows:

PAY YOUR DEBTS.

THEMIS of last week has an article advocating a repudiation of a part of the contract of Sacramento with its creditors. The city was to pay 55 per cent. of the revenue of the water-works to bondholders to pay interest and liquidate principal as fast as it would. The Supreme Court decided that revenue meant gross proceeds. There was a bill before the last Legislature to alter this, but it was defeated. And now comes our contemporary and urges another tilt at law with the "cormorants." The whole State is interested in seeing to it that Sacramento pays her debts without harassing her creditors. If she owes the debt and does not want to pay 55 per cent. of the gross income, or, in other words, the revenue, let her issue her bonds and take up this indebtedness. The people of this State have suffered much by such repudiations. Away back in the "fifties" there was a failure by the State to pay interest on account of the failure of the banking firm of Palmer, Cook & Co., and that failure is now quoted to our discredit. The Montgomery-avenue bonds, the Dupont-street bonds, and other litigations over debts contracted, hurt every enterprise in the State. We look upon every man as a public enemy who talks about repudiating any part of any indebtedness, or who refers to bondholders as cormorants. Any man who loans money is entitled to all the borrower agrees to pay. The only way for an individual or a corporation to get rid of a debt is to pay it. The discussion of repudiation conveys abroad an idea of dishonest people, and injures credit.

We assume the article in the *Sun* was written by our pioneer friend Will S. Green. To him we will say his early history with relation to the failure of the State to pay interest on account of the downfall of the banking firm of Palmer, Cook & Co. was about on a par with the position taken by the present inhabitants of Sacramento city. The firm had a short existence—from 1853 to 1857—and handled politics as well as banking. The head of the firm was charged in the Legislature with offering a money bribe for a vote for a candidate for United States Senator. There then came this alarming state of affairs in the State: that while the Constitution provided that the State indebtedness should not exceed \$300,000, in January, 1857, there was an indebtedness of \$4,131,127 31. The facts were reported to the Legislature by Governor Johnson. There had been provision made by former Legislatures for the issuance of bonds, and the payment of interest on them in the city of New York. The bonds that had been issued were clearly invalid, but they had been floated, and the interest on them paid semi-annually. The house of Palmer, Cook & Co. had for a time received the interest money and paid it; there was, however, something like \$200,000 missing from the State treasury when the Legislature of 1857 made investigation, and a considerable portion of the sum had gone into the hands of Palmer, Cook & Co.; the result was the removal from office of State Treasurer Bates, and the offer of Palmer, Cook & Co. to make up that which they had acknowledgedly received. The people lost the money; it had been sent to pay interest on bonds that had no legal existence. Yet the *Sun*, after these many years, and after the matter has been thoroughly investigated in the matters of the impeachment of two State officers, and in criminal proceedings against Bates, Rowe, and others, says "it is now quoted to our discredit." Concerning the Montgomery-avenue and Dupont-street bonds, we will permit the *Sun* to be the champion; let us be classed as a public enemy who will suggest their repudiation.

There is little difference with the debt of Sacramento city, as compared with the cases the *Sun* has cited, so far as equity is concerned. We are not disposed to willingly pay for the unwarrantable extravagances of men who now slumber in our cemeteries, and accept the terms that have been presented by judges who are now remembered only by tombstone inscriptions. There have been decisions rendered in the interest of the holders of Sacramento city bonds that are manifestly unjust; they may well be characterized as absurd. The editor of the *Sun* says, with seriousness, that "revenue" means "gross receipts," when applied to any business transaction. We may assume with truth the gross receipts of our water-works are upwards of \$90,000—out of that sum manifestly the expense should

first be paid; no trouble will come as to the disposition of the balance.

The labor demonstration which will take place Monday will be proper recognition of the spirit of labor in all its branches, save the professional and literary labor. While the latter will not be a component part of the pageant, the true laborer recognizes these branches of labor with the union of labor. It is in accord with the free and liberal American idea, and one of the grandest principles that labor and the industries shall receive the protection of the nation. It is this idea that prompts that greatest of American statesmen, James G. Blaine, to stand forth the exponent of protection to American labor and American industries. We are glad to see the union of labor on such occasions as that of Monday, and it forebodes good in the future, when thoughtful men band together for the great purpose of the protection of the laborer. There is a sentiment of good feeling on such occasions, which will do more to harmonize labor and capital than any other means. Labor Day is destined to be one of the events of the nation, and it is right that due recognition should be given by the people in all branches of trade industry and the professions. Our labor unions must not overlook the fact, however, that among the hardest worked people on the earth should be included those engaged in literary and professional pursuits. The tax on the brain by constant work is greater than that imposed on the body by physical exertion. There are none so overworked as the newspaper men. Certainly these can be classed with the laborers in the broad and comprehensive sense of the term. It is the laborer in this country that governs. It is the laborer that shapes all enterprise and consummates every industry. Labor is, indeed, the ruler. When labor and brains combine, there can be no apprehensions for the future.

The city of Sacramento is at present in a healthy condition, indicated by its growth in an easterly and southerly direction. There is one serious obstruction to its growth in a northeasterly direction, to wit: the racetrack and agricultural park. The middle of such a populous city is not a place for a racetrack or such a park. It closes up D, E, F, G, and Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets. Those who own building lots east of the racetrack have no direct route to the business parts of the city. They are hid away and out of sight of the city. These lots are becoming valuable, and they would increase largely in value if all the streets of the city were open to them. The park itself and the racetrack are of no use to the public except for the two weeks of the fair and a few days when used for races. And it has become a nuisance to the public rather than a source of pleasure or income, and it effects the value and use of the property situate west of the park, as well as the lots to the east. The time has come that this matter should be agitated with a view to a removal of the park and racetrack to some point east or south of the city. When a sufficiently large plat can be secured suitable for the location of a racetrack and agricultural park, the owners of lots east and west of the park as situated cannot always be restrained from insisting on the opening of the public streets through it. They would have an undoubted right to a removal of that obstacle. The park and track could be removed to a point equally fit for such uses where there would be no streets to obstruct. It could be bought at prices for what agricultural land is sold. With electric motors to our cars, and a five-cent fare established, the old Louisiana racetrack, the Harigan racetrack, Oak Knoll, or a lot south of Oak Park would be just as accessible as where it is now located. The lots that now constitute the park would perhaps pay all expense of buying, say forty acres, and fitting the same up as well or better than the present park, and it would, if so located, become a place of resort much more used than as at present located, and Sacramento would suddenly start its growth in a northeasterly direction, adding a large amount to the taxable property of the city, and thus that quarter would in a short time rival the southern part of the city in its growth and prosperity.

Our virtues may sometimes cause us to suffer, even greatly, as forbearance and fortitude and resignation imply the endurance of insult, of injury or of trials.

But the sufferings of virtue are so sublime, so rich in precept, and so crowned with rewards, that the reflecting mind must learn, and the sensitive heart will feel, that to triumph over the passions is to triumph over the malignity of fortune; and in subduing ourselves we virtually subdue the many evils of our destiny. As no tyranny equals that of the passions, neither is there any misery so sure as that of submitting to their unlimited control. The greatest peril, the lowest obloquy, the most sarcastic contempt, are found to follow and fall upon the unrestrained career of those powerful mental, moral and personal enemies of virtue and of happiness. The passions, in their excess, are seen to distort and for the time being to destroy, the human countenance; changing the serene energy of dignified command, which speaks in the fine features of civilized man, to the vulgar violence of savage brutality—altering the angel sweetness of beautiful woman to the character and contour of a merciless demon; for what is so fearful as the madness of the irascible?—what so dreadful as the purpose of the revengeful?—what so vile as the insinuation of the envious?—so abject as the selfishness of the sordid, or so ridiculous as the excesses of the vain and the sensual? Nor is it irrelevant to confirm this by a fact adduced on the authority of Madame de Stael, that all the Jacobins actively concerned in the horrors of the reign of murder were individually distinguished by the same sort of countenance—pale, nervous and agitated; moving from side to side, like a wild beast in his cage, and when seated, poisoning themselves, without rising, in a sort of stationary restlessness, indicating the impossibility of repose. Thus powerful is the sway of the evil passions; so com-fortless and so frightful the distortion of their fury.

Even ambition, in whose sublime features and high feelings there is the fascination of glory and the charm of intrepidity, in striving to push others aside who are with similar efforts struggling to climb the same steep ascent and to reach the same dangerous apex of power—how often is it seen losing its hold and falling with a velocity which strikes, crushes and disables the victim from again rising in triumph or succeeding in future honors to authority. If distress or discomfiture be thus the possible portion of the most seductive and the least malevolent of human passions, of what avail and to what effect is the nurture or the indulgence of the more mean and less morally attractive? Nor let it be urged that these unsubdued foes of features, of manners and of mind, owe their despotic empire to the error of youth; that time, chilling the circulations into sluggishness, will, with the same hard grasp, cool, calm and quiet the hot spirit of turbulent inclination. Believe it not. To the moral, as to the physical habits of man, age brings no remedy for the neglectful. At that period the objects of sense may change, but not the violence of sensation; the fretful and the furious will not, through the medium of disgust, be rendered amiable and conciliatory. The extravagant love of pleasure will change, but to the intemperate desire of gold, or the more excessive avarice of power, as certainly, ere the autumn of existence has passed away, will the strong passions yield to the stronger understanding or be restrained by the better principle. Thence delay would be fatal. Age may never come; or were it sure as is the moment of dissolution, does the mind bloom and brighten as the body bends and breaks? Will the heart expand and grow kind amid the solitude of outlived and buried affections, or under the wrongs and estrangements of painful humanity? There is of lengthened existence a probable period to which improvement does not belong; when to vegetate and to suffer are all that remain of the beautiful and glorious. Thrice happy they who, prepared for the possible result of long, protracted years, have said to the whole host of lawless passions, "*Peace! and sin no more!*"

Janauschek is very enthusiastic about *The Harvest Moon*, by James M. Morgan. She described it as a romantic drama, and says: "I feel so sure that the public will indorse it that I have laid aside the balance of my repertory and shall appear in that drama only. The part of 'Mrs. Oakley' affords me the opportunity to prove to my friends that I am as vigorous as ever. I have, through my manager, booked a long tour, beginning at Washington in September and including the principal cities of the country."

[Written for THEMIS.]

TRUE PRINCIPLE.

It has been questioned whether true, correct principle be the result of precept coöperating with example, or a nobler sentiment emanating from the soul. With Helvetius, we have believed that culture can do much, provided the mind be happily organized; but we have not believed with Helvetius that education is omnipotent in power and in glory to effect everything for the heart, and for the understanding. Since the innate disposition for right, and the actual propensity to wrong, are so individually marked, by nature herself, as to seem almost invincible, the materialist may attribute this propensity, and that disposition, to the nerves, to the blood, or to the muscles. If, as a parent anxious for his offspring, he has traced the fact, he will not deny its existence. Under the same irresistible belief, we have defined true principle to be a *sense* of duty, an *impulse* of virtue, a *perception* of right, which, with capacity to discern and to discriminate, feels before its reasons, and acting from the rectitude of its own original nature, resists evil and does good without the hope of reward, the calculation of profit, or the doubt of timidity; it is forbearing, and conciliates; placable, and pardons; tender, and consoles; active, and assists; it is both grateful and beneficent—faithful to acknowledge and prompt to bestow; for when was the heart of ingratitude allied to the feelings of generosity? True principle is sincere, and knows not to deceive; firm, and will not be tempted; pure, and repels corruption. It is unchanging because unerring. It is disinterested and travels by no crooked path to fortune. In the proud dignity of self-respect it is elevated above the egotism of vanity; and in perfect humility, always known to sacrifice the selfish to the social affections. Severe in character, but cordial in kindness; studious to improvement, and living to utility, it neither lends the hours to idleness, nor gives the heart to presumption.

Such are the properties which we believe to contain the elements of *true principle*, even that true principle which must feel honestly in order to act worthily; and is this, like a mechanic art, to be studied and learned and practised by that merely reasoning perseverance which coldly reflects, deliberates and resolves? Countin-, the cost and receipting the advantage of every virtue; a plausible substitute, specious and pretending, but born of the brain, and never approaching the heart? As devoted to self-interest and existing for the world, the one is its true standard, the other its chosen reward. Yet, most readily be it conceded, that great and grateful and efficient is the influence of just precept united to right example, powerful to confirm, improve and enlighten the capacities of a well organized mind, and frequently and forcibly is it found to counteract and perverse the temper of hearts, which, bad by nature, might become atrocious by neglect. To corrupt the principles of the originally virtuous would probably be more arduous than to correct the propensities of the evil-disposed; for the moral feeling shrinks from contamination, and the pure and peaceful heart, clothed in humility, dares not trust its own strength, but fears and shuns the possible contagion of evil. Not thus the offender. As the hardihood of his character, rising to defiance, fears nothing and braves everything, he may, in the bold presumptions of his passions, draw near, and in listening to the eloquence of truth, be unexpectedly won by the charm of its accent to abandon the misery of offense, and to seek the happiness of well-doing. In opposition to this, see the mechanically virtuous, who has not the image of goodness stamped upon his soul; if seduced by perverted reason, or misled by unbridled passion, the mental obduracy of his nature will neither yield nor retract; consequently cannot be softened into reform nor soothed into reflection. Yet this should not discourage the doubtful, nor intimidate the repentant. Let these rather derive instruction by adverting to the history of the divine Socrates, in whose character nature had blended bad propensities with good dispositions; sublime genius with destructive passions. The moral, the wise, even in early youth, prove sufficiently powerful to overcome the evil, and the foolish, not through the omnipotence of education, but by the determined energy of his own corrected will, and the active integrity of an originally superior soul; for the inclinations of this well organized mind were virtuous, those of his unruly passions vicious—wisdom improving the one and subverting the other, constitutes what may be termed correct principle; elucidated by the moral genius and mental graces of his life, the mild philosophy and faithful precepts of his death. The conclusions to be deduced are, that those to whom nature has given the best temperament, material and intellectual, are most capable of approaching the height of human perfection; yet the more deficient have strength and means to resolve themselves into improvement, physical, intellectual and moral; while all who feel and think and reason, may become good and kind

and virtuous, provided they do not stifle the small but sure voice of conscience, which God has given them. Neither does it demand the sublime wisdom of Socrates to extirpate the bad and to cultivate the good that is born and lives within us. It is a plain and simple lesson, in which we must be our own immediate instructors; and for which the most moderate abilities are competent. At the same time it is a lesson sufficiently profound to occupy and to interest the most reflective mind, the most feeling heart, and the most comprehensive genius. A lesson rich in profit, high in honor, and profuse of the best rewards on earth and in heaven.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Richard Mansfield will appear on this coast the coming winter.

The world isn't so wicked as the applause of a poker joke at the theater would indicate.

It is finally settled that Annie Pixley will not act at all this season. She will take life easily, most of the time in Europe.

Charley Reed and May Tohe are with the *Hoss and Hoss* company. We will have an opportunity of seeing them this coming season.

Charles MacGeachy is interested in the business of a new Italian star, and the wicked say he will be called Signor Carlos Magichi hereafter.

The original "Violetta" of Verdi's *Traviata*, Signora Donitelli, died lately at Milan. The opera was first produced at Venice, in 1855.

Vrchlicky is the dreadful name of a Czech dramatist who is the author of a new tragedy called *The Torture of Tantalus*, in which the various situations are illustrated by appropriate orchestral music.

W. S. Gilbert has delivered the dialogue of the new comic opera by Collier, which will be produced at the Lyric Theater in October. It is understood that the piece is based upon the story of Gilbert's own comedy of *Broken Hearts*, which was produced at the Court Theater in 1876.

Fanny Davenport makes a rule never to see two women in one day if she can help it. She thinks one can have too much of a good thing; so, if she has entertained one lady caller, she excuses herself to the next. Another superstition of the actress is, that if you are unlucky you should never speak of it, for the mention of the fact will bring you worse luck.

While in Australia Sarah Bernhardt is said to have visited the famous whispering gallery near Kiama, on the coast of New South Wales. The gallery is a horseshoe-shaped chasm whose walls rise 300 feet. A brook runs through it, forming several little cataracts, from the brink of one of which rise the "Parson's Steps," peculiar natural terraces, on which Mme. Bernhardt stood and recited the "Marseillaise." The faintest accent, if distinct, is carried all round the horseshoe.

A poetical idea has been born in Chicago. There was an anniversary celebration there of the fiftieth performance of *A County Fair*. The play, as everybody knows, deals with bucolic scenes and the general story of life in a country village. The managers, unlike the usual run of theatrical people, clung to the idea of making the souvenir of the anniversary performance in keeping with the character of the play. This is something that is not usually thought of at such times. They sent out into the country and bought a lot of new mown hay, which was corked air-tight in bottles and given away as mementoes of the souvenir performance. A request was made that the corks should not be broken until the audience had returned to their homes. The request was not heeded, and the auditorium of the theater was filled with the odor of new-mown hay throughout the performance.

Stage snow is at present in a distressingly crude state. Bits of paper coming down from the flies in a sparse flurry are not realistic. The heroine, turned out of doors in a V-shaped corsage, kid slippers and a blinding snowstorm, does her part, but the man who works the elements is singularly devoid of emotion. He sifts the storm down as conscientiously as a barrel of clippings and a limited knowledge of meteorology allow, but the effect is not lustrous. The new patent rain-producer raises a hope of better things. If the heavens can be made to yield diamonds in the shape of raindrops, why not pearls in the form of snow? Then, amid moans from the orchestra, the flakes could fall fast, and even faster, on the heroine's homeless head. Benumbed with cold, she could coil up on a doorstep and be snowed in and dug out by a handsome young man, who could marry her in the last act. Pending this happy issue to all her afflictions, the snow, properly flavored, could be carried out and distributed around to the audience in the form of ices and be eaten with souvenir spoons. The future is rich in promise for the realistic drama.—*N. Y. World*.

Book Chat.

Sir Edwin Arnold will deliver fifty lectures in America next winter.

We are told that Eugene Field's book of Horace translations now passing through the press, is to be a sumptuous volume, with wide margins and many vignettes.

Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," which gave such an impetus to his early fame, was composed in forty-eight hours, while Gray struggled for seven years over his famous "Elegy."

Oscar Wilde has a weakness for white kid gloves and Turkish cigarettes. He is reported to be at work on a book that will deal with the "study of Christianity from the outside." With Wilde and Saltus invading the field of Renan and Lew Wallace the world of letters will witness some curious developments.

Men of letters are notoriously unreliable as critics of other men of letters. Thus, when an interviewer collates a series of opinions on similar topics from various literary people, we have a confusion of ideas which would make the sphinx grin. The sad wag of a syndicate writer who recently undertook this task met with particularly pleasing results from a humorous standpoint. He inflicted ten questions apiece upon seven noted American authors, and the replies are thrilling. George Bancroft, being asked whom he considered "master of the purest English," mentioned—the Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Julian Hawthorne named Cardinal Newman and John Ruskin; Edgar Fawcett was divided between Froude and Huxley; and Bill Nye modestly mentioned Bill Nye. No one said anything about Stevenson or Howells or Andrew Lang. In answer to the question, "What is your preference of all works of fiction?" the replies are even more singular. Bancroft preferred "the modern German school" of medieval sentimentality. Julian Hawthorne likes the "Scarlet Letter," "Monte Cristo," "Gil Blas," "Tom Jones," and "A Sentimental Journey." William D. Howells sticks manfully to Tolstoi, and prefers "War and Peace" to any modern novel. He also has an affection for "Don Quixote." Sober William Eggleston evinces a hardy literary appetite capable of withstanding a mixture of "Les Miserables" and "The Children of the Abbey." Edgar Fawcett is even more unconventional; he reads Henry James and Ouida, and is still in his right mind. Ella Wheeler Wilcox won't state her choice, "because it would be misunderstood," thus leaving us in painful doubt between Rabelais and Boccaccio.

Professional Chat.

It is narrated that a New England preacher of the olden time was paralyzed during a sermon by discovering his rude offspring in the gallery pelting the hearers in the pews below with peanuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof the young hopeful cried out: "Tend to your preaching, daddy; I'll keep 'em awake."

At the convening of Judge Van Fleet's department of the Superior Court last Friday, after vacation, there were, of course, some long arguments of counsel on various questions, notably on the part of the Attorney-General. During one of these arguments, and while Judge Van Fleet was complacently listening, Attorney-General Hart had occasion to use the pen; and after making several vigorous jabs into the ink battle, jokingly remarked that the vacation had caused the ink to "dry up." "Well," quietly and comically remarked the Judge, "the vacation has not had that effect on counsel."

It will not be many years before a family physician will be a thing of the past. Your boy will some day be brought home with a broken arm. You will think immediately of the surgeon who lives but a few blocks away. He is hurriedly summoned. As he enters the room he will look at the patient and exclaim: "Oh, it is the arm that is broken. I could not think of having anything to do with that; I am a leg specialist. You must send for Dr. Brown; he sets arms." It will be some comfort, while you sit waiting for Dr. Brown, to know that an arm specialist is going to mend your boy's broken arm. Some comfort, yes, but mighty cold comfort.

There are some disadvantages in going back into practice as a lawyer after having for many years sat upon the bench, says the New York *Advertiser*. A short time ago ex-Judge Noah Davis was arguing a motion before Judge Patterson of the Supreme Court. The argument was an extended one, and finally Judge Patterson remarked: "Now, Judge Davis, we will stop here until to-morrow, and you may then take half an hour in which to finish your address." "Oh, your honor, don't limit me as to time. Please don't limit me," pleaded the ex-judge, Judge Patterson's eyes twinkled as he reminded Judge Davis that when he was on the bench he had established a rule limiting the length of argument on chambers motions. It is safe to add, however, that the time limit was not adhered to very closely.

NOTES.

Photography has been reduced to such a science that colors can be taken as well as features. How will this please the freckle-faced girl at the sea shore?

Boulanger stalks about the streets of Brussels, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow." There is not much about the former "brav" Général to excite admiration nowadays. His figure has proved to be too small for the trappings of greatness.

England has a potato blight. The whole crop of South Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire is diseased and practically ruined, the "black spot" having appeared in every field. There are black spots in other departments, and they are not confined to the vegetable kingdom.

Orange omelet is a dainty desert. Slice the oranges, removing all peel, seeds and bits of tough inside skin. Sugar the pulp liberally and fold inside the omelet. Serve with powdered sugar, and, if desired, pour a large wineglassful of rum over all and burn it at the table.

Malignant malaria is slaying its hecatombs in Breslau. Should it cross the raging main, as *la grippe* did, and find a breeding place in the campaign sewage to be dumped all over this country next year, the office of coroner may prove to be the most important within the gift of the people.

The hot dispute between Havana and San Domingo as to which possesses the real bones of Columbus shadows forth a belief among the thrifty denizens of the Antilles that a good thing is in store for the person who can sell or lease the remains of the great discoverer to the Chicago fair.

Paris requires every vehicle traversing its streets at night, if only a wheelbarrow, to carry a lighted lamp. Safety is secured, and the avenues glitter as if swarming with giant fireflies. If some of our Riverside drivers would adhere to the ordinary rules of driving, there would be no need of any distinguishing lights.

An English naturalist has discovered proofs that the bedbug was quite common in the armies of the world 120 years before the Christian era, and that he was ever a sea rover, as the fleets of that day had the timbers stocked with this breed of nocturnal prowlers. The bedbug remains very vigorous in his antiquity.

Young James R. Garfield is likely to be the Republican nominee for State Senator from Lake county, O. Since his father's death he has lived at Mentor, at the old homestead, and is one of the town's most successful lawyers. He is a thoughtful student of politics, and is expected to make a name for himself in the legislature.

Sig. Crispi is declared to have a passion for the nightingale's song, which he loses no opportunity of hearing. Word was brought him recently that a particularly melodious nightingale was warbling in the ruins of the Coliseum, and the story goes that Crispi came near being shot by a sentry that night as he was making his way to a point of vantage near by.

A thousand years ago the builders of the Mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, had forethought enough to mix musk with the mortar, and to-day its odor overpowers the other perfumes of the streets. It would be a grand thing in certain quarters of this city if musk was mixed in the building material so as to counteract the perfumes of a doubtful character which pervade such localities.

The old complaint about the scarcity of young men at the fashionable summer resorts is heard again this season. The trouble seems to be that the young man now goes off sailing on his yacht, roams off on his bicycle, or gets himself far away into the rural districts afoot or on horseback, with gun or rod, and no longer paces up and down the hotel piazzas for the edification of the girls. The young man has grown sensible.

According to the census returns, there are in California 405,313 horses. There were foaled in California in 1889, 56,116 horses. In the whole United States and Territories there were on hand June 1, 1890, 14,976,017 horses, 2,246,936 mules and 49,109 asses. The last enumeration of course refers to four-legged asses. There are thousands of long-eared bipeds that could without doubt be included in the category of "asses." We have some in this city.

In Southern Hungary there is a class of people whose practices make divorce easy. A society of women exists which, for a compensation, poison people to order. It is said that the chief patronage comes from women who have become tired of their husbands and procure the aid of the "poisoners" to get rid of the marital incumbrance. This is an improvement on the old judicial manner of dissolving the matrimonial bonds, at least to the extent of being prompt and effectual, without the circumlocution of court process.

Under no condition is the American woman likely to rival the French woman in careful costuming. A lady familiar with Paris says that the Parisians unhesitatingly pronounce a lady to be an American, when they see her adjust her gloves after reaching the street. To don her gloves as she walks, or when she is fairly settled in car or carriage, is a fixed habit here with the average woman. The New York woman does this to save time, the Western woman from carelessness, the Southern woman because she hopes to be excused from putting them on at all.

One of the committees of the Georgia legislature has recommended the enactment of a "bachelors' law," taxing celibates of thirty \$25 a year. The amount is to be raised every five years until the victim is sixty, when he must pay \$200 for the privilege of living homeless and alone. This will be a popular measure with gentlemen who are already implicated in matrimony. There is, however, a suggestion of cruelty about it to the single man who has done his best and still cannot find a single Georgia girl who will have him. He is not to blame, yet he will have to pay a tax just as much as though he were.

Speaker Reed has not added to his fame as a statesman in attacking the reciprocity doctrine and calling it "an attempt to carry on commerce by diplomacy." The idea was grandly diplomatic. Had it been originated by any other than James G. Blaine our doughty speaker might not have made the attack. There has been no commercial scheme which has taken such hold as reciprocity, and it has made America the envy of our European neighbors. So popular has the plan become that our democratic friends are now trying to steal the credit of its adoption from Secretary Blaine, fearing that it might be the watchword of victory in 1892 for James G. Blaine. Tom Reed is not adding anything to his laurels when he attacks reciprocity.

On Monday the great State exposition will open in this city and continue for two weeks, including eleven days racing. The speed programme embraces some of the fastest horses in the world. The art gallery will have the work of some of the best artists known, as well as some of the gems from Pacific coast artists. The pavilion is being made attractive. The famous Liberatti will furnish the music at the exhibition pavilion. Nothing is left undone to make all the features of the fair attractive and instructive. At the agricultural park with the stock parades there will be ladies' riding tournaments, balloon ascension, twenty-mile saddle-horse race, vaquero tournament. The playground for children will have attractive features. Much praise is due the directors for the complete arrangements of all the details of the fair.

The trouble about the equalization of the assessment rolls of San Francisco and some other counties has again arisen. There is certainly much that appeals to justice in the protests that are made by the officers and the press of San Francisco against an arbitrary raise. The State Board of Equalization can deal with the assessment roll of a county only as an entirety, and for that reason it is powerless to accomplish anything for good. Were it provision had been made for an equalization as between individual properties there would be some sense in it. It must be recognized that the basis of our system of revenue and taxation so elaborately outlined in the thirteen sections of Article XIII of the State Constitution is extremely confusing, the natural result of a constitutional convention enacting a copious volume of statutes. However, it will be the courts must misconstrue the language of the framers of the Constitution, and make it mean sense; adjust it to the changed conditions of a people.

What an invalid Creed Haymond must have been when he was in Russia, since he informs a *Chronicle* interviewer that his physicians absolutely forbade him to either read or write, so that, away off in that God-forgotten country, he dared not even look at a newspaper of his own State! What on earth was the matter with the delicate man? Really it does look as if there was something wrong with his mental construction since he says, among a lot of other slop, "they (the Russians) worship the Czar; believe no one who says they do not. They are at all times ready to die for him, and the very tyranny which he exercises over them is deemed a blessed thing." Did Creed ever read the curdling history of the surfs of that land, as told by George Kennan, who has spent as many years in Russia as Haymond did days? Can it be that the Colonel expects to apply to the Czar for a place in the department of injustice there when his services are no longer wanted at the foot of Fourth street? Better read a little history, Creed—when your health will permit.

A fly lays 320 eggs during a summer. The progeny of a single fly may from June 1st to September 30th exceed 2,000,000.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Early Opening of the Winter Theatrical Season—Exodus of Natives and Influx of Strangers—In Quest of Female Horn Tooters—The Deadly Immature Fruit Crop—A Brace of Anecdotes of Royalty.

[Special Correspondence of THEMIS.]

NEW YORK, August 29, 1891.

For some years past the general complaint among the purveyors of amusement and cold-weather pastimes has been that the "season" has been opening later every fall. This year, however, the dramatic season has opened unusually early and with considerable success. To all appearances, we shall have a remarkably good season, for the taste of the public appears to be settled in favor of light plays, and the managers have gone into comedy to an unheard of extent. Nobody that I have seen so far is able to explain why the dramatic season, that has heretofore opened in September, should suddenly spring into life in the middle of August. It surely isn't the cool weather. New York is deserted and yet is crowded to the limits. Nobody knows where the New Yorkers have betaken themselves, although a well-known steamship agent is responsible for the estimate that not less than one hundred thousand residents of this little village are now in Europe. Apparently there are some millions tucked into odd corners, for the reports from Saratoga are that the hotels are at last filled and the bonifaces are happy once more. At Albany Park and the other near-by watering places the sudden rush of guests has well nigh swamped the hotels and boarding-houses. Only a few weeks ago there was less than one fifth the usual number registered than for the month of July a year ago, and complaints of impending disaster were so general as to give this the name of the most disastrous season on record. But all that is changed now. Meanwhile New York is crowded to the very doors. All the theaters that have been open during the summer are running to the capacity of the houses. *Jane and A Fair Rebel*, which were produced a week or so ago, have jumped into public favor with scarcely an effort. The houses that have opened their doors early have done a uniformly good business, and the outlook is unusually bright.

Of course the audiences are made up pretty much of strangers. The average New Yorker who has made a study of American character as developed in various sections of this rather extensive country of ours can readily pick out the stranger within our gates, and can form a pretty accurate opinion of the section from whence he hails. There is always something amusing to the native in the air of restlessness and shyness about the visitors, that is in such marked contrast with the indifferent and almost languid manner of the New Yorker. At the play he grabs his hat the moment the curtain begins to fall and rushes out of the house as though pursued by a great calamity. He is usually in his seat within three minutes, and waits with the utmost impatience the rising of the curtain. Another of the hallmarks of the visitor is that he gives vent to his feelings in a most demonstrative way, thereby proving how much he is impressed by the scene before him, and, by implication, that he is somewhat out of his element.

One theatrical manager is just now receiving the sympathy of his friends, and that is Mr. Jesse Williams, director of the Lillian Russel Opera Company. Aside from the effort to harmonize the peculiar vocal methods of a Chicago prima donna, a Spanish baritone, and a German tenor, he has undertaken the herculean task of organizing a female orchestra to play in the ballroom scene of the second act of *La Cigale*. It was at first thought by experts that he would have to send to Europe for his performers; and visions of innumerable entanglements with the politicians of the musical union rose before him. But Mr. Williams decided that he could organize his troop as easily on this side of the herring pond as in European capitals. As a result he has succeeded in almost completing the required formation. The only delay has been in securing what is technically known as "brass." There is an astonishing number of women in New York who play the violoncello, flute, liarp, and clarinet; but when it comes to trombones and horns feminine artists are about as rare as roses in the ditches of the Broadway cable road. Mr. Williams has, however, the nucleus of an orchestra, and will no doubt soon have an organization equal to any demands he may make upon it. Mr. Williams usually keeps his promises. Of course, it is inevitable that the ubiquitous press agent should assert that the members of this orchestra are drawn from society women following out a fad. Such a claim is not likely to be widely credited, but if the company does anything like good work, it will give us a novelty, and that is what we are all after.

According to the comic weeklies this is the season of the year when Johnnie Jones and his sister Sue yearn to partake of the peach of emerald hue, and then to take their stand among the angels. From the standpoint of the truth, however, I suppose there is no American family, "no matter of what race, color, or previous condition of servitude," that would allow a child to eat unripe fruit. Yet that is an ordinary sight among our Italian residents. Apples, the size of a hickory nut, are eagerly devoured by these people, who appear to be the receptacle for all the refuse and indigestible things that would kill a civilized man at the first trial. The board of health officers are constantly at work during the warm weather confiscating and destroying unwholesome food products; but the fact remains that we have with us a class of people who would deliberately invite the cholera or yellow jack to enter our doors, and then use their utmost endeavors to nullify the work of our health officers. A prominent physician, when asked how these people survived the violation of every known sanitary law, replied: "It kills those people, too; they're dying all the time, only you don't hear about it."

An early arrival from the other side was telling a couple of stories the other night, which may or may not be new, but were received as genuine by experts. The first was at the expense of a certain master of Trinity College, who thought it would be well to exercise his prerogative on the occasion of the Queen's paying a visit to his college. He accordingly kept his cap on his head during the proceedings. As her majesty took no notice of the circumstance, he began to feel uncomfortable, and think that an apology would be in order. He finally summoned up courage enough to say: "Your majesty has perhaps wondered why I should appear so far wanting in respect as to keep my hat on all day, but it has perhaps escaped your majesty's memory that the Lords Kingsale and Forrester and the master of Trinity are the only persons in the kingdom who have a right to remain with heads covered in the presence of the sovereign." "Just so," replied the Queen, in a frigid tone, "but not in the presence of a lady." The poor doctor spent the rest of the week in wondering how many kinds of an ass he could be in a given time, and mentally consigning all observance of ancient customs to the most caloric corner of Hades.

The other story is to the credit of the Prince of Wales. The Prince is noted for his promptness in keeping social appointments, particularly those with people of the lower class, with whom he represents the Queen. On a certain occasion not long since he arrived at an entertainment somewhat late. One high-born lady, presuming on her position and intimacy with the Prince, took him to task, and sarcastically asked if "Mamma would not let her little boy out?" His royal highness at once assumed his dignity and buried the playful lady by replying: "My mother has a right to command my time, madam, for she is my queen and yours." All of which goes to show, as Kipling would say, that it is not always safe to presume upon a rule of conduct obtained by inductive reasoning.

The Bureau of Police of Vienna, according to the *Wiener Extra-Blatt*, issued a circular recently which strikes a heavy blow at the liberty of women. The fair Austrians have already protested against the circular; their foreign sisters, it is believed, will aid them in their crusade against its execution. "The high Imperial and Royal Government," reads the circular, according to the papers, "has under consideration the question of the advisability of denying women the privilege of wearing trains to their dresses on the public streets. The Federal Sanitary Council of Lower Austria has expressed the opinion that the wearing of such trains should be forbidden, as they raise the dust and thus aid in conveying the germs of infectious disease to the lungs. The practical execution of a measure forbidding the use of such trains, however, is coupled with many difficulties, as are all measures dealing with excesses in style. In accordance with the wishes of the Imperial and Royal Government, the Commissioners of Police are requested to present their views upon the necessity and availability of such a measure." The *Extra-Blatt* fails to inform us of the reports of the medico-Worths of the Viennese police.

The heads of the big European nations have good reasons for their dislike for France. Twice in its career in the past hundred years France started movements which upset several governments in the old world and shook a few of the rest of them. Its present prosperity under popular rule is a constant menace to every monarch in Christendom. The restoration of either the Bonapartes or Bourbons to power in France would, in a figurative sense, be greeted with a regular hallelujah chorus by every crowned head from the Thames to the Neva and from the Mediterranean to the Arctic ocean.

FLASHES.

Doctors and lawyers live on the misfortunes of humanity.

When the seaside vacation ends the people come home for a rest.

Always praise your wife. If you do not you don't deserve a good one.

That loose minded fellow that poses as a wag is often only a scallawag.

When a fellow gets hot at a former friend, the cooler he acts towards him.

There can be no doubt that the girl of the period has no time to read—she shows it.

Politics and partizanship are prompt to excuse dishonesty, and frequently to reward it.

Some country people don't drink green tea—they don't need it, they are green enough without.

They have discovered another wild man. He should be at once returned to Sacramento, the improvement association needs him.

What Is It?

We cull the following gem from an editorial published in our morning contemporary:

HUMAN STAGNATION.

John Burroughs, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, well says that "a man's life may stagnate as literally as water may stagnate." It is a truth that not a few men, to their sorrow, fail to understand. Activity, at least motion, movement, is the law of well-being. The human being can rot upon its stalk of life as certainly as will fruit or flowers upon theirs. Men were created to contend, if with nothing else, at least with themselves. We can conceive of no more truly pitiable object than he who has absolutely nothing to do; who is in a state of positive inaction; who has no concern in the world of things or in the well or ill being of his fellows.

We have read the article several times, and have been unable to determine precisely what the editor tried to get at. Is it possible an attempt is being made to define the expression "innocuous desuetude?"

An Old Texas Town.

The oldest town in Texas, and, it is believed, in the United States, is Ysleta, situated on the Rio Grande, and near El Paso, the chief town in the county of that name. It has a population of 2,500 souls. The place is one of peculiar interest, alike from its age, its people, its architecture, its agriculture and its general products. It is a well established historical fact that a Spanish military explorer named Corando visited the town in 1540 and found it then a popular and prosperous civilized Indian community. He was immediately followed by the Franciscan Friars, who erected a church and established schools. Ysleta is believed to have been a considerable center of population centuries before the visit of Corando. It is not a little curious, considering the advance of civilization from Europe, that the same race of people exists in the town to-day that existed 350 years ago, and that they are engaged in the same agricultural and mechanical pursuits as their forefathers at that period and for ages preceding.

A very excellent departure in the way of weekly articles has of late been introduced by a leading English women's journal. Every seven days the wife of an M. P., otherwise known as a member of parliament, writes a brief record of any doings of great pith or moment that are debated by the commons. From her seat behind the grating of the gallery, where women are permitted to view and listen to the law-makers, this clever woman watches and notes all proceedings, and during those months when parliament is in session keeps her sisters well informed with regard to the nation's affairs. Her letter is written in clear, sprightly English, that enables all women to keep pace with political movements without the aid of prejudiced and prosy daily newspapers. Something of this nature is sadly needed for American women, who are so strangely ignorant of political action, not only in Washington but in their own state's senate, and even the town councils.

The latest jealous wife heard from up to the hour of going to press says she "spotted" her man because she saw he was "wearing too many neckties." This demands close thought. Too many neckties at a time? Or in succession? If so, required to be known the normal number of neckties a man may wear and yet conserve his character.

At the close of his present term in the Senate John Sherman will have been thirty-eight years in office without interruption. This is a remarkable record as to time, and the service which it represents has even been more remarkable in its benefits to the country and his party.

"Heat," explained Colonel Sellers when the stove door fell off and exposed to view his pious fraud, "heat is a non-conductor." That it conducts itself badly, on occasions, the people of this so-called temperate zone are ready with one accord to bear witness.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

During fair week there will be no lack of amusements. Both the Clunie Opera House and Metropolitan Theater will be open.

The Dazzler, a sharp farce comedy, will be produced for the first time in this city on Monday night at the Metropolitan. Kate Castleton is the particular star of the company. The support is said to be fine. While we think that farce comedy has about run its course, there are many that prefer that line of acting to the more meritorious drama. Hoyt has worked the vein for all that there is legitimately in it.

Under the head of popular amusements may be considered the splendid entertainment given under the auspices of the Sacramento Athletic Club, on Tuesday evening, at the club rooms. The tournament was a free amateur exhibition, and the young gentlemen who took part are deserving of praise for their rapid advancement in athletic sports. This particular evening's entertainment was given to proficiency in the art of boxing, and right cleverly did the contestants acquit themselves. Among the members of our local club can be found some exceedingly good gymnasts and bar performers. In the latter we have at least two that cannot be surpassed in the ring or on the stage. Joe Mansfield has but one superior, and that is Robert Leando of the Olympic Club. We mention this specially, but without disparagement to the very many exceedingly clever amateur artists in the Sacramento Athletic Club. We fee, it incumbent on us to say and advise that our young friends of the club make often repetitions of their tournaments and exhibitions. The club is fortunate in having such a live president as Geo. H. Clark. Indeed, the officers and instructors of the club are wide awake.

He Retired Early.

A little story was related at the navy yard the other day which concerns Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge (retired), who is visiting his son, Captain Thomas O. Selfridge, the commandant of the navy yard. Some years ago the admiral, who is the oldest living United States naval officer, being over 90 years of age, was dining at Delmonico's in New York with a distinguished company, among whom were Generals Grant, Garfield, Arthur, Sherman and Sheridan. At 10 o'clock, when the festivities were at their height, the old admiral arose and called for his hat and coat. All were surprised at the action and called for an explanation. He replied that he never permitted enjoyment to interfere with his health, and that 10 o'clock was a good hour for him to retire.

All present laughed heartily, chaffed him a little and begged him to remain.

He could not, however, be coaxed to remain. After bidding them good-night he added: "Early to bed and sound sleep tend to longevity, and I'm going to prove it to you all." All except the admiral who were present at the banquet that evening have passed away. The admiral has kept his word.

It has been truly said that "arrogance is a plebeian veil." But many people fail to appreciate the fact, and insolence is widely adopted as a means of exhibiting independence, which would not be otherwise apparent. Indeed, in nine cases out of ten you can put down an insolent individual as one who is naturally inferior, habitually trampled upon, and fearful lest his true insignificance be discovered by others. As a matter of fact he adopts the very best means of publishing his inferiority. Go into any store, any office, and you will find that arrogance varies inversely as rank. For the truly great, the leaders among men, are conspicuously civil and gentle in manner; their positions are assured. It is the ignorant and the unimportant who foolishly seek by means of impudence and pomposity to convey an idea of independence which they are fully conscious of lacking. It is hardly necessary to add that this impression is never really conveyed.

Hannibal Hamlin's first trip to Washington was filled with variety. From his home he traveled to Portland by stage coach. From Portland he went to Boston by boat, then to Norwich by rail; from the latter place he crossed the sound to Greendport; from there he took the Long Island railroad to New York; from the latter place he again took the railroad to Philadelphia; from that point he made the best of his way by boat and stage coach to Baltimore, and from the Monumental city at last reached the capital by rail. Arriving in Washington after this tedious journey, he found it to be a struggling, dilapidated and overgrown village of less than 20,000 inhabitants. The streets of magnificent houses which now accommodate the two hundred and odd thousand of the place were then used as cow pastures.

"I wouldn't marry the best man on earth," she said vigorously, "with a touch of malice in her tones. 'And why not?' inquired her companion. 'Because,' and she smiled, 'I wouldn't know what to do with him. One that isn't quite so good would suit me better, I think.'"

The Age of Man.

When was man first placed on the earth? No one can answer that question. Hugh Miller says that man's habit of burying his dead out of sight makes it very easy to be mistaken on that point; for, because of burial, man's bones may be found among animals that have lain in the earth for ages. There is one thing, however, that gives us an inkling of when he came. Certain tools that only man could have made, have been found buried in caves, in peat beds, and in the bottom of lakes. Often these are covered by layers of rock, and by calculating how long it took to make the layers, a guess can be made as to when the tools were put there. Still it is only a guess, and no one pretends to regard that question as settled, because under some conditions the layers would be made much faster than under others; but the bones of certain animals, the mammoth and other great creatures of that time, which have long since died, have been found with these tools. By calculating in what ages these animals lived, and how long it takes a race of animals to die out, a surer result can be arrived at. In a cave in England, buried under a limestone layer from one to fifteen inches thick, tools have been found mingled with the bones of elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, and hyenas, which roamed over that country thousands and thousands of years ago. The peat bogs of what is now Denmark and Scandinavia are filled with these stone tools. Some have been found in beds of gravel, underlying peat which is certainly 7,000 years old. This seems to show that man must have dwelt on earth at least as many years ago.

Don't Use Big Words.

"When I announced myself as a harrisyoph to-day, that gasconer, Phil Rubbish, proclaimed me a latinistaster, and enunciated that I had better seek the latibulum until my physiognomy had a more hirsutish appearance," said a certain youth who attends the Vallejo High School, to his father, on returning home the other evening, his chest heaving with just indignation. "My son," said the old gentleman, "as soon as he was able to catch his breath, 'in promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversation possess a classified conciseness, compact comprehensibility, coalescent consistency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garbality, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expectations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontary or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllable profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double entendres, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscure or apparent; in other words, talk plainly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully and purely—and don't use big words.'"

Derivation of "Tahoe."

The name Tahoe is usually said to be an Indian word, the name also of a tribe. An old Spaniard once told me that this was not true. He held a rather interesting theory about it. *Taho* or *Tayho*, he said, was an almost forgotten mediæval Spanish noun, that meant "a deep chasm filled with water." I could not find it in modern Spanish dictionaries, he informed me (and I did not), but Spanish philologists knew the word. His notion was that some Spanish captive from Mexico, or some shipwrecked person, a long time ago, perhaps in the seventeenth century, had passed from tribe to tribe, had seen this great lake over 1,600 feet deep, lying in the vast cleft in the Sierras, and so had named it Tahoe, and had taught the name to the Indians.—*Overland*.

It seems extraordinary to observe a number of the bats in the evening flying back and forth through the trees with remarkable rapidity, but without ever coming in contact with the branches or hurting themselves. Spallanzani, the Italian naturalist, placed a hat in a dark inclosure, across which were stretched a number of threads, crossing and retcrossing each other. The bat flew rapidly back and forth trying to effect its escape, but avoided the threads with as much ease as if they had not been in its way in the least. Whether this curious power was the result of a sixth and unknown sense was long a puzzle to naturalists. To decide this knotty point Spallanzani resorted to the cruel expedient of blinding a bat, and found that it still flew among the threads without being, to all appearances, any more inconvenienced than if it still had its eyesight.—*Illustrated American*.

Young reporter—"The storm king hurled his torn and tumbling torrents over the ruins of the broken and dismembered edifice." Old editor—"What's that? What do you mean, young fellow?" Young reporter—"I—er—er—the flood washed away Patrick McDougal's old soap factory."

Several reciprocity treaties are now in course of negotiation, and will be completed and proclaimed in time to give the Republican party a decided boost in the fall elections.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of E. M. Stevens, an insolvent debtor. E. M. Stevens, an insolvent debtor, having applied to this Court for a discharge from his debts, it is hereby ordered that the Clerk of this Court give notice to all creditors who have proved their debts, to appear before this Court, at the court-room thereof, on the 2d day of October, 1891, at the hour of 1:30 o'clock, P. M., and show cause, if any they have, why the said E. M. Stevens should not be discharged from all his debts, in accordance with the statutes in such cases made and provided. It is further ordered, that notice of said application be given to the creditors by mail, and by publication for four weeks in the THEMIS, a newspaper published in said county.

W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated September 3d, 1891.
W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. sep5-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of F. L. Bates, an insolvent debtor. F. L. Bates, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, from which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said F. L. Bates is hereby declared to be insolvent. All persons are hereby forbidden to pay any debts to said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him or to any person, firm, corporation or association, for his use, and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Hon. A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the county of Sacramento, on the 9th day of October, 1891, at 1:30 P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Dated, September 3d, A. D. 1891.
C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Filed September 3d, 1891.
W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
CLINTON L. WHITE, Attorney for Petitioner. sep5-5t

MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber
and
Elder Flower
Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles; and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hair-dressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE mailed free to any lady on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GRAHAM'S

FACE BLEACH

Cures the worst cases of Freckles, Sunburn, Sallowiness, Moth Patches, Pimples, and all skin blemishes. Price, \$1.50. Harmless and effective. No sample can be sent. Lady Agents wanted.

The Druggist in this city who first orders a bill of my preparations will have his name added to this advertisement.

My preparations are for sale by wholesale druggists in Chicago and every city west of it.

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

UNCLE IKE'S

COLLATERAL o LOAN o OFFICE,

302 K Street, Sacramento.

THE MAD MAYOR.

One of the Mayors of Cornwall was "the mad Mayor of Gantick, who was wise for a long day, and then died of it."

It seems that the Cornish village of Gantick was used once in every year to purge itself of evil. To this end the villagers prepared a huge dragon of pasteboard and marched out with it to a sandy common, since cut up by tin works, but still known as Dragon's Moor. Here they would choose one of their number to be Mayor, and submit to him all questions of conscience, and such cases of notorious evil-living as the law failed to provide for. Summary justice waited on all his decisions; and as the village was usually chosen for the post, you may guess that the horse-play was rough at times. When this was over, and the public conscience purged, the company fell on the pasteboard dragon with sticks and whacked him into small pieces, which they buried in a small hollow called the Dragon Pit; and so returned gladly to their homes to start on another twelve months of sin.

The Feast of Purification fell always on July 12; and in the heyday of its celebration there lived in a cottage a widow woman and her only son, a demented man about 40 years old. There was no harm in the poor creature, who worked at the Lanihorne slate-quarries, six miles off, as a "hollihubber"—that is to say, in carting away the refuse slate. Every morning he walked to his work, mumbling to himself as he went; and though the children followed him at times, hooting and flinging stones, they grew tired at last, finding that he never resented it. His mother, a tall, silent woman, with an inscrutable face—had supper ready for him when he returned, and was often forced to feed him, while he unlocked his tongue and babbled over the small adventures of the day. He was not one of those gifted idiots who hear voices in the wind and know the language of the wild birds. His talk was merely incoherent; and, for the rest, he had large gray eyes, features of that regularity which we call Greek, and stood six feet two in his shoes.

One hot morning—it was July 12—he was starting for his work, when an indescribable hubbub sounded up the road, and presently came by the whole rabble of Gantick, with cow-horns and instruments of percussion, and in their midst the famous dragon—all green, with fiery, painted eyes, and a long tongue of red flannel. Behind it the prisoners were escorted—a pale woman or two, with dazed, terrified faces, an old man suspected of egg-stealing, a cow addicted to trespass, and so on.

The Mayor was not chosen yet, this ceremony being deferred by rule till the crowd reached Dragon's Moor. But drawing near the cottage door and catching sight of the half-witted man, with his foot on the threshold, a village wit called out and proposed that they should take "the Mounster" (as he was called) along with them for Mayor.

It hit the mob's humor, and they cheered. The Mounster's mother, standing in the doorway, went white as if painted.

"Man in the lump's a hateful animal," she said to herself, hoarsely; "come in doors, Jonathan, an' let 'em go by."

"Come an' rule over us," the crowd invited him, and a gleam of proud delight woke in his silly face.

"The heat—his head won't stand it." The woman looked up at the cloudless sky. "For God's sake, take your fun elsewhere!" she cried.

The women who were led to judgment looked at her stupidly. They, too, suffered, without understanding, the heavy sport of men. At last one said:

"Old woman, let him come. 'We'll have more mercy from a mazed man."

"Sister, you've been loose, they tell me," answered the old woman, "an' must eat the bitter fruit o't. But my son's an innocent. Jonathan, they'll look for you at the works."

"There's prouder work for me 'pon Dragon's Moor," the Mounster decided, with sniling eyes. "Come along, mother, an' see me exalted."

The crowd bore him off at their head, and the din broke out again. The new Mayor strutted among them with lifted chin and a radiant face. He thought it glorious. His mother ran into the cottage, fetched a bottle, and followed after the dusty tail of the procession. Once, as they were passing a running stream, she halted and filled the bottle carefully, emptying it again and again until the film outside the glass was to her liking. Then she followed, and came to Dragon's Moor.

They sat the Mayor on a mound, took off his hat, placed a crown on his head and broomstick in his hand, and brought him the case to try.

The first was a gray mare possessed (they alleged) with a devil. Her skin hung like a sack on her bones.

"'Tis Eli Thom's mare. What's to be done to cure her?" they asked.

"Let Eli Thom's buy a comb an' comb his mare's tail while she eats her feed; so Eli'll know if 'tis the devil or no that steals oats from his manger."

They applauded his wisdom, and brought forward the woman who had pleaded just now with his mother.

"Who made her?" he asked, having listened to the charge.

"God, 'tis to be supposed."

"God makes no evil."

"The devil, then."

"Then whack the devil."

They fell on the pasteboard dragon and belabored him. The sun poured down on the Mayor's throne, and his mother, who sat by his right hand wondering at his sense, gave him water to drink from the bottle. They brought a third case—a boy who had been caught torturing a cow. He had taken a saw and tried to saw off one of her horns while she was tethered in her stall.

The Mayor leaped from his seat.

"Kill him!" he shouted; "take him off and kill him!" His face was twisted with passion, and he lifted his stick. The crowd fell back for a second, but the old woman leaned forward and touched her son softly on the leg. He stopped short, the anger died out of his face and he shivered.

"No," he said; "I was wrong, neighbors. The boy is mad, I think, an' 'tis a terrible lot to be mad. This is the devil's doing, out o' doubt. Beat the devil."

"Simme," said one in the crowd, "the sins o' Gantick be wearin' out the smoky man at a terrible rate."

"Aye," answered another, "his naughtiness bain't equal to Gantick." And this observation was the original of a proverb, still repeated: "As naughty as Gantick, where the devil struck for shorter hours."

There was no cruelty that day on Dragon's Moor. All the afternoon the mad Mayor sat in the sun's eye and gave judgment, while his mother, from time to time, wiped away the froth that gathered on his lips, and moistened them with water from her bottle. From first to last she never spoke a word, but sat with a horror in her eyes and watched the flushed cheeks of this grown-up, bearded son. And all the afternoon the men of Gantick brayed the devil into shreds.

I said there was no cruelty on Dragon's Moor that day. But at sundown the Mayor turned to his mother and said:

"We've been over-hasty, mother. We ought to ha' found out who made the devil what he is."

At last the sun dropped; the shadow fell on the brown moors and crept up the mound where the mother and son sat. The brightness died out of the Mayor's face.

Three minutes after he flung up his hands and cried: "Mother, my head!—my head!"

She rose, still without a word, pulled down his arms, slipped one within her own and led him away to the road. The crowd did not interfere; they were burying the broken dragon, with shouts and rough play.

A woman followed them to the road and tried to clasp the Mayor's knees as he staggered.

His mother beat her away.

"Off wi' you!" she cried; "'tis your reproach he's bearin'."

She helped him slowly home. In the shadow of the cottage the inspired look that he had worn all day returned for a moment. Then a convulsion took him, casting him on the floor.

At nine o'clock he died, with his head on her lap.

She closed his eyes, smoothed the wrinkles on his tired face, and sat watching him for some time. At length she lifted and laid him on the deal table at full length, bolted the door, put the heavy shutter on the low window, and began to light the fire.

For fuel she had a heap of peat turves and some sticks. Having lit it, she set a crock of water to warm, and undressed the man slowly. Then, the water being ready, she washed and laid him out, chafing his limbs and talking to herself all the while.

"Fair, straight legs," she said; "beautiful body that leaped in my side forty years back and thrilled me! How proud I was! Why did God make you beautiful?"

All night she sat caressing him. And the smoke of the peat turves, finding no exit and no draught to carry it up the chimney, crept around and killed her quietly beside her son.

American Apprentices.

A system of apprenticeship that is found to work admirably at the *Riverside Press*, Cambridge, Mass., is that they pay no "wages," as such, but simply support the boy during the term of his apprenticeship. After the preliminary service of three or four months "on trial," he is examined by a physician and indentured. An average of \$4 per week is paid him during the first two years. This is increased from time to time till the end of his term. The limit is \$6 per week. In addition to this, they allow \$30 a year for "clothes money." This is increased by \$10 annually. On holidays they are in the habit of making their apprentices some trifling present. At the end of the boy's term, they usually make him a present of \$50 or \$100, and give him a diploma.

Probably the country will gain more by its reciprocity treaty with Cuba and Porto Rico than by any other compact of the sort yet entered into, but gains will come from all of them. The great conquests in this line, however, will be brought about by the trade arrangements which we will make with Canada and Mexico.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL

HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than J. SLAUGHTER, Sixth and M streets.

Telephone 318.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT

BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

ALWAYS A FINE LUNCH ON THE COUNTER.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

Cosmopolitan Restaurant,

403 K Street, near Cor. Fourth,

Opposite Mechanics' Store, - - SACRAMENTO.

B. PILCOVICH, Proprietor.

The Cheapest and Best House in the City.

Capital Coffee House

J. H. BRUNING, Proprietor.

509 K STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth, SACRAMENTO.

Fine Coffee, Tea or Milk, { With Pie or Cake, } 10 Cents.

W. R. STRONG CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fruit and Produce

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

PACIFIC

HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS
AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

TELEPHONE NO. 41.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispeused by urbane and competent attendants.

Capital Restaurant,

A. H. ARATT, Proprietor.

MEAL TICKETS, \$3 EACH.

321 J STREET,

Between Third and Fourth, SACRAMENTO.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & Co.

410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

The Story of the Sabre.

"Did you hear that?"

I listened, and after a moment it came again—some one on the street sounding the call of "boots and saddles" on a bugle. It wasn't well done, but it had something of the old, familiar ring—something to make the blood leap faster.

"I couldn't help but rattle about," said the sabre, as the notes died away. "It's a quarter of a century since I've heard those notes, and yet it all comes back to me in a flash. I hear the commands: 'Prepare to mount!' 'Mount!' and once more I am jangling alongside of a trooper's leg."

"Do you remember when I got you?" I asked.

"Of course I do. I was hanging in the kitchen of a farmer's house at Brandy Station, Va., and you bought me for two silver dollars. That was so soon after the war that I hadn't time to rust. You can't find many 'C. S. A.' belt-plates around these days, I reckon?"

"They are very scarce." What's your story?"

"That of a thousand other sabres. You've heard of Stuart, the cavalier, as our boys used to call him? Well, I had the honor to make that famous ride around McClellan's army with him. That was my first active service. I belonged to a captain, as you can see, and he knew how to handle me well. You remember when Stuart was killed? Well, on that day my captain was beset by three troopers at once, but we won a victory. The very first down-stroke he made cut one of those common sabres slick in halves, and at his first 'point' I was driven through a trooper's body. Ugh! Makes me shiver to think of it! Poor Stuart! I saw strong men weep like children that day when they heard of his fatal wounding. Ever up the Shenandoah valley?"

"Yes."

"Well, after a time, my captain was transferred over there, and I was carried up and down until I knew every crook and turn of the highways. My captain was killed over there in a skirmish, and a second lieutenant of cavalry somehow got hold of me. This was promotion backwards, but I soon found out that he had strength and skill. It wasn't over three months, though, before he was also killed, and from then on I had a dozen owners. I was in the cavalry, infantry and artillery by turns, and I always got around in time for all the big fights. You've heard of Fitz Hugh Lee?"

"Yes."

"And Wade Hampton?"

"Of course."

"Well, at different times I served under both. The night Gen. Jackson was killed at Chancellorsville I wasn't a quarter of a mile away. Wasn't that a terrible blow to us? They kept the news from us as long as they could; but when it became known some men looked white and scared, and others hid their faces and wept. You were at Gettysburg, of course? Rather hot work there, eh! When Custer drove at us, thinking to get hold of our wagon-train, I had the honor of giving one of 'you 'uns' a slash across the face which made him a homely man for the rest of his life. You men under Custer followed us over the mountains. Lands! but didn't it rain as Lee began to fall back? We turned on you two or three times and left the road full of dead; but our orders were to fall back to the river. Did you make the Wilderness campaign?"

"Yes."

"What a place that was for two mighty armies to grapple! I had got into the infantry again, and 'tis time a major had me. He was among the first killed, and before noon the captain of a battery had me buckled around him. I changed owners three times before Lee finally stood at bay and prepared to dole out the blood of the Confederacy until the last drop was gone. Ah! those were grim and gruesome days. In and around Petersburg were barefooted captains and ragged colonels, and there were days when even a brigadier could not get full rations. Outside of the army there were those who could see the beginning of the end, but we in it never gave up hoping. It was hope and fight, fight and hope, and even when the calamity came we couldn't comprehend it. We always believed 'Uncle Robert' would find a way out of it, but the day finally came when he had done all that human hands could do. Appomattox? Ah! it hurts, and yet why should it? We had done better than the veterans of Napoleon, and when we laid down our arms not a cheer was heard from your legions. You felt how it was, and you had only kind words. It was always 'Yank' and 'Johnny' with us at the front, and if the politicians had kept away we'd never felt the bitterness that came later on. Oh! well, that's all in the past, and what's gone is gone. I wouldn't have said a word, you know, but that bugle woke me up, and for just a minute I seemed to hear the old y! y! y! again, and to feel the exultation of a cavalry charge."

M. QUAD.

Mr. William Astor is described as "a portly gentleman of some 50 years, whose hair has been whitened by Time's frosty track. Age has crabbled his temper and made him so suspicious of general humanity that he tries to travel incognito."

Two Strange Stories.

Two young women, while bathing the other day at Bandoran, on the coast of Donegal—a beautiful seaside place much frequented by visitors and excursionists—were carried out to sea by the tide. A boat was soon got out from the harbor, and the bodies were so quickly found that, had prompt measures been taken, life would probably have been restored.

Instead of taking them out of the water, however, the boatmen attached a rope to them and towed them ashore, in deference to a popular superstition that it is unlucky to take a corpse into a boat. When the bodies were got to land, everything possible was done by the doctors and others, but in vain; which is not surprising, for the mere towing the bodies half a mile through the sea would be sufficient to cause death.—*London Truth.*

It is very strange how rife superstition still is, in spite of all our boasted civilization. We have heard of a young lady in Berlin getting up in the night to go in her nightdress, walking backward, to pick St. John's wort, the famous herb which, if we mistake not, plucked in this way, enables a young maiden to see her future husband. The girl, while thus employed, suddenly perceived coming toward her a white figure. The sight so frightened her that she dropped down dead; and the alarming form proved to be only another maiden on the same errand.—*St. James Gazette.*

Two Connundrums.

"Brown, do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey?" echoed Brown, opening wide his eyes. "No, I don't."

"Do you give it up?"

"I do."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself."

"That's not bad. Ha! ha! 'I'll give that to my wife when I get home.'"

"Mrs. Brown," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am so much like a donkey?"

He waited a moment expecting his wife to give it up.

She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered:

"I suppose because you were born so."

The other one:

"I always speak of Adam as Colonel."

"Why so?"

"Well, I liken him to a Kernel, and hence to a kernel of corn."

"Oh, what rubbish! What are you trying to perpetrate? Why do you liken him to corn? Because he was gathered by the ear."

"Well, no—that's not the answer, though it's not half bad. I liken him to corn, don't you know, because he was shocked in the fall."

An Innocent Man Found Guilty.

On the statements of a man named Bratwiesz, Peter Papst, from Lassen, upper Austria, was in 1890 found guilty of arson and was sentenced to a term of twelve years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. A few months ago it was discovered that Papst was entirely innocent, and that Bratwiesz himself had been the incendiary. The latter, who was insane and an epileptic, had a mania of accusing other persons of crimes of which they were entirely innocent. Of course Papst was immediately released when his innocence came to light. He appealed to the Austrian parliament to grant him indemnity for his business losses, which he will receive from the government, as the committee to which the matter was referred reported in his favor. We had a case of this kind in Sacramento a couple of years ago—the case of Geo. Nelson—but the Legislature was too busy with important boodle jobs to render justice to the unfortunate man.

Comparisons.

"Mamma," said Phil, walking gravely out of the study evidently bearing a heavy mental load, "when you smile at me like that your expression is as sweet as—as saccharine."

"Thank you, dear!" replied his mother, with double appreciation, "do you think you could move this secretary for me to dust behind it?"

"I can't do it," replied he, after an unsuccessful attempt, "'tis as heavy as irridium."

"Then hand me the duster."

"Oh, yes. It's as light as lithium. Now, may I go and play ball with cousin Will till dinner time?"

"Not to-day. I may need you."

"Just a few minutes?"

"No."

"Mother," said Phil, "your heart is as hard as rhodium." And he went back to the library to hunt some more respect-inducing words.—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

The seventieth anniversary of the birth of Robert Schweichel, the German novelist and journalist and president of the German Union of Authors, was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies recently in Berlin. Few writers are more popular in Germany than "Schweichel, the optimist." The society of which he is the head made him a present of a considerable sum of money—sufficient to make him free from pecuniary care for the rest of his life.

A. D. BOWLEY.

M. J. CURTIS.

CURTIS & BOWLEY,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

Pacific States Savings, Loan, and Building Company.

1012 Fourth Street, bet. J and K, Sacramento.

REPRESENT THE

Assets.
 Etina Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn. \$10,000,000 00
 Hartford Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn. 5,750,000 00
 German-American Insurance Co. 5,000,000 00
 Manhattan Life Ins. Co. of New York 11,729,400 00
 Fidelity and Casualty Accident and Plate Glass Insurance Co. of New York 774,550 20

JUST AT HAND

The latest New York styles in Note Paper, Visiting and Correspondence Cards, Card Envelopes, Mourning Cards and Paper.
 Tinted Note Paper and Correspondence Cards are now the rage. All the latest tints in stock.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMANN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMANN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of V. CURRAN, an insolvent debtor.—V. Curran having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said V. Curran is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said V. Curran, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, on the 18th day of September, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Judge of the Superior Court.
 Dated August 13th, 1891.
 JAMES B. DEVINE, Attorney for Petitioner. a15-5t

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO.—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to O. S. BOARDMAN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 22d day of July, 1891, in which action W. S. Hickey is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain judgment against you for the sum of One Thousand Four Hundred and Eighteen and 7/8 Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to the plaintiff for the balance of an account; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for \$1,418.15, and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 24th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
 By J. F. DODDY, Deputy Clerk.
 W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. a8-2m

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO.—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to THEODORE J. KERLIN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 14th day of July, 1891, in which action Nettie R. Kerlin is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To have the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the plaintiff dissolved; that the plaintiff be awarded the custody of the children, issue of said marriage, and for alimony, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court, this 14th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
 By J. F. DODDY, Deputy Clerk.
 ARMSTRONG & PLATNAUER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. jyl8-8t

THE
STATE FAIR
 OCCURS AT
SACRAMENTO
 SEPT. 7TH TO 19TH 1891
 THE EVENT OF THE YEAR
 DON'T FAIL TO EXHIBIT.
 WRITE THE SECRETARY
 FOR INFORMATION.
FRED K. COX,
 PRESIDENT.
EDWIN F. SMITH,
 SECRETARY.

J. H. CAMPBELL,
 No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.
Cesspools and Vaults
 CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.
 SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.
 ORDERS SOLICITED.

R. DAVIS,
 NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
 1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

A. L. HART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON,
 HIRAM W. JOHNSON,
 JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,
 LAWYERS,
 504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS,
 Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
 Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER,
 Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, LAWYER,
 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
 Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Facts About the Nails.

A white mark on the nail bespeaks misfortune.

Pale or lead colored nails indicate melancholy people.

Broad nails indicate a gentle, timid and bashful nature.

Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails.

People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome.

Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy and conceit.

Choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails.

Nails growing into the flesh at the points and sides indicate luxurious tastes.

People with very pale nails are subject to much infirmity of the flesh and persecution by neighbors and friends.

True Philosophy.

Mme. Neckar relates the following anecdote of M. Abanret, a philosopher of Geneva: "It was said of him that he never had been out of temper; some persons, by means of his female servant, were determined to put this to the proof. The woman in question stated that she had been his servant for 30 years, and she protested that during that time she had never seen him in a passion. They promised her a sum of money if she would endeavor to make him angry; she consented, and, knowing he was particularly fond of having his bed well made, she on the day appointed neglected to make it. M. Abanret observed it, and the next morning made the observation to her; she answered that she had forgotten it; she said nothing more, but on the same evening she again neglected to make the bed; the same observation was made on the morrow by the philosopher, and she again made some such excuse, in a cooler manner than before. On the third day he said to her: 'You have not yet made my bed; you have apparently come to some resolution on the subject, as you probably found it fatigued you. But after all, it is of no great consequence, as I begin to accustom myself to it as it is.' She threw herself at his feet and avowed all to him."

A Strange Birthmark.

A curious story comes from Salt Lake City which is attracting much comment from friends and acquaintances of Policeman Charles F. Wanless, shot and killed by Joseph A. Barnes, September 18, 1890, and may furnish medical men another subject for discussion. Barnes, it will be remembered, was having a quarrel with his wife, which the officer attempted to stop. Barnes fired and the bullet passed through Wanless' heart, leaving a jagged bullet hole in the left breast. A married sister of the dead officer was telegraphed and came for the funeral from her home in Salt Lake. She was much affected by the tragedy and took the loss of her brother to heart. In a short time she returned home. About three months ago, as the report is heard here by friends of the dead officer, his sister gave birth to a boy perfectly formed, but with a red birthmark over the heart of the exact shape and appearance of the wound made in Wanless' breast by the bullet from Barnes' pistol.—*Denver News.*

Not Satisfied.

"I hope you are perfectly content here," said the bishop to the boys he had taken from their miserable, filthy London homes and placed in a country charity school, one of the best in England. But the lads looked so gloomy that the bishop felt forced to ask: "Aren't you comfortable; have you any complaints to make?" Then the oldest boy said: "Oh, the milk, my lord." "Why, what on earth do you mean?" said the bishop. "The milk is far better here than in London." "No; indeed 'taint," cried the youngster. "In London we always buy our milk out of a nice clean shop, and here—why, here they squeezes it out of a beastly cow!"

Mrs. Andrew Lang tells this story: "A friend of mine was informed by a housemaid that she wished to leave and get married. 'Indeed,' said the lady, 'and what is your future husband?' 'Please, 'm, he's an asker.' 'I don't understand. What does he do?' 'Well, 'm, he—he goes about the streets, and if he sees anyone coming along that looks kind, he just stops 'em and asks 'em to give him a trifle; and he makes quite a comfortable living that way.' 'Do you mean a beggar?' 'Well, 'm, some people do call it that; we call it asker.'"

The barber is quite a traveled man; in fact, it seems to be his chief object in life to work long enough in one place to get money to get to the next. Inasmuch as he eats quite a good deal, wears smart toggery, plays the horses, gets married once in a while, and is in all a very swaggy young man, it sometimes requires a long stay in one place to get money to proceed to the next place in proper tonsorial style.

A Maine farmer who recently sent 10 cents to a man who advertised to send for that amount directions how to run a farm without being troubled with potato bugs got this reply by postal card: "Plant fruit trees instead of potatoes."

CURES CONSTIPATION.
LASH'S
KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS
CURES HEADACHE.
CURES MALARIA.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.

W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!

Imperial
GALLERY,
 No. 415 J Street,
 Between Fourth and Fifth,
 SACRAMENTO.

Finest Finished Cabinet Photographs, \$2.00 per Dozen.

All Other Work in Proportion, and Guaranteed First Class.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR SPECIMENS BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE.

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN WATERS
 A NATURAL MINERAL WATER
 OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT.
"SHASTA" WATER
 BOTTLED FOR EUROPEAN TRADE
 MOUNT SHASTA, ELEVATION 14,442 FT.
 MOUNT SHASTA MINERAL SPRING CO.
 GENERAL OFFICE 908 & 910 2ND STREET
 SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA U.S.A.
 TRADE MARK.
 BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS
 W. J. HASSETT. D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,
Book and Job Printers,
 410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

S. A. WOLFE,
Photographic Art Parlors
 426½ J Street, Sacramento.

SADDLE ROCK
Restaurant and Oyster House
 1019 SECOND STREET,
 Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.
 First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.
 BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

DAVE'S.
 1022 FOURTH STREET.
 Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO

EBNER BROS.
 Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Wines and Liquors.
 CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.
 116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,
 SACRAMENTO, CAL.
JOHN D. SHEARER & SON
CONTRACTORS.
Artificial Stone Sidewalks
 Latest Designs and First-class Work.
 Estimates Furnished for Residences.
 Wood or Iron Foundations.

Southern Pacific Company
 PACIFIC SYSTEM.
 August 2, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
 SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8.10 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.20 A
4.30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7.00 P
7.00 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7.40 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9.35 A
11.50 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	2.25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	5.25 A
3.00 P	Ogden and East	10.30 A
3.00 P	Oroville	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	4.00 P
10.35 A	Kedding via Willows	11.25 A
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12.30 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.05 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10.40 P
5.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8.10 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	2.50 P
*10.50 A	San Francisco via Steamer	*2.40 P
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	2.50 P
4.30 P	Santa Barbara	9.35 A
6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8.10 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt	7.00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	9.35 A
11.50 A	Truckee and Reno	2.25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	5.25 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2.30 P
6.50 A	Vallejo	8.10 P
3.05 P	Vallejo	8.10 P
*8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2.40 P
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10.20 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	*8.00 A

*Sunday excepted, †Sunday only, ‡Monday excepted.
 A for morning, P for afternoon.
 RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
 T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank
 DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
 OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
 VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
 CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
 ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
 Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
 W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank
 SACRAMENTO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND HAS BEEN DECLARED BY THE
 People's Savings Bank for the term ending June
 30, 1891, at the rate of five and one-third (5½) per
 cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per
 cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes,
 and payable on or after July 3, 1891.
 GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER. WHEN FOR
 a trifling amount expended in the purchase of
 one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can
 obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed
 in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,
 [CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THE LEMERS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1891.

No. 30.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & CO. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.

W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

There was no boastful picture attending the opening address of President Frederick Cox at the Pavilion Thursday evening. No attempt at the ornate was made, but for wisdom and practical application the address of President Cox was most excellent. Coming from a practical and successful business man, it should have weight and influence with the masses to which it was directed and specially intended to apply. In our editorial columns to-day we have considered one of the topics dwelt upon by Mr. Cox, and concur with the advice and conclusions arrived at by the speaker. After giving a careful review of the work of the society, and a comparison between the products of to-day and at the time of the organization of the State Agricultural Society, Mr. Cox goes into the question of the possible and probable future of this State. The fruit interests are predicted to be the chief industry of the State. Mining and general farming may remain profitable, but the fruit production is to be the assured success of the population. A home can be maintained in a limited tract of land where fruit is the product. Large vineyards and orchards are not desirable, and experience teaches us reduces the profits and retards immigration, and prevents the settlement of the State. Small farms are the true solution of the labor question. Where the orchards are small there is always less inconvenience from scarcity of labor. The general advice of the president was for mothers and fathers to direct their sons and daughters towards the legitimate industries, rather than to seek a precarious existence in the large cities. On this branch of the address we quote from the speaker: "The fathers and mothers, sitting by the fireside, debate over the future callings of their sons. The question is of vital moment to them—nay, to the whole State. If the father is a farmer he sees with sorrow the son leave the farm for the city. The boy's eyes are witched by the glitter and sparkle of city life. He will not listen to the voice of wisdom. His future is easily foretold. He sinks into the clerkship, or learns the mere rudiments of a trade, from which he never rises. It is sad that it is so, but nevertheless it is so. There are no trades to be learned to-day. The power of steam has changed the conditions of success from what they were thirty years ago, and the power of the trades unions prevent the majority of our boys from learning trades. I look with deep concern upon the future of the coming generation of youth. There seems nothing offered but the dull, dreary labor of making brick without straw. I honor labor, but I honor that labor most which is directed by intelligence; and that labor is most intelligent which is engaged in an occupation in which the mind can take hope for the future. Horticulture offers the field. There is no industrial vocation which engages or demands so much intelligence. The successful fruit-grower has need of all learning. He needs to be a student of nature, something of a chemist, an entomologist, and a merchant. His daily work teaches him a love of beauty and order. His toil is lightened by the smiles of his wife and the company of his children. He is his own master. No corporation bell tolls his coming or going. He has the sweet hope, aye assurance, that for him the tree shall

grow, the bud shall blossom, the blossom expand to fruit, and he shall have the fruition of his labor, while the divine promise stands that seed time and harvest shall never fail. What occupation offers to the young man a wider field for the display of his energy, or the exercise of his intelligence, with a greater certainty of success?"

There are few human passions not shared in by the dog. Reason seems to be an attribute to man's best friend, which is subject to anger, jealousy, envy, love, hatred and grief. There are also pride, gratitude, generosity and fear. No other animal shows a sympathy with man in his troubles. This poor brute discloses an association of ideas, as well as imagination, which fact appears from the dog in its dreams, where we often observe it as though doing its master's bidding in the pursuit of imaginary objects. Its judgment is remarkably correct. Indeed, we are constrained to believe that there is a canine religion, and that man is the god, and his will the rule of conduct, disobedience to which produces an evident feeling of shame and a submission to punishment akin to the self-inflicted punishment of the earlier enthusiasts in religious circles. These attributes have rendered the dog the fit companion of man. Lord Byron knew only one true friend, and that was his Newfoundland dog, upon whose tomb he placed a fervid inscription, in which these lines appear:

"* * * * * The poor dog! In life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth."

In the last *North American Review* "Ouida" has contributed a splendid article on "Dogs and Their Affections." This gifted writer has paid a just tribute to man's true friend: "It has often been mooted as a vexed question why all men of genius or greatness are so fond of dogs. The reason is not far to seek. Those who are great or eminent in any way find the world full of parasites, toadies, liars, fawners, hypocrites; the incorruptible candor, loyalty and honor of the dog are to such like water in a barren place to the thirsty traveler. The sympathy of your dog is unfailing and unobtrusive. If you are sad, so is he, and if you are merry none is so willing to leap and laugh with you as he. For your dog you are never poor; for your dog you are never old; whether you are in a palace or a cottage he does not care, and fall you as low as you may you are his providence and his idol still. The attachment of the dog to man outweighs and almost obliterates attachment in him to his own race. There is something shocking to our high opinion of him in the callousness with which he will sniff at the stiff body of a brother dog. He will follow his master to the grave, and sometimes die on it, but the loss of his own kind leaves him unmoved." We read in our classics that after the years of wandering by Ulysses, upon his return the only one that recognized him was his faithful dog. Baron Cuvier, speaking of the domestication of dogs, says: "The completest, the most singular and the most useful conquest ever made by man." The dog was in a domesticated state during prehistoric time, and the origin is therefore unknown. There are few people who cannot give experiences of the wonderful sagacity of dogs. Everyone who has ever been the master of one of these canine servants can attest to the wonderful knowledge displayed on occasions by the most ordinary dog.

One of the strange conditions of the country is the fact that there is a tendency to flock to the cities. The country boy and girl are not content to remain in the villages and hamlets, but think the world is in the great cities. The last census has developed the fact that there is a greatly increased percentage in the exodus from the country into the great commercial centers. It is difficult to estimate the serious results both to the city and country by this continued influx of bread-seekers and fortune-seekers into the cities. The country loses its means of proper support, and the cities gain an army of consumers that cannot be producers. Every winter finds thousands of unemployed men and women in the cities on the verge of starvation, with absolutely no means of gaining a subsistence. Certainly the cities would be much better off without this misguided, starving mass of humanity, which has gone to the cities from a prosperous, though quiet, country life. This fascination for city life by the boy and girl of the country is the cause of more ruin, suffering, and crime than from any other source. The problem of the day is found in this unfortunate condition of affairs. A writer in one of the great eastern dailies has given a lucid view on this subject: In a country which is still uncrowded in its rural districts, as is the United States as compared with older countries, it may be assumed without argument that the choice of urban life and occupation rather than farm life and occupation is deliberate choice and not from necessity. Reasons for the choice are glibly given that do not, upon investigation, prove sufficient. It is said that young men do not stay upon the farm because they see no future except that of farm laborer or tenant farmer. But the farms of the New England States have been family possessions for generations; yet now the sons of owners leave them.

It is said the farmer's life is hard, his work unceasing, his profits small or none. So is the life of the mechanic, so is all regular labor hard, and its rewards not greater than those from the tilling of the soil. In country work three things are assured, plenty of food, shelter, and sufficient clothing. These fundamental needs are always satisfied for men sound in mind and body and reasonably industrious who remain in the country the year round. Can they be assured of as much when they turn to the city for subsistence? Clerking was once the future to which the farmer's boy looked with longing eyes. To wear store-clothes and a stove-pipe hat, to learn city ways, one day to carry on a city business himself, was his ambitious dream. But small establishments of business are fewer every year, and the competition of women and girls for clerkships has overcrowded the first steps in the way of his realizing that ambition. Machines take the place of men in the great manufacturing industries, and the farm-born and farm-bred lad who comes to the city for work finds himself in competition with skilled artisans of both sexes, who keep him out of remunerative occupation. Still these chances are taken, and the cities are yearly glutted with the labor for want of which the farm runs down or fails to reach the limit of its possible and desirable productiveness.

What is the reason for this condition of things, and the remedy? Is it not true that the great attraction toward city life is its social features, its amusements, and its entertainments? Are not the best minds among those who reject rural life determined in their choice by these and by the yet higher attractions of libraries, art galleries, lectures, and all those things which cities abund-

antly furnish for the cultivation of the intellect? It is written: "The life is more than the food and the body than the raiment." Farm life is made, and has always been made, too material. The intellect starves, and the higher sensibilities are cruelly crushed and dwarfed. There are too many farm homes where the physical needs are alone provided for, while in the villages in which the farm roads center little is sold but codfish, and nothing circulates free except gossip. It is the unnecessary barrenness and monotony of this life upon the farm, and not the work itself, nor the remuneration for it, that drives away the ardent young of each generation who feel within themselves an aspiration for something more and higher, and are determined to satisfy it even while they cannot understand it. All that a city provides for amusement and instruction the farm and the farm village cannot secure. A great part of it, and that the more essential, is within the reach of those who dwell in the country. And rural life must be rounded out by these now common accessories to life in cities before it can hold its own. To be happier is the lodestone that draws the young to the cities. Make them happy on the farm, to keep them there.

No one who knows, or for more than thirty years has known, Len Harris will have the temerity to say he was ever other than a brave, fearless man. His life as a policeman in the fifties and sixties in this city threw him into the midst of that kind of society that requires bold, brave, quick men as peace officers; no milksops to parley with the offender, who was as deft with the six-shooter or bowie point as the boy with his top. They were the days that required men of grit, and not feather-bed guardians of the night. No, it can be truly said of this stricken man that he has been through the crucial test and has not been tried in vain; so that only the sincerest praise is due him as an exemplary officer. But while not detracting an iota from the encomiums pronounced on him, can it be said that he acted judiciously and with his accustomed caution on the occasion of the attack on the train at Ceres last week? He left his seat in the car when he learned there was an assault being made, and, not finding anyone to accompany him, sallied forth singly and with only a 38-calibre pistol with which to make an attack or to defend himself. He did not know how many of the enemy there were, how they were armed, and the darkness having fallen, he could not locate their position, so as to know how to fortify himself for the skirmish. In his enthusiasm to do a sworn duty, and to do it as he had always done it in life, without fear or a thought of consequences to himself, he allowed his superhuman disregard for danger to get the better of a mature judgment and to degenerate into a degree of rashness bordering on foolhardiness, which in his cooler moments he could but regret. Had he, under the peculiar circumstances of his ignorance of the real facts as to the numbers of the outlaws and their whereabouts, refused to budge from his seat of safety in the passenger coach, no one on earth would be found to honestly censure him for valuing his life—a life already long dedicated to the protection of life and property and so frequently jeopardized as to have signally distinguished him among the State police. We repeat, Len Harris need not have opened fire with a light weapon on a foe whose strength of numbers he did not know to prove him one of California's bravest, best officers.

Almost as THEMIS goes to press there comes the news from San Francisco of the cold, cruel murder of a brave police officer and a good man—Officer Al. Grant—by a drunken ex-actor, M. B. Curtis, or more widely known as "Sam'l of Posen," a creation in which he distinguished and enriched himself in a few years. The dastardly deed of this man is without defense or palliation, as the officer was in the quest and even gentle discharge of his duty, which was that of taking Curtis to the station, as he was too drunk to be on the street. Will this murderer of a policeman be allowed to escape because he is what the fellow's associates call "respectable," and because he may be able to employ able counsel, and perhaps purchase his liberty? Let us hope not; rather let the police force of that city, with the efficient board of commissioners to lead and direct the cause, unite in a determination

to see that this assassin of their brother officer is, not sent to State Prison for life, whence to be pardoned at an early day, but hung by the neck till he is dead, as an example to the brutes who think a policeman the prey of their dirty vengeance on the smallest provocation.

Mme. Tussaud and Her Wax Works.

Mme. Tussaud was a veritable character, a gifted, energetic woman. She was born in Berne, Switzerland, in the year 1760. When a child she was sent to Paris and placed in the care of an uncle, who was an artist, and who taught her to draw and paint, and especially to model in wax, since in the last-named art she showed great talent. She was employed to teach the Princess Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., to draw and model and thus spent much of her time at the Tuilleries and at Versailles, where she had opportunity of meeting all the celebrities of the times. When the revolution broke out she was one of the few of the aristocracy who escaped the fury of the populace, and this fact she owed principally to her artistic skill, as the revolutionary leaders employed her to immortalize them by her talents. She made figures in wax of Robespierre, Marat, and others, and was on many occasions employed to take models of heads that had fallen by the guillotine. By these and other means Mme. Tussaud was enabled to form a large collection of models of the most celebrated persons in France. But she was herself at one time imprisoned, and was in danger of the guillotine, though subsequently she was liberated. In 1802 she went to London, and there put her collection on exhibition, and many distinguished persons, admiring her enterprise, permitted her to model them for her collection. She lived in London for forty years, and amassed quite a small fortune through her exhibition. She died April 15, 1850. She was a woman of sterling worth, and much respected by all who knew her. The wax works museum now in London, called after her, is conducted by her descendants. It is one of the sights of the great city.

An Itemized Bill.

An artist who had been employed to repair and retouch the properties of an old church in the suburbs of the city, on being refused payment in a lump for his work, was asked for details, and sent the following itemized bill to the church officials:

Correcting Ten Commandments.....	\$5 12
Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbons on his bonnet.....	3 50
New tail on rooster of St. Peter and mending his comb.....	2 20
Regilding left wing of Guardian Angel.....	4 18
Washing a servant of High Priest and putting carmine on his cheek.....	5 12
Renewing Heaven, adjusting two stars, and cleaning moon.....	7 14
Re animating flames Purgatory and restoring souls.....	3 90
Reviving Hell, putting new tail on Devil, and several jobs for the lost.....	7 17
Re-bordering robes of Herod and re-adjusting wig.....	4 00
Putting new spotted sashes on the son of Tobias and dressing his sack.....	2 00
Cleaning ears of Balaam's ass and shoeing same.....	2 40
Putting rings in ears of Sarah.....	3 20
Putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging head of Goliath and extending his leg.....	3 00
Decorating Noah's Ark.....	3 00
Mending shirt of Prodigal Son.....	4 00
Total.....	\$59 63

Steam Engines.

All steam engines are divided into two great classes—condensing engines and non-condensing engines. The former are supplied with apparatus for condensing the steam that escapes, by contact with cold water pipes and transforming it into water again. The latter are not furnished with the condenser. They are also distinguished as high-pressure and low-pressure engines, the former term being applied to engines supplied with steam of 50 pounds pressure to the square inch and upward, and the latter to engines working under 40 pounds pressure. The low-pressure engines are almost invariably condensing, and the high-pressure engines very generally non-condensing, and the terms high pressure and low-pressure have come to imply the presence or absence of the condensing machinery, though in some instances this understood implication is incorrect. There are many varieties of both classes of engines. All locomotives and most of the engines used on land are non-condensing engines. All marine engines, with the exception of those of the smaller class of tug-boats and Western river steamers, are condensing engines.

The rate at which things are found out in this country may be inferred from the fact that the list of patents granted by the Government has reached the astonishing number of nearly 300,000. There have been no less than 6,686 patents obtained on the plow alone, about as many on the harvester, and over 8,000 on stoves and furnaces. But the most singular thing of all, perhaps, is that the inquisitive genius of the nation has discovered 969 separate and distinct ways of making a corset.

Church and State.

Tradition tells of a fiery Anglo-Indian colonel who, getting into a hot dispute with a portly clergyman, remarked, pointedly, "It is a pity that *black* ants should not be useful in proportion to their size." Whereon the parson at once retorted, "It is a greater pity that *red* ants, which are so insignificant, should yet be so offensive."

Another collision of this kind between church and State, in which the church again had the best of it, is said to have occurred at an English public dinner, where a would-be witty officer asked a well-known colonial bishop, who sat next to him, whether he could tell the difference between a bishop and a donkey, and then proceeded to explain that the one wears the cross on his head, and the other wears it on his back.

"Very good, Major B——," said the bishop. "But now can you tell the difference between an army officer and a donkey?"

"No, my lord, I cannot," replied the major.

"Nor can I," rejoined the bishop, quietly.

Even this, however, was surpassed by another passage of repartee between the gown and the sword which is still preserved among the society legends of Calcutta. A certain famous English general, the hero of two Eastern wars, found his health beginning to give way beneath the strain of long and arduous service, and was ordered home by his doctors. On the day of his embarkation for England he was accompanied by a vast crowd of friends, to whom he began to distribute various small tokens of his regard.

"Well, general," asked the Bishop of Calcutta, who was one of the party, "have you no memento to leave to an old friend like me?"

"Oh, I have not forgotten you, my lord," cried the general. "On the contrary, I have bequeathed to you my entire stock of impudence."

"Ten thousand thanks, my dear general," replied the undaunted bishop. "You have given me by far the largest and most valuable part of your property."

And then the bishop's wife turned to her husband, and said, sweetly, "My dear, am glad to see that you have come into your legacy so soon."—*David Ker, in Harper's Magazine.*

Ozone.

Whenever it is exposed to the action of electricity, oxygen undergoes a contraction of volume and acquires very different properties. This change has been shown to consist in an alteration in the atomic structure of the oxygen. Thus, while each molecule of oxygen contains two atoms, there are three atoms in each molecule of ozone. It follows from this that ozone is half as heavy again as oxygen, and it has accordingly been demonstrated that its specific gravity is 24, while that of oxygen is 16. Ozone has a very peculiar odor, whence its name (from the Greek word *ozo*, I smell), and this was for many years supposed by chemists to be the smell of electricity, as though the electric force were a substance. Even after the fallacy of this idea was clearly shown, it was many years before the true nature of the ozone was understood. Ozone is obtained by subjecting oxygen to the influence of the silent discharge of electricity. By this part of the oxygen is transformed, but not all of it, for pure ozone has never yet been obtained. Traces of ozone are usually present in the atmosphere, especially in the open country, and there is no doubt that it performs an important part in removing organic impurities from the atmosphere. A limited amount of it in the air is health-giving and stimulating, but an undue proportion of it produces great irritation of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Ozone by being heated is again converted into oxygen. Ozone has found uses in chemistry because of its great oxidizing powers, and is employed to form certain compounds as a bleaching agent and as a disinfectant. It is believed that skillfully and persistently used, it could check the spread of infectious diseases. But no attempt has yet been made to effectively test this power.

Uncle Sam's Land.

At the close of the revolutionary war, when our independence was acknowledged, the treaty of peace made with Great Britain ceded to America territory to the extent of 815,615 square miles. Since then other territory has been added as follows: Louisiana, purchased from France in 1803, 930,938 square miles; Florida, from Spain, in 1821, 59,268 square miles; Texas, annexed in 1845, 237,504 square miles; Oregon, by a treaty in 1846, 380,425 square miles; California, conquered from Mexico in 1847-48, 649,762 square miles; Arizona, acquired from Mexico in 1854, 27,500 square miles; Alaska, purchased from Russia in 1867, 577,390 square miles. This gives a total of 3,678,392 square miles of territory now embraced in the United States, being about four-ninths of all North America, and more than one-fifteenth of the entire land surface of the globe.

It is said that Cleopatra's tomb has been discovered. Now, if we can find where the asp is buried the cause of history will have been materially helped.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

An actor who marries a leading woman can blame no one but himself if he is led for the rest of his life.

A Hindoo princess, the Begum Ahmadee, has distinguished herself in London society as a singer of superior voice, talent and cultivation. She is a descendant of the emperors of Delhi, and possesses a mezzo soprano voice of extraordinary richness and power, which is used with very high artistic taste. She has also great personal beauty.

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, says a London correspondent, will, after all, follow in her mother's footsteps, just as the sons of Mr. Irving and Mr. Hare are following in those of their fathers. These three young people will all appear in the revival of Robertson's *School*, which Mr. Hare, Sr., will produce at the Garrick theater this autumn.

In conferring the degree of doctor of music on Dvorak at Cambridge, Dr. Sandys said: "Witness his songs for two voices, which seems to breathe the very spirit of the Moravian muses; witness his Slavonic dances, rivalling the Hungarian dances of his famous patron and helper; witness his symphonies, now saddened with plaintive elegiac measures, anon all aglow with the tremulous raptures of the strings; witness, last of all, his weird legend, sprung, as it were, from the realm of ghosts, of the bride carried off by night."

The stage is an agency that ought not to be employed alone for the entertainment of mankind. It can be made an engine of power in science, in religion, in patriotism—in every branch of education—that will be felt through the whole stratum of society. In every country and every clime the stage numbers its devotees by tens of thousands. It has been so for ages; it promises to be so for ages to come. Would it not be well for the serious-minded educators of the land, those who aim to use every legitimate influence to form character and elevate the moral tone, to inquire if there is not some way of utilizing this seemingly natural taste for dramatic representations as an engine for good?

One would be interested to know something of the man to whose lot it fell to plant the first seeds of knowledge in the mind of Shakespeare. By consulting the records of Stratford we find that there were three who may have shared this distinction. Curiously enough, one of them, if the name of Jenkins is to be taken as a proof, was a Welchman. It is possible that he may have stood for the character of Sir Hugh Evans. We know how easily school boys are impressed by their master's peculiarities; whether they be those of accent or of manner. It is noteworthy, too, that Jenkins was very unpopular, as in the year 1579 a sum of money was paid him by the authorities on condition that he resign his post as head master. Prof. Baynes has shown that Ben Johnson's famous saying, that Shakespeare had little Latin and less Greek, is hardly a fair statement of the real facts of the case. A critical examination of the poet's works will prove that he had an acquaintance with classical literature, such as would be possessed by a man who had been trained at a school like the old Stratford grammar school. We must not expect from him nice scholarship or a strict attention to details. Knowledge is simply relative, and Ben Johnson's standard was undoubtedly a high one. He would naturally look with contempt upon the classical attainments of one who had received such an education as Shakespeare had, but we are justified in coming to the conclusion that the poet could read Latin fluently and fairly, and that any author he cared for he would be able to read for his pleasure and information. That the instruction in Latin was thorough is proved by a letter preserved by Malone written in that language in 1598 by the son of R. Quiney to his father, then staying in London. It is a very creditable performance for a boy of eleven. This Richard Quiney, one of the aldermen of Stratford in Shakespeare's day, who had certainly been brought up at the school—for his family had been long established in the town—was so well acquainted with Latin that his brother-in-law, Abraham Starley, in writing to him frequently made use of long Latin sentences and paragraphs.

Book Chat.

Robert Louis Stevenson's home has the only fireplace in Samoa.

Mark Twain is an inveterate smoker, and it is said that he consumes 300 cigars a month, besides drawing much consolation from his pipe.

A book buyer has stumbled upon a manuscript containing three poems by Burns, two of which have never been published. One of them, "Grizelle Grim, the Witch of Cluden," is said to be clever, but too coarse for publication.

General Lew Wallace is writing another story, but it is hardly likely to see the light for some time, because

he works so slowly and carefully that "rushing copy" is out of the question. It is needless to say General Wallace's slow work is good work.

The history of the world in Arabic is being written by Mahmoud Fehmy Pasha, a companion of Arabi in exile in Ceylon. He hopes to finish it this year. It will be in five large volumes.

A current rumor announces the forthcoming publication of a new book by Queen Victoria. No international copyright law will be needed to protect this work from piracy, if it is of the same general character as the volumes which preceded it from the royal inkstand.

An innovation in the printing world has been introduced into the office of a London paper of which Coppleston, formerly of New York, is manager. The journal is printed with scented ink, which gives forth a delightful fragrance. Any desired odor may be produced.

We Americans are not as materialistic as the world asserts and as we sometimes believe ourselves. The shower of congratulations which descended on the "Poet of the Breakfast Table" as he entered on his 83d year last Saturday demonstrates our recognition of our great men who have neither wealth nor great social or political influence.

Lanoe Falconer, the author of "Mademoiselle Ixe," chose her name with a due regard for the fitness of things. Her true name is Hawker, and her grandfather of that name was a famous sportsman. Miss Hawker herself was born in a shooting lodge near Aberdeen, rented by her father. She began to write when only ten years old.

It has always been strange that a man will not read an article, a paper, or a book that does not accord with his sentiment. What skillful general watches the evolutions of his own army and utterly refuses to observe where the enemy is, or what he is doing? Is it not equally a fault of any man who wishes to defend himself against the attacks of any kind of foe not to post himself in the strength and position of his enemy?

That accomplished English writer James Payn is against church bells. "It is shocking," says he, "to think what hideous sounds can be let loose on the universal air by simply pulling bell-ropes." That there are many who find a solemn peal of happiness in the chiming of morning bells, even rung by random hands, there can be no doubt. And the music of the "Evening Bells" no less a hand than Moore's has made immortal.

The author of "Vice Versa," F. Anstey, published some years ago a short story called the "Black Poodle," which was translated into French and published with proper acknowledgment in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. A few weeks ago the author in a Parisian book-shop found a volume styled "Le Caniche Noir," dedicated "by the author" to a lady of rank. It was the "Black Poodle." The scene was changed to France; the poodle's master was now an Italian, not a Frenchman. Mr. Anstey then wrote a letter, in French, to the French author, signing, not his own name, asking permission to render "Le Caniche Noir" into English. The author answered in English that he did not think his book deserved the praises liberally heaped on it by Mr. Anstey. "About your demand of adaptation, I am sorry to tell you that I am my own translator, and that the 'Caniche Noir' exists in English already."

Professional Chat.

Hay-fever victim—Doctor, can't you tell me how I can find relief from this constant inclination to sneeze? Physician—Yes, sir. Sneeze.

The judge called for the crier
To open the court, when said
A witty official: "May it please your honor
(And he humbly bowed his head),
"Permit me just a word to say;
The crier cannot cry to-day,
Because his wife is dead."

The late Mr. Justice Maule, of the English Court of Queen's Bench, was noted for his sprightly humor while administering the duties of his high office. On one occasion, in charging the jury, he remarked in his quiet way: "One of these defendants is, it seems, a minister of religion—of what religion it does not appear; but, to judge by his conduct, it cannot be any form of Christianity."

Squire M——, an elderly man, but a young justice, called at a friend's office one morning, and with much gravity announced: "Judge, I dropped in to get a p'int of law. I want to know the law consarnin' a-puttin' of a badly sp'iled tarrupen in a neighbor's churn. I've got 'Hinnen's Jestices,' an' the Code, an' I've s'arched both from kiver to kiver, an' I don't fin' nuthin' under neither head."

The American Bar Association has done a public service in pointing out a great evil and its remedy. It recommends that a two years' course of study in the newer States, and one of three years in the older,

where the laws are necessarily more complex, should be made a legal prerequisite to admission to the bar. The governors of the several States could not do better than indorse this suggestion in their next messages. A half-made lawyer is a great curse to any community.

At the last term of the Butler county, Kansas, District Court a young law student made application to Judge Leland to be admitted to practice. The judge appointed a committee of three to examine him, which is usual in such cases. The student passed the examination and was duly declared a full-fledged lawyer, to the surprise of some of the older members of the bar. "How was it?" asked one of these. "Well," replied one of the examining committee, "we asked him about two hundred questions, and he answered every one of them truthfully." "How was that?" queried the older member. "He simply answered by saying 'he didn't know,' and he told the truth every time. As truthful lawyers are very scarce in this district, we concluded it would be a good thing to admit him, even if he didn't know any law."—*Harper's Drawer*.

A capital story is told of one of the oldest practitioners. He was arguing a motion at a neighboring county seat, and, as it sometimes happens, was depending more upon his own sound logic than upon authorities for success. At a critical juncture the judge interrupted the speaker with this inquiry: "Yes, I understand; but where are your authorities on the subject?" "If your honor please," retorted our friend briskly, "I will explain the absence of authorities, with your permission, by telling a little story: A young man, freshly admitted to practice, had produced in court, in support of a motion, a wealth of authorities. After allowing the young man to read page upon page of dry decisions, the judge at length interrupted wearily: 'You are just beginning to practice,' said he; 'let me give you some advice. It does very well to cite authorities once in a while, but you must always trust somewhat to the common-sense of the court.'" It was a bold, almost audacious, position to take, but it won our old friend the case.

The following Bacchanalian poem is attributed to Chief Justice Fuller:

I.

Oh, bright is the gleam of the silv'ry stream,
As it leaps from its native mountain;
And sweet to the taste, in the desert waste,
Is the draught from the pure, cool fountain;
But sweeter than this, with its transient bliss,
To me, in the desert roaming,
And brighter still, than the sparkling rill,
Is the wine in our goblets foaming.

CHORUS.

Then fill each glass, as the moments pass.
Let the red wine mantle high!
As pledge we here to mem'ry dear,
The pleasant years gone by.

II.

Oh, hard is the strife of the battle of life,
To the soldier youth contending!
Full soon may fail e'en the plated mail
He fancied himself defending.
Yet we'll on to the fight with hearts so light,
At the stirring trumpet's tone,
And never will yield the battle field
'Till victory is our own.

CHORUS.

Then drink to-night, with hearts so light,
To the untrod world before us,
And gayly laugh, as the wine we quaff,
And join in the merry chorus.

The First Railroad.

The first timid experiment in railroads was a tramway in Quincy, Mass., built in 1826, chiefly by Thos. H. Perkins and Gridley Bryant, of Boston. Its only purpose was for the easier conveyance, by horses, of building stone from the granite quarries of Quincy to tidewater. It was the germ, however, of a mighty movement in the country. The first railway in America for passenger and traffic—the Baltimore and Ohio—was chartered by the Maryland legislature in March, 1827. The capital stock at first was only half a million dollars, and a portion of it was subscribed by the State and the city of Baltimore. Horses were its motive power, even after sixty-five miles of the road were built. But in 1829 Peter Cooper, of New York, built a locomotive in Baltimore, which weighed one ton and made eighteen miles an hour on a trial trip to Elliott's Mills. In 1830 there were twenty-three miles of railway in the United States, which were increased the next year to ninety-five, and in 1835 to 1,098, and in 1840 to nearly 3,000.—*Bryant's History of the United States*.

There met in a lonely Kentucky road a lovely schoolma'am and a bear. The schoolma'am ran and the bear followed, and, though there was neither stakes nor gate money, both made their best possible time. Then the fair pedagogue had a clever idea. She tore off her hat and threw it down and the bear stopped to investigate. Then she threw away her gloves, her cloak and her jacket, bruin pausing each time to destroy them. When she finally came to a place of safety it was with more gratification than clothes.

NOTES.

The Queen of Italy has a \$7,000 dress.

Mme. de Lesseps is forty years younger than her husband.

Some men sleep well because they have good consciences and others sleep just as well because they haven't any conscience at all.

The thrones of Spain, Servia and the Netherlands are occupied by children. In the kindergarten of Europe thrones are but playthings.

The country is richer to-day than it was in 1860. Then there were \$13 85 for each inhabitant; now there is \$24 10. Republican rule and protection are the cause of the change for the better.

The recipe for Roman punch was long kept secret by the chefs of the vatican, but was given to the rest of the world when Napoleon invaded Italy in 1796.

An Anager farmer has been arrested and fined for assault upon the Danish army. While entering the town with a load of cabbage the war horse of the artillery took fright at his outfit and broke up the whole army.

Sady Tennyson preserves with religious care every pipe her husband smokes, and every oaken stick he carries. In the years to come the people who possess authentic relics of the poet will outnumber the body-servants of Washington.

The freak of the French nobleman, Baron de Sede, in adopting a sailor's life and working before the mast in a voyage to America as the result of a wager has the undoubted merit of novelty. Let him capture some American heiress and he can return in a state-room.

Camping is great fun and to be a success it is imperative that each member of the party makes up his or her mind to put up with all the inconveniences of camp life. Imagine any one going camping without first determining to take cheerfully and make the best of the ups and downs of the life.

News comes from Solomonville, Arizona, that Moses Cluff has been bound over to the grand jury for enjoying the luxury of three wives. What more appropriate place in which a Moses should sport a multitude of helps than Solomonville, named for that same old gentleman who thought five hundred none too many to hug him.

The good folk of San Francisco will now have less champagne and Bernhardt money to sport since they are cited to pay their honest debts to the State that has enriched them. How it does make a fellow squeal when he has to dig up money to settle the score, if it be not the score run for good dinners and midnight dissipation.

There must be some reason why women have so few pockets, and will persist in carrying their money in a dainty little hand pocket, so tempting to sneak thieves. We suppose it is like the wearing of earrings, some habit of our primitive ancestors, when our fore-mothers bore the burden of the household effects in cares and money, while her liege lord did the fighting.

There is a sect down in Texas which believes a man can become so holy that he can commit no sin. We are getting very good in this city—indeed, there are a class here who are so fearful of some immorality that they want to build a wall around the city for fear that something evil might come in. Of course; these "reformers" are incapable of committing any sin themselves.

It is the unanimous testimony of travelers that Port Said is the wickedest small city in the world. "The sink of creation," is the phrase commonly applied to the place by those that know its vices. At Port Said all vessels passing through the Suez Canal are detained from three to six hours, and during that short time sailors and travelers become the victims of vicious men and women who are attracted to Port Said by the opportunities offered by its peculiar character. The outcasts of every great European city find in Port Said a congenial resting place.

The first week of the State exposition has been a marked success. The slight shower and cloudy overcast has cooled and cleared the atmosphere. At the Pavilion can be seen the finest panorama of the products and industries of our State. The art exhibition has never heretofore been equalled. At the Park a new generation of fast horses has developed, the speed of which has completely surprised the old turfmen. Two and three-year-old colts have displayed the most wonderful speed, greater than that formerly accorded to mature racers. The stock show is fully up to the best heretofore made. Next week the exhibition in all departments will be greatly augmented.

"The real cause of the general prosperity of the French farmer," says Colonel Thomas Connolly, an old union veteran, who has lived in France for more than eighteen years, "is their thrift and economic habits. A French farmer wastes nothing, his wife is a good cook and knows how to make the best use of every crust, and while the food is always palatable, a French farmer's family subsists on what is wasted and thrown away on an American farm."

A Chicago clergyman has observed that the rate of speed of carriages at funerals is becoming faster, and where fifteen years ago a walk and only a walk was regarded as the proper pace, now trotting is common, and a rate of six or seven miles an hour has succeeded one of three miles. Perhaps in this fast generation we think it best to rush on funerals, and get rid of the inanimate as quickly as possible. It is always the case that bands play a lively quickstep returning from a funeral.

Somewhere there is a story of a mishap which befell a robber whereby he and a peasant, whom he had robbed, fell into a pit. The robber persuaded the peasant to hold a short ladder, which was found in the pit, upon his shoulders while the robber climbed out with the peasant's treasure, promising, of course, to throw him a rope and to lift him up into the light and restore his treasure in return for the courtesy. It is further recorded that when the robber was safely landed, he reviled the foolish peasant and left him to his fate. This is about the position of Sacramento regarding the bondholders against this city. They promise to assist the water-works by allowing the interest to run for eight months, but at the same time are tightening their hold upon the city treasury.

EDITORS THEMIS—Your suggestions in your last issue as to the removal of the race track and stock grounds outside of the city limits are very timely, and should be kept alive until the citizens arrive at the conclusion that you are correct and should be acted upon as early as possible.

If I remember correctly, at the time of the purchase of the property now used for the above purposes the title was made so it can not be alienated. Now, if so or otherwise, why not keep it for a public park? The avenues which would run through it would be as fully available for reaching the property beyond as streets, and add not only to the value of the surrounding property, but enhance the value of the whole city, and surely add to its attractiveness.

We surely have land enough in the city and its immediate environs for residences for a large increase in inhabitants, and could well spare the park for public use.

The Agricultural Society seems to be in a highly prosperous condition, and prospects of further prosperity and increased patronage. The fair brings more and more people and exhibits every year, and it seems now that the room is scarcely enough to accommodate all the stock that is offered, and it would also seem that the directory could be abundantly able to purchase a new site and move the present improvements to it, if practicable, and increase their size. A desirable location no doubt could be obtained in any of those you mention, which, with the electric roads now in use and that would be built to connect with the new location, could be easily reached, and much more so than when the present grounds were first opened.

You did not mention East Park. It occurs to me that is a more favorable location than any other, and land in its adjoining vicinity could no doubt be purchased to give the necessary room needed at as low a figure, if not lower, than the others. The writer has no interest in any of them.

THIRTY-ONE YEARS' RESIDENT.

September 5, 1891.

The Way to Get Rich.

"It is to trust nobody, is to befriend none, to get everything and save all you get; to stint ourselves and everybody belonging to us, to be the friend of no man and to have no man for our friend; to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to be mean, miserable and despised for some thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment. And when pretty near enough wealth is collected by a disregard of human heart, at the expense of every enjoyment save that of wallowing in filthy meanness, death comes to finish the work—the body is buried in a hole, and heirs dance over it, and the spirit goes—where?"

Mrs. William Astor has a wonderful snake ring which literally writhes in constant motion on her finger. It is constructed of flexible gold wire, each scale being represented by a loop of wire in which a ruby, an emerald, or an amethyst is firmly set. The lightest movement of the fingers sets the wires quivering, and the ring scintillates and seems to go round the finger with a serpentine movement that has something eerie in it. It was made in Egypt.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The Autumn Season and Church Privileges—Chatauqua and Dress Reform—The Mercantile Situation—Compulsory Suffrage—Patti and Her "Farewells."

[Special Correspondence of THEMIS.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 5, 1891.

With the first of September, according to the popular impression, we begin to have cool weather and indoor amusements. But with the usual topsy-turvy perverseness of the nineteenth century civilization and the American weather, neither of these things appear on the assigned date. About the only thing that the first autumn month does bring us is a renewal of church privileges. All through the summer the religiously inclined New Yorker is obliged to draw on his inner consciousness for such inspiration as he may need to aid him in the performance of his religious duties. The churches are closed—that is, seven out of ten of them are, and the shepherds are recuperating their wasted energies in Europe, or at some pleasant resort. The complaint is old that it is almost an impossibility to find ministers to perform the necessary services at city funerals during the summer; but the hint was never taken, and each recurring summer sees more and more churches deserted by their pastors, until the affair has become a nine-days scandal, even in such a complaisant city as the metropolis. That preachers need a vacation no one denies; but it is also evident that the ordinary two or three weeks vacation of the physician, the lawyer, the editor, and the merchant, are enough to recuperate the wasted faculties and freshen a man up for another season's work. The majority of the city churches, however, are closed from the first of July till the first of September without consideration of the needs of the public. New York is indeed seldom charged with being overgood or particular, but the absolute and almost complete cession of work among protestant churches is universally commented upon with cynical humor by many and with sad confession by those interested. Meanwhile the evil grows and the churches refuse to take well meant hints.

While the women at Chatauqua are exerting themselves to organize a reform in dress, it might not be a bad idea for a vigilance committee to go the rounds of this city with Winchester and clubs dedicated to the people who are adding to the depressing effects of the season by their startling combinations in the matter of summer costumes. The crime is nearly universal, but I fear the actors of upper Broadway are the worst sinners. For instance, to see a large and wabbly man parading along Broadway in a frock suit, with a little yachting cap perched on top of a palpably bald head, is enough to make the beholder take refuge in the wilds of Jersey. Then there is the combination of a white suit and a shining beaver hat. Only the other day I noticed a number of men in light shoes, black Derby hats, silk shirts, belted at the waist, and long-tailed coats—a sight for gods and men. But the yachting cap fever is the worst, and the stouter the man, the more susceptible he seems to their fascination, just as very fat women seem to affect the small chip sailor hats. I saw just such a pair the other day, whose combined weight must have exceeded four hundred pounds. The woman wore a chip hat that looked appropriate for a ten-year old girl; the man a yachting cap with polka-dot band. And on the faces of the pair, enlarged about four times by their diminutive hats, there was a smile of childlike triumph, which would have been grotesque if it had not been pathetic.

They tell me down town that with the beginning of the fall the trade that has been dormant all summer will become brisk again. Just at present the mercantile situation is well illustrated by the answer of the Italian fruit peddler on Fulton street, whose reply to the question "How's business?" informed the questioner that "Alla money I maka on peanut I lose on dam banana!"

There is one idea in which I used to think I had a sort of proprietary interest which is now being worked up in some of the papers. I allude to a compulsory suffrage; that is, the making it obligatory on the part of citizens, under a penalty, to register before election and vote on election day. So many of our "best citizens," as they are fond of calling themselves, are only fair-weather voters that it really seems necessary to hit upon some means of compelling them to perform their duty. I am not, on the whole, in favor of exercising undue control over the individual. In fact, I think that in many ways we have not sufficient personal liberty in this country—we are certainly more under personal supervision than the people of London. But aside from this I believe that a compulsory ballot is necessary for the purification of metropolitan politics. The exercise of the suffrage should be regarded as a

duty rather than as a privilege, and the Legislature should have the same right to enforce the ballot as it has to enforce jury service. We constantly hear that Tammany Hall has captured all the city offices because the "best citizens" would not vote. Let us apply the proverb about the bird that can sing and will not sing—it should be made to sing.

Locally we have any quantity of excellent musical material, but for years it has been wasting itself in a multiplicity of organizations and consequent differences. Meanwhile the small city of Worcester, Mass., has been showing for years what a thoroughly organized society can do and what we ought to have. This association now announces its thirty-fourth annual festival for the 22d of this month, to last for four days. Not only have they an excellent chorus 500 strong, but they get all the soloists, from Nordica to Del Puente. The question is, Where does New York come in?

The ruling passion is strong in life as well as in death, and it has had innumerable illustrations. About the latest and most curious is the inclination that moves Patti to build an opera house in miniature in her castle home in Wales. When she finally retires (she is to make the effort at our expense next season) it would naturally be supposed that she would be glad to renounce business and all its troublesome associations and take a real rest—one without any suggestions of hard work. But this is not the idea of the Patti. She has provided herself with a real stage under her own roof, where she may reappear in innumerable "farewells" to her own satisfaction, singing *Semiramide*, *Traviata* and the others. According to a London dispatch, the theater is 42x27x22 feet and will seat nearly 200 persons. The stage is 24 feet deep and 40 feet wide. But the crowning triumph is the act drop, which is ornamented with a portrait of Madame Patti in the character of "Semiramide," driving a chariot and a pair of horses.

Tara's Hall.

The site of Tara's Hall is in the county Meath, Ireland, and some of the ruins of the old building are still to be seen. Till the seventh century the high King of Erin resided in the palace of Tara. Under the supremacy of Brian Boru in the island, one of his subordinate chiefs, or provincial kings, held the title of King of Tara. These subordinate kingdoms resembled in power the Bretwaldas of the Saxon rule in England. The Tara estate in the thirteenth century belonged to a family of Norman descent—the Repenthynes. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the then Lord of Cabra and Tara, Richard de Repenthyne, was arraigned on the charge of uttering treasonable expressions against the Queen, and though an old man of 70 years, he was condemned and executed. However, about twenty years later, his descendant, Edward de Repenthyne, was restored to the estates by James I. In the civil wars several members of the family were killed, and when Cromwell extended his iron rule over Ireland, the estates of Francis de Penthyne, then the chief of the house, were again alienated. The lands of Cabra and Tara were surveyed in 1657, with the rest of the forfeited possessions in Ireland, and after the restoration of Charles II, were by letters patent, under the act of settlement, bearing date 5th February, 1659, granted to James, Duke of York, the king's brother, afterward James II. From him they passed to Lord Tyrconnel, who also forfeited them. In 1702 they were purchased by a company that had been formed for making sword blades in England, who soon after disposed of their interest to Thomas Meredith, of Dublin, and thus disappeared the ancient estates of the Lords of Tara. But in the latter part of the century part of the estate was regained by the family of Penthyne O'Kelly, who were legitimate descendants of the ancient family. Near the ruins of Tara's Hall a battle was fought May 26, 1798, in which the English forces worsted the Irish. On the same spot Daniel O'Connell held a mass meeting in favor of the repeal of the act of union between Great Britain and Ireland, August 15, 1843, and it is said 250,000 people were present. The ancient character of this ruined hall and its connection with the early glories of Ireland give it a romantic interest, which is touchingly expressed in Moore's poem:

The harp that once thronged Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes;
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives!

FLASHES.

Honesty is the best religion and whips the devil every time.

Many people these days do not have to go so far as Treves to see a holey coat.

How many of our seaside girls have returned with rings on their fingers—some with a wring in their heart.

It was once believed that hares changed their sex every year. There are females in this city who unsex themselves daily.

The summer girl has fled,
The ice-cream victim's broke,
And in their stead we see appear
The coal and oyster joke.

A poulterer found a cent in an egg laid by one of his hens. We have often found a scent in eggs which would preclude the necessity of advertising the same.

Some people want a land of milk and honey,
Where men get rich who raise no wheat nor wool,
A government to provide the people with money,
And every man to get his pockets full.

Resolution is a fine attribute, but the "resolutions" of our prominent citizens do not come under this head. They can inaugurate more enterprises and build more big hotels, monuments and governor's mansions on paper than any people in the world.

Stars for September.

The Great Bear is now passing toward the north, and getting low down. The pointers are to the right of the seven stars, and the pole-star lies above them, and toward the right. The guardians of the Pole are to the left of, and scarcely higher than the Pole-star. The Dragon passes between the two Bears toward the west, his head being still high above the horizon. Coma Berenices is sitting between northwest and west-northwest. Bootes has passed the west, and forms a fine figure above that part of the horizon. The Northern Crown, with the brilliant Alphecca, is due west, about midway between the horizon and the point overhead.

Above the Crown are the feet of Hercules. His head and shoulders are to the left of the Crown, and at about the same height above the horizon. The Serpent lies between the shoulders of Hercules and the horizon. On the left of "Ophiuchus" (large), toward the southwest, and extending from the horizon half-way, to the point overhead. The brilliant Vega lies toward the same quarter, but much higher up.

Aquila is due south, Altair being about midway between the horizon and the point overhead. Close to the horizon, and extending from south-southwest to south, is Sagittarius. Next to him, on the left, is Capricornus, and next to that again is Aquarius, now covering a wide range of sky between Capricornus and Pegasus. In the zenith is Cygnus, the upright and crossrod of the cross being now about equally inclined to the horizon.

The square of Pegasus has passed the east, the left-hand being still Alpherat, and Andromeda still in a horizontal position. Cassiopeia is in the northeast, and raised somewhat more than half-way from the horizon toward the point overhead.

Below Andromeda, Aries has fully risen; and toward the northeast, low down, we see the Pleiades again. Between them and Cassiopeia lies Perseus. It is well to notice this constellation while in its present position, and also the richness of the background of milky light in this neighborhood. The whole of this part of the heavens is full of beauty, and contrasts strangely with the barren region close by, between the north point of the horizon and Cassiopeia. Auriga is rising above the north-northeast horizon, and Capella is beginning to scintillate less brilliantly as it rises above the denser strata of the atmosphere.

A Mercer county, Pa., sheep farmer was amazed to see a black spot traveling up and down the back of one of his sheep, and upon investigation found that three nests of mice were snugly ensconced in the sheep's wool. The same state of affairs existed in the wool of three other sheep in the herd. The animals did not seem to mind the presence of the mice at all.

M. Rouvier, the French minister of finance, was traveling salesman for a Paris bookseller when he was a young man. Having acquired considerable wealth, he went into politics in 1869, and gained the friendship of Gambetta. After the fall of the empire he was elected to the chamber of deputies, and since then he has pushed steadily to the front.

After all, men are strange creatures. They will waste an hour hunting a collar button, instead of having an extra supply and letting the wife find the missing one. You never see a woman look for the pin she drops. Her husband finds it when he walks around on his bare feet.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Next week those favorites, Jos. R. Grismer and Phoebe Davis, with strong support, will occupy the boards of the Metropolitan. The repertoire will be *Beacon Lights*, *Fern Cliff* and *The Burglar*. Crowded houses are assured.

The Clunie Opera House will have Evans and Hoey, in the *Parlor Match*, for a short season, commencing September 16th. Since the last production C. H. Hoyt, the author, has rewritten the farce-comedy so as to admit of new business.

Something that you must not forget: If you have your mind made up to buy a Mathusek upright piano do not be induced to change your mind by false representations of parties offering new, cheap, showy and trashy pianos, which will be worthless in this climate in a very short time. Mathuseks sold twenty years ago are as good as ever, and, tuned properly ever few years, sound as well as the day they left the factory. See the new improved ones at Cooper's.

Writing in the Presence of Death.

"My hardest hour," said a small woman whose newspaper work is known far and wide, "I'll tell it to you."

"My husband was dying. He was 28 years old and I was 19, and we were strangers in a strange land. Because we were so poor I had been doing some odd sketches here and there for the newspapers, for gentle people don't beg—they work. I was sitting beside the bedside of my husband, expecting every hour that the breath would go from his body, when a messenger came from an office down town with the request that I would write them a funny article of about one thousand words! I looked at my husband, and then God help me, I looked at my purse, and I concluded I had to write that article. So, while the boy waited, I held my dying love's hand with my left one and wrote with my right. And wrote a funny article. I was about an hour and a half doing it, and when I think of it now I see those two dark brown eyes looking at me in an inquiring way, I see that messenger boy waiting with an expression that was half curiosity, half sympathy on his face, and I see myself with tears rolling down my face, working out the funny article.

"Weeks after that, when I was all draped in mourning, and the man I loved slept that quiet sleep which knows no present awakening, I met the editor of that paper, and he said to me: 'That article of yours was funny enough to kill,' and I said, 'Was it? Well it nearly did.' But to this day he doesn't know under what circumstances it was written' and the \$25 I got for it went to help get a resting place for the one I loved."—(Bab.)

The Common Fly.

How many people are there whom the harmless but annoying little house-fly does not only worry, but sometimes drive to distraction, and yet how few there are whose entomological knowledge is of sufficient breadth to allow of their tracing it from its first existence to a full grown fly.

Does not the question often arise as to its mysterious and sudden appearance? Summer after summer they present themselves for personal annoyance, in great abundance, and strangely enough appear always in fully-developed proportions; yet, with the same yearly regularity, they as mysteriously disappear, leaving no trace of their existence behind.

Let us follow one of these little dipterous insects through its metamorphosis.

During the month of August the fly lays its eggs in clusters or bunches in decaying animal or vegetable matter of almost any kind, such as manure or other filth. The eggs remain unhatched usually for a period of six months, after which their hatching will depend upon the degree of heat to which they are subjected.

A day or two of moderate heat will bring the eggs to life in larva form—a maggot without head, tail or legs.

These crawl or some dry place to pupate. In less than two weeks, with neither food nor sustenance, the puparium will grow from its tiny shape to the size of a small pea, when the perfect fly emerges.

Their lives are of short duration, for they only thrive through warm seasons of the year, when they are more plentiful, and as the colder weather returns they die.

Fragile in their composition, which contains nearly 80 per cent. of moisture, they greatly diminish in size when dead and dry, and their matter in consequence most brittle, easily crumbles, turns to dust, and blows away.—*Philadelphia Record*.

The largest circulation attained by any newspaper published in America at the present time is now enjoyed by the *Chicago News*, which claims a list of 226,064. Next is the *New York World*, which boasts a list of 181,930. The *Boston Globe* comes third with 138,880, followed by the *Philadelphia Record* with a circulation of 122,780. The *Boston Globe* has the honor of the largest list in proportion to population.

Items of Interest.

"The 'dark ages' lasted from the 6th to the 14th century.

The earliest monasteries were established in Egypt in the year 306.

The census of London, just completed, shows a population of 4,211,000.

The song "Old Grimes" was written by Albert G. Greene, of Rhode Island.

In the Black Range, Australia, has been found a gum tree 500 feet in height.

The law for establishing public schools was first passed in 1645 by the colonists of Massachusetts.

The word abbott is derived from the Hebrew ab. father, and signifies the superior of a monastery or abbey.

A well 16 feet in depth at Jacksonville, Fla., yields a supply of water that rises and falls with the tides of the ocean.

The first permanent English settlement in America was established in 1607 by the London company, at Jamestown, Va.

Herodotus, the "Father of History," was an eminent historian, born about 484 B. C., and died in Italy about the year 520 B. C.

There are twenty common bricks to a cubic foot when laid, and fifteen common bricks to a foot of eight-inch wall when laid.

The Colosseum is in Rome, Italy. Its capacity is 87,000. Capacity of St. Peter's at Rome, 58,000. St. Paul's at Rome, 38,000.

The compass is said to have been invented by a Chinese emperor, Hou-ang-to by name, 2634 B. C. The first mention of its use at sea is about 300 A. D.

In the Blue Laws of Connecticut, "whosoever says there is a power and jurisdiction above and over this domain, shall suffer death and the loss of his property."

In August, 1680, twenty negroes were brought into Jamestown by a Dutch vessel and sold for slaves. This was the first introduction of slavery into America.

The influence of the tides is felt for 400 miles up the Amazon, and the current of the river is distinctly perceptible on the ocean for more than 200 miles from the shore.

The direct cable from Ireland to Rye Beach, N. H., is 3,060 miles. The length of the Union and Central Pacific Railroad, extending from Omaha to San Francisco, is 1,916 miles.

It is a good thing that God removed the tree of life from the Garden of Eden when Adam and Eve fell from grace. Nothing would make a man so brave in sin as to think he could live on earth forever.

When a man begins to grow old his eyebrows grow thick and bushy; a woman's eyebrows grow thin and fall out. This is an unfailing sign of age, no matter what other youthful indications one may possess.

The highest dwelling place for man is a Buddhist monastery at Haine, Thibet, which stands 16,000 feet above sea level. There is a railway station on the top of Pike's Peak, Col., 14,143 feet above sea level.

The largest gun ever made in this country has just been completed at West Troy, N. Y. It is 32½ feet long, will throw a distance of fifteen miles, with 440 pounds of powder and will penetrate wrought iron thirty-two inches.

In 1818 President James Monroe signed a bill for reducing the stripes in the United States flag to thirteen for the original states, adding a star to the blue ground for every new state that should be admitted into the union. There are now forty-four stars in the blue.

Common window glass is powdered and sifted through sieves of varying fineness, for coarse and fine sandpaper; then any coarse paper is covered with thin glue, and the powdered glass is sifted upon it. After standing a day or two the refuse sand is shaken off and the paper is ready for use.

A New York surgeon who has made a specialty of nerve centers says the music of a hand-organ is pleasant to at least ninety-nine out of every hundred people, falling upon the nerve centers and tympanum of the ear with soothing effect. He says that when you meet a person that cries out against this sort of music you can safely put him down as a falsifier and deceiver.

Steamboat building was begun at Pittsburg by Fulton and Livingstone in 1811. These were the first steam vessels to ply on the lakes. The Sheldon Thompson, which brought a boat-load of soldiers for the Black Hawk war, and also the Asiatic cholera, July 10, 1832, was the first steamer to run from Buffalo to Chicago. A regular line of steam vessels between these two ports was not established until 1834. Captain Ericsson obtained patents on the screw propeller in 1837 and began the construction of a vessel in 1838, but the first vessel with the screw to be put successfully to work was the Archimedes, built by H. Wimehurst, and launched on the Thames in 1838.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of E. M. Stevens, an insolvent debtor. E. M. Stevens, an insolvent debtor, having applied to this Court for a discharge from his debts, it is hereby ordered that the Clerk of this Court give notice to all creditors who have proved their debts, to appear before this Court, at the court-room thereof, on the 2d day of October, 1891, at the hour of 1:30 o'clock, P. M., and show cause, if any they have, why said E. M. Stevens should not be discharged from all his debts, in accordance with the statutes in such cases made and provided. It is further ordered, that notice of said application be given to the creditors by mail, and by publication for four weeks in the THEMIS, a newspaper published in said county.

W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated September 3d, 1891.
W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. sep5-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of F. L. Bates, an insolvent debtor. F. L. Bates, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, from which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said F. L. Bates is hereby declared to be insolvent. All persons are hereby forbidden to pay any debts to said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him or to any person, firm, corporation or association, for his use, and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Hon. A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the county of Sacramento, on the 9th day of October, 1891, at 1:30 P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Dated, September 3d, A. D. 1891.
W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Filed September 3d, 1891.
W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
CLINTON L. WHITE, Attorney for Petitioner. sep5-5t



O, You
Sun-Browned
Girl!

Why do you not have the Tan and Freckles removed from your skin by using

MRS. GRAHAM'S

FACE BLEACH

Which makes the Skin pure and white and clear, and free from every blemish as it was when nature made it. Don't be careless about your complexion. It is a woman's chiefest physical charm. Face Bleach, \$1.50 per bottle; three for \$4. All Druggists sell it.

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

UNCLE IKE'S

COLLATERAL O LOAN O OFFICE,

302 K Street, Sacramento.

SHE SAVED HIM.

The Strange Tale of a Mentone Physician.
[From the French of Guy de Maupassant.]

I.

I once knew a woman, one of my patients, now dead, to whom the most extraordinary thing in the world happened, and the most mysterious and touching.

She was a Russian, Countess Marie Baranow, a very great lady of exquisite beauty. You know how beautiful the Russians are, or, at least, how beautiful they seem to us—with their delicate noses, their sensitive mouths; their eyes so close together, of an indefinable color, a blue gray; and their cold, rather hard charm. They have something wicked and seductive, haughty and melting, tender and severe, utterly charming to a Frenchman. At bottom, perhaps, it is only the difference of race and blood that makes us see so much in them.

Her doctor had during many years known that she was threatened by a disease of the chest, and endeavored to persuade her to come to France for the Winter, but she obstinately refused to quit St. Petersburg. At last in the autumn of last year, the doctor compelled her to leave for Mentone.

She was alone in her compartment of the train, her servants occupying another. She leaned against the window a little sadly, watching the country and the villages as they whirled past, feeling very isolated, very lonely in life.

At each station her footman, Ivan, came to see if his mistress had everything she desired. He was an old servant, blindly devoted, ready to obey any order she might give him.

Night fell, the train rolled on at full speed. She could not sleep, she was totally unnerved. Suddenly the idea occurred to her of counting the money given to her at the last moment in French gold. She opened her little bag and emptied on to her lap the glistening stream of metal.

But, of a sudden, a breath of cold air caught her cheek. She lifted her head in surprise. The door opened. The Countess Marie, in dismay, threw a shawl over the money spread out in her lap and waited. A moment afterwards a man appeared, bare-headed, wounded in one hand, panting, and in evening dress.

He reclosed the door, sat down and looked at his neighbor with a glittering eye, then wrapped his wrist in a handkerchief.

The poor woman felt faint with fright. This man must have seen her counting her money, and had come to kill her and steal it.

He still fixed his gaze upon her; breathless, his face drawn, evidently waiting to spring upon her.

He said brusquely—
"Madam, have no fear."

She answered nothing, she was incapable of opening her lips, she heard her heart beating and a buzzing in her ears.
"I am no malefactor, madame," he continued.

Still she said nothing, but in a sudden movement she made, her knees knocked together and the money poured on to the carpet like water from a spout.

The man stared in surprise at this flow of gold and at once stooped to gather it up.

She, terrified, rose, casting all her gold on the carpet, and rushed to the door to throw herself on to the line. But he perceived her intention, sprang up, seized her in his arms, and forced her on to the seat, holding her by the wrists.

"Listen to me, madam. I am no thief. As a proof I am going to gather up this money and restore it to you. But I am a lost man, a dead man, unless you help me to pass the frontier. I can tell you no more. In one hour more we shall be at the last Russian station, in one hour and twenty minutes we shall be on the other side of the boundaries of the empire. Unless you aid me I am lost. And yet, madame, I have neither killed nor stolen, nor done anything dishonorable. That I swear to you. I can tell you no more."

And, going down on his knees, he collected the money, feeling under the seats, and looking into the furthest corners.

Then, when the little leather bag was once more full, he handed it to his neighbor without a word and returned to his seat in the other corner of the carriage.

Neither moved. She sat motionless and mute, still faint with fright, but recovering little by little.

As to him, he moved no muscle, he sat erect, his eyes fixedly looking straight before him, very pale, as though he were dead. Every now and then she threw him a glance, which was quickly averted. He was a man of about thirty, very handsome, with every appearance of being a gentleman.

The train tore through the darkness, throwing its ear-piercing whistles into the night, now slackening speed, now off again at its fastest. Then it calmed its flight, whistled several times, and stopped altogether.

Ivan appeared at the door to take orders. The Countess Marie looked for the last time at her strange companion. Then in a voice brusque and trembling, said to her servant:

"Ivan, you will return to the Count. I have no further need of your services."

Amazed, the man opened his enormous eyes. He stammered—

"But—but—"

She continued—

"No, you need not come. I have changed my mind. I wish you to stay in Russia. Here, here is money for the journey. Give me your cap and mantle."

The old servant, bewildered, took off his cap and mantle, with unquestioning obedience, accustomed to the sudden whims and strange caprice of his mistress. He walked away with the tears in his eyes.

The train started again, racing to the frontier.

Then the Countess Marie said to her companion—

"These things are for you, monsieur; you are Ivan, my servant. I make but one condition; it is that you will never speak to me, that you will say no word to thank me on any pretext whatever."

The stranger bowed without a word.

Soon a fresh halt was made, and the officials in uniform entered the train. The Countess handed them the papers, and, pointing to the man seated in the far end of the carriage—

"My servant, Ivan; he is the passport."

The train started again.

During the whole of the night they remained tete-a-tete, dumb both.

In the morning, on stopping at a German station, the stranger alighted. Then, standing by the door, he said—

"Pardon me, madame, that I break my promise, but I have deprived you of your servant; it is only fair that I should replace him. Is there anything you require?"

She replied coldly—

"Go and send my maid."

He went. Then disappeared. Whenever she alighted at a refreshment-room she saw him watching her from a distance. In due course they arrived at Mentone.

II.

One day, as I was receiving my patients in my study, I saw a tall man enter. "Doctor," he said, "I come to ask news of the Countess Marie Baranow."

"She is beyond hope," I replied. "She will never return to Russia."

And this man fell to sobbing; then he arose and went out staggering like a drunken man. That same evening I told the Countess that a stranger had been to me to ask after her health. She seemed touched, and told me the tale I have just told you. She added—

"This man, whom I do not know, follows me like my shadow. I meet him every time I go out. He looks at me very strangely, but he has never spoken to me."

She reflected, and then added—

"Look, there he is, below my window!"

She rose from her sofa, drew the curtains aside, and showed me the man who had called upon me, sitting on a bench on the promenade, his eyes raised to the hotel. He saw us, rose and walked away without once turning his head. So it was that I took part in a strange and incomprehensible episode—in the love of these two beings, who were quite unknown to one another.

He loved with the devotion of a rescued animal, grateful and devoted until death. He came every day to ask me, "How is she?" knowing that I had guessed. And he wept bitterly when he had seen her pass, paler and weaker every day.

She said to me:

"I have spoken but once to this singular man, and it seems to me I have known him for years."

And when they met she returned his bow with a grave and charming smile. I knew she was happy—she so lonely and dying. I knew she was happy to be loved with such constancy and respect, with this exaggerated poesy, with this devotion ready for all hazards. And yet, faithful to her obstinate though high-minded resolve, she absolutely refused to receive him, to know his name or to speak to him. She said, "No, no, that would spoil our strange friendship. We must remain strangers to one another."

As to him, he was of a certainty a kind of Don Quixote, for he took no steps to approach her. He was determined to keep to the letter the absurd promise he had made to her in the train.

Often during the long hours of weakness she rose from her sofa to draw back the curtains and look if he were there below the window. And when she had seen him, always immovably seated on his bench, she returned to her couch with a smile on her lips.

She died one morning about 6 o'clock. As I left the hotel he came to me, his face distorted; he had already heard the news.

"I should like to see her for a second in your presence," he said.

I took his arm and re-entered the house.

When he was by the bedside of the dead he took her hand and kissed it—a long, long kiss. Then he fled like a madman.—*The Strand Magazine.*

Do not admit that you believe some doctrine that you do not believe merely for business sake. Stand pat on the truth, even if it reduces your bill of fare to do so.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than
J. SLAUGHTER,
Sixth and M streets.
Telephone 318.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT
BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

ALWAYS A FINE LUNCH ON THE COUNTER.

M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars.
ROBERT ALLEN,
Formerly of Agricultural Park.

Cosmopolitan Restaurant,

403 K Street, near Cor. Fourth,

Opposite Mechanics' Store, - - SACRAMENTO.

B. PILCOVICH, Proprietor.

The Cheapest and Best House in the City.

Capital Coffee House

J. H. BRUNING, Proprietor.

509 K STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth, SACRAMENTO.

Fine Coffee, Tea or Milk, { With Pie }
or Cake, } 10 Cents.

W. R. STRONG CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fruit and Produce

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

PACIFIC

HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS
AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

TELEPHONE No. 41.

Grubler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Capital Restaurant,

A. H. ARATT, Proprietor.

MEAL TICKETS, \$3 EACH.

321 J STREET,

Between Third and Fourth, SACRAMENTO.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & CO.

410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED

RHODES & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

A Warning to Schoolmarm.

To the Board of Education
A fair young maiden came,
And she had an air of sweetness,
And of delicate completeness;
A most rare and classic creature,
And she craved a place as teacher;
Then the Board, with breath suspended,
Asked the charming maiden's name.

Eyes of soulful blue bent on them,
Till their hearts went pit-a-pat,
Made she answer (little knew she
It had better been Jerushy):
"Kittie Brown from Vassar College,
With my range of useful knowledge
I am sure that I can please you."
But the Board like statues sat.

To the Board of Education
A raw-boned maiden came
This antique in-form-and-feature,
This attenuate weird creature,
Robed in bifurcated raiment,
With an eye to future payment,
Like King Solomon made answer
When the Board required her name.

Eyes transversely bent upon them
In a most bewildering way.
Capping college law completely,
Made she answer most discreetly:
"Pet names, as you must opine, sirs,
To no document I sign, sirs,
And I'm pleased to say my name is
Sarah Ann Miranda Gray."

So sweet Kittie was rejected,
Wrecked her pedagogic dream,
Turned to snow her rosy blushes,
By a fate that young life crushes,
And her rival, tall and scraggy,
In her garments loose and baggy,
Cross-eyed Sarah Ann Miranda
In the schoolroom reigned supreme.

Scotland Yard.

The late chief office of the police force is said to have derived its name of "Scotland Yard" from the fact of its being the site of a palace in which the Kings of Scotland were received when they came to England. The Saxon King Edgar granted this portion of land to the south of Charing Cross to Kenneth III, King of Scotland, in 959, and here the latter lived when he came to do homage to the English crown. The palace reared on this spot was for a long time the town house, so to speak, of the Kings of Scotland, its last inhabitant being Margaret, Queen of Scots, who visited London after the death of her husband at the battle of Flodden Field. The palace after this became neglected, and during the reign of Elizabeth its existence as a palace terminated and Government officials became its inhabitants.

Here the bard of "Paradise Lost" lived while occupying the position of secretary to Oliver Cromwell, then Protector, and here Beau Fielding, Inigo Jones and Sir John Denham, of Cooper's Hill notoriety, lived and died. At the beginning of the present century the palace court was held in Scotland Yard. When that came to an end nobody paid any attention to the place until Sir Robert Peel, in 1829, established the present metropolitan police force, the headquarters of which were fixed there.

In February, 1866, when Gen. Grant was stationed in Washington as commanding general of the army, the French Minister, who still occupied the Corcoran House at the legation, issued invitations for the most magnificent ball which has probably ever been given in Washington. M. Montholon, being a warm personal friend and admirer of Gen. Grant, issued orders to his steward at the outset of the ball that the General was to be treated as a special guest of honor, and the best wine that the cellars afforded placed at his disposal. The next day the steward approached the Minister in great perplexity and inquired in an amazed way who was this Gen. Grant to whom he was to give the best of everything, and who had shown himself so far appreciative of the honor accorded that he had called for no less than sixteen bottles of champagne, nine bottles of brandy and whiskey ad libitum. The explanation which shortly transpired was that the order, having been overheard by a party of young fellows, they took advantage of the steward's credulity, prefacing every demand for the choicest liquors with the magic announcement that it was for Gen. Grant.

"I'd rather have brains than beauty," said Ned,
To Miss Sharp, as he sat by her fishing.
"It is a misfortune for you, then," she said
"That you cannot have either by wishing."

"That's true," he replied, then deeming a bold
Retort to the maiden a duty,
He added, "But if I had plenty of gold
I'm certain that I could buy beauty."

"You need a change," the doctor said,
"And you ought to have more relaxation."
The patient smiled and shook his head,
Then gasped as he turned o'er in bed,
"I've just returned from a month's vacation."

The Liberian Dream.

A slight revival of the old scheme of colonization brings that amicable but abortive effort to reverse the eternal order of things once more up for discussion. The doctrine is seen nothing impracticable in the scheme to deport the freedmen to Africa; on the contrary, to such a person it seems the most natural solution of the race problem. To the student of history and to the philosopher the proposition seems to have nothing to stand on. It has nothing to stand on beyond the apparent fitness of the African for Africa. But the freedmen are Africans exactly as the descendants of English, Irish, Scotch, German, Polish and Italian parents will be assignable to the several nationalities of their ancestors a century or two hence. There is probably not an African in the country since Mr. Stanley's body-servant departed; or, if there are Africans, they are probably Mohammedans. No person born in this country and here reared can be an African or an Englishman. The freedmen are Americans.

It is proposed, then, to deport Americans to Liberia because more than two centuries ago their ancestors inhabited some part of Africa. It appears to be understood by the proponents that because a man is black he's an African, and that all Africans are black. Well, neither of these understandings is true. There is a greater variety of the human family in Africa than there is in America; and as to language, there are wider gaps between the languages of the African tribes than there are between the tribes of North American Indians. So far as ability to endure climatic stress is concerned, the Anglo-Saxon and the Gaul of this time far outrank the American negro. The negro has nothing in common with Africa except the color of his skin and the kiuk in his hair; and the scheme of colonization, so far as it embraces the ten millions, more or less, of freedmen, is wholly absurd.

Ex-Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, in referring to the scheme, pronounces it wholly impracticable. He is an African by derivation. What he may think about it must have weight. He says the freedmen have made marvelous progress since their emancipation, not only in the art of taking care of themselves, but in education and wealth. They have actually accumulated more property than an equal number of poor whites since their liberation. They are American in feeling and in aspiration, knowing no other country and desiring to know no other. Mr. Bruce says that the freedmen have suffered some hardships at the hands of the rough element, but that the master class have in the main given their former slaves as good a chance as they were able to give. At first poverty was almost universal, pinching all alike. But in the main the recent slave was employed at wages and allowed to shape his life about as he pleased. And that the progress of the freedmen demonstrates his ability to profit by the influences and privileges of civilized life is not to be seriously denied. The negro has, in fact, since his liberation, made more progress than any white race ever made under disadvantages in the same space of time.

Of course the return of the Israelites to their native heath is the basis of the colonization scheme. But the cases are not analogous. The Israelites had experienced a species of nationalization before they were led away into captivity. The national impulse had not been destroyed, but only suppressed. The ancestors of the freedmen had never enjoyed national life, had no idea of nationality. The freedmen have grown into habits of national life during two hundred years, and their growth is mingled with our own. To deport is to denationalize them, not to restore them to a lost estate. Fond as some persons may be in fancying analogies between the Israelite of Egypt and the African in America, it is all in the air, and very thin air at that. The only analogy is that both were bondmen and bondwomen, which in this case is as if we should construct an analogy out of the swarthy color of the skin. There is no other.—*North American.*

Massachusetts can now lay claim to the distinction of having a king born within its domain. A child was born in the woods of Newton, who will be proclaimed King of all the Gypsies of the United States, Canada and South America. His mother, Tryphena, is the thirty-fourth queen of the Zut tribe of Romany Umchiels. His father has no royal blood in his veins, but he is an expert horseman. The young king is the fifth child, and his title comes from his mother, by reason of his being first son born of Queen Tryphena.

All men act alike when waiting for a train that is behind time. They begin with pacing up and down the platform and saying hard things against the railroad. A look of joy spreads over their features as they hear the whistle of an approaching locomotive, but when it turns out to be only a dummy engine coming from the other direction, the joyful expression turns to one of anger and disappointment. Then the depot men catch it. They begin with the night superintendent and proceed to worry everybody down to the railroad job—the gateman.

A. D. BOWLEY.

M. J. CURTIS.

CURTIS & BOWLEY,**Real Estate and Insurance Agents.**

Pacific States Savings, Loan, and Building Company.

1012 Fourth Street, bet. J and K, Sacramento.

REPRESENT THE

Assets.
Aetna Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn. \$10,000,000 00
Hartford Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn. 5,750,000 00
German-American Insurance Co. 5,000,000 00
Manhattan Life Ins. Co. of New York 11,729,400 00
Fidelity and Casualty Accident and
Plate Glass Insurance Co. of New York 774,550 20

KEEP YOUR EYE**On the Window.**

CHANGED DAILY DURING FAIR WEEK.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMANN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMANN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of V. CURRAN, an insolvent debtor.—V. Curran having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said V. Curran is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said V. Curran, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 18th day of September, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

A. P. CATLIN,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated August 13th, 1891.

JAMES B. DEVINE, Attorney for Petitioner. a15-5t

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to O. S. BOARDMAN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 22d day of July, 1891, in which action W. S. Hickey is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain judgment against you for the sum of One Thousand Four Hundred and Eighteen and 4/100 Dollars alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to the plaintiff for the balance of an account; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for \$1,418.15, and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 24th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHODES, Clerk.

By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. a8-2m

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to THEODORE J. KERLIN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 14th day of July, 1891, in which action, Nettie R. Kerlin is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To have the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the plaintiff dissolved; that the plaintiff be awarded the custody of the children, issue of said marriage, and for alimony, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 14th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHODES, Clerk.

By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.

ARMSTRONG & PLATNAUER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. jyl8-8t



OCCURS AT

SACRAMENTOSEPT. 7TH TO 19TH 1891

THE EVENT OF THE YEAR.

DON'T FAIL TO EXHIBIT.

WRITE THE SECRETARY

FOR INFORMATION.

FRED'K COX, PRESIDENT.

EDWIN F. SMITH, SECRETARY.

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh,
Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

A. L. HART,ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON,

HIRAM W. JOHNSON,
JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,
LAWYERS.

504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES,ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.**CHAS. N. POST,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.**R. M. CLARKEN,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.**MATT. F. JOHNSON,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.**W. A. ANDERSON,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 209 J Street.**JAMES B. DEVINE,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 604 J Street.**W. A. GETT, JR.,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.**CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fifth Street, between I and J.**C. W. BAKER,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.**S. SOLON HOLL,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.**A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,**LAWYERS,
Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.**GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1007 Second Street.**J. W. HUGHES,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.**MCKUNE & GEORGE,**ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J.**ROBT. T. DEVLIN,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J.**CHAS. H. OATMAN,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 418 J street, up-stairs.**L. S. TAYLOR,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, Seventh and J.**J. W. ARMSTRONG,**LAWYER,
Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.**GEORGE G. DAVIS,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 26 Postoffice Building.**PHILIP S. DRIVER,**LAWYER,
920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.**H. L. BUCKLEY,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.**E. C. HART (City Attorney),**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-
stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.**ISAAC JOSEPH,**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
N.W. corner Sixth and K.

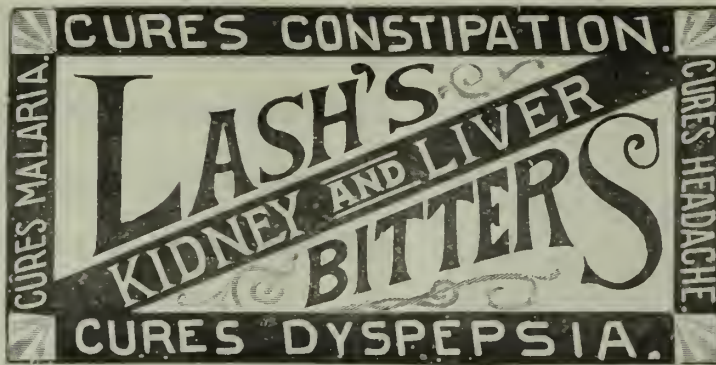
The Confederate Flag.

In the flag museum at Washington, in the War Department Building, may be seen the first flag raised over Charleston in 1861, literally the first banner of secession. It is a perfect caricature of a flag. It is made of bunting—once white, no doubt, but now dingy with time and dust—and upon it is sewed a poor representation of a palmetto tree; this has eight branches and no leaves, and looks more like a huge spider than anything else. On it are also sewed eleven red stars and a red moon just rising. This flag was used at Forts Sumter and Moultrie at the outbreak of the war. Just as the palmetto flag was used by the State of South Carolina when it seceded, the palmetto flag was used by Louisiana, and flags of other designs were used by other States. But the first Confederate flag legally established was adopted at Montgomery March 4, 1861. It had a red field, with a white stripe through the center, one-third the width of the flag, and the union was blue, extending down through the white space to the second red space, and in the center of it was a circle of seven white stars, indicating the number of States in the Confederacy. This was the famous "stars and bars." But it was too much like the United States flag, so that on the battle-field of Bull Run the one was frequently mistaken for the other. At the suggestion of General Beauregard, therefore, the "Southern Cross," or battle-flag, was adopted for field service, and used to the end of the war. This had a red field, with blue bars diagonally across it, in the form of a Greek cross, with seven stars in white or gold. The bars were separated from the red ground by a white fillet inserted. This flag for infantry service was made four feet square; for cavalry three feet, and for artillery two and a half feet square. It was never used for sea service, as it had no union, and could not be reversed as a signal of distress. The "stars and bars" was, therefore, used by the navy. Another flag was adopted by the Confederate Congress May 1, 1863. The length of this flag was twice its width, and it had a white field, with the battle-flag as its union. The first vessel to use this flag was the Atlanta, the Confederate ram, which left the port of Savannah in May, with the hope of winning laurels for the new standard. She was met, however, by the monitor Weehawken, June 17, and after an engagement of fifteen minutes she was so battered that her officers hauled down her flag, tore off a square of the white and displayed it as a flag of truce. This second flag was objected to because it was so much like the British standard, and also because it resembled a flag of truce. The latter objection was regarded as so valid that a broad strip of red was attached to the fly end of the flag. The third and last ensign of the short-lived Confederacy was adopted by the Confederate Congress Feb. 4, 1865. Its width was to be two-thirds of its length, and its union, for which the design of the battle flag was still used, was three-fifths the width of the flag. Its field was white except the outer half from the union, which was a red bar the width of the flag. Three months after the adoption of the ensign, its raison d'être perished in the utter overthrow of the confederate armies.

The Old Santa Fe Trail.

Thirty-five years after Columbus discovered this continent, Alva Nunez Cabeza de Vaca sailed from Spain and landed in Florida or in the region now called by that name. From there he made a wonderful overland journey to the City of Mexico. On that journey a part of the way he traversed a route which ever since has found great favor with travelers to New Mexico. Just think of it! There is a road 800 miles long, rising so imperceptibly for over six hundred miles of the distance as to seem absolutely level, and without a single bridge from end to end! What wonderful tales that road could tell—of the bearded followers of De Vaca; thin and worn by privation and the fatigue of their long journey through a wilderness until then pathless—of the after settlement of the neighborhood by the Spaniards—of the coming of the hardy American pioneer, traders, soldiers, settlers, and last, but most important of all, the railroad engineers. Many an exploit of soldiers, scout and Indian warrior has that ancient trail witnessed. Phil Kearny knew it well, for had he not fought over nearly its entire length? Kit Carson achieved much of his fame in its vicinity, and in the early fifties F. X. Aubrey, a young man, made a famous ride against time over the same route, from Santa Fe to Independence, Mo.

Rhode Island formerly consisted of two settlements, known respectively as Providence and Rhode Island, the governments of which were united by a patent obtained by Roger Williams in 1643, which remained in force until 1663, when a charter was obtained from Charles II incorporating the colony of Rhode Island and Providence plantations, which was the only constitution of government until 1842. In colonial times the assembly met alternately at Newport and Providence, and when the new constitution was adopted the two capitals were retained, the legislature holding its regular session in Newport, commencing in May, and a session by adjournment in Providence.



W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!



GALLERY,

No. 415 J Street,

Between Fourth and Fifth,

SACRAMENTO.

Finest Finished Cabinet Photographs, \$2.00 per Dozen.

All Other Work in Proportion, and Guaranteed First Class.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR SPECIMENS BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE.



W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

S. A. WOLFE,

Photographic Art Parlors

426½ J Street, Sacramento.

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON
CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

August 2, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6:30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:05 A
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8:10 P
12:50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4:20 A
4:30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7:00 P
7:00 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7:40 A
10:50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9:35 A
11:50 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	2:25 A
11:00 P	Central Atlantic Express	5:25 A
3:00 P	Oroville	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:35 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
2:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:25 A
4:35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12:30 A
6:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:05 A
5:40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10:40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8:10 P
*10:00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	*6:00 A
10:50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2:50 P
10:50 A	San Jose	2:50 P
4:30 P	Santa Barbara	9:35 A
6:50 A	Santa Rosa	11:05 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	8:10 P
8:50 A	Stockton and Galt	7:00 P
4:30 P	Stockton and Galt	9:35 A
11:50 A	Truckee and Reno	2:25 A
11:00 P	Truckee and Reno	5:25 A
6:30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2:30 P
6:50 A	Vallejo	8:10 P
3:05 P	Vallejo	8:10 P
*8:20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2:40 P
*12:15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10:20 A
*4:45 P	Folsom	*8:00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND HAS BEEN DECLARED BY THE
People's Savings Bank for the term ending June
30, 1891, at the rate of five and one-third (5½) per
cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per
cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes,
and payable on or after July 3, 1891.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento.

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER, WHEN FOR
a trifling amount expended in the purchase of
one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can
obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed
in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,
CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THE EMERSON

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1891.

No. 31.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

One day we have the telegraphic news that the British have seized Mitylene, the next day it is pronounced a hoax. Yesterday, it is announced, that war is the final resolve in Europe; to-day the wrinkled front is smoothed. So we show our advancement in journalistic enterprise by contradicting to-day what was assured yesterday. It has become proverbial that little or no reliance can be placed in our telegraphic news. The impulse of the sensational news gatherer governs the associated press items; fact and truth form no ingredient. The eager haste to get something to telegraph precludes the careful investigation or search for the true facts of the case. This desire for haste and sensation is not confined to the telegraphic news. It is rare indeed that newspaper reporters make the least endeavor to get at facts, but secure a slender thread of a subject, trusting to imagination and a large degree of exaggeration to create a small temporary sensation, which is very soon exposed by the true facts, but which often causes personal injury and suffering to the innocent. It is difficult to understand what evil propensity prompts the news reporter to repeat a thing that he is compelled to deny or retract within twenty-four hours. A few reckless words in this way, often bring untold sorrow upon whole families of innocent people. With regard to truthful journalism, we could take profitable lessons from the past.

Gertrude Atherton in the *Examiner*, has made some bold and truthful, as well as timely thrusts at the exclusiveness of alleged good society. When this doubtful class sets itself up as the judge of good manners and good breeding, and at mere rumor attempts to ostracize their fellows, it is time to apply the steel to their souls—if there is such a thing among them. Here is what the witty and accomplished writer says: "Some time ago a number of society women were invited by a woman of their own set to meet another about whom many stories, spiked with exclamation points, were in circulation. It would be almost impossible to verify any of these anecdotes, as all of them were supposed to have had their instigation on another continent; her life in this city has been extremely quiet, not to say stupid. But all the women, without a single exception, declined to go to the luncheon, making no secret of the reason. There are few social problems more interesting than this. Had all the women taking this uncompromising and damaging stand shown themselves spotless as lilies in the garden of the Lord the question would still arise: Had they any right to publicly declare a woman unfit for association on mere rumor, being well aware that they would require the services of a detective to verify the cause of disapproval? When, on the other hand, it is taken into consideration that more than one of the women declining had reputations that would not bear the scrutiny of a lorgnette the question becomes complex indeed. Each of these women knew as well as I can tell her here that her peccadilloes are ignored on account of her wealth; that if the cast-away were gilded she would be received did her pores exude ink. So far, so good. If the line must be drawn, let it be drawn at wealth or want of it, by all means. Rich people are useful, at least; they have

floors for less favored to dance on, and they furnish grub for sycophants to eat and criticise. They are material for the striking fraternity to hang their screeds on, and they elevate art by purchasing any picture that is sufficiently high in price. So, by all means, let us have a statue of virtue molded of virgin gold, naked though it may be."

We must think well of ourselves, else no one will think well of us. Self-pride is the chief attribute of intellect, and is the heritage of humanity. We do not mean that variety which is given to some personal attainment and which its possessor flaunts as a distinction over his fellows. Not the variety of dress or personal beauty. It is natural for one gifted with intellect and rare accomplishments to feel a just pride therein, but it is not an evidence of the individual good sense and judgment to speak of these himself. It is for others to discover and mention. We know of persons who are endowed by nature with the brightest minds, who detract from their merits by a constant reminder on all possible occasions of their accomplishments. Such vanity is worldly, and the otherwise good effects are lost by their boastful acts; this, then, becomes vulgarity. Self-love should be tempered so that, with the truly accomplished, it may become the admiration of others. When the actor creates a sensation by his brilliancy, the praise must come from others, and self-adulation ignored. The author or writer who adds to the literature of the world must permit the readers to herald that fact, without inflation from his acts. We must all have sufficient self-pride to hold faith in ourselves. That element which amounts to a petty sordid vanity, or vain glory, cannot stand for the genuine article. There is a wide difference between egotism and vanity. The egotism of some is often mistaken by the uninformed for ability. One of the dangers to the administration of our government—national, state, and municipal—arise from the intense egotism of wealthy bores and ignorant persons who have managed to secure that greatest of all evils, "the pull. Patient and silent merit is forced to yield to these influences in many of the important positions of government—administrative, legislative, and judicial. A little more vanity and push in the truly meritorious, would check-make this influence and give us better officers of government in the departments above mentioned. An ignorant person who may have attained positions or wealth is generally of the petty vain class, and causes the masses to decry proper self-love and vanity. Junius Henri Browne, in the *North American Review*, gives a beautiful offering to true vanity, from which we cull the following: "What an incentive to conduct, distinction, celebrity it is! It often supplies the place of moral principle. It restrains the vicious, refines the coarse, supports the weak, disarms the malignant. By it the ignorant are made learned, the mean generous, the timid brave. All ambition, even the most laudable, is largely composed of vanity; for it yearns for the applause of the multitude. Where would have been our great names but for its urgency? History would not have been written; there would have been neither authors to write nor heroes to commemorate. We are all actors on the stage of the world, though the great mass of us are mere supernumeraries. But even these, though they may never have a speaking-part, may never utter a word, look forward to the time when they shall draw crowds as *Hamlet*, when the alert critics shall fill columns in discussing their *Othello*. This is vanity whispering in their ear and conjuring

dreams that will never greet the dawn. But the fancy is a comfort and will sustain them through many a weary day and toilsome night. No matter if it be but vapor. It is as substance while it lasts, and it may last as long as they. Dreams and vapors are often the best part of existence; for though they deceive, they may continue while deception is needed, and may instill a modicum of content. The actors who rise, who play grand personages with loud acclaim, who realize their visions, are haunted by vanity also. But we cease to hear of this after their ascent. It is constantly put forward, and frequently thought, that those who have attained greatness are without vanity. The name is then changed to self-knowledge, self-appreciation, self-esteem; but it is vanity, nevertheless. The public seem determined to regard vanity as something small, belonging to small natures. But it may be big, even majestic; it animates heroes as well as underlings. The great have no need to show their vanity—performance has rendered its showing superfluous—and hence it is presumed to be unborn. While we are actors on the stage of the world, were it not for the footlights, the scenery, the costumes, the audience particularly—all emblematic of the machinery of self-love—the drama would be a lost art."

Political excitement runs high in the Empire, Buckeye, and Bay States. The great contending partisan armies are drawn up in battle array. It may be conceded by our friends, the enemy, that McKinley and protection will carry the Buckeye State. Should the champion of protection sweep the State of Ohio by a very large majority, it might have an effect on the status of candidates for the presidency. New York is the scene of a wonderful contest. Fassett and Flower are the respective leaders, and the contest promises to be lively. Some of the leaders of the Democratic party are in open rebellion against the party nominees, particularly is this the case with Lieutenant-Governor Jones, who proclaims decidedly against Flower, and the methods resorted to in securing his nomination. The old Bay State can be counted as a certainty for the Republican cause. In all the Republican conventions thus far, there has been a marked disposition in favor of James G. Blaine. No man seems to have such a hold on the American people as this matchless statesman.

An election of importance will transpire in this city in December. There will then be elected a School Superintendent and one half of the members of the Board of Education. The rule has been that but little attention has been paid to this annual election, and the votes cast have always been very small—so small as to indicate an almost unpardonable apathy on the part of the people. It is of surprise that the selections that have been made have been so good, particularly in view of the fact that candidates are nominated by political committees, and that as a rule two committeemen absolutely name the candidate from one of the four wards. We direct attention to this election not with an intention to reflect upon the present conduct of the school department; to do so would be unjust, for we appreciate, as doubtless do the people, that the present Board of Education is composed of gentlemen who are able and conscientious, and we are not aware that at any time in the past the management of the school department has been more satisfactory. The Superintendent, Albert Hart, has given his entire time to the performance of the duties of his office, and he should be renominated. There will be no question but that

the people will elect him. So far as directors are concerned we suggest that the political committees act with the very best of judgment, and particularly do we hope that the Republican Committee will not repeat the blunders that have been made in instances in the past. That body, if it acts judiciously, can name a ticket that will be successful. We have always favored the nomination of candidates for school offices by a large convention; and truly it would be better if at the elections votes would be received only from the parents, and that mothers should be permitted to express their preference as to who will have the general control of the education of our youth. The tendency of American legislation of late years has been to recognize in large degree women as a potential factor in educational matters. She is permitted to hold the office of School Superintendent. We are not aware that any instance has occurred where a woman has filled an important educational station, as that of superintendent of county schools, or as principal of a large school, there has been a failure. It would seem that at educational elections a most excellent judgment would be exercised by mothers; it might be said it would be a selfish judgment, for they of all others are concerned in the promotion of their children. However, the best must be made of the circumstances that do exist, and let the men act with that discretion that they would expect were the matter determined by the weaker sex.

The great State exposition will close to-night. The racing programme for this afternoon is the finest yet presented. It is probable that the closing scenes will be most attractive and interesting, both at the pavilion and the park. We feel justified in saying that the fair has been a success. There are, however, some lessons to be learned by the experience of the past two weeks. It is evident that there are too many small district fairs in the State. These do not materially benefit localities, as is the intention, and the fact is now demonstrated that they have a tendency to detract from the State exhibition. A wise reform could be inaugurated by the next Legislature, in departing from the custom of making appropriations for these district fairs. It is due the State, as a matter of State pride, that there should be an exhaustive display of the products and industries of the entire State. Under the present system of district fairs this object cannot be attained to its fullest extent. By the time the citizen has contributed to the patronage of a dozen or more district exhibitions, his time as well as his purse is exhausted before the State fair is reached. This is a matter that should address itself to the people of the respective districts. A just, a due amount of local pride is always commendable, but when it is apparent that no real benefit can accrue, the proper thing to do is, to all join hands and make the one great State exposition a success.

How prone is the daring mind to assert its individual rights! how seldom does it recur to its personal duties!—as if the more abstract power implied the necessity, admitted the fitness, gave permission, or, in fact, brought apology for deviation of any kind. Since to every individual right there is morally annexed a relative duty: if the wife or daughter of a prosperous man may have the right of subsistence from his income, or through his exertions, there is equally due the returns of attention, assistance and obedience. Even as political protection claims allegiance, support implies dependence, and benefits call for every possible remuneration. Mary Wolstoncroft, by her pernicious precepts, and still more pernicious practice, in proclaiming "the rights of woman," involved the sex in more real wrongs, and was the occasion of greater restraints upon their intellectual character, than the whole host of masculine revilers could accomplish; since if those who are most capable of comprehending the perfection of moral beauty turn aside, in preference, to the deformity of vice; if the clear light of knowledge prove to the female vision a mere *ignus fatuus*, leading on and plunging down to deep depravity and hopeless perdition, it would be better, infinitely better, to remain amid the darkness of folly or in the vacuity of ignorance. Yet if one presumptuous woman possessed of mind, and cultivating its attainments, has vainly rejected the good in weak preference of evil, not only by personal error, but by profligate opinion, wandering from the straight path, with endeavors to

seduce the innocent and mislead the unwary, let her remain the landmark and not the model of her kind; while the correct and capable translator of Epictetus, the pious and enlightened Barbauld, the instructing and delighting Edgeworth; the profound, the eloquent, the admired Lucy Aikin, with the many and nearly innumerable female writers, whose genius, virtues and feminine graces, having improved and embellished the sex and the species, still remain, exemplars worthy of applause and meriting imitation. Let these, and such as these, be seen effectually convincing, and eventually converting, the disclaimer and the skeptic; by their own incontrovertible evidence be it admitted that cultivated talents and literary endowment may, in meliorating the condition of the individual, instruct the mind, improve the heart and protect the morals, even of the least powerful portion of the human family.

Mary Wolstoncroft, affecting to appear a hot-headed republican, resorted to revolutionary France, and in the levity of her restless and unsubdued spirit, among jacobin compatriots, learned to distort and to distract, like those architects of ruin, was ambitious to overthrow and destroy; but how did the daring experiment end? Even by a life of menial extravagance and counteracted passions, an attempted suicide, and a disastrous fate. In fine, misery, ignominy and destitution. In throwing aside the regulations, and disdaining the consolations of Christianity, the morals and the destiny of this woman would have dishonored the principles and disgraced the profession of a pagan. Most surely, neither the physical, the mental, nor the moral constitution of woman admit of her leading armies or directing navies. To hold the helm of command either upon the ocean or the soil, she cannot acquire the hardy nerve of the surgeon, nor the bold voice of the public orator; debate does not become her, and her authority is never to be maintained by coercion. Yet her station is high and important; her influence and her duties lasting and mighty; the enchantment of beauty, the delight of kind and healing conciliations, the world of literature, the fine arts, the eloquent superiority of conversation, with the homage of admiration, respect and attachment, are supremely her own. Also, the first ideas of filial infancy, the early impressions of maturing youth, and the late consolations of departing age are her peculiar attributes.

What is man, deprived of honorable, affectionate woman? A brutal sensualist, or a gloomy misanthrope, whom individuals do not respect, and the best portion of society derides and deserts. Neither has it been thought that political opinion, the sciences, nor any of those themes that interest the feelings and occupy the understanding of her companion man, are so far out of her department as to be regarded by woman with indifference, provided violence and supercilious demeanor be not permitted to carry their disgrace to her person. When high endowments and decided talents are united with mild manners and modesty of deportment, they will please in either sex; and for woman, when the despotic reign of beauty has faded away, the influence of such talents, and such manners, will remain powerful and attractive, ever honored and always admired. If the coarse conduct, plain person, and neglectful habits of some literary women, are decidedly repulsive, those defects, and not the additional accomplishment of understanding, are the cause of that repulsion; for the mind of woman is degraded only when, forfeiting her real rank and forgetting its influence, she endeavors or affects to steal upon the bold occupations, the active professions, the exclusive dictatorship of man.

To conclude: The high station which woman sustains in the Christian world, is surely due to the benign influence of the Christian religion. What is woman in Barbarian, Pagan, and Mahomedan countries? What was she in the polished region of enchanting Greece, or in the glorious empire of triumphant Rome? With the exception of ten or twelve solitary instances, a slave or a victim. Amid the civilized blessings of Christianity she is the companion, the confidant, the adviser and the consoler of man—the guide and guardian of his happiness, the comforter of his affliction, upon whose attractions his eye dwells and his hope rests, from the first dawn of awakened reason to the last shade of declining memory. And from that ever sacred source we

are taught that the true rights and the real happiness of woman are to be protected and enlarged only by her conforming to its divine precepts of forbearance and reliance, remembering and regarding the reasonable limitation of her power as the honorable extent of her duties.

Yema, Buddhist God of Hell.

Most Buddhist temples in Corea, China and Japan are filled up with a representation of hell according to Oriental ideas; especially is this true of the temples and pagodas known as the "Abode of the Five Hundred Gods." To make this hellish idea more real it is always placed at the end of a long, dark hall, dimly lighted, the uncertain flicker of the lamps giving Yema, the god of hell, whose black image towers above the supposed horrors in the attitude of one whose sway is absolute, the most horrid aspect imaginable. Yema sits upon a massive throne, with his pencil in hand, ready to write out the sentence of the condemned. His grim visage is of the sablest of sable hues; his eyes are as large as saucers, their color being mainly red and white, their hideous, stony stare not detracting in the least from the dreadful picture, even though you struggle to convince yourself that the whole scene is fanciful and ideal. But, as if general dreariness of surroundings were not enough to cause the Buddhist devotee to realize the terrors of this ideal hell, Yema's features are horribly distorted and malformed. His monster eyes of red and white are three in number, his nails are long and fiend-like, he has hoofs, horns and hair, and is in many other particulars like the Christian devil, with the exception of a spiked tail. On either side of this god of hell sits two figures supposed to keep records of the misdeeds of men, and in front, sits the executioner, ready to cast the condemned into perdition. Hell itself, according to the Buddhists, is even more terrible than Christian nations suppose it to be. First, the wicked are beaten into a jelly; secondly, they are dragged limb from limb, chopped to pieces, pounded in a mortar, nails, tongue and eyes gouged out and the body sawn or planed into various shapes. In the third stage they are supposed to be beaten like animals in a pen; the fourth is the stage of great weeping, and the fifth that of "sorrowful lamentation." In the sixth stage the body is partly roasted. In the seventh the unfortunate victim of Yema is forced to walk for ages over hills covered with long needles. At the end of the long and painful march the candidate for hell is thrown into the bottomless pit of perdition.

Immortality of Sin.

Immortality in the thoughts of the world is indeed surest won by crime. It is the sins of the men and women about us, and not their virtues, which interest us. If the whole truth were told the world is too often sadly bored by the virtues of its neighbors. It is often said, in one of those jests which is the shame faced truth, that "good people are tiresome!" This morbid taste, which can in a measure be explained by the fact that virtue is so often passive and vice so seldom, was never so pitifully prominent as it is at present; never did the vicious effect of this incurable error have a more prevalent example than it has to day. Though the evil deeds of old have lived in more heroic wrongs than were ever inspired by ancient virtue, it must also be said in justice that with the tales have come down to us the violent wrath and the quick revenges with which they were met by their contemporaries. There is no legend to claim that curiosity even in those days overcame decency. Though the treason of Tarpeia has been sung in verse, neither her beauty nor her youth softened the contempt of those who profited by her sin; and when the Sextus came back to Rome in the train of the Clusium warrior who proposed to reinstate him in the power his sin had lost, the populace spat upon the splendid Tarquin, and with hisses pointed the way back to Rome. It was with contempt the Tarquin was viewed by the people, though he was born in purple in the days when the people were humble in the presence of rank, but in days, too, when men were men, however humble, and sins aroused indignation and not curiosity. This would be just if they were remembered with aversion, but they're not. The Tarquin has had his apologists, as the Cenci her detractors; and after resting under centuries of evil fame, it has been asserted that the Borgias were heroes and virtuous—sufferers, not sinners. Yet all these criminals exert a fascination, such as the first great sinner has. They do not offend posterity, they divert it.—*Boston Home Journal*.

One of Ingersoll's Gems.

One of Ingersoll's brightest sentences is the following tribute to womanhood: "I tell you, as a rule, women are more faithful than men—ten times more faithful than men. I never saw a man pursue his wife into a very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore, where she had been morally wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back her corpse to his arms; but I have seen women with their white arms lift men from the mire of degradation and hold him to her bosom as though he was an angel."

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Gold has already begun to return from Europe. Patti will arrive later; hence she will come after it, as it were.

The French author, Auguste Vitu, who died lately in Paris, was for twenty years dramatic editor of the *Paris Figaro*.

Manager (to a man leaving the theater)—But, sir, there are two acts to come yet. "I know. That's why I am going."

A woman of extraordinary beauty is said to be Mlle. Teleky, a Hungarian singer, who has appeared in Covent Garden in *Traviata*.

Mr. Francis Wilson, the actor, will publish early in October a volume of verse by Eugene and Roswell M. Field. The edition will be limited to 100 copies. The title of the book will be, "Echoes from the Sabine Farm; being Certain Horatian Lyrics Discreetly Done Into English Verse by Eugene and Roswell M. Field, with many little picturings by W. H. Garrett. Published in This Seemly Wise by Francis Wilson, New-Rochelle, 1891." These volumes will be printed upon Japan vellum, will be rubricated throughout and embellished with original vignettes and tail-pieces.

The galleries; ah, yes, thank God for these!

Here you have rest the world may never know;
You feel the jeweled splendor down below,
The scent of flowers upon the silken breeze;
But fashion rules not in the galleries!
Soft, through a stained but broken window pane
Come prayers of fluttering leaves, chorus of rain,
With swallows' twitter and the chant of bees.
Blest be the inspired architect—the seer
Who dreamed a holy dream for poverty,
Whose waking thought wrought out the balcony!
He felt the upward step was sweet and broad;
He saw the light above was true and clear,
And knew the gallery was nearer God!

"Momus and matrimony," wrote a cynical philosopher, "are as irreconcilable as anarchy and capital." However that may be, Mrs. Kendal, when here last year, advised actresses not to marry outside of their profession. Thus there seems to be a fixed opinion in certain circles that marriage between ladies of the stage and ordinary mortals of the every-day, outside world should not be encouraged. Such marriages, say skeptics, rarely end well. Actresses, even when retired and amid the domestic surroundings of home, long for the glare of the footlights, the dazzle of the stage costume and the sound of tumultuous applause. The fact remains, however, that certain footlight favorites have married men in other than theatrical walks of life, and, as the story books say, have lived happily for ever afterwards.

A colonial bishop, when an Oxford undergraduate, remarked that after reading Shakspeare he almost invariably sat up the following night to write a drama. A similar infatuation has in thousands of instances led to waste of time and wrecking of valuable talent, without arriving at Schiller's conviction that "he wrote plays before he knew men," or without any knowledge of play-writing for the stage, or of theatrical managers, on the part of writers. A veteran of over fifty years' standing in connection with London theaters, who has written seventy odd plays and had fifty printed and acted, states, in the broad manner peculiar to his vocation, that the manuscripts of unacted plays which have passed through his hands, piled upon each other, would exceed the height of the Monument. The supply of new plays from the three to five hundred playwrights in London alone is, at this same rapid rate of production, going on daily; while it may be fairly calculated that not one in a hundred is read, and many are lost.

Book Chat.

Jules Verne completes two volumes every twelve months, and is one of the European writers whose income will be quadrupled by the passing of the American law of copyright.

An American perpetrated the following joke on a London bookseller, which fell flat at the time: Going into a bookstore, the American asked for "Hare's Walks in London." The clerk handed him the book, which happened to be broken into two volumes. Accustomed to seeing it in one volume, our countryman remarked, facetiously: "Oh, you part your Hare in the middle over here; we don't!" The clerk looked perplexed, but made no reply, nor did his countenance illuminate at the jest. A week later, however, when our American went into the shop he saw that the clerk's face was pervaded with smiles as he came to attend to his order, and he assured him in every possible manner that he had discovered the point of the joke.

The Carnegie Free Library in Allegheny, Pa., has become the fortunate possessor of a copy of Audubon's "Birds of America," the gift of Mrs. William J. Alex-

ander, of Monongahela. The work is one of considerable rarity and of great value, copies of the original edition of 1844 selling at from \$2,500 to \$4,000. Some of the plates are nearly three feet square and contain life-size paintings of the largest birds. It is not generally known that the great naturalist's daughters live in the old homestead near Audubon Park, overlooking the Hudson. They were once possessed of considerable wealth, but it was lost through unfortunate investments, and they are now in somewhat straitened circumstances. Some of the big, handsome plates from which Audubon's monumental work was printed are preserved in the Museum of Natural History in Central Park.

The world has lost its taste for elaborate studies of character, in which strict methods of psychological analysis were applied with the rigor of science, to the exclusion of the imagination and the starvation of incident. If character were less conventionally monotonous, or if life were less flatly unpicturesque, the subject might yet have triumphed over its treatment and the matter have pardoned the method. Self-consciousness may prefer the looking glass to a picture, but it has its limits, which are passed when once self-satisfaction is wounded in its one vulnerable point. A generation of Narcissuses might contemplate their own images in the pool with so self-complacent an admiration that they "die of their own sweet loveliness." But the mirror which novelists hold up to view at the end of this present century gives back a soured, cynical, anxious, discontented face, from which the enthusiasm, faith and hope of youth seem to have entirely fled. The features are no longer pleasing to contemplate. The world wishes to look elsewhere; it breaks the mirror and turns to the picture.—*Edinburg Review*.

Extraordinary as it may seem, there are actually writers of standing, of success, and even occasionally of talent, who believe in cliques of cruel and ruthless enemies. To many authors, every man who does not praise them, because he does not happen to care for their performances, is a personal foe, animated by some bitter motive. If these unlucky, credulous authors would ask themselves why So-and-so should hate them they might begin to see their own fallacy. Probably the critic and author seldom meet, have never had any cause of quarrel; yet, because Brown does not care for Jones's poems or novels, Jones avers that Brown is his private foe. Unluckily, it is true that some men and some reviewers hate all success of every sort. It seems odd that they should do so, as they have no right to be jealous. They must know that success is so utterly out of their own reach that they might as well detest the queen for owning the unlucky Koh-i-noor as hate Jones for writing a popular book. However, this viperous kind of human being exists. It was said of Samuel Rogers that he was jealous of the triumph of a pretty girl, to which, of course, he could never have aspired. There are also press-men of this temper. But the author who believes in hostile cliques holds that every mortal who cannot praise him belongs to a clique banded for his ruin.—*Andrew Lang*.

Professional Chat.

That's a great discovery of Dr. Sleich, in Berlin, that water can be used as an anæsthetic; but for the general purposes of voluntary paralysis beer will hold its own in the German capital and elsewhere.

A Church of England clergyman was recently asked why he engaged in outside work. "To increase my starving," was the odd reply, which he explained by saying that he called an income of £95 a year a "starving" rather than a "living."

A clergyman was asked to solve the following puzzle: If all the children that King Herod killed were buried in such a manner that only their arms from the elbow to the tips of their fingers were visible above the ground, how could you distinguish the arms of the boys from those of the girls? The reverend gentleman worked at it faithfully, but was obliged to give it up. "For shame, doctor," cried the interrogator. "The idea that you should forget that the children that Herod killed were all boys."

"Diseases become fashionable just like styles of dresses," says a physician. Look, for instance, at the remarkable run that malaria has made. About two dozen distinct ailments, not one of which is due to bad air (malaria), now go by that name. Even the physicians humor many of their patients by using the word when they know that something else is the matter. Then take heart failure. A few years ago there was no such thing as heart failure. There is no such thing now outside the newspapers. Or rather, to speak more accurately, every death is due to heart failure; that is, to the inability of the heart to work any longer.

Chicago's favorite pulpit orator, Dr. Gunsaulus, has just returned from a trip to England and has been giving a reporter his impressions thereof. He heard Glad-

stone speak, and was impressed with his lofty and impassioned eloquence. Then he heard the Grand Old Man read the lessons of the day when his son preached at Hawarden church. According to Dr. Gunsaulus, Salisbury is the British nation's favorite statesman. He is a typical John Bull, and has a way of constantly flattering the public. Like Sir Robert Peel, he knows the value of being able to state on Monday night what the British people will be sure to think on Tuesday morning.

Ex-Gov. Furnas, of Omaha, tells a story on Judge Broady which, coming from anyone else, might demand some corroborative evidence. Gov. Furnas's story is, that on one occasion Judge Broady left his office and on the outer door posted a card with the words: "Back again in ten minutes. Take a seat and wait." "At the foot of the stairs," says Gov. Furnas, "Judge Broady happened to remember that he had forgotten something. Slowly he climbed the steps and once more he became submerged in his own thoughts. At the door of his own office he paused and read the card on the door. Then the judge deliberately sat down and waited for himself to come back."

An eminent Lord Chief Justice who was trying a right of way case had before him a witness, an old farmer, who was proceeding to tell the jury that he had "known the path for sixty year, and my fether told I as he heered my grandfether say—" "Stop!" said the judge. "We can't have any hearsay evidence here?" "Not?" exclaimed farmer Giles. "Then how dost know who thy feyther was 'cept by hearsay?" After the laughter had subsided the judge said: "In courts of law we can only be guided with what you have seen with your eyes, and nothing more nor less." "Oh, that be blowed for a tale!" replied the farmer. "I ha' got a bile on the back of my neck, and I never seed 'un, but I be prepared to swear that he's there, dang 'un!" This second triumph on the part of the witness let in a torrent of hearsay evidence about the footpath which obtained weight with the jury, albeit the judge told them it was not testimony of any value, and the farmer's party won.

Red Haired Girls and White Horses.

The popular jest about the necessary contiguity of red headed girls and white horses is by no means modern, though in its recent revival it has swept over the country as a novelty. Some of us remember that our grandfathers used jocularly to assert it to the wondering ears of youth as a well settled fact. In all likelihood the saying took its origin in the old English game called sometimes the "game of the road," but more often "ups and downs," which is still a favorite among the children and traveling salesmen in Great Britain. One party takes the "up" side of the street or road, and the other the "down," counting one for every ordinary object, and five for a white horse (a piebald counting as white), until a certain number agreed upon carries off the victory, but a red headed woman or a donkey wins the game at once. Another explanation refers the phrase to a North of Ireland superstition that the sight of a red headed girl brings ill luck to the beholder unless he retrace his steps to the starting point; but if he sees a white horse at any point on his backward progress the spell is ipso facto averted. In the midland counties of England on the other hand, it is ill luck to meet a white horse without spitting at it. In Wexford an odd cure for whooping cough is suggested by current superstition. The patient trudges along the road until he meets a piebald horse, and shouts out to the rider, "Hello, man on the piebald horse, what is good for the whooping cough?" and no matter how absurd the remedy suggested he will certainly be cured. In Scotland to dream of a white horse foretells the coming of a letter. The prejudice against red hair is as widespread and deep rooted as it is unaccountable. Tradition assigns reddish hair to both Absalom and Judas. Thus Rosalind (complaining of her husband's tardiness) pettishly exclaims: "His own hair is of dissembling color!" and is answered by Celia: "Somewhat browner than Judas." Marston, also, in his "Insatiate Countess," says: "I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a Judas; here am I bought and sold." Leonardo de Vinci, it may be noted in passing, paints Judas with black hair in fresco, "The Last Judgment."—*Notes and Queries*.

The horse is involved in the most ancient superstitions of the people of Arabia. They believe him to be endowed with a nature superior, not in degree only, but in kind, to that of all other animals, and to have been framed by the Almighty with a special regard to the convenience of man. One of the oldest proverbs tells them that the horse is the most eminent of dumb brutes, and that the most meritorious of domestic actions is that of feeding him. Mohamet himself inculcated a lesson of kindness to the horse when he said: "As many grains of barley as are contained in the food we give a horse, so many indulgences do we daily gain by giving it." The belief is widespread in the East that all pure Arabian horses are descended from Mohamet's five favorite mares, upon one of which the prophet fled from Mecca to Medina.

NOTES.

This is a great country. It can feed the whole world and still give its own meat three times a day and bread and butter between meals.

There are 1,000 women to every 949 men in England. Yet the Englishmen will insist on marrying American girls, and so continuing the disproportion.

There are some people who are so set in their ideas—if they can be called ideas—that unless you are constantly praising them you are denounced as their personal enemy. Even the charity of silence is not accepted with gratitude; it must be praise or open war.

Congressman McKenna has waited upon President Harrison in behalf of Judge W. C. Van Fleet for the United States District Judgeship, and Hon. W. W. Morrow for Circuit Judge. It is a certainty that both gentlemen will be appointed for the respective judgeships.

The modest little Scotch girl who astounded the sixteen hundred male students at the University of London by carrying off the honors of entrance is named Charlotte Higgins. It was her widowed mother gave her the education needed to encompass her brilliant ambition. Miss Higgins is twenty years old, but does not look it.

Judge Pruden, of Ohio, who has been making an extended tour of Alaska, says that he thinks the natives of that land are of Chinese or Japanese rather than of Indian descent. They have many of the pronounced mental characteristics of the Mongolian race, while they bear absolutely no resemblance to the typical Western Indian.

It is a serious matter in Armenia should a maiden attain her seventeenth year with no prospect of marriage, for so surely as the festival of St. Sergius comes round she is obliged to fast three days and then eat salted fish, without the right to quench her thirst unless some kind swain be found who will promise to take her and be her "master."

The free schools of England must be made like our own—not only free to scholars, but free from any kind of sectarian control. And the Church of England will be wise in its generation if it recognizes that fact and yields to it gracefully. If not, sooner or later it must yield under compulsion, and its resistance may only hasten its own disestablishment.

When some men are, by the grace of the Police Commissioners, permitted to wear a star they think their authority is unlimited and that they can remove tenants without further process, break open houses at their mere pleasure, arrest men and throw them in prison at mere caprice. Some day there will be a funeral of an officer, and then, perhaps, they will take heed of the rights of citizens.

The Chinese have no straight streets or walls. The reason for this peculiarity is that they believe that the devil always travels in a straight line. This theory is not consistent with his plutonic majesty's general character—he is always pictured as rather a crooked fellow, and his work is anything but straight. The devil often goes on the byways to secure his victims, over amid the labyrinth of the churches and cathedrals.

We have been taught that the world is a pretty good place to live in; that it is not the intention of the Being who made it that we shall have rheumatism and gout, malaria and typhoid, but that we shall live long and be happy; that the laws which govern us are so arranged that if our lives are in accord with them we remain strong and healthy, but if we disregard them we suffer severe consequences for which we alone are to blame; that when a man has the seeds of consumption or of any other disease, either he or his ancestors have broken in on the law of nature.

We have a strong suspicion that two-thirds of the reported robberies are pure fictions. The pretended victims either get drunk and lose their money while in this condition or make vigorous attacks on the tiger in his lair and get worsted. Not wishing to give the true facts, invent the robbery stories for the purpose of clearing themselves to their families or friends. There is no doubt that pickpockets and petty thieves abound during fair time, but the bold reckless robberies reported are not in accord with reason or common sense. Sneak thieves and petty burglars are plentiful, and have perpetrated a number of thefts.

Why do women get married after remaining single till they have passed their forty-fifth birthday? If it be true, as Cicero said, that men in advanced life should forswear love as they would a savage and fatal monster, it is even more certain that the attempt to gather roses amid the chills of autumn must end in disappointment for women. Alas! the leaves of those belated blossoms

fall at a touch, though they look never so fair and full of sweetness before they be grasped. Married life, with its give and take, its bear and forbear, its daily self-restraint and mutual consideration, is a state to which one needs to be broken in early.

From the late census returns on church statistics we learn the following concerning the Roman Catholic Church in America: The Roman Catholic was the first Christian worship established in the territory now constituting the United States. As early as 1512, only twenty years after the discovery of America by Columbus, Spanish priests began a mission tour in Florida and the Mississippi valley. In the same century the native tribes of the Rio Grande, in the territory now known as New Mexico, were converted by Spanish priests from Mexico. The Catholic population in the archdiocese of Santa Fe is therefore said to be the oldest body of Catholics in the United States. French priests established a mission on Mount Desert island, off the coast of Maine, in 1612, and there were other beginnings in different parts of the country. The first Catholic see erected was that of Baltimore, which dates from 1789. In 1808 it was constituted an archdiocese. There are now thirteen provinces, the metropolitan sees being those of Baltimore, Oregon, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, New York, San Francisco, Santa Fe, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, Boston, Chicago and St. Paul, which were created in the order named. Connected with these provinces are 66 dioceses, 5 vicariates apostolic and 11 prefecture apostolic.

Steam Printing.

It is remarkable that the steam engine was not called to the aid of the printing press sooner than it was; but it had long been used in many of the industrial arts before it became the handmaid to "the art preservative of all arts." The first printing by steam was on the issue of the London *Times* for November 29, 1814. The improved hand presses of that day could only strike off from two to three hundred impressions an hour, with one man to ink the types and another to work the press. At that rate a very large edition of a daily paper was simply impossible, for one day's work could not be completed before the next day's must begin. The *Times* then printed from three to four thousand copies daily, and Mr. John Walter, the proprietor (the second of that name), began as early as 1804 to consider whether the work might not be expedited in some way. In that year, Thomas Martyn, a compositor in the *Times* office, got up a model of a self-acting machine for working the press, and Walter furnished the money for the continuance of his experiments. As usual in the early history of labor saving machinery, this attempt met with bitter opposition from the workmen, who supposed their craft was in danger. Martyn was in fear of his life because of the threats of the pressmen, and partly on that account, and partly because Walter had small capital at the time, the scheme was given up. As soon, however, as König's printing machine was invented, in 1813, Walter consented that it should be tried on the *Times*; but for fear of the workmen the experiment was made, not in the regular printing office of the paper, but in an adjoining building. Here, König and his assistant, Bauer, worked secretly for several months, testing and perfecting the machine. On the 29th of November everything was ready for actual work on the paper, and the result is thus told in a biographical sketch of Mr. Walter, which appeared in the *Times* in July, 1847:

"The night on which the curious machine was first brought into use in its new abode was one of great anxiety and even alarm. The suspicious pressmen had threatened destruction to any one whose inventions might suspend their employment, 'destruction to him and traps.' They were directed to wait for expected news from the Continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning when Mr. Walter went into the press-room and astonished the occupants by telling them that the *Times* was already printed by steam; that if they attempted violence there was a force ready to suppress it; but if they were peaceable their wages should be continued to every one of them until similar employment could be procured. The promise was no doubt faithfully performed; and having so said he distributed several copies among them. Thus was this most hazardous enterprise undertaken and successfully carried through, and printing by steam, on a gigantic scale, given to the world."

A profound and inextinguishable melancholy afflicts the funny man. Some attribute to the remorse at the fossil and fraudulent jokes he occasionally foists on a confiding public; others are of opinion that he thinks his true sphere tragedy, and revolts at being a mere literary clown. But neither supposition is correct. The funny man is a man of infinite compassion. He sorrows for those who are compelled to read his productions. He rises up with a pun and comes down with a pang. He sledge-hammers together a witticism, and when it is laughed at goes off into a corner and gives himself up to grief. Philanthropy, not facetiousness, is the funny man's strong point.—*World*.

Animals Domesticated.

These have been extremely few. It is a very long time since the horse walked on five toes through the spongy soil of rain-soaked primitive earth. The change from five toes to one toe, that the horse now walks on, has necessarily taken place since not only hard, dry ground constituted wide regions, but became fixed as the permanent condition of the animal's existence. With the change from five toes to one on the fore feet, and from three to one on the hind feet, the instinct of the horse has also changed. Now he prefers open fields and wide plains, if possible, where at once his sight and swiftness may be available. It must have been at some period previous to the complete change that the horse first became the companion of man. At no time within the reach of history has the horse been any other, in form or habits, than he is now. Solomon's horses were famous for beauty and swiftness. The Arab horse seems to be as ancient as the Arabs themselves. There is no indication whatever that civilized man has made the addition of this splendid animal to domestic life. In fact, every analogy would sustain the principle that it was wild man, who lived among other creatures almost as one of themselves, and of whom other animals had not acquired any fear, who became so much the companion of four-footed creatures as to be able to identify them with himself. As men have progressed they have moved further away from wild creatures and have exhibited less capacity to associate with them as friends. The camel has been in captivity since long before the dawn of history. No wild individual of these species has ever been heard of. Yet the camel must have been wild at one time. A few wild asses still roam over the wastes of the orient, but civilized man possesses no skill whatever to domesticate them. The zebra is a beautiful creature, and might be made extremely useful, but hitherto he has baffled all attempts to make him a member of modern society. A few, within very recent years, have been taken and broken to harness, but not one has yet been domesticated. Hogs seem to have become associated with men when the latter were wild and lived in caves and such places. Then the man and the hog were not so far removed in domicile as they are. The llama cannot be shown to be an exception. Whether this wild creature became the servant of the primitive natives of Peru, or of the invaders, by direct subjugation is not known. No quadruped of any kind can be proved to have been taken from the wild state by man since the era of civilization. The present Earl of Derby's grandfather at his death presented a herd of llamas to Queen Victoria. These ponderous antelopes larger and heavier than our modern, average ox, have hitherto resisted the utmost efforts for their domestication. They are mere captives. The red deer must have the range of the mountains. Place him in even the most spacious park and he's only a prisoner. He does not multiply. The domestication of wild animals seems to be another of the lost arts.

The only creatures that seems to have accepted a permanent condition of servitude and to multiply in it are a few birds. The turkey is a native of America. It has become known to Europe only since the beginning of the sixteenth century. Its origin being unknown, it was baptized by the most foreign title then generally accepted. It was supposed to come from Turkey and this utterly inappropriate name has been fastened on the splendid bird ever since. The Turks generally know nothing whatever of the turkey. The guinea fowl has been domesticated within a very recent time. The pea fowl, still wild in the forests of South India, and, as in the case of the turkey, a much smaller bird generally when free than when tame, has been known in Palestine since the days of Solomon, where with Abyssinian monkeys, it was imported as a curiosity. But the pea fowl is the deadly enemy of the turkey poult to this day, and will viciously peck the latter in the eyes at every opportunity. He thus, so far, refuses to consider himself a full member of our barnyard life, and retains a large share of his wild disposition. The same remarks apply to the wild sheep and goat. These creatures were first tamed by men almost as wild as themselves; men whose habits and outdoor life enabled the creatures of the forest and mountain with slow step to adapt themselves to the restraints of domestication. The ostrich is now under process of training—but only its native soil and climate are suited to its constitution. Wild, vigorous exercise and the sense of freedom and security combined secure the conditions of the propagation of any wild species of quadruped.

Something that you must not forget: If you have your mind made up to buy a Mathusek upright piano do not be induced to change your mind by false representations of parties offering new, cheap, showy and trashy pianos, which will be worthless in this climate in a very short time. Mathusek sold twenty years ago are as good as ever, and, tuned properly ever few years, sound as well as the day they left the factory. See the new improved ones at Cooper's.

Almost a Tragedy.

A negro, about twenty years of age, sat in the sun, with his back to the freight shed, on an Alabama railroad. He was sound asleep, when another young man of his color drove up to the platform with an old horse and wagon. The newcomer saw a chance for sport, and he used his whip to "nip" the other until he finally awoke and demanded:

"Who dat pusson who kept tetchin' me all de time?"

"I spects yo' am lookin' right at him, sah," replied the one with the whip.

"Julius, Ize a mind to broke yo' in two fur dat!"

"Shoo! Yo' couldn't hurt nobody!"

"Couldn't, eh? I let yo' knock, sah, dat I killed a man ober in Opelika so dead he nebber breathed agin!"

"Doan' yo' go fur to threaten me, Moses, kase I won't stand it! Mebbe some of yo'r friends dun tole yo' 'bout de way I knocked dat man to pieces down at Greenville! Jist reached out fur him an' he died!"

"Hu! Look out for me, boy! Ize gittin' mad, an' when de madness comes nobody can't dun hold me! Ize jist a drove of mews runnin' away, I ar'!"

"Ize heard niggers talk afo' dis, but I didn't skeer!"

"Nigger! Who yo' callin' nigger? Yo' is nigger yo'self, an' yo' stole hogs!"

"What! Yo' sav I dun stole hogs! Why, boy, I'll crack yo' ribs in a minute! I doan' 'low no common trash to talk dat way to me!"

"Shoo! Nigger; if I war jist to reach out my han' yo' would fall dead! Ize sorry fur yo' pore ole mudder, an' dat's why I doan' reach."

"Now Ize mad! I'll gib yo' jist one unit to flee fur yo' life!"

"So's I mad!"

"Nigger!"

"Hog thief!"

The stood facing each other and breathing hard, when an old stray mule turned the corner. It was a diversion.

"Julus, an' dat Kurnel Baxter's mewl?" asked one.

"Reckon 'tis, Moses," replied the other.

"Den we'd better kotch him an' see if de Kurnel won't gib us two bits fur our trouble."

Two minutes later they were wa king down the road arm-in-arm, with the old mule following behind. M. QUAD.

Foreign Echo.

In the course of last summer some strangers of distinction were induced to visit a wild and unfrequented retreat in a distant part of the Highlands, chiefly from the report they heard of an echo which was remarkable for the clear and distinct nature of its reverberation.

On reaching the spot whence the trial of its powers is usually made their guide put his hands to the side of his mouth and bawled out with the lungs of a Stentor a salutation in Gaelic, which was repeated with a precision that seemed beyond the expectations of the party.

One of the gentlemen, by way of trying the strength of his voice, put his hand to the side of his mouth in the same manner as his guide and called out:

"How far are we from home?"

These words, much to the surprise of their guide, were also repeated, when poor Donald, with a simplicity which brought a smile over the faces of all present, exclaimed:

"You may think it strange, gentlemen, but this is the first time I ever heard our echo speak English."

"I have no doubt," said the gentlemen, "but it can repeat other languages if you put it to the test," and instantly bawled out some brief questions in French, Spanish and Italian.

Donald looked more dazed than ever. "Well, I must say that's very queer. My own father and my own self have known that echo for more than seventy years, and we never knew it use any language but Gaelic before."

"Your echo is more learned, then, than you supposed?" said the gentleman, laughing, though at a loss whether to impute Donald's remarks to archness or simplicity.

"You may say that, sir," said the poor fellow, with an expression of earnestness that was highly amusing to those present, "but as the echo has never been out of the country, where can she have got all her education?"

Lake Urmiah, in Persia, 4,100 feet above the sea, is, according to British Consul-General Stewart, of Tabris, the saltiest body of water on earth, being saltier than the dead sea. It is eighty-seven miles long and twenty-four miles broad, and contains nearly twenty-two per cent of salt. Its northern coasts are incrustated with a border of salt glistening white in the sun. It is said no living thing can survive in it, but a small species of jelly-fish manages to maintain an existence in its waters.

Only a foolish man will pay compliments to a pretty girl. The wise man will pay his compliments to the homely girl, who will appreciate them the more because she isn't so used to them, and who will reward him an hundred-fold.

FLASHES.

Most women's love is about one third jealousy.

It is not wise to waste an argument on a jackass.

A flannel shirt is like a child—it shrinks from washing.

When we bury animosity there should be no headstone.

The bad man still seems to prosper, while the good man scarcely keeps his own.

A crowded street car gives some of the phases of humanity—or rather the lack of it.

Judges in criminal courts should be good grammarians, they can *parse* a sentence so easily.

We always have a strong suspicion of the woman who thinks herself a fly, and man a spider.

Some people when they take a rest seem to think that it is something that does not belong to them.

If one desires to get a glimpse of varied human nature, let him take a view of the people on the racetrack when there is a crowd.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Grismer-Davis Company have done a splendid business during the week. This is a just tribute to an excellent company. To-night *Fern Cliff* will be given at the Metropolitan. A matinee will also be given this afternoon, with *Fern Cliff* as the attraction.

The *Parlor Match* still continues to draw big houses at the Clunie. To-night will be the last appearance of that splendid combination.

What We Say and What They Say.

American.	English.
Telegram.	Wire.
Ticket office.	Booking office.
Buying a ticket.	Booking.
Railroad.	Railway.
Railroad track.	Permanent way.
Rails.	Metals.
Depot.	Station.
Switch.	Points.
Street car.	Tram car.
Freight train.	Goods train.
Cars.	Carriages.
Conductor.	Guard.
Engineer.	Driver.
Fireman.	Stoker.
Locomotive.	Engine.
Baggage.	Luggage.
All aboard.	Seats, please.
Matches.	Lights.
Beer.	Ale.
Switching cars.	Drilling cars.
Trains meeting.	Trains crossing.
Freight car.	Goods van.
Parquet.	Pit.

Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

Eyes of Different People.

Eyes have always been regarded as a sure tribal characteristic. Tacitus, for example, describes the Germans as "fierce, with blue eyes and red hair." The Celts are mentioned as being swarthy skinned and black eyed; the Gauls are red haired and light eyed, while the Nubians, the Turks, the Egyptians and the Italians have always been spoken of as "the dark eyed races." These peculiarities have not changed. Even to-day the people of the temperate zones have generally light colored eyes, while those of the torrid and frigid zones are usually dark, or even black. Of the races in particular, the only one that can be said to be "light eyed" is the Caucasian, and even in this race the eyes are by no means uniform in point of color.

The whole period of human history goes to prove that the light haired, blue eyes races are capable of the highest degree of civilization, but it does not by any means follow that the highest degree of civilization is confined to people of blonde complexion. There was a time when a blue eyed person was rarely seen, and to-day seven-eighths of the world's inhabitants have dark eyes. Lavater, when discussing the eye as a feature in national physiognomy, gave the following as the results of his observations: "The Italians have small eyes; the Germans, light colored eyes surrounded by many wrinkles; the English, strong, open, steady eyes; and the Swiss, eyes that are very dull looking.—*St. Louis Republic.*"

Harrison has been caricatured and ridiculed by not only the opposition press but by some of his own party. Let me ask you a question: Can a man be such an infant as the papers seek to make him out, when, as a poor man, he reached the United States Senate? Can he be such a fool when he has shown that he can write and deliver a dozen addresses a day, all different, all witty, and all virtually done on the spur of the moment?—*N. Y. World.*

Dodson—They say poor Briggs, the teetotaler, died of hard drink. Bings—You astonish me! How did he acquire the habit? Dodson—It was very sudden. A cake of ice fell on him.

Hold the Fort.

The story upon which P. P. Bliss founded his famous song, "Hold the Fort," as told by the evangelist, Major D. W. Whittle, is as follows: "During October, 1864, just before General Sherman commenced his famous march to the sea, while his army was camped in the neighborhood of Atlanta, the army of Hood, in a carefully prepared movement passed the right flank of Sherman's army, and, gaining his rear, began the destruction of the railroad leading north, burning block houses and capturing small garrisons along the line. Sherman's army was put in rapid motion following Hood to save the supplies and larger posts, the principal of which was located at Altoona Pass, a defile in the Altoona range of mountains through which ran the railroad. General Corse, of Illinois, was stationed there with a brigade of troops composed of Minnesota and Illinois regiments, in all about 1,500 men. Colonel Tourtelotte was second in command. A million and a half of rations were stored there, and it was highly important that the earthworks commanding the pass and protecting the supplies should be held. General French, with 6,000 men, was detailed by Hood to capture that position. The works were completely surrounded and summoned to surrender. Corse refused and sharp fighting commenced. The defenders were slowly driven into a small fort upon the crest of the hill. Many had fallen, and the result seemed to render a prolongation of the fight hopeless. At that moment an officer caught sight of a white signal flag far away, away across the valley, fifteen miles distant, upon the top of Keneshaw mountain. The signal was answered, and soon a message was waved across from mountain to mountain: 'Hold the fort; I am coming.—W. T. Sherman.' Cheers went up; every man was nerved to the full appreciation of the position, and, under a murderous fire, which killed or wounded more than half the men in the fort—Corse himself being badly wounded three times in the head, Tourtelotte taking the command, though also wounded—they held the fort three hours, until the advance guard of Sherman's army came up, and the rebel forces under French were obliged to retreat."

"The Little Church Around the Corner."

From time to time in recent years the statement has appeared that the clergyman who had refused to officiate at the funeral services of the dead actor had been treated harshly and unjustly. The facts are peculiarly interesting, and a reporter asked Mr. E. Holland a day or two ago what he knew personally of the affair. Mr. Holland said: "When father died, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who was a life-long friend of the family, called at our house and at once took charge of the arrangements for the funeral. He asked what clergyman we desired, and as my sister Katie had attended Sunday school at the Rev. Dr. Sabine's church and other relatives were members of the congregation, we naturally mentioned him. I accompanied Mr. Jefferson to the clergyman's house and he cheerfully consented to officiate. Mr. Jefferson, having in mind father's great circle of friends and acquaintances, thought it best to inform the clergyman that the funeral would be unusually large, and said, 'You know that Mr. Holland was a comedian.' Mr. Sabine quickly and bluntly replied, 'Oh, I could never condescend to officiate for a professional—an actor. You had better go to the little church around the corner.' You can doubtless imagine my feelings, but Mr. Jefferson quickly restrained me. The newspapers took up the affair and the rest is a familiar history."

The formal name of "the little church" is the church of the transfiguration, and the Rev. Dr. Houghton, who performed the ceremony at Mr. Holland's funeral, is still the esteemed and venerable pastor. His broad and liberal principles made the fortune and fame of his church. The incident narrated made it the best known church in America and attracted a vast number of people who had never before heard of it. Theatrical people have a regard for it that is stronger than mere affection, and number very largely in the list of pewholders. There take place the weddings and funerals and all such ceremonies that the members of the stage may stand in need of. To them and in the history of the drama it will always be "the little church round the corner."

Threads of Thought.

Life is double-faced and double-edged.

To know one's self is to distrust one's self.

Each life may have a potentiality of greatness.

To be misunderstood by those we love is bitterest of all.

Find a disinterested friend and you have found a jewel.

The greatest study of all is that of the changes of the mind.

Success has sometimes to be paid for, after having been fairly earned.

One is led to think that there is but little that is constant nowadays save mutability.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MISCELLANY.

"It was very mortifying," said the doctor. "I made a sad error of judgment and the man died." "What did his family say?" "Oh, they were very grateful for what I had done. He was very rich."

A Missouri girl hiccupped fourteen hours a day for nearly a month, and now we read of a Pennsylvania maiden sneezing five days almost continually. Not much chance there for a lover to get his question in!

An oak log that was recently sawed in Henry Maley's mill, near Franklin, Ind., had a hollow in which 127 black snakes had nested. The largest is said to have measured seventy-eight inches in length.

A lad at Annapolis was lying on a lounge reading a novel, when a bullet, fired a quarter of a mile away, came through a door, fell upon his chest and slipped down into his vest pocket, where he found it half an hour later. He thought his brother had hit him with a spool.

Wagg—We had a terrible thunder storm as I came up in the train this afternoon. Wooden—Weren't you afraid of the lightning? Wagg—No; I got behind a brakeman. Wooden—Behind a brakeman? What earthly good did that do? Wagg—Why, he was not a conductor.

The natives of Alaska have learned to manufacture for themselves a fiery alcoholic liquor called "bootcha." It is evidently more deadly than Jersey lightning, for it has not only checked the natural increase of the Indians and Esquimaux, but has reduced their numbers since the last census by 8,000, or about one-fourth the native population in 1880. There is a promising field here for the temperance agitators, and one in which they might glean enough of shocking examples to make an impression on hardened cases within the era of culture and civilization.

Fathers who wink at their boys' indiscretions, as they call them, should always remember that they entail somebody's downfall, that some mother, brother, father or husband is being made unhappy by the giving full sway to his liberty and evil passions. Unless sons' morals and associates and goings and comings are as carefully looked after as those of the daughters, we cannot expect them to be different from what they are now, and true statistics of events and happenings must teach us that our daughters need to be chaperoned; for the most pure, the most innocent, is invariably the one falling an easy victim to some masquerade's wiles.

Every man who has a parrot is always telling what a wonderful bird his is. A lawyer in New York owns one of these "talking devils." A friend went home with him to dinner recently and when the two men were approaching the house the lawyer said: "My parrot can recognize my footstep as soon as it falls in the hall. When I open my door he always cries out from a back room, 'Hello, Will; come in here.' Now," added the lawyer as he slipped his key into the latch, "just listen." They listened and this is what they heard: "Hello, Will, you old bald-headed fool; come in here." The lawyer for one minute looked as if a house had fallen on him. And it was all the fault of one of his brothers, who had heard the lawyer boast so often of his parrot that he taught the bird to insert the "bald-headed" part. Now he can't be broken of the habit.

Every time we strike a match we are indebted to the men who have studied science for the mere love of it. The men who worked away at coal tar "just to see what was in it" made the whole world their debtors by discovering alizarin, the coloring principle of madder. And to those men the world is indebted also for aniline, antipyrine and more than 100 other coal tar products. Scientists, wondering what was in crude petroleum, found paraffine and vaseline. Pasteur wondered what caused fermentation. He found out and brought a new era to wine making. The singing and dancing of the tea-kettle attracted the attention of a brain, and we have as a consequence all the applications of steam. The swinging of a chandelier in an Italian cathedral before the eyes of young Galileo was the beginning of a train of thought that resulted in the invention of the pendulum, and through it to the perfecting of the measurement of time, and thus its application and use in navigation, astronomic observations and in a thousand ways we now pass by unnoted, has been of such practical value that the debt to scientific thought, even in this one instance, can never be known. Science, in its study of abstract truth, is ever giving to man new beginnings. While the devil is engaged in finding mischief for idle hands to do, science is eternally at work finding something useful for them to do.

The title of our most popular drink comes from Mexico. The Aztec word for pulque is pronounced much like ocal, and General Scott's troops called the liquor cocktail and carried the word back to the United States. It is said that the liquor was discovered by a Toltec noble, and that he sent it to the king

by the hand of his daughter, Miss Cocktail (*Xochiti*). The king drank the liquor and then looked at the maiden. The first tickled his palate, the second enamored his heart. It was a case of love at first sight in both instances, and he married the girl and started a pulque plantation. From that day to this the Mexicans have kept themselves saturated with pulque, and Miss Cocktail is one of the Venuses of Mexican tradition. Mexican brandies are very strong. There is one called aguardiente, which is made from sugar cane, and which is as strong as it is cheap. I had a sore throat and was advised to bathe my neck in the brandy. I found that it made the skin smart, and concluded to see how much alcohol there was in it. It exploded like coal oil and blazed away for ten minutes. Two million dollars' worth of this brandy is made in Mexico every year. Mexicans have some good wines, but they are very dear, and an ordinary claret costs a dollar a bottle.

Can You Read This Rhyme?

The celebrated Dr. Whewell, who was called at Cambridge "Billy Whistle," because it was so much easier to whistle his name than to pronounce it, wrote a very ingenious rhyme of cyphers in a young lady's album, which has puzzled old heads, but nevertheless is not beyond the ability of a thoughtful boy to unravel. It is short, and may be given here:

U o a o, but I o U;
O o no o, but O o me;
O let not my o a o go,
But give o o, I o U so.

Which, being deciphered, is this:

You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for you;
O sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me;
O let not my sigh for a cipher go,
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, State of California.—In the matter of the Columbus Brewing Company, a corporation, an insolvent debtor. An adjudication of insolvency herein having been duly made, it is ordered, adjudged and decreed that the 23d day of October, 1891, at 9:30 o'clock A. M., at the court-room of this Court, in Department No. 1, in the city of Sacramento, be and the same are the time and place appointed for the meeting of the creditors to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate; and it is further ordered, adjudged and decreed that a copy of this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the city of Sacramento, at least once a week during the period prior to the time appointed for the meeting of creditors.

A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated this 17th day of September, 1891.
A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Attorneys for Petitioners.



DON'T BE CARELESS ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION

It is woman's chiefest physical charm. It is often her only capital. It is always worth a great deal to her in business, love or social affairs. No matter how browned, or rough or sallow your skin may be, or how much it is disfigured with freckles, moth-patches, blackheads or pimples

MRS. GRAHAM'S

FACE BLEACH

will remove every blemish and leave your skin as pure and clear and white as it was in baby days. Your complexion will then be as nature made it. Instructions go with each bottle how to keep it so. Price \$1.50. All druggists sell it.

Fine Table Wines
From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

A Temperance Lecture.

Dr. Cyrus Edson thus sums up the evil effects of the abuse of alcohol, and closes his essay with an adaptation of the alphabet:

The persistent abuse of alcohol affects the human system in a variety of ways. Changes of structure of various tissues result. These changes, as has already been said, are of a degenerative nature. They are insidious and progressive, sooner or later declaring themselves. The stomach is inflamed so that the peptic glands and their orifices are almost wholly destroyed. The functions of digestion are no longer properly performed. Ulcers frequently form in the stomach tissues. The appetite for food is at first irregular, then lost. Nausea and vomiting are often symptoms. The various glands of the body are affected; the liver especially so, for reasons obvious to a physician. At first this organ is congested and enlarged. Inflammation may affect it in several ways, or its tissue may undergo fatty degeneration, or it may become contracted, giving rise to an appearance on its surface called "lob-nailed"; also named "gin drinker's liver." The larynx undergoes changes that affect the quality of the voice. The rasping, harsh voice of the drunkard is well known. Chronic inflammation affects the bronchial tubes, often resulting in chronic inflammation of the lungs themselves (fibroid phthisis). Fatty degeneration of the entire muscular system occurs, and in this the muscles of the heart are involved, giving rise to the well-known "fatty heart." The blood vessel undergo a change that renders them brittle and liable to rupture. The blood itself is affected. Degenerative changes occur in it that are little understood as yet by physicians. Suffice it to say that the blood is rendered less alkaline than normally, and that its fluidity is altered. It shows a tendency to exude through the walls of its vessels. The scavengers of the blood, the phagocytes, are not so active or so easily produced in the blood of drunkards. The kidneys are affected like the liver. Bright believed—and his views are generally accepted—that the kidney disease named after him was frequently caused by over-indulgence in drink.

But by far the most important changes wrought by alcohol in the system are those of the brain. The circulation of this organ is at first impaired. The blood vessels, large and small, are dilated. Often the brittle condition of the arteries mentioned before supervenes, and small hemorrhages into the brain-coverings are likely to take place. Usually the size of the brain undergoes no change. Sometimes its consistency is greater. It is more dense, harder. In very advanced cases areas of the brain soften. This is due to the advanced derangement of the blood-vessels supplying the softened parts with nourishment. Other changes take place in the brain that are not yet noticed. To these are due the altered perceptive senses. The special senses are affected in a variety of ways. The general sensibility is destroyed. Nervous phenomena manifest themselves. Insomnia is the rule. If sleep is obtained, it is disturbed by distressing dreams. Loss of muscular power may be so complete that palsy or paralysis occurs. Neuralgias are common. The naturally weak will is still more enfeebled. The sense of shame is lost; this is especially the case in women. Memory fails. Acute attacks of delirium, marked by hallucination and delusion, are frequent. The final termination is death or insanity. The latter may take the form of melancholia, mania, chronic delirium, dementia or general paresis.

A stands for Alcohol, death-like its grip;
B for Beginner, who takes just a sip;
C for Companion who urges him on;
D for the Demon of drink that is born;
E for Endeavor he makes to resist;
F stands for Friends, who so loudly insist;
G for the Guilt that he afterwards feels;
H for the Horrors that hang at his heels;
I his Intention to drink not at all;
J stands for Jeering that follows his fall;
K for his Knowledge that he is a slave.
L stands for the Liquors his appetite craves;
M for convivial Meetings so gay.
N stands for No that he tries hard to say;
O for the Orgies that then come to pass.
P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass;
Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.
R stands for Ruin, that hovers around.
S stands for Sights that his vision bedim.
T stands for Trembling that seizes his limbs;
U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums.
V for the Vagrant he quickly becomes;
W for Waning of life that's soon done;
X for his eXit, regarded by none.
YOUTH of this nation, such weakness is crime;
Zealously turn from the tempter in time!

A Spanish officer sent one of his soldiers into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. In a couple of minutes the soldier reappeared carrying the coffee on a tray, and as he handed it to the officer, he remarked: "Captain, I am afraid that you will find this coffee rather cold." How do you know it is cold?" retorted the officer; "have you been drinking out of the cup?" "Oh, no!" replied the soldier, "I'd never think of drinking out of your cup captain; I merely put my finger into it to ascertain whether it was hot enough."

Never Again.

"Never again," vow hearts when reunited,
"Never again shall Love be cast aside;
Forever now the shadow has departed;
Nor bitter sorrow, veiled in scornful pride,
Shall feign indifference or affect disdain—
Never, O Love, again, never again!"

"Never again!" so sobs in broken accents,
A soul laid prostrate at a holy shrine—
"Once more, once more forgive, O Lord, and pardon,
My wayward life shall bend to love divine;
And never more shall sin its whiteness stain—
Never, O God, again, never again!"

"Never again!" so speaketh one forsaken,
In the blank desolate passion of despair—
"Never again shall the bright dream I cherished
Delude my heart, for bitter truth is there—
The angel, Hope, shall still thy cruel pain;
Never again, my heart, never again!"

"Never again!" so speaks the sudden silence,
When round the hearth gathers each well-known face,
But one is missing, and no future presence,
However dear, can fill that vacant place;
Forever shall that burning thought remain—
"Never, beloved, again! never again!"

"Never again!" so—but beyond our hearing—
Ring out far voices fading up the sky;
Never again shall earthly care and sorrow
Weigh down the wings that bear those souls
on high;

"Listen, O earth, and hear that glorious strain—
Never, never again! never again!"

Minister Motley and President Grant.

Mr. Motley had been Minister to Austria, and resigned that post in 1867. When General Grant became President he appointed the historian Minister to Great Britain. It was during his mission in Great Britain that some of the difficulties were pending between that country and the United States relative to the Alabama claims. Reverdy Johnson had been Minister to Great Britain, and had arranged with Lord Clarendon a convention, or treaty, known as the Johnson-Clarendon convention. This was to be submitted to both governments for their approval, amendment or rejection. This convention was not at all satisfactory to the United States, and it was ultimately rejected, and Mr. Johnson retired. Mr. Motley was then appointed. He was instructed to say to the British Government that the United States, in rejecting the convention, abandoned neither its own claims nor those of its citizens, nor the hope of an early, satisfactory and friendly settlement; and to base the cause of grievance against Great Britain not so much upon the issuance of her recognition of the incipient state of war, but upon her conduct under and subsequent to such recognition. Mr. Motley did not represent to Lord Clarendon the hope of an early, satisfactory and friendly settlement. He said that the President recognized the right of a sovereign power to issue proclamations of neutrality between the insurgent portions of a nation and the lawful government, when such insurrection should have gained the necessary magnitude, consistency and extent of organized power and probability of justification by success, but that such measures must always be taken with a full view of the grave responsibilities assumed. Mr. Motley's course in this respect was disapproved by his government. The negotiations were withdrawn from London, and, it appearing by a subsequent dispatch that he had submitted an account of the interview to Lord Clarendon for verification, he was instructed to inform Lord Clarendon that his course had been disapproved. After further negotiations and the exchange of other dispatches, Lord Clarendon died; and it being supposed the new minister might desire to reopen negotiations, Mr. Motley was invited to resign, in order to afford the United States an opportunity to be represented by a minister in harmony with it. Mr. Motley declined to resign and he was removed.

He Got the Seat.

A nice young man got into a tram car a few evenings ago and saw to his delight the only vacant seat was by the side of a young lady acquaintance. He made for that seat with joyous strides and her eyes answered him with joyous looks. But as he got there an elderly party walked up and dropped into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the young lady.

"How is your brother?" he asked. "Is he able to get out?"

"Oh yes!" she answered.

"Will he be very badly marked?" he continued, and the old gentleman grew suddenly interested.

"Oh, no!" she said, "with the exception of a few marks on his forehead."

"Were you not afraid of taking it?" the young man continued, while the old gentleman broke out in a cold perspiration.

"Not at all," she replied. "I have been vaccinated, you know."

The seat was vacated instantly, the two innocent young hearts beat as half a dozen, and the prattle of "nice talk" strewed that part of the car, while an old gentleman scowled upon them from a distant corner.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HOWE'S
High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than
J. SLAUGHTER,
Sixth and M streets.
Telephone 318.

Take a Ride on the Riverside Road

AND BE SURE AND STOP AT
BILLY GROENVELD'S

Sutterville House

And get a glass of COOL BEER. Or if you want a bottle of CHAMPAGNE Billy has it on hand, or anything else you may wish for in his line.

ALWAYS A FINE LUNCH ON THE COUNTER.
M. T. GROENVELD, Proprietor.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars.
ROBERT ALLEN,
Formerly of Agricultural Park

Cosmopolitan Restaurant,

403 K Street, near Cor. Fourth,

Opposite Mechanics' Store, - - SACRAMENTO.

B PILCOVICH, Proprietor.

The Cheapest and Best House in the City.

Capital Coffee House

J. H. BRUNING, Proprietor.

509 K STREET.

Between Fifth and Sixth, SACRAMENTO.

Fine Coffee, Tea or Milk, { With Pie }
or Cake, } 10 Cents.

W. R. STRONG CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fruit and Produce

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

PACIFIC

HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

FRED. SCHNEIDER

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND N STREETS.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer In

FAMILY GROCERIES

PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN,
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS
AND TOBACCO.

Our Specialties:

The "H" Brand of Butter and Teas.

TELEPHONE No. 41.

Grubler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

Capital Restaurant,

A. H. ARATT, Proprietor.

MEAL TICKETS, \$3 EACH.

321 J STREET,

Between Third and Fourth, SACRAMENTO.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & Co.
410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED.

RHODS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Where He Put His Arm.

He stood outside the gate awhile,
And said "Good night" with lovesick smile,
"Good night," she said. "Good night,"
once more

He muttered as he'd done before;
And then, lured by some subtle charm,
He came inside and put his arm—

She wore a hat of jaunty shape,
Tied up with some soft clinging crepe,
A truant ribbon from its peak
Strayed down and kissed her dimpled cheek,
The moon was full, the hour was late,
As they stood there beside the gate.

His love, by Cupid's bellows fanned,
Blazed up. He took her little hand
And muttered: "Dear, what is the harm,"
And then he gently put his arm—

She wore a gown of creamy-white,
So filmy that a fairy might
Have spun it in an hour of thrift
And sent it to her as a gift.

The moon reflected: "Three's a crowd,"
And then politely sought a cloud.
With opportunity so near.

His love welled strong and vanished fear;
He smiled away her first alarm,
And then he gently put his arm—

A little bird came round next day
And told us that 'twas just this way:
He put his arm, as thus they stood,
Where it would do the greatest good.

The Story of a Proud Penny.

A penny, having traveled around the world a bit, became very proud and conceited. "I belong to the peerless aristocracy of money," it said to itself and to all who would listen. "There is no one who does not bend the knee to my family; we are sought after by the proudest people on earth, and we rule the world."

One day the penny was talking in this strain to an iron nail; the nail and the penny chanced to rest side by side in a workman's pocket. The man was a carpenter who had been engaged to complete some work upon the balcony of a new house. His wife was busily engaged scrubbing the floors and cleaning the windows of the new house.

"It must be very dull and humiliating to be a nail," said the penny. "You are obliged to occupy such a menial position in life."

"Oh, I do not know about that," answered the nail. "We nails help to hold homes together, and that is a noble mission I am sure; and whatever our niche in life may be, we realize that we belong to the great iron race—we are proud of the stuff we are made of."

"Oh, as for that, you have little to boast about," sneered the penny. "Think of my family—the proudest and greatest on earth. We could buy yours up and pitch you into the sea, if we cared to do so, and the world would go on without you. Men would invent something to take your place. But society could not exist without us."

"But you are a mere nobody in your own family," retorted the nail, becoming angry. "Your gold and silver relations look down upon you—common copper that you are."

"Oh, it is mere spleen which makes you talk like that," replied the penny. "You know very well that it is taking good care of me and treating me well that gives men a chance to possess my grand relatives. Any one who despises me is never the associate of silver or gold. I am welcomed in every circle; I am petted and sought after wherever I go. Already I have traveled over half the world. My life is full of adventure and excitement. Although now I am housed in an obscure workman's pocket, to-morrow I may be resting in the purse of a prince. No such future awaits you. You are doomed to an obscure and humdrum existence."

Just then the workman's wife complained that she could not remove the paint stains from the windows she was attempting to clean.

"Why, let me tell you how to do that," said the workman. "A painter told me only the other day. Take a penny under your thumb and rub it over the paint spots. They will all disappear. It is far better than a knife. Here is a penny; try it."

He took the boastful penny from his pocket and the woman did as directed.

The paint disappeared as if by magic. "I am so glad to know about this," said the woman, "I will keep this penny with my scrub-brushes and scouring cloths, that I may always be prepared for such an emergency."

And thereafter the proud penny remained with scrub-brushes, while the nail was afterwards used to fasten a United States banner to the mast of a ship.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

A Ringing Salutory.

We recognize but one God, and are no man's man, and will not be a lackey for no political cross road charlatan, or tinhorn statesman in Montana, as we are not built on a truckling or brass-collar hypothesis. If there are any heavy weights or pudding-headed political scrubs in this state who think they can intimidate or bulldoze us by scurrilous remarks or base fabrications, they are bold, brilliant, blooming, meteoric and picturesque liars in every mark of the road.—*Stinking Water (Mont.) Prospector.*

He Had Faith.

A young man about twenty-five years old was sitting in the waiting-room of the Erie Depot the other day with a year-old baby on his knee, and his alarm and helplessness when the "young un" suddenly began to howl was so marked as to attract attention. By and by a waiting passenger walked over to him with a smile of pity on his face and queried:

"A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her baggage, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Ha! ha! ha! I tumbled to the fact as soon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"Ha! ha! ha! This is rich! Looking for her every blessed minute, ain't you?"

"I think she'll come back."

"Well, this makes me laugh—ha! ha! ha! I had a woman play that same trick on me in a Chicago depot once, but no one ever will again. Young man, you're stuck. You've been played on for a layseed. Better turn that thing over to a policeman and make a skip before some reporter gets on to you."

"Oh, she'll come back," replied the young man, as he looked anxiously around. "She will, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Joke grows richer and richer! What makes you think she'll come back?"

"Because she's my wife and this is our first baby!"

"Oh—um—I see," muttered the fat man, who got over feeling tickled all at once, and in his vexation he crossed the room and kicked a dog which a farmer had tied to one of the seats with a piece of clothes line.—*M. Quad.*

To Remove Sunburn.

Have you burned your face dreadfully and do you wish you could get the coat of tan off? Yes? Then do this:

Select an hour when you are not going to be interrupted by anything at all, for the process is rather a long one and is decidedly a solemn one. Begin by pinching your face all over—pinch even your precious nose—until your whole face is just as red as it can be and the blood seems bursting through the skin. Do not make it sore, you know, but pinch it thoroughly. Next take a pan of boiling water and set it on something low, so that you can hold your face over it and get the full benefit of the steam. Renew the water three times during the twenty minutes in which you hold your face over the basin, and, if necessary, put a towel around your head to keep in the steam. The perspiration should drip from every pore.

Now, when you have done this, rub the skin lightly with lemon juice. This will smart at first, and should be applied very cautiously or the tingling sensation may be more than a woman cares to endure, even though she be willing to make a martyr of herself for the sake of her looks. Rub the face lightly with the lemon juice, and when this has been done apply some cold cream quickly to the face, and then, while the cream is getting in its softening process, go to bed and take a little nap.

This can be repeated as often as three times a week, and is bound to make the reddest or the brownest skin rival the lily or the peach inside of six weeks.

Cost of Fans in Japan.

The fan is an inseparable part of the Japanese dress. A native is rarely without a fan. It is his shelter from the sun, his notebook and his plaything. The varieties of these paper fans would form a curious collection in respect to form as well as quality. The highest priced fan that was used in the days of seclusion from the outer world was not more than five yen, or fifteen shillings; but now they have been made to order for foreigners as dear as two to three pounds. The general prices of ordinary fans range from two shillings to two guineas per 100.

J. FRANK CLARK, UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

UNCLE IKE'S**COLLATERAL LOAN OFFICE,**

302 K Street, Sacramento.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of E. M. Stevens, an insolvent debtor. E. M. Stevens, an insolvent debtor, having applied to this Court for a discharge of this Court give notice to all creditors who have proved their debts, to appear before this Court, at the court-room thereof, on the 2d day of October, 1891, at the hour of 1:30 o'clock, P. M., and show cause, if any they have, why the said E. M. Stevens should not be discharged from all his debts, in accordance with the statutes in such cases made and provided. It is further ordered, that notice of said application be given to the creditors by mail, and by publication for four weeks in the THEMIS, a newspaper published in said county.

W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated September 3d, 1891.
W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. sep5-4t

A. D. BOWLEY.

M. J. CURTIS.

**CURTIS & BOWLEY,
Real Estate and Insurance Agents.**

Pacific States Savings, Loan, and Building Company.

1012 Fourth Street, bet. J and K, Sacramento.

REPRESENT THE Assets.
Etna Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn. \$10,000,000 00
Hartford Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn. 5,750,000 00
German-American Insurance Co. 5,000,000 00
Manhattan Life Ins. Co. of New York 11,729,400 00
Fidelity and Casualty Accident and
Plate Glass Insurance Co. of New York 774,550 20

**KEEP YOUR EYE
On the Window.**

CHANGED DAILY DURING FAIR WEEK.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMANN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMANN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER.

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of V. CURRAN, an insolvent debtor.—V. Curran having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said V. Curran is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said V. Curran, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 15th day of September, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated August 13th, 1891.
JAMES B. DEVINE, Attorney for Petitioner. a15-5t

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to O. S. BOARDMAN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 22d day of July, 1891, in which action W. S. Hickey is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain judgment against you for the sum of One Thousand Four Hundred and Eighteen and 1/2 Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to the plaintiff for the balance of an account; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for \$1,418.15, and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 24th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHoads, Clerk.

By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. a8-2m

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to THEODORE J. KERLIN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 14th day of July, 1891, in which action, Nettie R. Kerlin is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To have the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the plaintiff dissolved; that the plaintiff be awarded the custody of the children, issue of said marriage, and for alimony, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court, this 14th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHoads, Clerk.
By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.
ARMSTRONG & PLATNAUER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. jyl8-8t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of F. L. Bates, an insolvent debtor. F. L. Bates, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, from which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said F. L. Bates is hereby declared to be insolvent. All persons are hereby forbidden to pay any debts to said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him or to any person, firm, corporation or association, for his use, and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Hon. A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the county of Sacramento, on the 9th day of October, 1891, at 1:30 P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Dated, September 3d, A. D. 1891.
W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Filed September 3d, 1891.
W. W. RHoads, Clerk.
CLINTON L. WHITE, Attorney for Petitioner. sep5-5t

J. H. CAMPBELL,
No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

**Cesspools and Vaults
CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.**

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.
ORDERS SOLICITED.

**R. DAVIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent.**

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

A. L. HART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON.
HIRAM W. JOHNSON.
JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,
LAWYERS.
504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
607 J Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 604 J Street,

W. A. GETT, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,
LWYERS,
Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,
LAWYER,
Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVEK,
LAWYER,
920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney),
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, upstairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
N.W. corner Sixth and K.

Tricks Played on Parsons.

Every now and then one hears of large fees paid to clergymen by rejoicing bridegrooms. One does not so often hear of the impositions sometimes put upon those who tie the matrimonial knot, and who suffer under the social custom which forbids a minister to perform the service of marrying lovers at a fixed rate stipulated for by contract.

But love and marriage do not change the nature of men, and there are mean—very mean—bridegrooms who do not hesitate to trick and cheat the good pastors who bind them in the ties of matrimony.

There is a minister in Brooklyn who told the writer a harrowing tale of deception of which he was the victim. After he had performed the marriage ceremony for a young couple at the parsonage, the bridegroom slipped a fat envelope between the leaves of the family bible, nodding pleasantly, as if to say: "You've well earned it." The clergyman nodded thankfully.

"When I opened that envelope," he said, "What do you suppose I found in it?"

"A goodly sum in bills."

"No, sir! No, sir! Twenty sheets of copy paper such as reporters use. And on the last sheet was written: 'Economy is wealth. Please don't squander this. Wipe your razor on it.'"

"I think," said the dominic, "that ministers should be empowered to declare some marriages void."

Dr. Howard, whom everybody in Flatbush, L. I., will remember, had a similar experience. He was routed out at midnight to marry a couple, and was compelled to arouse his family to act as witnesses. He was given a fat package by the bridegroom, upon the latter's departure. The good doctor spent half an hour or so unwinding paper after paper from that package only to find at last a silver quarter which had been used as a sleeve-button. One face had been ground smooth and ornamented with a monogram.

Dominie Johnson, whom old Brooklynites will recollect, was "taken in" once in much the same way. A would-be Benedict wrote to him to engage his services in tying the matrimonial knot, and hinted that he was saving a roll of \$5 gold pieces with which to fee the doctor.

"An evening or two later," said the clergyman, in telling the story, "he honored me with a call. He was accompanied by one of the prettiest little women I ever saw. I performed the ceremony, and he insisted upon my kissing the bride. He made an officious display of a long thin roll well rapped in tin foil, and as I bowed him out he slid it slyly into my side pocket. When I returned to my library I examined the roll and found"—

"What?"

"A clothespin surrounded with tenpenny nails! A month or two afterwards he wrote to me from St. Louis, saying that he had charged me the wedding fee I was to have received for kissing his bride."

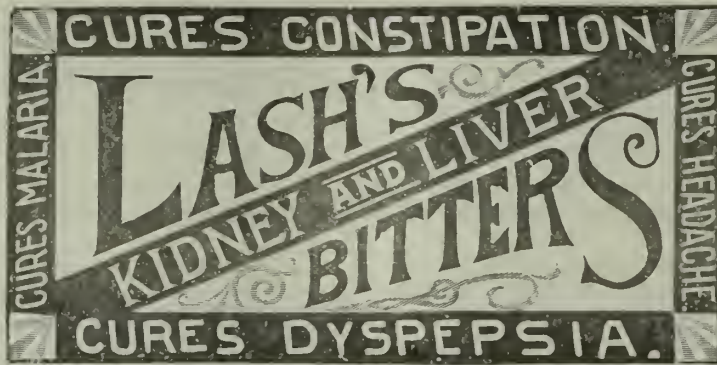
"There is a halter awaiting that knave," concluded the clergyman warmly, "and I never read of a hanging that I do not wonder if he isn't the victim traveling to glory under an alias."

A clergyman who once held a charge near Wyandotte, Kan., was given a horse and carriage by a couple whom he had just married. They had driven to his parsonage from Wichita, and they left by train. Soon afterwards the parson drove his new horse to Wichita.

"I didn't get back for a week," said the clergyman, shaking his head dolefully. "The man not only stole the woman, but the horse and wagon from her husband, and the rig was recognized, and I was clapped into jail on a charge of horse-stealing. Of course everything was finally straightened out, but somehow or other I could never make up my mind to forgive that man."

Rebuking a Peer.

It appears that occasionally titled folk forget their titles and behave just like other people under the same provocations. A story has just got into the Paris papers which tells how Lord Suffield, a cabinet minister, misbehaved at a luncheon given to the German Emperor and Empress during their recent stay in London. After the luncheon was over Lord Suffield made his way through the throng of guests in the most violent manner, pushing to right and left with his elbows and crowding people aside exactly as if he were trying to get on the elevated station at Park place at 6 o'clock. During his misbehavior he drew near the Countess Tornielle, the wife of the Italian ambassador, and struck her a hard blow with his elbow, in what the French writer does not hesitate to call—even in the case of a countess—her stomach. Whereupon the count—her husband—called him a brute, and went off in high dudgeon to Lord Salisbury to say that unless Lord Suffield made suitable apologies to his wife neither of them would assist at the grand function to be given that night in honor of the emperor. Whereupon Lord Salisbury sent for the offending Lord Suffield and informed him that he would better apologize promptly for his misdeeds or he would probably find that he had dealt the whole State of Italy a blow in the pit of its stomach. Lord Suffield promptly made what excuses he could, and the outward seeming of peace was restored.



W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!



GALLERY,
No. 415 J Street,

Between Fourth and Fifth,

SACRAMENTO.

Finest Finished Cabinet Photographs, \$2.00 per Dozen.

All Other Work in Proportion, and Guaranteed First Class.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR SPECIMENS BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE.



W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

S. A. WOLFE,
Photographic Art Parlors
426½ J Street, Sacramento.

SADDLE ROCK
Restaurant and Oyster House
1019 SECOND STREET,
Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.
First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.
BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

EBNER BROS.
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON
CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations.

Southern Pacific Company
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

August 2, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8.10 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.25 A
4.30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7.00 P
7.00 P	Knights Landing and Oroville	7.40 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9.35 A
11.50 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	2.25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	5.25 A
3.00 P	Ogden and East	10.30 A
3.00 P	Oroville	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	4.00 P
10.35 A	Redding via Willows	11.25 A
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.25 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.25 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.05 A
5.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8.10 P
10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamers	26.00 A
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	2.50 P
4.30 P	Santa Barbara	9.35 A
6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	5.10 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt	7.00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	9.35 A
11.50 A	Truckee and Reno	5.25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	5.25 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2.30 P
6.50 A	Vallejo	8.10 P
3.05 P	Vallejo	8.10 P
8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2.40 P
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10.20 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	*8.00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted.
A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank
DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:
PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:
C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank
SACRAMENTO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND HAS BEEN DECLARED BY THE
People's Savings Bank for the term ending June
30, 1891, at the rate of five and one-third (5 1/3) per
cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per
cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes,
and payable on or after July 3, 1891.
GEO. W. LORLIZ, Cashier

BAKER & HAMILTON,
San Francisco and Sacramento,
Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.
Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER. WHEN FOR
a trifling amount expended in the purchase of
one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can
obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed
in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THEMIS

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

No. 32.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & CO. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

There seems of late years a disposition to ridicule the grand jury system. To pronounce it a farce is just in one sense; unjust in another. At times there are grand juries who believe their mission is to reform the world, and to make a record by denouncing everybody and everything save themselves; at other times level-headed citizens are chosen, who perform their duties in a business manner. Practically, about all the grand jury has to do is to look into the conduct of public officers, and to investigate the few cases of crime where informations have not been filed. It does no harm that an annual scrutiny should be made of the business affairs of the city and county by a grand jury. It is certainly desired by the officers and by the people. It is the unfortunate habit of the press to charge, try and condemn public officers, simply that sensational reading matter may be manufactured. After an investigation by a legally constituted body, and it is determined the immense smoke was dense journalistic wind, there comes the editorial shout that nothing has been accomplished. If we are to judge from press criticisms the incoming grand jury will have much to do. Their files are not now before us; were they this issue contains not the space to summarize the public wrongs this people suffered, and is suffering. During the past year the old water-works building was about to fall; the Stevens pump threatened to quit working; the police department has been corrupt; gambling has been conducted in Chinatown; Henry failed to run his electric cars to the depot; the members of the board of trustees have used the term "buddle" in their public meetings; the supervisors did not obey the wishes of the Farmers' Alliance; Major McLaughlin declined to have a guardian appointed; and in one of the "public echoes" an elaborate condemnation was made of the poundmaster, who, if we recollect right, made an unlawful arrest of a goat in the eastern portion of the city. The business of the grand jury will be expedited if the newspapers will furnish scrap-books containing clippings from their files of the alarming accusations that have appeared in the column of "public echoes," and upon the dignified editorial page. We are, however, fearful that unless the daily press will agitate these and other wrongs with its accustomed vigor, the grand jury will lose sight of them, and confine its investigations to common-sense subjects.

The contest over the will of Mrs. Searles, in Massachusetts, will, during its pendency, attract much attention of the people of the nation. Not that they have any direct interest in the numberless dollars that are at stake, but because there is a general interest in the matter of the distribution of large holdings. As a rule, the heir by marriage is adversely criticised; of him it is said he married for money; or that he would not be able to hold his own in the world were it not for the accident of marriage. Men who marry for money, or who depend upon the coin their fathers gave them, are derided and are scorned by their competitors, who owe all they have to their own exertions and abilities. True it is, a man can justly feel proud that he has made for himself; but there is another view to take of the matter. In this world all things have their uses, though

at times not apparent at the first. The inheritor of wealth by marriage or birth very generally dissipates it to the source from whence it came—the mass of the people—and in that noble but unconscious mission he is ably assisted by the lawyers. In this case, could the wishes of the founder of this vast fortune be consulted, there would be a desire, doubtless, that the estate should be kept intact, and that it should continue to be a potential factor in the financial and business world. Providence decreed otherwise. His widow remarried, perhaps on her part for love; with Searles it is apparent it was for the money of Hopkins. The marriage was providential in that it has furnished the key for the unlocking of the treasure vault, and will in large measure throw to the people a portion of the great store.

The large accumulation of property by an individual is regarded as a misfortune to the people; truly it is. Its tendency is to build up an oppressive aristocracy. To guard their interests, there comes a combination of the money kings to direct the business and control the politics of the country. It is now the federal senate is practically a house of lords, and it stands as an irresistible barrier to the enactment of any law that will in any measure militate against money and its power. For admission to that body brains, save those of financial bent, need not apply. Perhaps time will come when a common-sense amendment will be made to the constitution permitting the people to directly select their representatives in the upper house of congress. Until such time come, encouragement should be given to men who will marry for money; let there not be the stigma cast, as it has been and now is, upon one who will make life's voyage easy by a monied matrimonial stroke. It should be considered this class of grooms do not interfere with the self-reliant, but are the only available instruments by which accumulated wealth can be disintegrated. Our neighbor the *Bee* was not politic when it remarked concerning Searles and his testimony:

Edward F. Searles was on the witness stand on Tuesday in Salem, Mass., in the to-be-celebrated contest of the will of Mrs. Searles. We find this excellent morsel of humor in a dispatch: "In reply to a question he said he married her for all she had—both love and money—but should never have married her for her money alone." Oh, thou man with the delicate and sensitive perceptions of propriety, stand up and be questioned! Is it not true that you would never have married her had she not money? Is it not true that, were she poor, the fire of love would never have been kindled from the ashes of your seven-per-cent. heart? Then, if you did not marry her for her money, what on earth did you marry her for? You say you "married her for all she had—both love and money." It was not necessary to mention the ingredient of love. It weighed in the balance like the outer film of a pea in a cargo of rock salt.

There is truth in the observation of an evening contemporary that the fact the newspapers of San Francisco are striking at the *Call* is a very sure sign it is a formidable rival. There is some truth in the statement that the *Call* is the only morning newspaper in San Francisco. It has maintained itself against the power of capital, and we are not aware it ever sold its editorial columns. Its merchandise has been in the way of advertising. It is gratifying the people have manifested their appreciation for a newspaper that has been able to successfully withstand the opposition it encountered. Of the *Chronicle* we speak not, save that its proprietor is to be congratulated that he took heed of the public sentiment that justified young Kalloch and Spreckles; since his paper has been comparatively clean. The play toy of young Hearst does, however, reach the ridiculous in journalism, and has been an expensive luxury. It was an attempt to build

up an artificial journal with varied attractions. In one act there would be the capture of a mammoth grizzly bear; then the running of special railway trains; then a puzzle contest; then an infant lottery and other matters that had a tendency to strike the people as being the veriest fakes. These amusements must have been agreeable to the boy, but they cost Senator Hearst much money. Of late, since the death of the senator, there has been a suspension of these absurdities, and it would appear the *Examiner* will be left to browse for itself. If it should come that paper will be thrown upon its own resources, there will soon be a demonstration of the utter inability of a pampered newspaper management to hold its own as against legitimate journals. It has ever been, and perhaps always will be, that the people respect more the brains that back a newspaper than they do the sack of money. From the moment it becomes known that a newspaper is subservient to capital its influence is destroyed. Of late years the printing of newspapers by corporations and by men of wealth has been a favorite yet an extremely expensive pastime, and gradually that era is passing away. The people do distrust a journal that is not published legitimately; and the success of the *Call* strikingly exemplifies this remark.

We stated last week that we believed that two-thirds of the reported robberies and burglaries in this city were fictitious. They unquestionably are. Anyone who will give a moment's consideration to the reports published in the newspapers concerning them will come to that conclusion. In some instances the accounts have been absurd, and it would seem that the press reporters should see through them. These reports of sham robberies and burglaries would be harmless were they printed in the humorous department, but when published seriously are misleading and unjust to the good order of the community and to the police department. The impression is given out that the police department is not efficient, while as a matter of fact it is. Our officers do not receive the commendation they merit.

It is with extreme gratification to us that the announcement is made through the morning press that the bondholders have determined that the Stevens pump at the water-works is in very good health, and that with its companion pumps the water for the city can be supplied for many years to come. We had been alarmed about the health of the Stevens pump from what its nurses said concerning it, but we presume if the bondholders say it is all right, it must be so. At this late day it seems that competent engineers, whose names are kept in the dark, have examined our water system, and have made the matter of its defects so clear that it can be seen by a child. The *Record-Union* has seen them, as it triumphantly states editorially:

It is stated by authority, the competency of which cannot be questioned, that the difficulty with our city water-works is not in incapacity of the pumps, but that it resides in the insufficiency of the pump lines to carry the water; that if twenty new pumps were added the service could not be materially improved. This is a mechanical statement, and the proofs of its soundness are such as can be made clear to a child.

The schools are now in vacation; we are therefore unable to readily get other juvenile expressions.

If there is truth in political street gossip, Judd, who nominally occupies the position of chief engineer of the water-works, will soon receive the punishment we predicted—removal. We did say he should have known

better than to have made any criticism as to the mismanagement of that institution. That he was not removed during the weeks of the fair is perhaps due to the fact that three of the employés were engaged elsewhere than in connection with the works. So long as it was deemed expedient to permit gambling to be carried on at the height it was, perhaps it was excusable that the trustees permitted it to be looked after. There are two reasons for the removal of Judd: He is dangerously honest; there has been a demonstration that too many men are employed in the department, for in the protracted absence of three it ran along the same as ever, and doubtless he is the most available man to be retired permanently.

Our neighbor the *Record-Union* is sometimes consistent only in inconsistency. Through its editorials the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco is commended for its action in deciding to resist the order of the State Board of Equalization in raising the assessment of San Francisco. A short time ago the *Record-Union* severely criticised the liquor dealers of this city because they did not obey the license regulations of the city trustees, and particularly, bow obedience to the Superior Court decision. Herein lies the inconsistency of our neighbor. In the matter of the action of the Board of Equalization, it was under a constitutional command. The liquor dealers only desired to have their rights adjudicated. With the latter it was simply a question of judicial construction of questions of law, and the contest was not without merit. But the *Record-Union* now advises an absolute disregard of the lawful acts of the State Board of Equalization. Consistency is indeed a jewel—but there are few jewels in our neighbor's sanctum.

We did hope that during fair week, when so many other exhibitions were made, the board of trustees would so far restrain themselves as to give the animals at the park a reasonable chance. We were impelled to indulge in this hope in that it is but once a year when there is a general State exhibition of the noted curiosities. In Sacramento it must be admitted that the thing is overdone, as we give weekly exhibitions. It seems that the regular Monday exhibition was a little better than usual, and had it been anticipated, arrangements should have been made for it to have occurred at the park or the pavilion.

The suicide of J. M. Balmaceda, the deposed president of Chili, has brought up the question if self-murder by one sane is not an act of cowardice. In the case of Balmaceda it seemed had he been taken by the junta he would have been killed—doubtless deservedly; yet his suicide was the act of a coward. While backed with power he hesitated not to oppress his fellow men, and did misuse the trust his people had reposed in him. When at last the time for popular vengeance came, instead of justifying his braggadocio declaration that he had acted during his administration for the best interests of his people, he sequestered himself and sent a bullet through his brain. We can understand from the spirit that has been manifested by the people of South American countries that the position of a ruler is not always the most agreeable, and it has happened the careers of some ended violently. Yet, of the many who overstepped their authority we believe Balmaceda to be the only one who did not meet his fate with chivalry.

The history of the world furnishes other examples of men who were apparently brave when on the upward tide, but who showed poltroonery when there should have been a manifestation of courage. Brutus and Cassius were brave enough to strike Cæsar in his back, but when defeated by Antony in battle, ended their own lives. Had they manfully met their fate they would not occupy a position despicable. Had Balmaceda confronted his adversaries and received the coup-de-grace at their hands, there would be some sympathy for him; as it now is he will be regarded as a coward during the little time he will be recollected.

—He

That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it;
And at the best shows but a bastard valor.

The case is entirely different where suicide is committed in mental aberration. Sympathy is then aroused. We have in mind the case of unfortunate Hugh Miller,

the learned geologist and elegant author, who shot himself December 26, 1856, in Scotland. In his life he accomplished in his favorite line of study more than any other man, and his published works will forever be a monument to his masterly intellect and his untiring labor. He toiled night and day, with but little sleep or exercise, and his mind gave way under the strain. At the last he was found lifeless in his study; his chest pierced with a pistol ball. In a pathetic note to his wife he wrote: "A fearful dream rises upon me; I cannot bear the horrible thought." He did realize that his mind was on the verge of ruin, and his act can be justified; there was before him in life the misery of insanity; in death, relief.

There was a time in England when the crime of suicide was punished with a forfeiture of property, and the body was buried on the open highway, with a stick thrust through it. On the repeal of this law, in the reign of George IV, there was enacted a statute providing that the body of a suicide should be buried at night, and without religious ceremony. In other countries, in early years, laws similar did prevail, that tended to cast ignominy on the self-murderer. In large degree their design was to restrain the commission of the act. Manifestly such laws were futile; dead men cannot be punished in this world. Modern judgment is that a man who encounters either real or imaginary misfortune, and has so little courage that to avoid meeting it, takes his own life, is better dead than living. So we regard the case of Balmaceda.

Whatever crimes Maximilian, the Emperor of Mexico, did commit—and they were many—he had the courage, when defeat came upon him, to stand his trial and meet his death from the bullets of his enemy. Incidentally—speaking of Maximilian—we will in part reply to a query by a correspondent as to some of the events of his life. He was the Arch-Duke of Austria, and was born in Vienna, July 6, 1832; he was shot in Mexico, July 19, 1867. His wife was the Princess Carlotta, daughter of King Leopold I, of the Belgians. At the instance of Napoleon III, of France, he accepted the imperial crown of Mexico, and landed in that country in May, 1864. There was resistance made by President Juarez and the masses of the Mexicans to the establishment of a foreign imperial government. At the close of the civil war in the United States our State department assumed a determined attitude with regard to the invasion. The affairs of Napoleon became complicated, and his support was withdrawn from Maximilian; the French army under Marshal Bazaine returned to Europe. When reduced to the last extremity Maximilian was importuned to leave the country, but declined. He made a feeble effort to maintain his position, but his forces were overcome, and on May 15, 1867, he was taken prisoner, with his generals. They were tried by court martial and sentenced to be shot; and the sentence was executed six days after their conviction. During his brief reign he maintained a regal court that equaled in pomp the courts of Europe. It is said that among his maids of honor was a descendant of the Montezumas, who was his favorite, and supplanted the Empress Carlotta in his affections; that the maid administered to Carlotta a poison the effect of which produced insanity with no physical impairment. This story is very generally believed in Mexico, and there is an apparent confirmation of its truth in the fact that for a quarter of a century the reason of the unfortunate empress has been dethroned, though physically she has not been impaired. At the time of the execution of Maximilian there was considerable expression of sympathy for him, but calmer judgment justified the course pursued by the Mexican authorities. The intervention of our government was solicited and declined. He undoubtedly merited the fate he received; and about the only redeeming feature was the fact that he declined to abandon the few adherents that he had, and shared his fate with them.

American Politeness.

An American seldom addresses one of the gentler sex with his head covered unless it is in the open air, and while this is also the custom in some European countries—in France and Switzerland, for instance—it is not nearly so common in Germany or Great Britain. At a Covent Garden promenade concert last summer I

saw 400 or 500 persons on the floor (men and women), and not more than six men carried their hats in their hands. I remember remarking at the time that one-third of the number of hats were the silk plush ("top hats"), one-third were derbys of a brownish hue, the other third were mixed—all sorts.

Even in the dress circle at the Covent Garden concert some men wear their hats the whole evening—white hats, derbys, and heavy silk hats—and this in warm weather, too. It no doubt is the custom; at any rate, such was the case on a certain "American night" last year, when American airs were played, Mrs. Alice Shaw, the beautiful whistler, being the special attraction among the solo performers.

And when men at London theaters do remove their hats they seem to do it reluctantly. They will enter a theater and enter a box, remove their overcoats and gloves, take out opera glass, spread the play bill before them, and then, as a last thought, if they think about it at all, the hat will be slowly removed; they seem to be unwilling to part with it.

How different in American theaters, where every man quickly doffs his hat the moment he enters the door of the auditorium. It is all the more noticeable in London theaters, because the women are obliged to remove their hats before entering, and excepting at the Lyceum, the Savoy, and possibly one or two other houses, they are obliged to pay for their care.

At third and second class restaurants men wear their hats as do people of the same class elsewhere, but Englishmen not only carry their hats into the dining-room of a first-class hotel, but carry them on their heads until they take their seats. The presence of women makes no difference.

Man and Woman's Soul.

Bye the bye, if people were pawning souls, I wonder what they would get for them? There are souls so mean and narrow and contracted that I don't believe even the Maryland coin known as a "fip and a bit," and which is really $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents, would be given for them. Then there are souls that seem to rise up and look out of the eyes as if they saw sweetness and purity and light; and yet in these souls there is that awful, awful something that we call selfish, that means "I will have what I want, and be anything that I want to be, but I find the amiable business is the most successful." What would you give for a soul like that? I think a colored Chinese coin with a hole in the center of it would be the best. Then there are good souls that are like all-wool flannel—warranted to wear and not to shrink; souls that have had much to bother them; and for these a silver piece might be given by a generous pawnbroker. And then there are souls that have gone through the fire of life, been struck by the sword of temptation and are sweeter than they were before they were bruised; and for these even the pawnbroker would give gold and diamonds, for their price is above rubies.—*Bab.*

When most pretty girls reach 19 they become engaged to some poor young man, and, as he hasn't money to marry on, they wait until he saves it. The waiting process is a long and tiresome one. While the young man is having a good time spending 90 cents and saving 10 for his marriage, the girl is growing a little older, a little plainer, a little more careworn, and wasting her youth in waiting for a man who in most cases finds someone else more attractive and breaks the engagement. If girls will look around at the great number of girls who have "waited" for some poor man to their sorrow, they will probably hesitate before entering into an engagement that promises to be long and fruitless, and that leaves them worn out and with no faith in human nature at the end. Very often a girl who is waiting for a young man to become rich throws away the real opportunity of her life; very often she is a slave to the caprice of a man who finally deserts her. Very often under such circumstances a woman gets a wrong idea of life, and accuses the world of faults it is not guilty of. In a way, men take very good care of themselves, for the reason that they accept the lessons of life, hard though they sometimes are, but women make the mistake of trusting too much and suffering needlessly for it.

Amen Rasi, a handsome Christian Assyrian who is now lecturing in this country, says that men in his country live on 6 cents a day. Women are sold as slaves to work with oxen at the plough. In Damascus, he says, there are 150,000 Christians, 130,000 Mahometans and 5,000 Jews. There is in it a building haunted by John the Baptist's ghost. The door of the room in which he is said to have been beheaded is never opened. The Mahometans say that once long ago some one opened it and the Baptist's blood flowed out over the city to a depth of five inches. It was the custom of worshipers to leave their shoes outside the temple. There were sometimes 300 or 400 pairs standing in a row, and the poor people hurried through their prayers first and then carefully selected the finest footwear in the row, thereby illustrating the great cleverness of the Assyrians.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

An attempt is being made in Milan to institute a free theater.

Grace Hawthorne, the actress, is clever at poker.

Clyde Fitch's new play, *Pamela's Prodigy*, is in rehearsal at the London Court Theater.

At the Metropolitan this evening, Nat Goodwin in *The Nominee*. On Monday and Tuesday evenings, *The Hustler*.

Robert Downing, the tragedian, allowed his children to see him play *The Gladiator*. They said: "We liked it ever so much. It was so funny! And papa hollered so!"

Mrs. E. L. Davenport, who died recently, was the granddaughter of an actor, the daughter of an actor, the wife of an actor, and the mother of five children, all of whom were or are on the stage.

"I'm afraid I was not cut out for a tragedian," acknowledged Mr. J. Roscius Hamme. "How did you find that out? Did the little birds tell you? 'They might have been birds if they had been allowed to hatch.'"

"My theory about Hamlet," said Baconius, mysteriously, "is that he was a printer." "And on what do you base this theory?" asked Criticus. "On that line in which he says, 'Either subdue the devil or throw him out.'"

Julia Marlowe, the actress, is said to have a wonderful memory. As a test, not long ago she committed to memory and recited the entire letter of Baron Fava to Secretary Blaine after it had been read but twice in her presence.

Gen. Butler's wife, of whom he writes so tenderly in his memoirs, was an exquisite elocutionist, surpassed, in the opinion of many, by Fannie Kemble alone. She knew several of the Shakespeare plays by heart and believed that they were the work of Bacon.

Patti doesn't "reminisce" very rapidly. She dictates an hour on her memoirs, pores over the type-written matter, and then, as like as not, tears it up. What a difference it would make in the happiness of the world if she had in this respect more imitators!

Bernhardt's nine performances in Boston aggregated \$43,839 87, the largest amount ever drawn in that city by any actress or singer in the same number of appearances. And yet Sara thinks it an outrage that she should have been required to pay a dog tax to the municipality.

One of the notable figures of Florentine life is the once beautiful and fascinating prima donna Maria Piccolomini, now the marchesa di Gaetani. Theater-goers of a generation ago will remember her in her favorite role of *La Traviata*. Her husband is wealthy and a member of one of the oldest families of the Italian nobility. She has one son and four daughters.

Augustus Pitou, the manager of Pitou's stock company, formerly played the opposite roles with Edwin Booth, and on the opening night of Booth's Theater in New York city he was mistaken for the great tragedian and given a great reception. Mr. Pitou, in conjunction with Mr. Jessop, wrote *The Power of the Press*, which was produced with great success last season. At present, in conjunction with Col. Alfriend, he is writing a war play.

The leading actor of Copenhagen is Joachim Ludwig Phister, who for more than fifty years has been connected with the Royal Danish theater. He has appeared in 700 roles, and has marvelous control over the muscles of his face. Phister got hold of a photograph of Gen. B. F. Butler some years ago and delights in assuming a facial resemblance to the man of Massachusetts, squint and all. He thinks Butler's a very interesting face, it is said.

Musical folk in Europe are still discussing eagerly the young Italian composer, Mascagni, whose opera, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, has attracted so much attention. Never before, probably, in the history of operatic art has a work by an unknown writer been performed in all the principal centers of Europe within six months of its first appearance. Mascagni is only 24 or 25 years of age, and this—his first work—was composed in competition for a prize offered by the Milan conservatory.

Maurel, the famous barytone, claims to have discovered a law enabling every one possessed of an ordinary singing voice to acquire the various colors indispensable to dramatic vocalism, which now are only acquired by highly talented singers after years of practice. None will suspect Maurel, unquestionably one of the world's great artists, of empiric methods or intentions; but it would be far easier for him to show an ordinary singer how to "acquire the various colors" than how to lay them on. There is no royal road to lyric greatness.

Book Chat.

Jules Verne has a son, Michael, who is developing a talent for writing stories very much in his father's highly imaginative style.

A bookseller was asked to describe an edition de luxe. He said: "You know what a rabbit is; well, a donkey is an edition de luxe of a rabbit."

The report comes from Paris that M. Zola intends to stop novel writing and demonstrate to Ibsen how a realistic play ought to be written. No doubt Ibsen is consumed with curiosity to learn.

Meissonier's intense aversion to Americans was due to the fact that "they were not demonstrative enough" when they were introduced to his presence. He once said that he hated them for this reason.

A tremendous plethora of novels is reported in Paris. For example, 45,000 copies of the last production of a popular writer have been returned to the publishers. It is said that another publisher has 3,000,000 volumes on hand, which are unsalable.

Mark Twain's new story, "The American Claimant," presents his old hero, the delightful and exasperating Colonel Sellers, as coming into possession of an English title left to him by an English kinsman. Of course this gives an opportunity for funny complications.

Herbert Spencer, considerably improved in health, is once more hard at work on his philosophy, in a little house in the edge of Savernake forest. The philosopher is very industrious these days, having but recently published an extensive treatise on "Justice."

There is less of sensation and more of common sense in the literary announcements for the season than in any we have scanned for some years. There is an absence of the element of surprise, but unless we are greatly mistaken the close of the season in the spring will mark a period productive of much valuable literature.

Two doctor books are heirlooms in the family of a Clinton, Mo., gunsmith. They are dated 1577 and 1613, and contain old-fashioned remedies for all ills and ails of the flesh. The title of the index says: "This is the index of two books for King Charles ye First. His book." It is said they were taken from the palace of the unfortunate monarch shortly before his execution.

Walter Besant says that the Victorian exhibition next winter will contain portraits of 400 great men who have added luster to her majesty's reign; and then he asks how many of them have been honored with titles. He asks what distinction the queen has accorded to Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Swinburne, Grote, Hallam, Froude, George Eliot, Blackmore, Freeman, Green, and Lecky.

Andrew Lang, the clever British critic, is very rough on literary men. He calls them "vain and irritable and flighty and absorbed." And he advises ladies never to entertain matrimonial propositions from them. This may be a kindness to the ladies, but the literary men will be likely to suffer considerable discomfort. If authors may not marry ladies, will Mr. Lang explain whom the dickens they may marry?

Dumas is credited with having said that it was the easiest thing in the world to write a book. You had only to seat yourself in a leather-covered chair, at a library table well supplied with blue paper and a certain kind of pen and ink, and proceed to write; but before you began, before you seated yourself or wrote the first word, you should have given ten years of thought to the subject on which you intended to write.

In a report addressed to the Prefect of the Seine with regard to the municipal and other free libraries in Paris and the suburbs, it is stated that they now number 64, and that they are attached to the different town halls and communal schools. The number of books given out to read last year was 1,386,642, and of these 690,105 were novels. The artisans, who use these libraries the most, and who prefer reading at their own homes, appear to be very scrupulous about returning the books given out, as the annual loss does not amount to one-half per cent.

The *Library Journal* is authority for the following supposed titles of books asked for at a certain public library: "Sarah Zenaski," "Sequel of Saracknessa Which Is St. Hilario," "11 Worth Case," "Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table," "Cluster on the Hearth," "Marie Bashkershrib," "Alsop's Fables," "Hy Spatia," "Dana's Emanuel of Geology," "Bonbary Roose," by Dickens, "Helen's Water Babies," "Great Orators: Their Habits and Nature When Young," "Cæsar's Contemporaries," "Tents of Ham," "Eggleston's Circus Rider," "Guyot's Earthen Man," "Lamb's Essay on Roast Mutton," "Roe's Escaped from Eden," "Butter and Eggs and Kisses," "Mrs. Burnet's Vera Cruz," "Trowbridge's Three Scoots," "Stock's Lady of the Lake," "Kenelworth and Chillingly," "Sacred Letter," by Hawthorne, and "Ex-pectoration" ("Expatriation").

Professional Chat.

Patient—Tell me, doctor, does hair dye injure the brain? Doctor—It depends entirely on the person who uses it. It is harmless in most cases, as people with brains rarely resort to it.

In Boston, Supreme Court Judge Lathrop has decided that, under the so-called Australian ballot law in Massachusetts, unchallenged votes once cast cannot afterward be disputed for illegality. The precedent may be useful elsewhere.

There was a quaint old canon in Newcastle some years ago who never minded what he said or how he said it. One very wet day he noticed some strangers in his church, people who he knew attended another on finer days; so, after the service, he toddled down the aisle and said to them audibly: "I am very glad you make a convenience of my church on a wet day."

"I have noticed," said a young solicitor, "that members of the legal profession are almost always brave men. It is seldom that one shows cowardice. I wonder why that is so?" "Well," responded an elderly lady, "I've read somewhere that 'conscience makes cowards of us all,' and, as lawyers mostly have no conscience, why, of course, they haven't anything to make them cowards."

A minister had traveled some distance to preach, and at the conclusion of the morning service waited for someone to invite him to dine, but the congregation dispersed without noticing him. When the house was nearly empty the minister stepped up to a gentleman and said: "Brother, will you go home to dinner with me to-day?" "Where do you live?" "About eighteen miles from here, sir." "No; but you must dine with me," answered the other, with a flushed face, which invitation the clergyman gravely accepted.

In Connecticut they are telling this story about Chief Justice Andrews: While attending a college reunion he met two young lawyers who were also graduates of the same institution and acquainted with him. It was a hot day, and, as he paused to greet his juniors, the judge mopped his brow and asked: "Boys, can you tell me if the old town is still without a license?" Truth compelled them to answer in the affirmative; but, after a moment's pause, they mentioned a "late decision" which permitted persons in dire distress to cope with the stern statutes of the commonwealth.

Judge Cooley, who has just resigned from the interstate commerce commission, is said to be the man who coined the expression, "A public office is a public trust," notwithstanding the fact that it is commonly attributed to ex-President Cleveland. Ten years before Mr. Cleveland became President, Judge Cooley used the phrase as the text for an address delivered before a national gathering of lawyers at St. Louis. Later, when President Cleveland used the phrase, it grew into popularity; and the books of phrases give Mr. Cleveland as the author of it.

Dr. Robert Wiesendanger, of Hamburg, has just patented a method of employing carbonic acid to produce intense cold for the purpose of causing insensibility, which will prove particularly useful in dental operations. It is used in the form of a pencil, and any part of the body, on being rubbed with this pencil, loses sensibility without the freezing of the skin; and slight surgical operations can be performed without causing any pain. Dr. Krummel experimented in the Hamburg Hospital on a boy of 13, who, without the slightest sign of flinching, allowed him to make a long and very deep cut in his leg, the doctor having rubbed the place with one of the pencils.

A country judge in Hungary gave a decision a few days ago of which Solomon himself might be proud. Members of the Nazarene sect in the town of Gyoma requested his honor to be allowed to crucify one of their number "who was a Messiah and had been called by Heaven to save men." The judge for a moment was dumbfounded. "Friends," he replied, after recovering his senses, "I do not wish to interfere with your religious practices. If your Messiah wishes to be crucified let him prepare himself for death. Remember, however, that if he does not rise again in three days I shall cause every one of you to be hanged. The Nazarenes, it is needless to add, allowed their chief to live.

He was a young man. He had studied law in his father's office, and his father finally retired and gave the business to him. One day, less than a week after the old gentleman had retired, the young man came home and proudly said: "Father, you know that old Gilpin estate case that you have been trying for years and years to settle?" "Yes," answered the father, with the suggestion of a smile. "Well, it didn't take me two days to settle it after I got at it." "What!" shouted the old lawyer; "you have settled the Gilpin estate?" "Yes; and it was just as easy as rolling off a log." "Well, you infernal idiot, you! Why, that estate has paid the living expenses of our family for four generations, and might have paid them for four more if I hadn't left the business to a ninny."

NOTES.

The youngest of the cardinals at Rome is 57 years of age; the oldest 84, who has worn the scarlet for 32 years.

Every workman in Japan wears on his cap and on his back an inscription giving his business and his employer's name.

A perfume lamp, which burns cologne, and spreads a delightful scent about the room, is the latest household novelty.

When a man marries in France he becomes legally responsible not alone for the support of his wife, but for the support of her parents, should they become destitute.

The earliest coin for American use was made about 1612, and bore as a design the picture of a hog. Considering the desire to get money and the propensity to keep it, this would be a fitting design for our coin even now.

The heart, stimulated beyond its capacity by hard drinking, weakens as the effects of the stimulants wear off, and at last becomes unable to pump the blood. The stagnant blood coagulates; and the victim is smothered.

The recipe for fame in these days of newspapers is simple. One has only to make a painful public nuisance of himself and then mysteriously disappear. The contrast between his pestiferous presence and his soothing departure will be sure to excite remark.

It begins to look as if the Sultan was not such a sick man after all. He permits Russia and England to do all the worrying while he enjoys the easy part of the situation by doing whatever either of the contending powers orders, and letting them fight it out between themselves.

There is propriety as to the time a man should die. Rev. Burchard is dead, but he died too ripe. Better would it have been had he been called to his Maker before he made his speech in the Blaine campaign, in 1884, in which he characterized the democracy as the party of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

An acre of bananas will support twenty-five times as many persons as an acre of wheat. One thousand square feet of land, growing bananas, will produce 4,000 pounds of nutritious substance. The same space, devoted to wheat or potatoes, will produce only 33 pounds of wheat, or 99 pounds of potatoes.

Professor Goodale, of Harvard, retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, said in his recent address at Washington "that the fruits of the future will tend toward seedlessness; and there is no reason why we should not have seedless strawberries, blackberries, and raspberries."

A marvelous illustration of the patience of the Chinese is found in the salt mines in Central China. Holes about six inches in diameter are bored in the rock by means of a primitive form of iron drill, and sometimes a period of forty years elapses before the coveted brine is reached, so that the work is carried on from one generation to another.

Would it be indelicate to inquire what has become of the agitation of the question of providing a system of sewerage for this city? Our understanding was, from the stir that was made concerning it, that so much would have been accomplished at least as to appoint a committee to wait on the bondholders and find out if we would be permitted to do nothing.

The Indianapolis *News* tells of a man in that city who has been leader of one church choir for over twenty years, and in all that long period there is not a case on record of the slightest unpleasantness between him and the singers. This man should have a little corner in the next and better world along with the couple out West somewhere who have lived together for fifty years and never given each other a cross word.

It is stated in the dispatches that the President has practically decided to give California a place in the cabinet, and that M. M. Estee will probably succeed Attorney-General Miller. Estee was chairman of the last Republican convention. At one time he resided in Sacramento, and in 1863 was elected District Attorney. If there is any virtue in the "doctrine of chances," he will meet with the executive favor, for our former District Attorneys have been fortunate in large degree. Three of them became United States Senators—Frank Hereford from West Virginia, and Cornelius Cole and Milton S. Latham from this State; Robert F. Morrison became Justice of the Supreme Court. There is a possibility Estee may decline the office should the President attempt to force it upon him abruptly.

The *Veze* has made the alarming discovery that there is gambling in Chinatown, and it would seem from the fact that it re-

peats the declaration in italic type it has found out something new. Lotteries and tan games have run there since Chinatown has been in existence, and doubtless will run until it will be burned down. We are not aware whatever what concern it is of the whites if a Chinaman feels like it that he should bet his money on buttons, or chance it at lottery. Our own people do it with other devices, and the business of selling lottery tickets is openly transacted; lottery drawings and the successes of individuals are advertised in family journals, though there is a law against it. In the face of events that disgraced our city during the late State fair, it would seem we had better first purify the white element, as preliminary to civilizing the heathen. The matter is on principle with going to the islands to make converts when we have so many sinners among our own people.

The Pound and Dollar Signs.

As there were twenty shillings to the pound of silver, England, according to one authority, obtained the reckoning of money by £, s. d. the signs for the Roman coins libra, solidi and denarii. The character £, for pounds sterling, is merely a capital L with a mark drawn across it to represent the corresponding Latin word libra, as lb, or pound weight, is formed of the first and third letters of the same word and connected by a similar mark, libra having been the Roman pound of twelve ounces.

The origin of the sign \$ has been variously accounted for, but it is thought to be a modified figure "8," denoting a "piece of eight," or eight reals—an old Spanish coin of the value of one dollar. The sign was in use long before the adoption of the federal currency. It has also been claimed that the mark is derived from the initials "U" and "S," written one over the other as a monogram, and with time modified to the present form by dropping the joining curve in the letter "U."

But on the subject of the £ and \$ marks an article by L. W. Fawcett, on "The History of the Two Pillars" presents an ingenious and interesting argument that the \$ mark represents the oldest symbol known to the human race, one which seems to have been elaborated out of the mythologies of all the ancients, passing through numberless changes by the outgrowth of fanciful legends from original ideas, but clearly traceable to the earliest races, of whom we get only a shadowy outline in the dusk of antiquity—a symbol known to those who built Tyre and Carthage as "The Pillars of Hercules," but as ancient to them as to us. In comparatively modern times poetic fancy, he says, has conferred this name on two mountains that stand at the entrance to the Mediterranean, Calpe on the north and Abyla on the south side of the straits. The writer refers to tradition, which has Melcarthus, a Tyrian navigator, sailing in search of the fabled Atlantis or dimly-remembered Britain, pausing in a bay at the western extremity of the land beyond the straits and setting up these two pillars as a memorial, building over them the temple of Hercules. A colony from Tyre was established, and the place grew into ancient Gades, the modern Cadiz. Flavius Philostratus described the pillars when they were replaced by gold and silver ones, saying of them: "These pillars are the chains which bind together the earth and the sea."

Following up the history of their descent to us, the writer shows that when Charles V became Emperor of Germany he adopted a new coat-of-arms, quartering those of Spain with those of his empire, the pillars of the arms of Cadiz being made supporters. At Seville's imperial mint was coined a standard dollar, called, in the Mediterranean coast, "colonato," the most prominent figures in the device on this coin being the two pillars and the scroll entwining them and the representation of which, with a pen, came to be the accepted symbol of the coin. Melcarthus was a Tyrian, and the pillars must have been a sacred symbol in Tyre, for on the coins of Tyre were prominently depicted with other emblems two short pillars arranged as supporters. Though not the first to coin money, the Tyrians were the first to circulate it, and theirs became the currency of the world, so that the pillars with which they were stamped would naturally become the symbol for money, and the adoption of the dollar mark to designate the "pillar pieces" of Charles V was probably only the revival of an ancient custom which at first referred to the "pillar pieces" of Tyre. The pound mark, continues the writer, owes, in all probability, its distinguishing feature—the two horizontal bars—to the same symbol, though in this connection they came into England by another route than Spain. The "L" was the initial letter of the Latin libra, a balance, and was used to signify a standard by which to weigh the precious metals, the name of the weight being derived from the Roman pondo—a pound. But in the time of Henry VIII the pound sterling, which had been used as a standard for money, was superseded by another pound, brought from Cairo, in Egypt, to Troyes, in France, during the crusades. It was probably owing to the ancient hatred of Briton and Gaul that this Troyes weight was not definitely adopted in England until it was carried there by Venetian goldsmiths,

about the year 1496. When it was so adopted it was probably distinguished from the old sterling or easterling pound by adding to the pound mark "L" two strokes of the pen, to represent the "pillars of Hercules," the common money symbol in the Mediterranean. But as the lower arm of the "L" was the shortest, a symmetrical written character would be made more easily by changing the pillars from the perpendicular to the horizontal.

Why Women Admire Men.

A source of never failing wonder to the average man is the average woman's admiration for him. Precisely what there is about his hairy and cigar-scented person that attracts a sweet-breathed woman, he can not divine. And the average man is apt to laugh at the average woman for the choice she makes when she falls in love. For the man who is loved of woman is he of fine manners, of considerable conceit and a soft voice, and of these qualities the average man considers not the first and despises the other two. He knows that good manners are a part of good morals, but is apt to think that an excess of this sort of morality denotes a corresponding deficiency of some other sort. The average man realizes, more than the average woman, that without steadiness of character in social life there can be no true friendship, and that fine manners, conceit and a soft voice are not essential to this; and he knows that "he who holds loosely the love of a friend or a brother is unworthy to take upon himself any obligation more sacred or binding." All this accounts for the average man's laugh when his woman friend falls in love with—somebody else.

The man popular with women is seldom popular with men. This does not seem to be due so much to any feeling of jealousy as to the fact that the man popular with women is quite often a shade selfish, and will seek admiration even if his friends are for the time cut off from the sunshine of his fine manners. More than this, "moderate people—those who ponder carefully, who see many sides of a subject, who are able to appreciate the good points of their enemies and the failings of their friends, who strive to be accurate and just more than to be effective and striking—are seldom so popular and so attractive as those who put force and brilliance and sparkle into the foreground;" and the average man dislikes to see real worth outshone by superficiality. And then often the man popular with women is set down as a fool, because "a fool always finds some one more foolish than himself to admire him." It has been said that if you want a man to do his best, shut him up where he'll never see a woman, and, doubtless, it has been thought that since the ladies' man sees them so much he must be a sort of a "poor stick" when it comes to a question of man's respect for man. At any rate, "love breeds not with ambition," and it is the ambitious man whom men like, and that's doubtless the amount of it.

It is curious that the same rule does not hold good for women and men. The woman popular with men is, in nearly every case, popular with women. Whether this is due to woman's superior sweetness of character, or to the fact that woman's popularity with woman is based upon qualities almost opposite to those essential to man's popularity with man, is a question which ladies' men and popular girls may decide. This paper is written by an unpopular man, so no offense need be taken; or, if there is, no harm will be done, when we say that certain it is, old maids, school teachers, and "slow" girls are generally unpopular with their sex; men of the same stamp are almost invariably popular with men. J. S. Blackie has said: "Life is an earnest business, and no man was ever made great or good by a diet of broad grins." To a woman, and especially to a young woman, this is not evident.—*Drake's Magazine*.

The Bald Knobbers.

To understand the history of the society in Missouri known as the Bald Knobbers, it is necessary to go back to the early settlement of that state. In the southwestern part of the state there is a mountainous district comprising about a dozen counties. This country was first settled about three generations ago by the ancestors of the present Bald Knobbers. These people had come from the mountain regions of the Carolinas, western Virginia, and eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, in which localities they had been known as "po' white trash," the general term then given by the planters and negroes to non-slaveholding whites. Coming to Missouri with little wealth save their horses, shotguns, and family carts, they found a home to their fancy in the Ozark mountains. Here, as farther east, they found themselves the scorn of the wealthy planters on the low lands adjoining them, but the mountain recesses abounded in game, and the hillsides gave their hardy cattle abundant and cheap pasture, and they lived in peace and comparative plenty until the civil war broke out. All these men were Douglas democrats, and they declared themselves decidedly on the side of the Union. They became known as the "Mountain Feds," and under their leader, William Monks, they struck many a blow against the power of the guerrillas. After

the coming of peace civilization began making its way into the Ozark mountains in a manner that the "Mountain Feds" did not at all approve of. Railroads were built, and settlers began to find out that the large tracts of land that these mountaineers had so long held as their own, were still open for settlement under the homestead law. They pushed in and began taking up the land, in utter disregard of the holdings of the inhabitants. The mountaineers did not understand it; they could not at all comprehend how strangers could have a right to take the land on which their huts stood and their cattle grazed; and, furthermore, they did not mean to submit to it. They formed a secret society to resist and drive out the homesteaders, and called themselves Bald Knobbers, taking their name from the Bald Knob, a desolate peak in Fane County. At first they tried intimidation of the new settlers only. Then they grew bolder, and committed depredations. Finally, they killed two men that had withstood them, and this brought about the arrest of a large number of the leaders of the society, and their trial for their lawless deeds.

The Great Serpent Mound.

This mound is one of the prehistoric monuments of the country. It is situated in Adams county, Ohio. It is a long earthen embankment on the edge of a bluff 100 feet high, and throughout the greater part of its course it has the waved outline of a snake, while the tail is coiled in a spiral like a watch spring. The head of the serpent is represented with wide-open mouth, and in front of it is an oval figure about ninety feet long, apparently resting on the distended jaws; and still beyond there is an object which has been supposed to resemble a jumping frog. The length of the serpent is about 1,300 feet; measurements made of it vary considerably, because of the difficulty of following the center of the curving outline. There was once quite a heavy growth of timber on this mound, but it was blown down by a tornado in 1859. The embankment constituting the serpent is upward of five feet high by thirty feet broad at the center of the body, diminishing somewhat toward the head and tail. The embankment forming the oval is about four feet high. This curious figure has been supposed by some to represent the original cosmological idea of the serpent and the egg. Some have supposed that this mound was erected to commemorate a great battle; others that it had a religious significance. Whatever it was made for, it may be regarded as one of the most remarkable of the prehistoric monuments in this country. It has been purchased as a public park. The well-known archaeologist, Professor W. T. Putnam, of Cambridge, has been the mover in the scheme, and has been aided by some wealthy ladies of the east. Sixty acres adjoining the mound have also been purchased, and the purpose is to enclose it all and have it cared for as a park.

Bones in the Human Body.

Well may we exclaim with the Psalmist: "For I am fearfully and wonderfully made," when even science in the nineteenth century is unable to say with certainty how many bones there are in the human body. Eminent specialists vary the number from 206 to 260. The difference may arise from simple or compound reckoning, or may depend upon whether the bones counted are those of a child, of a middle-aged person, or of a very old person. But who shall decide when doctors disagree? According to Hebrew authority, although the touching of a dead body involved ceremonial uncleanness, they did not entirely neglect anatomy, which was studied from the carefully preserved bones of their ancestors. The Hebrew physicians counted 248 bones and 365 ligaments, which division was believed to have relation to the 248 precepts of the Mosaic law that command and 365 that forbid.

Lake Michigan was frozen over, from shore to shore, February 17 and 18, 1885. The ice was from one to thirty feet in thickness on the east shore, and there were dams of ice between Milwaukee and the Haven to heights varying from fifty to sixty feet. For about six nights the temperature ranged between twenty degrees and thirty degrees below zero. A steam propeller named the Michigan was locked up in the ice twenty-three miles from land, and the crew reached South Haven on February 18th on the ice.

The steamship City of Paris is in length 580 feet; in breadth, 63½; in depth, 59½, and horse power, 20,000. The steamship Teutonic is in length 582 feet; in breadth, 57½; in depth, 39½. The City of Paris appears to be broader and deeper than the Teutonic, but the Teutonic is two feet longer than the City of Paris. These are two of the largest steamers afloat.

Call a girl a spring chicken and she will laugh; call a woman a hen and she gets mad. Call a young lady a witch and she will enjoy it; call an old woman a witch and your life will be in danger. Call a girl a kitten and she won't take it unkindly; call a woman a cat and she will hate you. Remarkable sex.

FLASHES.

Too much beer is apt to put men at lager-heads.

The roughest roads are those we have not traveled over.

The devil hates the man who minds his own business.

When we hear a man boast it is evidence of inferiority.

The man born in a cabin may some day name a cabinet.

A fellow who borrows books is usually a good bookkeeper.

You can't size up an orator by the dimensions of his mouth.

A belle should have a ringing voice—she often wrings hearts.

Indiscreet conduct, even of a society woman, is not forgotten.

Many handkerchiefs are moistened by sorrows that never occur.

It always looks boorish for a woman to use a tooth-pick in public.

Woman's sweet disposition is always shown by her husband's long hair.

A politician left alone with his conscience sees mighty little company.

A bridge should never be condemned until it has been tried by its piers.

In diving to the bottom of pleasures we bring up more gravel than pearls.

Hope builds a nest in man's heart where disappointment hatches its brood.

A kiss is nothing but compressed air; it, however, often causes an explosion.

Women are not inventive as a rule. They have no eagerness for new wrinkles.

That a woman is a paradox 'tis clear; We always find her distant when she's near.

Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.

The fellow who has the worst reputation is always the one loudest against having it injured.

The early Christians were broken on the wheel. Many of the visitors to the late fair were served likewise.

A Beautiful Custom.

In some portions of Tirol a peculiar and beautiful custom still prevails. When a girl is about to be married, before she leaves her home to go to the church, her mother hands her a kerchief, which is called a tear kerchief. It is made of newly spun linen, and has never been used. It is with this kerchief that she dries her tears when she leaves her father's house, and while she stands at the altar. After the marriage is over and the bride has gone with her husband to their own new home, she folds up the kerchief and places it unwashed in her linen closet, where it remains untouched.

The tear kerchief has only performed half of its mission. Children are born, grow up, marry, and move away from the old home. Each daughter receives from the mother a new tear kerchief. Her own still remains where it was placed in the linen closet on the day of the marriage. Generations come and go. The young rosy bride has become a wrinkled old woman. She may have survived her husband and all her children. All her friends may have died off, and still that last present which she received from her mother has not fulfilled its object.

But it comes at last. At last the weary eyelids close for the long, long sleep, and the tired wrinkled hands are folded over the pulseless heart. Then the tear kerchief is taken from its place and spread over the placid features of the dead, never to be removed until we are summoned to come forth on the resurrection morn.—*Texas Siftings*.

Lincoln's Prophecy.

The prophecy of President Lincoln, made by him in a private letter to a friend in Illinois, has been frequently quoted, but cannot be too frequently read and pondered over. He said:

"Yes, we may all congratulate ourselves that the cruel war is nearing a close. It has cost a vast amount of treasure and blood. The best blood of the flower of American youth has been freely offered upon our country's altar that the nation might live. It has, indeed, been a trying hour for the republic, but I see in the near future a crisis arising that unnerves me, and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war corporations have been enthroned, an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my suspicions may prove groundless."—*Chicago Journal*.

The Treatment of Inebriates.

Medical experts in the treatment of insane persons have for many years protested against the inhumanity of efforts to cure dipsomaniacs and confirmed inebriates by fines and imprisonment. We now have almost literally no discrimination in our treatment of persons arrested for being drunk. The lad arrested for the first time, and the old "rounder" who faces the court for the hundredth time, are served alike. A fine is imposed; if not paid, they are sent to work it out in the correctional institution. In a few cases where friends of means and influence interest themselves the inebriate is treated in a private asylum for inebriates or some lunatic hospital; but the great body are all classed together; fine follows fine, and imprisonment follows imprisonment, and the man or woman who enters upon the career by a first arrest seems bound to continue in it until the community and the victim are both relieved by the drunkard's death. Nearly all medical testimony is to the effect that a certain class of inebriates have passed the point where their inebriety is a vice or a crime, if it is ever so, and reached a condition of disease which they can no more control than the typhoid fever patient can control his fever. This class needs curative and reformatory treatment; for such we should have special hospitals, to treat such cases and no other. Persons of this class are never properly sent to correctional institutions, either for longer or shorter periods; neither should they be sent for treatment to lunatic hospitals or insane asylums. All persons arrested for drunkenness should be detained before trial long enough to make a complete investigation of their antecedents. If found to belong to the dipsomaniac class, they should be sent to the hospital especially provided for the cure of that disease; if arrested for the first time, and it appears they are regularly employed, they should be allowed to go free as soon as they become sober, with an admonition not to be arrested again; for a second offense a little longer detention should be inflicted, and some effort should be made to place the person under the restraint of some friends or of a probation officer; for a third offense within three years the defendant should be committed to an institution where he would be compelled to labor for a period of at least three months. Such institutions should have officers fitted to bring moral influence to bear upon the inmates to build up their will power, that they may be able to withstand temptation when released. For those who have been committed more than five times within three years a sentence of not less than two years should be imposed, to still another institution, where labor and mental and moral discipline are rigidly enforced. For the hardened offenders who spend eleven months out of every twelve in our institutions, who are never sober for more than a few days at a time, there should be no question about shutting them up for long terms, instead of arriving at a similar result by a dozen different arrests and convictions in a single year, as now. By putting this class away for long terms society will protect itself in many ways: it will relieve itself from the danger which their presence in the community threatens; the assaults, breaches of the peace, thefts, burglaries and murders they may commit would be prevented, society would be saved from their tainted offsprings, and the taxpayers would save the considerable difference between their treatment on this plan and under the present system. The writer is not a medical expert, but is situated so as to be a constant observer of the working of the present system of treating drunkards in one of our large cities, and feels no hesitation in saying that he believes if the authorities were to endeavor to invent a scheme for permanently destroying the usefulness of every person who happens to be arrested for drunkenness for the first time they would labor long before they could improve upon our present system.—*L. Edwin Dudley in the Century*.

Sense of Taste of Insects.

Insects, like other animals, are gifted with a discriminating sense of taste; and there is a large scope for such discrimination in the varying quality of the human blood upon which these pests make their repast. It is, of course, well known that the blood is composed of several distinct ingredients, the chief being water, albumen, salts, iron and the crimson pigment. It can easily be understood that an excess of any one constituent makes the blood more or less distasteful to the insect's palate, especially in the nature of salt. It is probably the albuminous matter from which they derive their nutriment; and this varies not only in different individuals, but in different conditions of health and climate. People whose food is largely farinaceous, and their blood abundantly albuminous, are more greedily attacked than others.

There is a great deal of kindly feeling among the working classes, and they correspond better than the rich with the scriptural injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens." At a first-class hotel, for instance, when one of the chambermaids is sick the others divide her work, so that she may not lose any part of her wages.

How Do You Dot Your I's?

Do you put the dot high above the letter i? Do you put it close to the letter? Do you send it flying before? Is it fat, round, irregular? These are the questions of a master in the art of deciphering character from handwriting.

In each case your peculiarity is the outward and visible sign of some idiosyncrasy. Look at the dots of your i: try to make them different—smaller, larger, rounder, more oblong—you cannot do it. The dot above the i only changes with your character.

If you often forget to dot your i you will also forget other things which seem unimportant to you, but which for the comfort of every-day life are as necessary as the dot is to the i. If you have often to look in vain for the dot, you will also look often in vain for other things because you have not put them in their proper place.

If the dot flies high above and far away from the letter to which it belongs, your hopes, thoughts, wishes and aspirations are apt to fly about in far-off regions, and instead of making practical use of the present day you dream of the ideals of the future. If this "high-flown" dot is of an oblong shape, and if, in conjunction with it, the loops of your l, h, g, f, etc., are loose and long, then good-by symmetry and calm, for you have very little self-control.

If your husband's dots are heavy, shapeless and blotchy, you will have a hard time of it where food is concerned. He will not be satisfied with a cold supper, an æsthetic tea or a meal of beef and vegetables. On the other hand, you have in his favorite dishes a means to pacify the grumbler and to incline him to listen to your wishes.

Your request for a new gown, for theater tickets, which was peremptorily refused before dinner, is listened to with much more interest after the man of the heavy dots has had a good meal. Never ask such a man to grant you a favor when he is waiting for his dinner. The larger the dots appear, the more critically a dish will be attacked and judged. Carlsbad, during the time when the patients go to drink their waters, is full of people who dot their i's heavily.

The dainty dot, on the other hand, if it goes together with a handwriting that consists of thin strokes only, denotes a mind above "these things."

Such a "dainty-dot" husband will be easily satisfied with his meals. He will hardly know what he is eating. You can get nothing "out of him" by giving him a dainty dish. He may even offend you by scant praise when you happen to have prepared a dish with your own hands.

It may even happen—if other geographical signs agree—that such a "dainty-dotter" forgets his meal times altogether, allows everything to get cold, does not eat nor praise nor blame, and spoils the pleasures of the table for himself and others.—*Edelweiss in Von Tels Zum Meer*.

Deaths of the Apostles.

St. Matthew, of whose history even less is known than of the other apostles, is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or to have been slain with a sword in Ethiopia. St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he died. St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece. St. John was put in a caldron of boiling oil at Rome, and escaped death. He afterward died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia. St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem. St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia. St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king. St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people until he expired. St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coromandel, in the East Indies. St. Jude was shot to death with arrows. St. Simon Zealot was crucified in Persia. St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded. St. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews at Salamina. St. Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero. St. Peter was crucified, head downward it is said, during the Neronian persecution.

How and Where Marbles are Made.

Almost all the "marbles" with which boys amuse themselves in season and out of season, on pavements and in shady spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are many large agate quarries and mills in that neighborhood, and the refuse is turned to good account in providing the small stone balls for experts to "knuckle down" with. The stone is broken into small cubes by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown by the shovelful into the hopper of a small mill, formed of a bedstone having its surface grooved with concentric furrows; above this is a "runner," which is of hard wood, having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the bedstone where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish a bushel of good marbles ready for the boys' knuckles. One mill will turn out 160,000 per week.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

MISCELLANY.

When Emperor William talks about letting loose the war dogs he muzzles the press.

"Tommy," said mamma, tearfully, "it gives me as much pain as it does you to punish you." Tommy, also tearfully—"Mebbe it does, but not in the same place."

Patient—What kept you away so long, doctor? I've waited for you for five hours. Country Doctor—Why, the fact is my wife was busy curing hams and needed my assistance. Patient—She ought to have called other help if she wanted 'em cured, and I'll tell her so.

It is said that a piece of zinc placed on the live coals in a hot stove will effectually clean out a stovepipe, the vapors produced carrying off the soot by chemical decomposition. This is a useful thing to know for those who burn wood and are fearful of chimney fires. It is at least worth a trial.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE Notice.—That on the 30th day of October, 1891, at the opening of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, in Department One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections 1811 to 1821, inclusive. The nature of the business to be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento County, Sutter Township, and the name of my husband is J. L. Clark. KATIE E. CLARK.

se26-5t



DON'T BE CARELESS ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION

It is woman's chiefest physical charm. It is often her only capital. It is always worth a great deal to her in business, love or social affairs. No matter how browned, or rough or sallow your skin may be, or how much it is disfigured with freckles, moths, patches, blackheads or pimples

MRS. GRAHAM'S

FACE BLEACH

will remove every blemish and leave your skin as pure and clear and white as it was in baby days. Your complexion will then be as nature made it. Instructions go with each bottle how to keep it so. Price \$1.50. All druggists sell it.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancashire, England.
1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

The Graves of Heroes.

Tread softly, for the place whereon
We tread is holy ground,
Where love and duty see a shrine
In each low, grassy mound.

Like white tents on a battle-field
The snowy marble gleams;
Within those walls no sound of strife
Disturb the soldiers' dreams.

We come to honor our brave dead—
These soldier boys of ours;
Let bitter memories of the past
Be buried 'neath the flowers.

Bring tender thoughts and loving words
For each who lieth low;
Strew the same blossoms, wet with tears,
Alike on friend and foe.

Heap high the flowers on their bed,
Cover each grassy mound;
Then leave them, in their dreamless sleep,
On their last camping ground.

Not of the Literature.

"It was—oh, many years ago," said an ex-reporter, "when I was on the journalistic stage on a certain paper that I was directed to obtain an interview upon 'The Element of Realism in Modern Literature.'"

"But whom shall I see?" I asked, with painful precision.

"Anybody!" roared the city editor, who was out of humor. "Get the views of some wood sawyer, if you like."

"It so happened that I was acquainted with a knight of the sawbuck. I found him, and late at night handed in the following effusion:

"The morning sun was climbing up the eastern wall of the heavens, shedding its benignant beams upon the denizens of this sub-lunary sphere, as a representative of the — started out in quest of information upon a subject of thrilling interest, and one which, until now, has been beclouded in mystery. The subject, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, is 'The Element of Realism in Modern Literature.' To whom should we go for light on so abstruse a matter if not the venerable Mr. De Smith, the well-known wood sawyer? To whom, indeed! The — representative weeded his way toward the homestead of De Smith, brushing with hasty steps the early morning dew from the city sidewalks. It was one of those mornings when one feels the life-blood churning with effervescent force through one's veins and arteries; when one's step is light and springy, and when one experiences in full force the glow of existence. Ere long the venerable wood-sawyer was found. He was clad in picturesque attire, consisting of well patched overalls, check shirt, straw hat and boots, all designed for comfort rather than beauty. His figure stood out against the blue ether like rugged pine in a desert waste.

"Finally, the all-important question was propounded: 'What is your opinion of the element of realism in modern literature?'"

"The wot?" exclaimed De Smith.

"What is your opinion of the element of realism in modern literature?"

"If I know, and — if I care."

And with that De Smith began to saw wood with a strained expression of earnestness upon his weather beaten visage that warned the —'s representative to depart.

"It is not necessary to relate what the city editor said," added the veracious informant

One of the largest pearl-fishing grounds in the world is in the Gulf of California. "The pearls," says a correspondent, "are not generally regular in shape or very pure in color, but some are of large size; and many of the rare black pearls are found. The divers are nearly all Indians, and their equipment is of the simplest kind, consisting only of a basket hung around the neck, in which to collect the oysters, a knife to detach them from the rocks, and a stone with a cord attached. When a diver goes down he takes the cord between his toes, the weight of the stone carrying him at once to the bottom. He gathers oysters as long as his breath holds out, and then rises to the surface, to descend again in fifteen minutes. Some of the divers are wonderfully expert and can remain under water for as much as two minutes before rising to the surface. The mortality among them is fearful, for the Gulf of California is infested with huge man-eating sharks, who carry off scores of men every year."

The singular and various senses of words in the English language are seen in the following words and their meanings: A sleeper is one who sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

The origin of "windfall," in the sense of "good luck," dates from the time of William the Conqueror. It was then a criminal offense to cut timber in the forests. Only such could be gathered as the wind had blown down; hence a heavy windstorm was hailed by the peasants as so much good luck; and from this comes the modern application of the expression.

The Earliest Sunday Schools.

The earliest recorded Sunday schools were the schools of Catechumens, organized, says Tertullian, in the year 180. They flourished until the sixth century. Martin Luther established schools for Sunday pupils who could not attend the day schools. This was in 1527. John Knox inaugurated similar schools in Scotland in 1560. France, Italy, the Netherlands, all had Sunday schools in the seventeenth century. In America, Roxbury, Mass., had a Sunday school in 1674, and Ephrata, Pa., had one in 1740, which continued until the building in which it was held was taken for a hospital in the time of the revolutionary war. These all were different from the present modern Sunday school, which was organized by Robert Raikes in 1781. He gathered poor and destitute children who were without any religious instruction, from the streets and alleys of Gloucester, England, and employed women teachers at a shilling a day to instruct them. The children were taught from 10 A. M. to 12; then, after an hour's recess, they read a lesson and went to church. After church they repeated the catechism until 5 P. M. The change from paid to volunteer teachers is said to have been the good work of the Methodists at Bolton, England, about 1786. After this the churches began to assume charge of Sunday schools.

Don't Take a Lady's Arm.

Ladies, a word to you on a very important subject: The next time any one of you goes out walking with a masculine escort and that escort catches you by the arm, whether grasping it above the elbow or making a scoop of his hand and holding your arm at and below the elbow, snub him then and there. He is ill-bred if he attempt such a familiarity, and nothing but a snub will cure ill-breeding. No spirited lady should permit such a thing. It is becoming altogether too common, and a few well-directed snubs will be necessary to cure the custom. Take his arm if he offer it in a gentlemanly way and there is no reason why you should not take it, but do not permit the vulgarity first spoken of. A French correspondent says, apropos of this: "The late M. Meissonier, though a great artist, was a small man physically, while his second wife was said to be the largest woman in Paris. Very shortly after they were married they went out walking, and madame offered her arm to her husband. So deeply was the sensitive nature of the artist wounded that the relations of the newly wedded pair were almost ruptured, and he scarcely forgave his wife."

Since the day when Newton illustrated by the fall of an apple to the earth the law of gravitation and the retention of the planets in their regular orbits about the sun, solar science has made wonderful strides. Patient investigators, aided by the marvelous products of human invention, have scanned the depths of space and widened our conceptions of the vast forces and activities which pervade the universe. The influence of the sun and moon upon the earth and the relations between light and electricity have long been favorite subjects for scientists, while at the same time they are so intimately associated with every form of life upon this planet that everything which leads to a clearer understanding of the principles involved in them is of deep interest to all thinking minds. We have long ago outgrown the superstition which attached evil influences to the planets, and are ready to admit with Cassius that "the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings." And yet if we no longer cast horoscopes nor believe "Tis Jupiter brings everything that's good and Venus that brings everything that's fair," the new astronomy has shown us that the most distant planet may have the greatest influence on the life, not of the individual but of the world, than was ever dreamed of by astrologer or soothsayer.

Nay, nay, my boy—'tis not for me,
This oriental pomp and luxury;
Give me no linen napkins—fine
The while I dine.

Nor seek to linger where the chef loud blows
His bulbous nose.

Earnest I beg naught but a sandwich bring,
Or, at the most, a tender pullet's wing;
Oblige me, please, by humoring my whim;
My pocket-book is mighty slim.

So bring a sweitzer sandwich and a beer,
And I must fain put up with frugal cheer.

The Crown Princess of Denmark, only daughter of the late King Charles XV of Sweden, is a superb woman. Her wit and intelligence have won for her the friendship of many brilliant men, while her striking beauty is the admiration of Denmark. She and the Queen of Portugal are the tallest two princesses in Europe.

A colored brother gives the following as his views on ambition: "It doan' do to hab too much ambition, deah breddren. I hab known men who hab reached de top rung ob de ladder ob fame, an' in tryin' to go one step higher dey only succeeded in fallin' off on de udder side into de abyss ob obsolescence."

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a thorough education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,

Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than J. SLAUGHTER, Sixth and M streets.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN, Formerly of Agricultural Park.

KEEP YOUR EYE

On the Window.

CHANGED DAILY DURING FAIR WEEK.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

UNCLE IKE'S

COLLATERAL o LOAN o OFFICE,

302 K Street, Sacramento.

W. R. STRONG CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fruit and Produce

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St.

SACRAMENTO

A. D. BOWLEY.

M. J. CURTIS.

CURTIS & BOWLEY.

Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

Pacific States Savings, Loan, and Building Company.

1012 Fourth Street, bet. J and K, Sacramento.

REPRESENT THE

Atlas Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn. \$10,000,000.00
Hartford Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn. 5,750,000.00
German-American Insurance Co. 5,000,000.00
Manhattan Life Ins. Co. of New York 11,729,400.00
Fidelity and Casualty Accident and Plate Glass Insurance Co. of New York 774,559.20

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware

SACRAMENTO.

PACIFIC

HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & Co.
410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. TEMPS'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMANN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMANN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER.

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Sarah Ann In a Rage.

Upon the kitchen table, with her work unfinished yet,
Sat Sarah Ann, intent upon a thrilling novelette.
The baker and the groceryman knocked loudly, but in vain;
Then kicked the paint all off the door and went away again.
The fire went out, the light grew dim, but Sarah Ann read on,
Intent upon the fortune of Lord Algernon Fitzjohn,
Whose proud and wealthy father designed his son and heir
For the beauty of the season, the Lady Maud de Vere.
She loved him, but Lord Algernon, much to his pa's distress,
Disliked the Lady Maud and loved a modest governess.
She came to where the beauty accidentally o'erhears
This willful lord proposing to the governess, who fears
She's unworthy of the honor; but she loves him as her life,
And will do her very best to make a true and worthy wife.
She still reads on; and as she neared the bottom of the page,
She learned how Lady Maud became convulsed with jealous rage,
Forgot herself, and, maddened by the sounds of rapturous kissing,
Sprang forward—Sarah turned the leaf; the other page was missing!

One of the last instances of an order being made for hanging in chains is that of a chimney sweep, who, in 1827, murdered a man on the highway on the east side of Brigg. The culprit was tried by Mr. Justice Best at Lincoln Assizes. At this time what used to be called the new law courts were building, so the Dean and Chapter lent their Chapter House for the purpose of an Assize Court. The trial lasted all day. The poor wretch's body never underwent the proposed indignity. The inhabitants of Brigg took fright—thought, it has been suggested, that the gibbet standing so near the highway would terrify the people and hinder them from coming to market; they petitioned against the Judge's order being carried out, and the authorities remitted the horror. Mr. Harts-horne believes, and we have no doubt correctly, that the last person hung in chains was a man named Cook, who suffered for the murder of a Mr. Paas. This occurred at Leicester, in 1834, the very year that the custom was put an end to by statute.

An invariable custom prevailing among Creole women is to insist that at the marriage ceremony the bridegroom shall receive a narrow, plain gold wedding ring, which he is obliged never to put from the third finger of his left hand until death parts them twain. To be without this seal of wedlock is held shameful in a wife, but now, for the first time, women everywhere are making positive demands for a fair exchange in the matter. These latter-day brides give their liege lords no costly ornament for the hand to attract admiring attention, but severely simple jewels of heavy polished gold, that both weight and purity may be accepted symbolically, and the peculiar style may publish them to the world as Benedicts.

A clock is to be seen at Brussels which comes as near to being a perpetual-motion machine as is likely ever to be invented, for the sun does the winding. A shaft exposed to the solar rays causes an up-draft of air, which sets a fan in motion. The fan acts upon a mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, and then puts a brake on the fan till the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again liberated and proceeds to act as before. As long as the sun shines frequently enough and the machinery does not wear out, the clock will keep going.

From Portland, Ind., comes a graphic story about a Hoosier gentleman who fell asleep on a railway track and let an engine come along and scoop the top of his head off and show his brains in the act of wishing for an office. After the accident the injured man arose and walked away without apparent discomfort. In most cases the brain is as vital a part as was Achilles' tendon, but nature has made some men invulnerable all over.

The Boston young woman may be clever, but she sometimes gets beside the mark. One was in Washington last winter for the first time, and, meeting Senator Hoar at a reception, asked him patronizingly if it were his first season in Washington! "It is my twentieth," said the venerable Senator, with dignity, as he turned away, hurt and offended. It seems incredible, but it is true.

Dr. Holmes: A woman's business is to please. I don't say that it is not her business to vote, but I do say that a woman who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature.

Modern Geography.

Of what is the surface of the earth composed? Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, railroad tracks, baseball grounds, cricket fields and skating rinks.

What portion of the globe is water? About three-fourths. Sometimes they add a little gin and nutmeg to it.

What is a town? A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men who "run the party" and lend money on 15 per cent. interest.

What is a city? A city is an incorporated town, with a mayor, who believes the whole world shakes when he happens to fall flat on a cross-walk.

What is commerce? Borrowing \$5 for a day or two and dodging the lender for a year or two.

Name the different races. Horse race, boat race, bicycle race, and racing around to find a man to indorse your note.

Into how many classes is mankind divided? Six: Being enlightened, civilized, half-civilized, savage, too utter, not worth a cent and Indian agents.

What nations are called enlightened? Those which have the most wars and the worst laws and produce the worst criminals.

How many motions has the earth? That's according to how you mix your drinks and which way you go home.

What is the earth's axis? The lines passing between New York and San Francisco.

What causes day and night? Day is caused by night getting tired out. Night is caused by everybody taking the street cars and going home to supper.

What is a map? A map is a drawing to show the jury where Smith stood when Jones gave him one under the eye.

What is a mariner's compass? A jug holding four gallons.—*Galveston Tribune.*

Getting Down to the Fight.

Three or four youngsters were playing on the dock when a quarrel arose.

"I ain't no kid!" exclaimed one, "and you shan't call me that."

"You are, too," urged the aggressor.

"I ain't; I'm as big as you are."

"You're a kid, just the same."

"I ain't, neither."

"You are."

"I ain't."

"Yes, you are; for I heard my pap say your pap was a regular old goat that came home full every night. And if your pap's a goat what are you but a kid?"

And then the fight began.

A clever writer calls attention to the baleful influence of summer gossip—at least of the kind indulged in by languid men and women at some of the fashionable watering places. It is so easy for criticisms of one's neighbors to become coarse and unkind; for little-tattle to run into riotous exaggeration until it culminates in slander. Cheap literature and summer gossip are responsible for more evil results than those who indulge in them would believe. One prolific source of gossip is fashion. Wrong fashion is the world's undertaker. It drives thousands in hearses to the cemeteries. But worse than all, it is the cause of intellectual depletion. The endless study of proprieties and patterns is dwarfing to the mind. It is worth noting that a man or woman of fashion is rarely known to study much. Their field of thought seldom leads them beyond the cut of a gown or the color of a ribbon or of a cravat. A new style of coat sends them into ecstasies or a faint. How much better life would be, how much broader and healthier, without such devotion to trifles.

Race prejudice in the United States is not a whit stronger than in India, where the British, after occupying the country for generations, still despise the natives of whatever caste. This contempt is extended to even the Caucasian born and brought up in India. The child born to British parents in India and not sent to Europe to be educated is called "country born," and the term is one of distinct opprobrium. It is the unanimous testimony of Europeans that one never really penetrates the Oriental. Whatever a man's culture, whatever his intimacy with the European, something is still kept back. The charm of mystery with which Kipling invests his stories of Indian life mirrors the feeling of resident Europeans toward the surrounding dark brown ocean, to which they are only as alien drops.

The iron age was an age of higher civilization and merges into the age in which we live. When men commenced to work in iron every experiment they tried added to its value; and as their knowledge of the metal and its uses increased they advanced in civilization. Warlike as they were, they made knives, axes, helmets, and coats-of-mail. But at the same time they made the tools for the field and utensils for home use—the gentler implements that were to triumph in the end. They put the true precious metal, iron, daily to new uses, and probably man has not yet found out all the ways in which it can be used.

In days of old, when knights were bold,
And ladies passing fair,
They captured every common scold
And doused her in a chair.

Red Roses Made Green.

A French scientist has announced the results of some interesting experiments made upon flowers when under the influence of sulphuric ether and ammonia. When subjected to this mixture, violets and roses turned green. A glass is filled with the mixture, the proportion of sulphuric ether to the ammonia being as nine to one, and the flowers are plunged into the liquid. White flowers turn yellow, red geraniums turn blue, the upper petal of the sweet pea turns dark blue and the lower petal a bright green. The flowers may be very prettily spotted with the mixture by placing drops of it upon the flowers where desired.

When the flowers are plunged into pure water they retain their new colors for several hours; after that they imperceptibly regain their natural colors.

In spite of his old age, Prince Bismarck has lost none of his gallantry. To a young lady who lately asked to be allowed to kiss his hand he replied: "Oh, no! that is not good enough for so charming a damsel." Whereupon his excellency, without further ado, gave the young lady a kiss. The prince is very active in business matters when at home on his estate. His income from his mills and other industrial works is reported to be upward of \$50,000 a year.

A. L. HART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON. **ALBERT M. JOHNSON.**
HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,
LAWYERS,
504 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,
LAWYERS,
Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,
LAWYER,
Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER,
LAWYER,
920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney),
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, upstairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
N.W. corner Sixth and K.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of E. M. Stevens, an insolvent debtor. E. M. Stevens, an insolvent debtor, having applied to this Court for a discharge from his debts, it is hereby ordered that the Clerk of this Court give notice to all creditors who have proved their debts, to appear before this Court, at the court-room thereof, on the 2d day of October, 1891, at the hour of 1:30 o'clock, P. M., and show cause, if any they have, why the said E. M. Stevens should not be discharged from all his debts, in accordance with the statutes in such cases made and provided. It is further ordered, that notice of said application be given to the creditors by mail, and by publication for four weeks in the THEMIS, a newspaper published in said county.

W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated September 3d, 1891.
W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. sep3-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of F. L. Bates, an insolvent debtor. F. L. Bates, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, from which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said F. L. Bates is hereby declared to be insolvent. All persons are hereby forbidden to pay any debts to said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him or to any person, firm, corporation or association, for his use, and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Hon. A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the county of Sacramento, on the 31st day of October, 1891, at 1:30 P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Dated, September 3d, A. D. 1891.
W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Filed September 3d, 1891.
W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
CLINTON L. WHITE, Attorney for Petitioner. sep5-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of V. CURRAN, an insolvent debtor.—V. Curran having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said V. Curran is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said V. Curran, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 15th day of September, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated August 13th, 1891.
JAMES B. DEVINE, Attorney for Petitioner. a15-5t

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said County. The People of the State of California to O. S. BOARDMAN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 22d day of July, 1891, in which action W. S. Hickey is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain judgment against you for the sum of One Thousand Four Hundred and Eighteen and $\frac{1}{2}$ Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to the plaintiff for the balance of an account; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for \$1,418.15, and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 24th day of July, A. D. 1891.
W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By **J. F. DOODY,** Deputy Clerk.
W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. a8-2m

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said County. The People of the State of California to THEODORE J. KERLIN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 14th day of July, 1891, in which action, Nettie R. Kerlin is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To have the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the plaintiff dissolved; that the plaintiff be awarded the custody of the children, issue of said marriage, and for alimony, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint. In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 14th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By **J. F. DOODY,** Deputy Clerk.
ARMSTRONG & PLATNAUER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. jv18-8t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, State of California.—In the matter of the Columbus Brewing Company, a corporation, an insolvent debtor. An adjudication of insolvency herein having been duly made, it is ordered, adjudged and decreed that the 23d day of October, 1891, at 9:30 o'clock A. M., at the court-room of this Court, in Department No. 1, in the city of Sacramento, be and the same are the time and place, appointed for the meeting of the creditors to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate; and it is further ordered, adjudged and decreed that a copy of this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the city of Sacramento, at least once a week during the period prior to the time appointed for the meeting of creditors.

A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated this 17th day of September, 1891.
A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Attorneys for Petitioners.

Millais' First Sale.

The story of how Sir John Millais sold his first picture is being told. It seems that at that time the artist was badly in need of money; his parents were poor, and their demands, no less than his own, made it necessary for him to secure all the money he could lay his hands to. Just then Millais was engaged upon his "Ferdinand and Ariel," and he accorded a view to a certain dealer, who professed to be delighted with the work. "It is charming," cried the dealer. "If, when it is finished, it pleases me as much as I think it will, I will give you £100 for it." This set the young artist nearly wild with joy; he hastened to tell his parents, and the old folks went into ecstasies, too.

Taking it for granted that the money could be depended upon, the little family indulged in luxuries which otherwise they would have denied themselves, and, sure of his purchaser, Millais was in no hurry to finish the picture. When, however, the work was done and the buyer came to inspect it, that critical gentleman regretted that it did not fulfill the bright promise of its inception; and, therefore, he could not bind the bargain.

This denouement threw the Millais family into a paroxysm of dismay. What upon earth were they to do? Sure of the money, they had anticipated its coming by fat living and a good time generally. Now, all at once, they were compelled to shut down upon everything that might be counted a luxury, and the severest policy of retrenchment was reverted to. In this extremity the mother, properly in the mood to do her share towards helping the common cause, determined to take lodgers. Accordingly she exhibited from one of the front windows a placard announcing that those requiring bed and board might find accommodation within. This expedient galled young Millais' pride to such a degree that he fell into a condition of melancholy, from which, however, he was one day aroused by the arrival of another dealer, who brought with him a quaint old gentleman whom he introduced as a Mr. Ellison, a connoisseur. With apparent interest this old gentleman examined Millais' picture, and with great interest listened to the story of the young artist's disappointment; for, being attracted by the old gentleman's benignant and kindly manner, Millais told of his experience with the first dealer.

"So he promised you £100, did he?" said the old gentleman. "Well, you should have paid no heed to anything he said until the picture was ready for sale. Your inexperience has brought this trouble upon you. Now, I have here a little book of advice to young artists, and I'm going to give it to you to read; it will be of great service to you—so promise me that you will read it at once."

Withdrawing to the desk, the old gentleman took the book from his pocket and wrote his name therein. Then he handed the volume to Millais. "There, young man," said he, "when you have read this you will thank me. It is the best I can do for you at present."

After the quaint old man had departed the young artist mechanically opened the book, curious, perhaps, to see wherein lay the value of which the stranger spoke so highly—and lo! there fell from the leaves thereof an order for the picture and a check for 150 guineas!

Millais eyes filled with tears. Seizing the check he rushed down-stairs into the room where his mother sat.

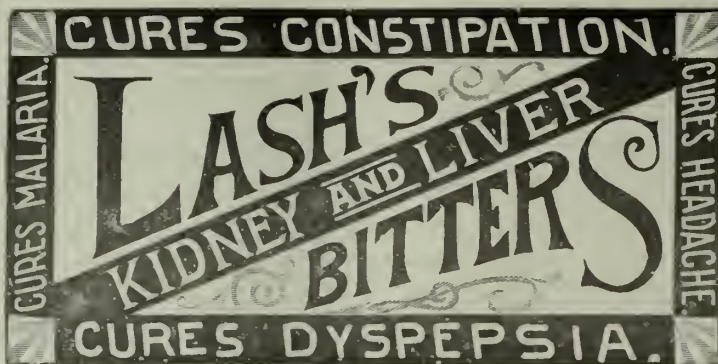
"Take it down—take it down, mother!" he cried, exultantly.

"Why, John; what ails you? Take what down!" asked the old lady.

"Take that lodgings sign down! I've got the money and we're all rich again!" he cried.

The sign came down and happiness fell upon that household. This was the first sale Millais made. But it was not the first act of kindness done by old Mr. Ellison. This worthy man delighted in generous deeds and he loved to discover and assist the meritorious in art. His collection of paintings was exceptionally large and fine, and at his death he bequeathed it to the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge.—*Frank Leslie's*.

There is one place in the world, namely, the peninsula of Athos in the Aegean Sea, in European Turkey, where women are unknown, and, therefore, where there are no girls born, because there are no births of any kind. The population is 6000, all monks, who form a kind of monastic republic, consisting of twenty large monasteries, besides numerous hermitages and chapels. The whole community is governed by an administrative body of four presidents, one styled "First Man of Athos," and a representative body called the Holy Synod, consisting of twenty members, one from each monastery. They enjoy complete autonomy, subject to paying the Turkish Government an annual tribute of about £3500. The monks follow the rule of St. Basil, and lead an ascetic life, restricting their diet to herbs, fruit and fish. They are employed in agriculture, gardening, the care of bees and the manufacture of amulets, images, crucifixes and wooden articles of furniture, which they sell, while they also reap profits from the numerous visits of pilgrims. No female is permitted to enter the peninsula.—*American Catholic News*.



W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!

Imperial GALLERY,
No. 415 J Street,
Between Fourth and Fifth,
SACRAMENTO.

Finest Finished Cabinet Photographs, \$2.00 per Dozen.

All Other Work in Proportion, and Guaranteed First Class.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR SPECIMENS BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE.



W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,
Book and Job Printers,
410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

S. A. WOLFE,
Photographic Art Parlors
426½ J Street, Sacramento.

SADDLE ROCK
Restaurant and Oyster House
- 1019 SECOND STREET,
Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.
First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.
BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

DAVE'S.
1022 FOURTH STREET.
Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO

EBNER BROS.
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Wines and Liquors.
CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.
116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
JOHN D. SHEARER & SON
CONTRACTORS.
Artificial Stone Sidewalks
Latest Designs and First-class Work.
Estimates Furnished for Residences.
Wood or Iron Foundations.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

August 2, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

LV.	Trains Run Daily.	ARR.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	1.42 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8.10 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.00 A
4.35 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7.00 P
7.00 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7.40 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	5.5 A
11.50 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	2.25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	5.25 A
	Ogden and East	
3.00 P	Oroville	1.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.35 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.25 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12.30 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.4 A
5.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8.10 P
*10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	36.00 A
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	2.50 P
4.30 P	Santa Barbara	9.35 A
6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8.10 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt	7.00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	9.35 A
11.50 A	Truckee and Reno	2.25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	5.25 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2.30 P
6.50 A	Vallejo	8.10 P
3.05 P	Vallejo	
*8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2.40 P
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10.20 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	*5.00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDGOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND HAS BEEN DECLARED BY THE
People's Savings Bank for the term ending June
30, 1891, at the rate of five and one-third (5 1/3) per
cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per
cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes,
and payable on or after July 3, 1891.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER, WHEN FOR
a trifling amount expended in the purchase of
one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can
obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed
in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THEMIS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1891.

No. 33.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

The prejudice of caste has existed in all ages of the world and among all peoples, and it ever will exist. So just a man as Abraham drove into the wilderness the despised Egyptian bondwoman Hagar and her child by him, though it was "very grievous in his sight." Sarah did demand, "Cast out this bondwoman and her son: for the son of this bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac." And the act of Abraham was at the direct command of God. It is not for man to criticise the justice of the acts and commands of his Maker; the creation, however, of peoples of unequal caste seems unjust. The lordly but depraved Caucasian looks with disdain upon his less-favored brethren, the African, the Asiatic, the Malay and the American; and in the geographies our children are taught that "The European, or Caucasian, is the most noble of the five races of men. It excels all others in learning and the arts, and includes the most powerful nations of ancient and modern times. The most valuable institutions of society, and the most important and useful inventions, have originated with the people of this race." The boast is rather broad. When many of our Caucasian ancestors were in a state of barbarism, so late even as the Roman invasion of Britain, there did exist, and had existed, refined civilization among the Chinese, the Egyptians, the Aztecs and very many other of the races now degraded. Proud as Macanley was of his people, he did write in his elegant history of England, truthfully, that "Nothing in the early existence of Britain indicated the greatness which she was destined to attain. Her inhabitants, when first they became known to the Tyrian mariners, were little superior to the natives of the Sandwich Islands." With our race caste is sustained that we do possess the power; it comes not from an ennoblement history would accord us. Little is there to commend that we did enslave the African and destroy the American. Perhaps the Asiatic would have not escaped had our boastful race had the courage to attack him.

It is a remarkable fact that while France, generally conceded to be in the advance of civilization and enlightened cosmopolitan life, is least addicted to the prejudice of caste, India, the darkest of all pretended civilizations, adheres most rigidly to caste privileges and exclusiveness, having interwoven the subject with the religion of her people. It will also be observed among individuals of this or any nation, that as they are more or less advanced in knowledge they are in about an equal degree more or less exempt from those provincial ideas which assign men social or political positions on the basis of race and color. A well-bred gentleman hardly ever takes offense at being placed on the same seat in a railway car, or in the next seat at a dinner table, with a person of mixed blood; while an ignorant, ill-bred, coarse fellow who has nothing but his white skin to recommend him, would snuff his nostrils in sovereign contempt and lose no such opportunity to complain that an indignity had been put upon him. We remember hearing the story of an indignity that was put upon a party of Mexican gentlemen who were passengers on a steamship from Panama to San Francisco, and who were so scorned by the

captain that they all declined, after the first day, to eat at the common table for first-class passengers and took their meals in private. We do not know, nor do we care, what has become of the captain and the vulgar men of provincial character who sustained his conduct, but one of the Mexican gentlemen so slighted and scorned became afterward the President of Mexico and proved to be a man in every way the peer of the greatest men of his age, and one fitted to associate with princes—he was the indomitable Juarez, a full-blooded Indian.

Buffum, in his European sketches, makes notes of social life in Paris, and tells us that color in that most enlightened and cosmopolitan of cities, has nothing to do with the rank or consideration that society attaches to men. The black, the brown, the red, the white and all intermediate shades occupy, so far as color is concerned, a perfect social level, in church, railway cars, ball-rooms, at dinner tables, in the drawing-room, and at levees. In some parts of Africa the blackest man is considered the aristocrat, entitled to the most of privilege, just as in some of the most benighted parts of this country a man not entirely white, but suspected of having a drop or two of African blood in his veins, is tabooed as a "nigger," which means that no matter how good or how able he may be, he shall be the "dog" among Christians that the Christian was five hundred years ago among the Mohammedans. In California this sort of savage prejudice has had its greatest carnival in our country, outside the old slave States. First, the Indian was killed off because he was red; then the negro (too vigorous an animal to be slaughtered) was ostracised because he was black; the mulatto, because he was not quite white; the Mexican, because he was "mixed;" and last of all, the Chinaman, because his eyes were not quite straight and his skin was yellow.

Time was in England when the Jew was the object of brutal oppression. Scott overdrew not the picture of Isaac and Rebecca in "Ivanhoe." There was ostracism and persecution; the exercise of sordid might against weakness. Time did work a change; there did come a fulfillment of the almost mythical prophecy of Mother Shipton, that time would come when England would be ruled by a Jew. Benjamin Disraeli did become the Prime Minister of the kingdom, and his career was one of the most extraordinary in the history of that country. Backed not by wealth or lineage, but by genius and energy, he made himself the leader of house of commons, minister of finance in the most commercial of countries, and was twice prime minister of one of the mightiest of modern kingdoms. And now it is the persecution of the Jews in Russia recalls the fanaticism of the dark ages. Since 1881, when Ignatieff promulgated the terrible Jewish laws the lives of the 5,000,000 Russian Hebrew, who, with few exceptions, led a pitiful and beggarly existence, have been passed in unbroken wars against the frightful abuse and persecution of the authorities. It would almost seem the hand of Providence is raised to punish a barbarous government; the black cloud of war and the spectre of famine do impend.

The suggestion of this article came that Frederick Douglass, late United States Minister to Hayti, in a very able article in the *North American Review*, explains his connection with the negotiations with that government for the acquisition by the United States of a naval station at the Mole St. Nicolas, and replies to

the charge that he had been the means of defeating the acquisition. Mr. Douglass writes:

One of the charitable apologies they are pleased to make for my failure is my color; and the implication is that a white man would have succeeded where I failed. This color argument is not new. It besieged the white house before I was appointed minister resident and consul-general to Hayti. At once and all along the line the contention was then raised that no man with African blood in his veins should be sent as minister to the black republic.

Mr. Douglass places this opposition against him upon the ground of his color at the door of the whites, and asseverates that "black Hayti" received him with the same cordiality that would have been accorded a white man. In this regard we think he is mistaken, and do believe, from what has been published, that the Haytians did not receive him as reasonably they would be expected to; and in that regard his complaint should be against his own people, and not the whites. There is much of merit in the man, and of it there has been recognition. He was born in Maryland about 1817. His mother was a negro slave, and his father a white man. He was reared as a slave, and in 1838 escaped to the north. While in bondage he learned to read and write. In 1841 he attended an anti-slavery convention, and delivered a speech that attracted marked attention. Afterward he lectured against slavery, both in this country and England, and formally purchased his manumitment. He held several distinguished offices under various Republican administrations. It would seem the people of Hayti should be the last to treat him with anything approaching disrespect. To a full-blooded negro, Toussaint L'Overture, do that people owe the founding of the republic. He was among the extraordinary men that did exist in a period when extraordinary men were numerous. Born a slave, he organized his people to resist the oppression of the French and the English, and did drive the latter from the island, and was made by the great Bonaparte the commander-in-chief of the island. Though he had assurances from the French general of the retention of his power, they were delusive; the army of France again invaded the island in January, 1802, and after a determined resistance a treaty of peace was effected. Napoleon was, however, treacherous. He ordered the arrest of Toussaint, had him conveyed to France, and confined in a dungeon. Food was withheld from him, and he suffered death from starvation in April, 1803. There can be no doubt the question of the prejudice of caste does not fairly arise in this case of Mr. Douglass; his wife is a white woman; and in this country the whites have favored him.

There have been noted cases where cruel injustice has been committed in individual cases because of the accident of birth. We have in mind the instance of William A. Lienesdorff. His father was a Dane, and about the year 1800 settled on the island of Saint Croix, in the West Indies. There he cohabited with a mulatto woman named Anna Maria Sparks, and she became the mother of William. At the age of twelve young Lienesdorff was sent to New Orleans to be educated. Arriving at manhood he entered business life and met with unusual success. He was handsome and bright, and manifested no sign of negro blood; in the society of that city he was a favorite—his unlucky taint was not known to its austere people. Later on he became engaged to the daughter of a proud French family. There was however his secret; he did know disclosure would certainly come, and that the fearful ostracism would follow. He told his affianced of it, and did declare, "I have never been guilty of one dishonorable or

dishonest act in my whole life; my father was a good Dure. I was born in wedlock, as I have the proofs to show in my possession, though my father never openly acknowledged the marriage with my mother, for my poor mother, though virtuous, pure, and good—was of negro blood; was a mulatto; and that is my secret, and my only crime is not having revealed it to you long ago. Oh, speak, Hortense, speak and say you do not despise and spurn me for this accident of my birth. No other woman did I ever love; no other woman can I ever love." If that which has been written be true, the subsequent history of the two was mournfully tragical, and a reproach to the sentiment of caste. Liedesdorff received a freezing note from the proud father that stung him to the quick. He disposed of his property, purchased a ship, and determined to find a home on the Pacific. A day or two before he was ready for sea, while he was going to where his vessel lay, a funeral procession came in sight; to avoid it he stepped into a store, and asked the owner what funeral it was. The reply was: "Oh, the funeral of the young lady —, who came so near being married to a mulatto. She died yesterday, they say, from the shock." Liedesdorff dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands in an agony of grief. Later the priest who had administered the last sacrament to Hortense called upon him, in compliance with her request, and gave him a little gold crucifix she had worn from childhood, and a message of her love. The ship did sail, and Liedesdorff settled in Yerba Buena (now San Francisco), where he embarked in merchandising and speculation. He was eminently successful; when he died, on May 18, 1848, he owned much real estate in San Francisco, and the Liedesdorff grant in this county at Folsom. At the time of his death he was supposed to be in debt, but subsequently his estate was valued at about a million of dollars. Later on, and after the admission of California, Captain Joseph L. Folsom went to the island of St. Croix and purchased the interest of the mother of Liedesdorff in the estate. In 1855 an act was passed by the Legislature appropriating \$30,000 for the prosecution of a suit to escheat the estate to the State; an agreed case was instituted against Folsom, and in October of that year the case was decided by the Supreme Court. The Court premised its decision by saying: "This case has excited more public attention than any that has heretofore been presented to this Court, both on account of the amount and the principles involved." It was claimed that the mother of Liedesdorff was not a citizen either of the United States or Mexico, nor had she resided in either country, and therefore she could not inherit. The Court held that as Liedesdorff had died twelve days before the ratification of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the matter must be determined under the laws of Mexico, and that under those laws there was no disability.

"We view with alarm" is a phrase not found in dictionaries of quotations, but it has its significance in political conventions, when the assembled statesmen of a party italicise the past and impending wrongs the indifferent people have suffered, or will suffer if the other party is not defeated in the "ides of November." We are not proposing to point out the ignorant reference that is ordinarily made by our political conventions and orators to the "ides," in that we are now viewing the situation of journalism in this city with alarm. A combat seems impending between our evening cotemporaries; "we view it with alarm," in that before it will subside there may be a considerable amount of space wasted on the "largest circulation," "outside support," and other favorite subjects that generally characterize these savage wars in journalism—an infliction on the good people tolerated by them only that they are patient. It seems that the editor of the *News* was out of town, and, so nearly as the public can understand, a "public echo" of criticism of a grand jury that did not exist was printed in the editorial columns. Had the editor been at home doubtless it would have been printed in its proper place, but the *Bee* takes the matter up seriously, and charges that the *News* is in part owned by a gentleman who it accuses is seeking to control the politics of the city and county, and who, if we understand it right, is jealous that he does not control the grand jury. The editor of the *News* on his return wastes half a column in squaring the blunder his paper

made, and in telling his antagonist and the world where he can be found during business hours. We do not know where this thing will end, and feel as little interest in it as do the people, but if the combat will come we may be called to act as umpire. In this matter there are amusing features. The *News* did broadly intimate the grand jury to be would act unfairly, and permitted the publication in its columns of an anonymous attack upon a man whose name had been drawn among the 30 from the box of 100. It is not to be supposed the anonymous correspondent knew what he was writing about—that would be an unreasonable assumption; but the editorial management should have known that the simple drawing of 30 names from the box does not mean that a jury of 30 is to be impaneled. And were it the grand jury of 19 was now impaneled, we can conceive of nothing in worse taste than to characterize the body as corrupt in advance of its action. A grand jury is powerless to punish without justification; we are not aware that it can shield where punishment is deserved. It is solemnly charged, after being sworn, to make diligent inquiry into all wrongs, and its findings must be made upon the consciences of its members. We did deprecate the premature attack that was made upon a grand jury that did not exist, in that we felt it to be indecent to anticipate the action of the body that will be chosen, and felt it an unjust reflection upon the 30 men whose names were drawn from the box. Should any 19 of them be impaneled, we are confident 15, the ruling number, will act fairly and conscientiously. In this regard the *News* was wrong. The *Bee's* insinuation that its rival is in part owned by a gentleman who is not identified with journalism is of inconsequence, and it may be admitted that it is true—and, then, what of it? It is no crime for a man to own an interest in a newspaper, and if the proprietor of the *News* has friends who are willing to take stock in his enterprise, it concerns not anyone but the parties immediately interested. There are very few newspapers that are not in whole or in part owned and controlled by others than their reputed owners; and in this day of personal journalism there is the strongest possible inducement for men to own newspaper stock to protect themselves and their interests from unjust assaults. Both of our cotemporaries lay great stress upon the fact that men prominent in politics are on the jury list, and assume these men will act badly, and that they will be governed by small prejudice. Broad indeed is the editorial mind! We are saints; those whom we ostracise are devils.

It is apparent the citizens are realizing that which the trustees should have known long ago: that our water-works pumps are in a deplorable condition, and that a change in the system is imperative. The situation of affairs is, however, auspicious, as it would seem to omen the change will be radical, both with regard to the quality of the water we will receive and its service. A meeting of prominent citizens was held at the court-house Tuesday evening, and the subject was preliminarily discussed. The suggestions made by Mr. Abbott were sensible: that if, after examination, artesian water in sufficient quantity can be obtained from wells sunk in the gravel beds to the east of the city, there should there be established a plant of sufficient capacity to furnish the city an abundant supply. The question of quality of the waters from the wells that have been sunk has been determined favorably; that of quantity remains to be demonstrated. The meeting appointed a committee to consider the practicability of the project. So long as we will be compelled to abandon our present system, it is but wisdom we adopt a new one that will be the best; and it would seem if an adequate supply can be obtained from wells, we should take advantage of this opportunity. We are well satisfied if the privilege was given to a private corporation to furnish our inhabitants with clear and pure water, it would be so well patronized that the city water-works would not be a successful competitor; and such a privilege should be granted if asked for.

Cathay was China, or rather Tartary. It was called Khitai (accent on the a) by the Tartars, and China was first entered by Europeans in the middle ages from the side of Tartary. The poet Tennyson speaks of it in "Locksley Hall" when he says, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Katty, Avourneen!

(OLD VERSION.)

"Twas a cold winter's night, and the tempest was suarling,
The snow like a sheet covered cabin and sty,
When Barney flew over the hills to his darling,
And rapped at the window where Katty did lie,
'Arrah jewel,' says he, 'are you sleepin' or wakin'?'
It's a cold bitter night, and my coat it is thin,
The storm is a brewin', the frost is a bakin',
Oh, Katty, avourneen, you must let me in."

"Ah, then, Barney," says Kate, and she spoke through the window,

"How could you be takin' us out of our bed?
To come at this time it's a shame and a sin, too;
It's whisky, not love, has got into your head,
If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd be tender,
Consider the time, and there's nobody in;
What has a poor girl but her name to defend her?
No, Barney, avourneen, I won't let you in."

"Acushla," says he, "it's my eye is a fountain,
That weeps at the wrong I might lay at your door;
Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain
And Barney would die to preserve it as pure;
I'll go to my home though the winter winds face me,
I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within,
And the words of my Katty shall comfort and bless me—
'No, Barney, avourneen, I won't let you in.'"

Antiquity of Butter.

If the translation of the Hebrew terms "chamca" and "Chaleb metz," as given by the ancient translators, and the LXX interpreters (who lived 300 years after Hippocrates, and who resided in Egypt), by the word "boutyron" is a correct one, then we find butter first mentioned in the following passages of the Bible: Genesis xviii:8; Deuteronomy xxxii:14; Judges v:25; 11 Samuel xvii:29; Job xx:17, xxix:6; Proverbs xxx:33; Isaiah vii:15-22. Aristotle, among the Greek writers, remarks that "in milk there is also a fat substance, which, under certain circumstances, is like oil." After him Herodotus describes the process used among the Scythians for making butter. The word "boutyron" also occurs in Hippocrates, who was almost contemporaneous with Herodotus, as both of them flourished in the fifth century B. C. Butter is often mentioned by Hippocrates, and he prescribes it externally as a medicine under the appellation "pike-iron," which seems to have been in earlier use among the Greeks than the term "boutyron." Soon after the death of Hippocrates we read that the Greeks thought the butter which the Thracians used a wonderful kind of food. The ancient Ethiopians appear to have used butter as food.

Always White, New and Crisp.

You never see a soiled Bank of England note. They are always white, new and crisp, for the reason that a note is never issued from the bank a second time. When they find their way into the bank new notes of the same number and the same denomination, of course, are issued in their stead. They are made from new, white linen cuttings; never from anything that has been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. They are made at Laverstoke, on the river Whit, in Hampshire, by a family named Portal, descended from a French Huguenot refugee, and have been made by the same family for more than one hundred and fifty years. They are printed within the building, there being elaborate arrangements for making them so that each note of the same denomination shall differ in some particular from the other.—*E.v.*

Eugene Field takes up the cudgel in favor of pet names for girls. "When," he says, "an American calls Ellen Nellie he obeys a noble, manly instinct. He loves to regard his mother as 'little mother,' his sister as 'little sister,' his sweetheart as 'little sweetheart,' his daughter as 'little daughter;' and this tender and beautiful sentiment he expresses when he employs the diminutives Nellie, Carrie, Susie, Mamie, etc. A powerful argument in favor of the custom is the fact that the girls themselves approve it. I believe in and stand for everything that shall show to the world that our girls, our sweethearts, our wives and our mothers are our pets and are petted."

The distinction of being the most northern line belongs to the Arctic railway. This railway has for its main object the bringing to the port of Lulea the enormously rich iron deposits of the far north. The ore is obtained from the mountain of Glenivara, which is some 300,000 acres in area, and shows traces of ore over its whole surface. The first train to enter the Arctic circle was on this railway, and left Lulea in October, 1887. This line is the recognized route by which tourists who have ascended the North cape can cross the Norwegian mountain ranges and return southward to Stockholm by rail, or by water from Lulea.

When Uncle Sam flings down a patch of soil as big as some of the empires of Europe, there's fun enough in the scramble to last 15,000 people three or four days.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

An actor's life ought to be fruitful; it is filled with dates.

Minnie Palmer is playing *My Sweetheart* at the Vaudeville, London.

Victory Bateman is Frederick Warde's leading lady this year in *The Lion's Mouth*.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall are playing the English provinces before coming to America.

It is said that Zola is going to write a play that will make Ibsen's hair curl. Here is sufficient provocation for Ib. to have his hair cut.

Willie Edouin is playing the *Late Lamented* at the London Star Theater to immense business. It is known as *Wilkinson's Widows* here.

Charles Nirdinger has copyrighted a play entitled *The Marquise de Pompadour*. It is in four acts, and was written to order for Miss Sadie Martinot.

Maggie Mitchell will "take to the road" the latter part of this month, presenting principally *The Little Maverick*. She plays only in the larger cities. Good.

Mme. Fursch-Madi will appear in opera in Boston the early part of November, and will be heard in both oratorio and opera in New York and other principal cities in the United States during the months of November and December.

Phyllis Rankin is now her father's chief support in the *Canuck*. Mabel Bert has retired, and she and Rankin are out. If Mabel Bert had retired from the Rankin company, there might not have been occasion for Kittie Rankin to have retired a few years ago.

George F. Root, the man to whom America's musical world owes such melodies as "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp;" "The Battle Flag of Freedom" and "The Vacant Chair," resides in Chicago, and has not become a millionaire through the profits of his productions.

Prof. Ferruccio Busoni, the Russian pianist, who left the imperial conservatory at Moscow to join the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, is but 25 years old, but has been before the public for eighteen years. He made his first appearance as an infant prodigy.

A rumor was recently current in London that the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kendall was about to go on the stage, but it is denied. Ellen Terry's daughter, however, will undertake some work in the Lyceum company during a provincial tour this fall. In some quarters it is doubted if she continue in the profession more than a few weeks.

Antoinette Sterling, the well-known contralto, who has lately joined the Quakers, created an unusual sensation at a meeting at Legtonstone. After the meeting had sat for a long time without the spirit moving anyone to speak, Mme. Sterling got up and sang. Singing is unheard of in Quakers' meetings, but she sang. Afterward one of the elders approached her and said: "Thee knowest, sister, that it is against the rules, but if the Lord telleth thee to sing thee must."

The Poet Laureate, Tennyson, has just completed the first work which he has ever written especially for the stage. Augustin Daly, of New York, has secured the exclusive right to produce the play, which is a three-act comedy. The new comedy contains parts designed to bring out the dramatic abilities of Miss Ada Rehan, Mrs. John Drew and Mr. Lewis. The play will be presented in New York during the coming winter. Mr. Daly, accompanied by Miss Rehan, recently visited Lord Tennyson, and they were entertained by him at luncheon. On that occasion the poet read to his guests the most effective passages of the comedy, especially those lines designed for Miss Rehan's part. The reading was a most successful and entertaining one, and Miss Rehan unhesitatingly expressed herself as delighted with the part assigned her.

ACT I.

She's writing a play;
That's the fad of the day;
And many a man erst lighthearted and gay
Has grown wrinkled and gray,
And has nothing to say,
Since the wife of his bosom is writing a play.

ACT II.

She's writing a play,
And she thinks it will pay,
Or, better, the heart of humanity sway;
While her dear, earnest way
Makes us pray that it may—
The bright, foolish woman who's writing a play.

ACT III.

She's writing a play!
But the grief, the dismay,
The surprise that awaits her, let no one portray.
Nor even essay
Friendly hint to convey;
For she simply can't listen—she's writing a play.

Book Chat.

Miss Hildegard Hawthorne, grand-daughter of Nathaniel, and daughter of Julian Hawthorne, is credited with a literary future.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling may see some fighting in Samoa after all in consequence of Mataala's defiant attitude and the increasing disaffection of the natives. A trinity of notable names in literature will soon be associated in Samoa—Mr. Kipling, Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Bassett Haggard, brother of Rider, of that family.

The poet Swinburne is small, red-headed and a bachelor. His forehead is very prominent, but his mouth is small and feminine and his chin weak. His eyes are large and brilliant. The poet is frank and courteous in manner, but he avoids general society because of his deafness. He talks well, and is fond of taking long walks and reading his own poetry.

Walter Besant claims to have seen "ghosts" on several occasions in his life. Once when he was sleeping in a room which was over 300 years old, and while the door was securely locked, three old ladies in Queen Anne dresses entered and sat down on chairs about the smoldering fire. Then, without waiting for further manifestations, Mr. Besant became horror stricken, leaped from the bed and opened the blinds, letting in the early morning light. The visitors, naturally offended by such unseemliness, slowly faded away. Mr. Besant says, however, that he has never received any communication from the other world.

"Paul and Virginia," as we know them, are threatened with annihilation like William Tell and other characters beginning to be enveloped in the haze of myth. M. Arene has written an article to prove that Virginia de la Tour, who was reported to have been drowned in the wreck of the Saint Geran, was really saved by her lover and duly married him. M. Arene relies largely on a fan said to have been given to Virginia by M. de la Bourdonnais, the colonial governor who married her to Paul, this remarkable fan being in the possession of one of the governor's descendants. M. Anatole France, however, says that the fan from the description is pure Louis seize, and that, as the Saint Geran went down in 1744, it is of no value as an argument against the accepted legend.

John Howard Payne was born in New York, June 9, 1792. He showed a remarkable precocity of talent. When but ten years of age, when a clerk in a New York counting house, he edited a weekly journal entitled the *Thespian Mirror*, and in 1807, when he was a student in Union College, he published twenty-five numbers of a periodical entitled *The Pastime*. He made his first appearance on the stage in New York, in 1809, as "Young Norval," subsequently acted in other cities with more or less success, and in 1813 made his debut in London. For nearly twenty years he lived in England, gaining a somewhat precarious support as actor, manager and playwright. He translated French plays and produced original plays and adaptations, including "Brutus," "Therese," "Clari," and "Charles the Second," which had considerable success. "Brutus," which was produced in 1818, with Edmund Kean in the principal part, is still a favorite play on the stage. "Clari," which was brought out as an opera, contains the celebrated song of "Home, Sweet Home." Of all Payne's numerous writings, this alone has rescued his name from oblivion. In 1832 Mr. Payne returned to the United States, and in 1841 was made American consul at Tunis, and held this position at the time of his death, April 10, 1852.

Charles Lamb is one of those few writers who are loved rather than admired. He is not a master by the verdict of the critics, but by the election of hearts he has touched and sympathies his sweet pages have awakened. We never say "How fine!" or "What masterly criticism!" The verdict on laying down his book is "Dear old Elia!" This is very natural, too, for if ever anything was ever written straight from the heart; if ever the soul whispered its inward emotions to the world, Charles Lamb has done so. He doesn't write essays on specific subjects. He merely details for us his musings—opens the windows of a frank and true nature and lets us look upon it in all its joys or sorrows or remembrances. The paper he writes on is his confidant. He whispers to it in the still night, and the words it bears are eloquent with music, tenderness, and pathos, because they so truly shadow forth one of the truest and sweetest and manliest characters revealed to us in all the long and checkered history of letters. What a brave, sweet life it was. How nobly and uncomplainingly all things were set aside for the fulfillment of a harsh and cruel duty! What a dignity and heroism there was in the simple and unpretentious sacrifice of ambition and love to that poor sister. Great epics have told us of mighty sacrifices. In the pages of old dramas and romance we read of stern renunciations and faithful loves, but it takes the cold, unornamented, but infinitely tragic poetry of common life to show us such a heroism as the brave and beautiful life of Charles Lamb.—Howard Hawthorne McGee.

Professional Chat.

The statesman whom the office seeks must be a pretty large pattern of a man.

Princess Christian, one of Queen Victoria's daughters, employs a woman physician—Dr. Julia Maitland—who is a specialist in diseases of the nerves.

In one of the paintings of the Old World is a suggestive picture of hypocrisy. A friar is seen in canonicals and apparently absorbed in his religious devotions. We draw very near. What seemed to have been a book proves to be a punch bowl, into which the clasped hands are squeezing a lemon.

The story of the dismissal of Ignatieff, lately Prime Minister of Russia, is thus told: Ignatieff one day presented some papers to his imperial master, saying: "Your majesty may sign these without reading them, as they are not of much importance." The Czar handed the papers back with the answer: "Keep these for your successor. I never sign papers without looking at them."

Very characteristic was the story told by Canon Scott Holland in his sermon to the university-extension students at Oxford anent Mr. Ruskin and one of his pupils. "Ah, Mr. Ruskin," said a too-eager disciple, "the first moment that I entered the gallery at Florence I saw at once what you meant when asserting the supremacy of Botticelli." "Did you, in a moment?" remarked the great teacher; "it took me twenty years to find out that."

The famous "Parson" Brownlow, who was a vigorous unionist during the civil war, hesitated at the very outset as to which cause he should espouse. It is said that he actually wrote an article for his paper, the *Knoxville Whig*, defending secession. By chance it was left out for a day; and in the meantime his chief journalistic rival took the same attitude. Therefore, Brownlow "killed" his own editorial and wrote another taking the northern view.

An Irish train was carrying in a compartment of the third class a clergyman and five or six ragamuffins. The rascals, to annoy the minister, kept up scoffing at religion and telling disagreeable stories. The good man endured it all, hearing it all without answering, without being moved. Arrived at his journey's end, he remarked to them: "We shall meet again, my children." "Why shall we meet again?" asked the leader of the band. "Because I am prison chaplain," was the reply.

In one of the earliest trials before a colored jury in Texas the twelve gentlemen were told by the judge to "retire and find the verdict." They went into the jury-room, where the opening and shutting of drawers, and other sounds of unusual commotion, were presently heard. At last the jury came back into court, when the foreman announced: "We hab looked eberywhar, judge, for dat verdict—in de drawers and behind de doahs—but it ain't nowhar in dat blessed room."

Shortly after the battle of Gettysburg President Lincoln was being shown over the battle field. "Here," said the general who was escorting him, "here on the brow of this hill stood our brave men, who three different times repelled the assaults of the rebels. I shall always be proud to know, Mr. President, that the men who held these heights were American citizens." "And I," replied President Lincoln, "shall always be proud to know that the brave men who charged up these heights, and, though repulsed, charged again and again, were likewise American citizens."

As illustrating the meekness of Rufus Choate, someone tells this story about him: Riding in a stagecoach one day in company with Joseph Bell Mr. Choate remarked: "What a fine wall surrounds that house." In the same vehicle sat a burly Englishman somewhat the worse for liquor. "That is not a wall, sir; it is a fence," said he. Mr. Choate replied: "I call it a stone wall." "I say, sir, it is a fence, and I insist upon it." For the sake of peace Mr. Choate admitted that it was a fence; when Mr. Bell jumped up and addressed the Englishman. "I say, sir, that it is a stone wall; and if you again call it a fence I will throw you out of this coach!" His threat proved effective.

During Bishop Newman's missionary trip around the world awhile ago, he spent some time in India. One day a lot of native pastors were called together to hear the bishop's views on the best methods of carrying on evangelical work. Native converts, according to the missionaries, are apt to think they know just what to do and are perfectly qualified to get along without advice. Bishop Newman began his talk, but was constantly interrupted by the native brethren, who jumped up, one after another, to remark that they thought this or that would be preferable. "Now, look here!" finally exclaimed the bishop, losing his patience a little, "if any of you think you can conduct this meeting better than I can, will you please rise?" There was silence for a moment as the bishop glanced around the room; then four of the brethren gravely rose and waited to be counted.

NOTES.

Sawdust and shavings, when reduced to powdered charcoal, are now used in wine to absorb unpleasant odors.

Business government, honest, efficient, careful and prudent, is the sort that makes a city prosperous and sought for as a place of living.

To destroy the odor of paint in a newly-painted room put a handful of fresh hay in a bucket of water and let it stand in the room over night.

Although diamonds will stand a very high temperature when held in vacuum, the admission of air causes them to burn almost as readily as coal.

When a man or woman goes wrong now-a-days it is charged that they are hypnotized. Hypnotism seems likely to come in for a good deal of the sin and follies of the day.

The young Yale sophomores who were last year freshmen and earnestly opposed to the unwarrantable practice of hazing, are still devoting much attention to the same subject.

Jupiter is larger than all the other planets and satellites of the solar system. The sun is a little more than 1,000 times larger than Jupiter. But Arcturus is 550,000 times larger than the sun.

The British lion seems to have an interesting time of it these days in making such disposition of his caudal appendage that no one will tread on it. Incidentally it may be remarked that Russia's ponderous foot seems to be always around where the tail is.

The Prince of Wales has ordered some cigars of a Cuban manufacturer at \$1,800 per thousand. It is lucky for him that his elevation to the throne does not depend upon the votes of the people, or his chances would go up in the smoke of those \$1 80 cigars.

The death of Hon. Thos. J. Hart, of Colusa, is much to be regretted. He had been ill for a long time with consumption, and his death was not unexpected. Mr. Hart was a lawyer of ability, and for two terms represented Colusa county in the Assembly. He was a brother of Gen. A. L. Hart and Hon. E. C. Hart of this city.

A Connecticut town boasts of a society of old maids, formed thirty years ago with a membership of fifty, and vows of perpetual celibacy. As the membership is now reduced to a mere handful, all the rest having been married in the interim, it would seem as if old-maid societies were not adapted to set a shining example of constancy to their fickle-minded sisters.

In Madrid no special regulation exists with regard to itinerant guitar players, but they are required to obtain a municipal license before being permitted to beg, and this may be refused. It would seem, from the number of healthy beggars that at times appear on our streets, that it would be a good idea to require them to take out licenses or do service in the chain-gang.

From all outward indications Uncle Sam will have to teach our Chili neighbors a lesson in diplomatic ethics. While we have admired the pluck and energy of the Junta, we feel that the Chilians have gone a step too far when they interfered with American citizens in the unwarranted manner announced by the telegrams. Blaine will be in Washington in a few days, and will straighten out these affairs in true American style.

Somewhat of a contrast is there between the Rothschilds and the Astors. The latter are notably penurious, while the former are liberal. How the Rothschilds are housed at Ferrieres, near Paris, may be judged by their five establishments, worth \$4,000,000, needing the services of 150 people. The stables contain 100 horses. When Louis Napoleon visited Ferrieres the Rothschilds gave a grand breakfast in his honor, the cost of which was \$300,000.

The Sacramento Athletic Club gave another popular entertainment this week, and which out of compliment was called "Ladies' Night." Our young friends of the club leave nothing undone to make their exhibitions exceedingly entertaining. We understand that in the near future there will be a grand combination exhibition, wherein the Sacramento athletes will be assisted by some of the Olympic club members. We shall look forward with earnest anticipation for this event.

"Can a hypnotized person be made to commit crime?" was very emphatically answered in the affirmative by Dr. Voisin, of Paris, in a paper delivered before the British association. He suggested to a subject under his influence to commit acts of incendiarism while hypnotically asleep, and there was obedience in each case. More than that, a woman was recently sentenced in Paris for a succession of acts of robbery. It was ascer-

tained that she had been habitually hypnotized, and upon investigation it was discovered that she had robbed under the suggestion of outside parties.

We did hope that, as hostilities prevail in Chili and Guatemala, our evening journals could be kept apart until there would be a finis to the foment elsewhere in the world; but it would seem they have determined to engage, notwithstanding we have lifted our harmonious voice and asked them to go slow. On Thursday evening the batteries opened on both sides. The *News* declared, very truthfully, that the public cared little for such disagreements, but wound up by charging its antagonist with owing heavy amounts to a well-known capitalist. The *Bee* consumes over half a column in reviewing the history of the war up to this point, and pointing out the advantages it claims to have gained. Let them fight.

Professor W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, is opposed to corporal punishment in schools, and claims that it brutalizes and terrorizes pupils. His theory is to teach pupils to govern themselves. There is, perhaps, much philosophy in the professor's doctrine, but when we look back to our school days and recall the dispositions and acts of some of the boys, we feel disposed to justify the warlike attitude the teachers did assume. It may have had the effect of brutalizing, but in many cases it resulted not in terrorizing. In some of the country schools the teachers had to maintain their authority by "bow and spear," and soft words had no more effect than to whistle at the north wind. The professor seems disposed to overturn the old adage "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

We are glad to note that the citizens of Sacramento have, through their committee, evinced such good judgment in selecting the Steffens property for a Governor's mansion. This is the most desirable location, as well as best fitted property. It is indeed a remarkably cheap bargain. The State could not erect anything like such buildings and furnish such grounds for five times the amount fixed as the consideration for the Steffens residence. The terms are such that it is difficult to ascribe any reason why the transaction should not be closed at once. There is no possible doubt of the next Legislature making suitable appropriations to relieve the citizens in consummating this very excellent bargain. The State should be proud of the considerate action of our citizens in furnishing our Executive with a place to live in due dignity as well as comfort.

"Marriage and Divorce" was the subject of an interesting paper read by Hon. Carroll D. Wright at the Unitarian Conference at Saratoga. Commenting on the fact that from 1867 to 1886, inclusive, there were granted in the United States 328,716 decrees of divorce, he pointed out that the increase was steady and rapid yearly, showing an increase of 157 per cent. in twenty years, in which period the population increased only 60 per cent. Of the 328,716 divorces granted, 216,176 were secured on the petition of the wives. The duration of the married time averaged 8.97 years for the men and 9.27 years for the women. Less than 20 per cent. of the parties were divorced in other States than those in which they were married. To restrict divorces, it was suggested that marriage should be made more difficult, and that the law should be changed so that the State should be a party to all divorce proceedings.

It is an every-day occurrence to hear individual exclamations of surprise over the brilliant, successful career of an apparently commonplace man or woman. "To save my life, I can see nothing remarkable in her," is what the amateur critic, with rather fretful impotence, complains; and yet, one by one, the triumphant seeker after fortune captures every citadel, storms the fortress, and finally plants her colors on the topmost turret for all the world to cheer. Of course no one ever does see the one thing able to accomplish these wonders, for the sole agent is hard, patient toil, the sort that is done in the closet, in odd hours, when the rest of mankind is asleep, ever digging away at an idea, and breathing life and activity into it by sheer force of will—over and over again, the same old story of tortoise and hare, until one marvels to hear lack of talent given as excuse for want of fortune. In material matters genius, unless supplemented by energy, does not count for a tuppence, while, on the other hand, grit is an independent factor, spinning flax out of hay and long straw, indifferent of means at hand, and only caring for the end in view.

It was Thaddeus Stevens who once, when an appropriation bill for an exhibit in some foreign exposition was before Congress, said the best thing Americans could do would be to equip and send to Europe a party of old "negro mamies" with a cargo of cornmeal to teach the people of Europe how to make hockeak and corn bread. Stevens has been dead for many years, but the European has

not yet learned how to make hockeak and corn bread. Indeed, the poorest people of the old country look with detestation on American "maize" and its food products. They regard it as food for animals, and imagine that it is unfit for any other purpose than the feeding of live stock. But now, with famine staring them in the face, there is likely to be more attention paid to American maize. Without wheat, without rye, without even potatoes, nothing is left available at a low price but corn. With the admission of American pork into Germany, and the prospect of the utilization of corn for human food as it is used in America, there will be presented the spectacle of the hungry poor of Europe satisfying themselves on "hog and hominy" in a genuine Yankee fashion.

We trust the Board of Trustees will see the wisdom of Major McLaughlin's proposition to call an election for fifteen freeholders to frame a new charter. Now is the time to commence this much needed work, in order that there may be an organic law devised which will meet all the necessities of this community. Much labor and care is required in framing a charter to provide for the various departments of local government. It is a wise resolve to thus institute the work at this early day so as to give the people an opportunity to understand and discuss the work. Great care must also be taken in selecting the right men for the labor. Men with crank notions should be avoided in such important matters, and only thoroughly practical men who have an adequate knowledge of political economy and science of government detailed to perform this task. No questions of a partisan nature can possibly arise, therefore the fifteen freeholders should be strictly non-partisan. All political parties should join in the selection of these freeholders, having in mind only the question of fitness. By all means, gentlemen trustees, call an election at the earliest possible date, and have the gentlemen selected as a board of freeholders proceed at once to the formulation of a new organic law.

One of our local hobbies is the suppression of gambling, and with our people it has assumed a variety of phases. In the flush times of "the days of old, the days of gold, and the days of '49" gambling was tolerated without limit, and the gilded floating palaces that plied between this city and San Francisco rivaled in that regard the old-time Mississippi river steamboats. The first anti-gambling law in California was drafted by Chief Justice Hugh C. Murray, himself a "high roller," as the expression now goes. It was as ineffectual as the existing statute. Perhaps the most sensible adjustment of the matter was during the administration of Judge Clark, before the adoption of the present Constitution. Then a grand jury met every quarter, and the gamblers were indicted and fined. Practically, it was a license, and the fines helped out the county funds materially. The gamblers knew it was coming, and like Daniel Boone's coon, came down without the firing of a shot. Those who were proceeded against naturally informed against all others, so none escaped. In one instance a grand jury indicted one of its own members for gambling. Now things are more unsatisfactory. Gambling goes on; the money for its protection goes into private hands, and when there is an official investigation it proceeds but to the "vanishing point."

The Flight Into Egypt.

It is thought that the route taken by Joseph was along the edge of the wilderness of Judea, by a line going directly south from Bethlehem, trending a little toward the west. The country was hilly, but not difficult to traverse. It was inhabited by the Hittites, a people that at this time were friendly toward the Jews. This flight, we are assured, was just exactly what every other Jew, at that time similarly circumstanced, would have determined upon. There was quite a Jewish colony in Egypt, made up of those who had been driven thither by the usurpations and injustice of Roman rule. The distance from Bethlehem to a point beyond Herod's jurisdiction was not more than seventy miles—about three days' journey.

The early Christians observed the first day of the week in commemoration of Christ's resurrection. They also observed the Jewish Sabbath, in accordance with custom. After they became quite numerous they began to neglect the Jewish day, confining their observance to the other, which they called the Lord's Day. In the year 321 the Emperor Constantine officially recognized the day by an edict ordering that all work should cease on it except necessary husbandry. The Emperor Theodosius, about 382, ordered that all legal business should be put aside on that day. So it came to be the one day of rest for Christians.

Cape Cod, the sandy peninsula which extends into the Atlantic ocean and forms the southwest extremity of Massachusetts, was so named by Bartholomew Goswold, May 15, 1602, from the quantity of codfish caught off its shores. He described it as a "mighty headland."

Colors of Sea Waters.

Ever since poet indited verse in praise of the "deep blue sea," or painter took up the brush in order to portray the glories of the "azure main," it has been settled for us and for all time that the sea is blue; and such expressions as the "blue deep" and the "blue ocean" have become stereotyped phrases. Yet the fact that the waters of the sea sometimes appear, and very often are, of a different color forces itself on the attention of the most superficial observer. Such names as the Red sea, the Yellow sea, the Black sea, the White sea, testify that other colors beside blue have attracted the attention of seafaring men from the earliest times, although in some of those instances the name probably had its origin, not in the actual color of the water, but in the aspect of the surrounding land; such, for example, as the gloomy coasts of the Black sea and the snow-clad, ice-fringed shores of the White sea. Numerous theories have been offered in explanation of these changes, some ascribing them to the varying color of the sea bottom, some to differences in depth, others to the presence of certain coloring substances, others again to the chemical composition of the water. Most of these suggestions contained an element of truth, although no one of them, taken by itself, sufficed to account for alterations in color which have often been observed to occur in the course of a few hours' sail, or even within a distance measuring less than a ship's length. Of late years numerous scientific expeditions have been dispatched for the express purpose of exploring the secrets of the deep, and much light has been thrown, for the first time, upon the conditions which affect the color of the sea. "Science for All" sums up the results as follows: "The various tints of blue and green which constitute what may be called the proper color of sea water are due to a greater or lesser proportion of salt held in solution, the color being an intense blue when the water is very salt, and changing by degrees to a green blue, or blue green, and green color, as the water becomes more fresh. On the other hand, the abnormally colored red, yellow, brown and inky seas owe their appearance to the accumulation of large masses of seaweed, from the gigantic algae, which fringe the shores of oceanic islands, to the microscopic diatoms; but almost as frequently the discoloration is caused by myriads of animal organisms collected in shoals at the surface of the ocean."

Mother Shipton's Prophecy.

The following, which is known as "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," was first published in 1488, and republished with wide circulation in 1641:

"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do.
Very strange, yet shall be true—
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at the foot of tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass by his side.
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that is not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do;
England shall at last admit a Jew.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

Childish Faith.

An example of childish faith, of a kind a dull age wears away, was seen the other day. A little boy was sitting in the yard of an old country homestead; on either side of him sat a huge dog, patient and loving. The sun shone down scorchingly on the trio, and its rays were uncomfortable. Shading his eyes with his curved hand the child looked skyward and said: "Put in that sun, please." The sun shone brightly, and the little fellow repeated softly: "Please put in that sun, man up in the sky, it hurts my head." Just then over the face of the blazing orb there sailed a white summer cloud, then another, and the yellow blaze turned suddenly to a lazy, restful gray. Turning to the dogs, the little boy, putting an arm around the neck of each, said: "Did you see the sun pulled in. Romeo and Chieftain? When you wants anything, if you is good, and you asks God for it, he gives it to you. The sun hurt my head, and I asked him to put it in, and don't you see how he did reach out and put it in for me?" The dogs looked wise, leaned their heads lovingly towards the diminutive theologian, and, whatever might have been their belief, kept an inscrutable silence.—*Providence Journal*.

A huge toadstool has appeared every fall for the last ten years on a low branch of an elm tree near Woldeck Park, Berlin. It stands about twenty-five inches high, and has a cap almost two feet in diameter. Two years ago a policeman picked it, cooked it, and ate, and suffered no bad results from the meal. On September 3d the big toadstool sprouted for the eleventh time.

FLASHES.

It is strange how quick we tire of a once-coveted prize.

Some men may learn to eat with a fork and yet not be gentlemen.

The eagerness to get married never equals the desire to get divorced.

When we see a man-hating woman we can be sure some man has made her so.

The stump which should receive the attention of the farmer is not the political stump, but the one on his farm.

We are always suspicious of purely disinterested actions by some people. We have some such public-spirited men in this city.

It would be a good thing if we could hold our tempers as long as we hold our spite. In that case we might not have occasion for the latter.

The Horseshoe Superstition.

The custom of nailing a horseshoe over the door of a house or other building as a protection against evil spirits and as an assurance of good luck is widely spread over the United States and England. It also flourishes among the Teutonic and Scandinavian races, and has been recognized as far east as Hindoostan. The horseshoe unites within itself three lucky elements—it is crescent-shaped, it has been, or is to be, in contact with a horse, and is made of iron. Popular superstition has for ages endowed iron with protecting powers. The Romans are known to have driven nails into the doors and the walls of their houses as an antidote or as a preventive of the plague. The Arab who is overtaken by a simoon in the desert seeks to propitiate the Jinns by shrieking: "Iron! iron!" Since time out of memory the Scandinavians have sought to exercise the river spirit, Neckaw, by sticking an open knife in the bottom of the boat, or driving a nail in the mast or oar. In the mythology of England the horseshoe has always been considered a "luck bringer."

The popular belief in the horseshoe attained its greatest diffusion about the end of the last century. Aubrey, in his "Miscellanies," tells us that in his time most all the houses in West London had a horseshoe over the door. Lord Nelson nailed one to the mast of the Victory, and "Lucky" Dr. James used one as a crest for his carriage.

Beginning to Pay Dividends.

Wife: How in the world can you afford to buy those expensive cigars?

Husband: I don't buy 'em.

"Dear me! You don't mean to say any friend of yours is rich enough to give you such cigars, do you?"

"Well, not exactly. That young man who has got so smitten with our daughter—"

"Huh! No more than she is with him."

"Well, he's an agent or something for a big firm of cigar importers, and generally has his pockets full of their best samples. Well, after we go to bed, and the lights are turned down, he takes them out of his pockets and puts 'em in the mantelpiece—to keep 'em from getting crushed, I suppose. Then when it comes to leaving, between the desire to skip out without making any noise at such a late hour, and the pain of saying good night to our daughter, he forgets all about them. I tell you, Maria, our daughter has been a pretty heavy expense, but she's sort o' paying for herself now."

The Boston *Farmers' Almanac* for 1836 thus describes the farmer's girl of that day: "Give me one of your ruddy farmer's daughters, who thinks more of the yellow harvest's abundance than of the spring posies—a good, buxom country lass, who knows how to boil a potato and can tell a mealy chenango from a blue nose; one that can make good brown bread and is never afraid to be seen in the dough. Our genuine farmer girl is modest, but has no affectation. She affects not to be delighted with the effluvia of a marigold nor to be disgusted at the sight of a cow. She can make butter as well as eat it. She can ride a trotting pony without being strapped on; and, though she never cut a pigeon-wing or whirled in the mazy motion, yet she can leap a fence like a fox-hound and dance good old 'Rural Felicity' to a charm."

In Fenelon's "Fables," written in 1690, may be found an interesting chapter entitled "Voyage Suppose." Of the marvels related in that story we read: "There was no painter in all that country, but when they wished the portrait of a friend they put water into large basins of gold and silver, and made this water to face the object they wished to paint. Soon the water would congeal and become as the face of a mirror, where the image dwelt ineffaceably. This could be carried wherever one pleased, always giving as faithful a picture as a mirror." Who will say that Fenelon did not anticipate the photograph?

The last French survivor of the battle of Trafalgar, Louis Cartigny, has just completed his 100th year. He was a cabin-boy on the Redoubtable in 1803 at the time the fatal shot was fired from that vessel at Lord Nelson. Cartigny is still hale and hearty.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

A Midnight Bell will be heard October 15th and 16th.

The President, a new farce comedy, will be presented on October 5th and 6th.

Chas. Dickson, with Mrs. Pacheco's latest comedy, *Incog*, will hold the boards October 12th and 13th.

On October 9th and 10th the universal favorite, Sol. Smith Russel, will be with us, at which time he will introduce his new piece, *A Peaceful Valley*.

During the month of November we will have *Sinbad* on the 2d; Goodyear, Elitch and Schilling's Minstrels, 13th and 14th; *Dr. Bill*, 19th and 20th; Tom Keene, 23d and 24th; Geo. Marion, in *Mr. Macaroni*, 25th and 26th; *Yon Yonson*, 27th and 28th.

Chas. P. Hall, who has given us the best attractions on the American stage during his three and one-half years' management, has retired from the control of our local theaters. While Mr. Hall was usually looked upon as a cold, morose man, it was only on account of a lack of a knowledge of the man. His management of the stage in this city has been excellent and popular. Many attractions have been brought here at a positive loss to the manager, but we have never heard him complain of the people of this city. Mr. L. Henry, who has been Mr. Hall's treasurer, will assume the management of the theaters. The young man's experience will no doubt serve him well in his new undertaking. Mr. Henry is a quiet, careful man, and has thorough knowledge of the wants of the theater patrons of this city. We feel confident that he will endeavor to please the public, for in that lies his hopes for future success. We are aware that the duties and trials of managers are arduous, and that he has a class of people to deal with that often tries his patience, but we will rely on Mr. Henry's good judgment to become a popular manager.

Too Indulgent by Far.

"Yes," said Mr. Easyman to the Rev. Dr. Prudent, the new minister, who was paying his parishioner a friendly visit; "you are unquestionably right. I do not believe in being over-sterm with children. Now, mine treat me as they would an elder brother or playmate. No scampering up stairs when they hear my latch key turn in the door; not much! Make your home cheerful; that's my motto."

A frowsy-haired youth of some six summers appeared on the scene at this juncture, says the New York *Herald*. After eyeing the clergyman critically for a moment, he broke out with:

"Say, pa, what is a jay?"

An ominous frown settled on the brow of the indulgent parent as he replied: "A jay, my son, is a rather showy bird having a low, erectile crest of feathers and—"

"But, pa, they can fly, can't they?"

"Certainly, my boy. They are noted, too, for their propensity to chatter, and, for instance, to ask foolish questions."

The frown deepened as the boy went on:

"But how can they fly, pa, without any wings?"

"My son, I think I heard your ma calling you a few moments ago—"

"Yes, pa, I'm going, only, as I heard you tell ma last night that our new minister was a regular jay, I just wanted to come in here to see whether he could fly. Say, mister (to the astonished clergyman), you ain't got any feathers, have you?"

There was a sudden rush on the part of the indulgent parent, followed by the sudden disappearance of the youthful inquisitor. Then came a series of discordant howls from the hall beyond.

"My dear sir," observed the parent upon entering the room, "while I admit that I am a kind and indulgent parent, why—"

At this point the front door was heard to slam violently. The minister had disappeared, and now Mr. Easyman is talking about renting a pew in another church.

The traces of the Incas in Peru are indistinct. Centuries have served to absorb them into the general population. Much, however, of what belonged to their civilization has been preserved. The dynasty of the Incas may be said to have run its course from 1130 to 1571. It was preceded by the Aymara dynasty, and was reigning when, in 1533, Pizarro conquered Peru. The Incas called themselves descendants of the sun. The first Inca was Manco Capac, in 1130, and his successors were Sinchi Roca, Illoqui Yupanqui, Mayta Capac, Capac Yupanqui, Roca, Yahuar Huacac, Viracocha, Pachacutec, Yupanqui, Tupac Yupanqui, Huayra Capac, Huascar, and Atahualpa (taken prisoners by the Spaniards and put to death in 1533). Tupac Amaru was beheaded in 1571.

At a G. A. R. reunion in Dover, Oklahoma, the other day, the white and colored comrades got into a fight. As yet none of the wounded have applied for pensions.

If Melbourne can make half the rain he claims, his name will go into history as a synonym for mud.

A Desperate Combat with a Jaguar.

A Demerara correspondent describes a desperate fight between a man and a jaguar, which recently took place on the Demerara river. The hero of the combat, a black named Lally Davidson, a farmer, was out with his dog, which roused a jaguar from its lair. The ferocious animal made tracks for the thick scrub, followed by Davidson and his dog. Being closely pressed the jaguar climbed a tree, where Davidson shot it, wounding it in the head. This made the animal descend, and again he dived into the bush, pursued by Davidson. The beast concealed himself in some brambles, and as Davidson was again trying to take aim the jaguar leaped upon him, knocking him bodily into a drain full of water. Davidson now engaged in a desperate struggle with the fierce brute, and, siezing the jaguar, now somewhat exhausted from loss of blood, he exerted all his strength and managed to hold his head under water until he was slowly suffocated. But before this the jaguar had severely wounded the courageous man; his hand was badly bitten, the scalp on the left side of his head was partly ripped off, and his left eye was gouged out. Suffering as he was, Davidson slowly crawled home, and while he went into the hospital sent his friends for the dead jaguar. The latter measured 5 feet 11 inches from head to tail. Davidson, on whose happy escape his friends warmly congratulated him, was slowly recovering when the last mail left Demerara.

Charlemagne's Tablecloths.

Several Sharpshurg ladies are anxious to learn how Charlemagne's tablecloths were washed by throwing them in the fire. One faction argues that each cloth was burned as soon as it became soiled, thus rendering washing unnecessary. It is a fact that the tablecloths from which the great ruler ate his royal boar's head and boiled cabbage were cleansed by casting them into a hot fire. They were made of asbestos. This substance is found in the Alps, the Pyrenees and the Ural mountains, in many parts of Asia and Africa, in the Alleghanies and Blue Ridge, in several western States, in the Andes of South America and in the mountains of Australia. The best samples come from Sardinia and Corsica, whence was probably obtained that for the manufacture of the celebrated tablecloths mentioned. Asbestos may be woven into textile fabrics, though no great proficiency has been obtained in this art, its principal use being for fireproof flooring and as packing in safes, in journal boxes and around steam pipes. It is indestructible by heat; and for the entertainment of his guests Charlemagne would, at the conclusion of a feast, order the tablecloth to be thrown into the fire, whence, to the mystification of all, it would come forth cleansed, but unconsumed.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette*.

Familiarity Breeds Contempt.

No man is the author of the proverb, "Familiarity breeds contempt." It is from the Latin *Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit* of Erasmus, written about 1536; and the same thought is indicated in Plutarch, Livy, Cicero and others. An early use of the proverb in an English form is found in Heywood's "Observations and Instructions, Divine and Morall, in Verse," written in 1560:

Good things wer through commones;
Some plants by accident growe wilde;
Neyer was of familiarnes
Contempt esteemed the proper childe;
But this our nature is so vile
It oft turnes to ill the while.

Proverbs, it may be added, are perhaps as old as any writing of which there is knowledge. Erasmus defined a proverb "A well-known saying remarkable for some elegant novelty;" Cervantes as "A short sentence drawn from long experience," and Lord John Russell as "The wit of one and the wisdom of many."

A Bookmark that Drew Interest.

Aaron Holman, a life-long resident of West Millbury, died a short time ago, leaving an estate valued at nearly \$10,000. When the administrator examined his effects he found, among other things, an old-fashioned clasp Bible that Mr. Holman had been in the habit of reading every morning before breakfast. The administrator was told that the owner of the Bible had used a very odd-looking bookmark, and looked to see what it might be. His surprise was very great when he discovered it to be a certificate of deposit of \$700 in the Worcester Safe Deposit and Trust Company. The deposit had been made in March, 1881, and for ten years the \$700 had been drawing interest at three per cent. The old man had evidently felt wealthy enough to use this valuable bit of paper as a mark in his Bible; and thus combined finances and Gospel inside the same covers.—*Worcester Gazette*.

The temperature of the atmosphere diminishes as the elevation above sea level increases, because the upper regions of the atmosphere are rarer than the lower and the sun's rays pass through them readily, imparting little heat; besides, they are not warmed at all by the radiation of heat from the earth's surface.

Queer Superstitions About the Dead.

The belief that diseases are caused by the dead is of great antiquity. It was applied in the case of vampires, which were supposed in the middle ages to be the spirits of deceased individuals, which left their graves at night and sucked the blood of the living. The most horrible part of the fancy, which set all Europe panic-stricken a few centuries ago, was the theory that the victims were obliged themselves to become vampires after death. To prevent this, thousands of suspected corpses were dug up, in order that their hearts might be transfixed with stakes, to prevent the fiends from going abroad. In 1875 the body of a woman in Chicago who died of consumption was exhumed and her lungs burned, under the persuasion that she was drawing others after her into the grave. Passing over a hidden grave is thought in some parts of England to produce a rash, while in New Jersey the same cause brings about incurable cramps in the foot. In China and Scotland, also, people are reluctant to save a drowning man, for fear that the latter, if his life is preserved, will do some dreadful injury to the savior. The Scotch believe that the spirit of the last person buried has to keep watch in the churchyard until another is entombed there, to whom he delivers his charges. The duty of the latest interred to stand sentry at the graveyard late every night until relieved often gives much uneasiness to the deceased's surviving friends in thinly inhabited portions of the country.—*N. Y. Recorder*.



DON'T BE CARELESS ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION

It is woman's chiefest physical charm. It is often her only capital. It is always worth a great deal to her in business, love or social affairs. No matter how browned, or rough or sallow your skin may be, or how much it is disfigured with freckles, moth-patches, blackheads or pimples

MRS. GRAHAM'S

FACE BLEACH

will remove every blemish and leave your skin as pure and clear and white as it was in baby days. Your complexion will then be as nature made it. Instructions go with each bottle how to keep it so. Price \$1.50. All druggists sell it.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Charles H. Humphreys & Co.
Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

A Gentleman.

"Are my biscuits light, John?" asks the charming young wife,
As she smiles on her husband; and he,
With emphasis, answers: "They're lovely,
my life—
As light as the foam of the sea."

"Is the steak cooked to suit you?" she gently inquires;
And he says, as he smilingly nods:
"It might have been cooked at celestial fires,
And is tender enough for the gods."

"And the coffee; that pleases you, too, does it, dear?"
She asks, overjoyed with his praise,
Which rather than strains of sweet music she'd hear.
"I never drank better," he says.

So she sits down beside him, and with him partakes.
And the rigid, no doubt, will confess
That, if John tells her lies in the answers he makes,
He's a gentleman, nevertheless.

Clouds—Their Nature and Forms.

A cloud is a mass of visible vapor or water particles held in suspension in the atmosphere. If it rests upon the surface of the earth we call it a fog. We see a mass of vapor on the summit of a high mountain and we call it a cloud, but if we climb to the top of the mountain and find ourselves in the cloud we see it to be simply a fog. To our observation, clouds take on forms that are almost infinite in variety, yet they may be divided into six classes, each presenting quite distinct characteristics. These are known as cirrus, cumulus, and stratus cloud, as simple divisions; and cirro-cumulus, cirro-stratus and cumulo-stratus as compound divisions. The cirrus cloud consists of long, slender filaments, either parallel or diverging from each other. These clouds have the greatest elevation and the least density of all clouds. Even in fair weather the sky is seldom free from small distant groups of cirrus clouds. They are thought to be made up of spicules of ice or flakes of snow, since at the great height at which they float, from five to eight miles above the earth, the temperature of the air is below freezing point even in midsummer. The cumulus cloud is much denser than the cirrus, and is formed nearer the earth. It usually has the form of a hemispherical or convex mass with horizontal base. This is the cloud often seen in large masses near the horizon, looking like huge mountains of snow. The rounded top of this cloud results from the mode of its formation. As the earth is heated by the sun's rays, currents of warm air rise, carrying with them invisible vapor. When they reach a certain height this vapor is condensed and forms cloud, and since the upward motion is greater under the center of the cloud, the vapor is then carried to its greatest height. The stratus cloud is a widely extended, horizontal sheet, often covering the entire sky, and hanging so low that it frequently touches the earth's surface in the form of a fog. For the compound modifications of cloud forms, the cirro-cumulus is seen in small, rounded masses, often very near together. On account of their fleecy appearance these are often called "woolly clouds." This cloud is very frequent in summer, but seldom precedes rain. The cirro-stratus consists of fibrous clouds spread out in strata, which are either horizontal, or slightly inclined to the horizon. Sometimes the whole sky is mottled with this cloud, looking like the back of a mackerel, and therefore is called a mackerel sky. This cloud always presages wind and rain. The cumulo-stratus is the large, dark cloud formed by the massing of the fleecy cumulus in great heaps. These clouds are to be seen in great magnificence on the approach of a thunder-storm, and are therefore often called "thunder heads." Some meteorologists also classify with the above the nimbus cloud, which is a stratus cloud from which rain is falling, but others do not think it worth while to keep this division. The height of a cloud is measured by trigonometrical rule by observing its direction simultaneously at two stations. In mountainous countries it can be compared with the peaks near which it passes. Most accurate results, however, are obtained by ascending in a balloon and noting the height of the barometer when entering the cloud and again when emerging from it, the barometer giving the means of computing corresponding altitudes. The height of clouds is very variable. The stratus, as we have said, often descends to the earth. In pleasant weather the lower limit of cumulus clouds varies from 3,000 to 5,000 feet elevation, and their upper limit from 5,000 to 12,000 feet. Cirrus clouds never descend below the summit of Mount Blanc, which has a height of 15,744 feet, and are often seen to be far above mountains that are 20,000 to 22,000 feet high. It is estimated, however, that they would not be visible at a height exceeding ten miles. In vertical thickness clouds are supposed to seldom exceed half a mile, but the enormous masses of cumulus are sometimes estimated at over three miles. Clouds move with the wind, and there is no way of estimating their movement but by measuring the velocity of the

wind currents. Clouds reflect light, of course, or they would not be visible; such light as can pass through them is refracted out of its path by the presence of the vapor particles. Thus, when we see objects through a fog we often notice that they are distant from their true position or unnaturally magnified. The effect of clouds on heat is to lessen it, the water particles absorbing it, and lowering the temperature of the air by their conversion into invisible vapor. Nevertheless, clouds hanging low in cold weather prevent a fall of temperature by preventing the radiation of heat from the earth's surface. As to moisture, clouds are, obviously, moisture itself as well as its cause.

Osceola.

Osceola was a half-breed, the son of an English trader, Willis Powell, and a Creek Indian woman. He was born on the Chattahoochee river, Georgia, in 1804. In 1808 his mother went to Florida, and when the boy grew up he became by his eminent ability the governing spirit of the Seminole nation, always foremost in sport and military exercise. When in 1834 the Government proposed to move the Seminoles from their reservation across the Mississippi, Osceola stirred up the nation to resistance. Because of his insolent replies to General Thomson—the officer sent down to remove the Indians—the chief was one day seized, put in irons and thrown into prison, where he was kept for twenty-four hours. Osceola's wounded pride called for vengeance, and he obtained it through a war which harassed the whites for seven years. He began the war by killing the innocent white inhabitants on the borders of the Everglades. A few days later the chief surprised General Thomson and five of his officers at their dinner and murdered them all. The Creeks joined the Seminoles in 1836, and by bravery, skill and treachery, Osceola frequently overmatched United States troops sent against him and commanded by experienced officers. These depredations were pushed into Georgia, and they plundered and killed the peaceful settlers in all that region of country. General Scott, sent down to command the United States forces, prosecuted the war with such vigor that the Creeks surrendered, and were removed across the Mississippi. But the Seminoles kept up the war for a time with desperate energy. Finally, in March, 1837, some of the chiefs signed a treaty of peace. Osceola, however, caused this treaty to be violated, and the war was renewed and continued all through the summer of 1837. In October Osceola was induced to go with several other chiefs to the camp of Colonel Jesup under the protection of a flag of truce. Jesup was determined to repay Osceola for his many acts of treachery. The conference was held in a grove of magnolias. When Osceola arose to speak Jesup gave a signal and several of his soldiers rushed forward, seized the chief and bound him. He was sent to Charleston and confined in Fort Moultrie, where he died of fever January 31, 1839. The place where he was buried is still to be seen near the main entrance to the fort, marked with a small monument. Colonel Jesup was severely censured for this violation of the sanctity of a flag of truce, but his plea was that it was the only way to check the distressing war, as Osceola could not be held by the most solemn obligations of a treaty. The Seminoles, however, continued the war for several years. A treaty was concluded in 1839, but though many of the tribe were immediately removed to the Indian Territory, peace was not permanently secured until 1842.

The Moment of Death.

"Many persons wonder," said the house doctor of a well known hospital to a New York *Telegram* reporter, "how physicians can watch unmoved the death of persons whose dissolution is seemingly accompanied by evidence of great suffering, and the remark is a common one that doctors are heartless and unfeeling. This harsh criticism is founded on a wrong idea of things. The fact is that what is known as the death agony is largely restricted to the imagination of the watcher at the bedside of the dying person. The visible spasms and distortions of the facial muscles, which in many cases mark the ending of life, are not only painless, but take place unconsciously as far as the dying person is concerned.

"Even in cases of death by hanging, where the prolonged agony of the sufferer is feelingly described by witnesses, it is reasonably certain that in a few moments the person becomes unconscious, and dies in that condition. Such has been the experience of persons accidentally or purposely hanged, but afterwards resuscitated. It is a fact that persons who have been nearly drowned agree in the statement that after a few moments of painful struggle a feeling of tranquility ensues. The suffering is while the resuscitated person is being brought back to consciousness. Then it is he often suffers physical pain and mental misery. It is a merciful dispensation of God and nature that when the last moments of the dying man are at hand vital forces give out, and the long drawn out gasps for breath come and go, the apparent sufferer is happily in a comatose condition, and so passes painlessly into the other life."

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HOWE'S**High School and Normal Institute**

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and original. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO**FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,**

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTTENBERGER, Proprietor.

CELEBRATED**WEINER LAGER BEER****CAPITAL BREWERY**

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than
J. SLAUGHTER,
Sixth and M streets.
Telephone 318.

CHANGED HANDS.**SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE**

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars.
ROBERT ALLEN,
Formerly of Agricultural Park.

KEEP YOUR EYE**On the Window.**

CHANGED DAILY DURING FAIR WEEK.

W. F. Purnell, 609 J St.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

UNCLE IKE'S**COLLATERAL o LOAN o OFFICE,**

302 K Street, Sacramento.

W. R. STRONG CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fruit and Produce

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California
Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St.

SACRAMENTO.

A. D. BOWLEY.

M. J. CURTIS.

CURTIS & BOWLEY,**Real Estate and Insurance Agents.**

Pacific States Savings, Loan, and Building Company.

1012 Fourth Street, bet. J and K, Sacramento.

REPRESENT THE

Assets.	
Atna Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn.	\$10,000,000 00
Hartford Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn.	5,750,000 00
German-American Insurance Co.	5,000,000 00
Manhattan Life Ins. Co. of New York	11,739,400 00
Fidelity and Casualty Accident and Plate Glass Insurance Co. of New York	774,550 20

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

PACIFIC**HOTEL,**

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & Co.
410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMANN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMANN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET.

SACRAMENTO.

Rare Southern Coins.

The commission which has counted the millions in the mint in this city, in examining the curious coins in the mint museum, came across a one-cent piece with a rare history. It is a coin struck from the only complete dies made for the coining of money for the late Confederate government; and these dies were made in Philadelphia in 1861.

Investigation discloses the fact that the only part of these dies is in the possession of J. Calvin Randall, the coin collector of this city. There were only eighty-six pieces struck from the dies, after which they were defaced. The story of this coin is quite interesting. The dies were made by a Mr. Lovett in Philadelphia, who says that they were ordered in 1861 from the south, and were to be for one-cent copper coins.

After manufacturing the dies he was not able to get them out of the city, and, becoming alarmed, hid them away, after striking off twelve nickel pieces. No one except himself knew of the existence of either dies or coins until 1873, when Mr. Randall and John W. Haseltine discovered their existence by accident.

Mr. Lovett had been carrying one of the pieces as a pocket piece, and one evening, by an oversight, passed it in a restaurant. The proprietor, knowing Mr. Haseltine as a collector, sent the piece to him. The latter, recognizing the head of Liberty as Mr. Lovett's work, succeeded, jointly with Mr. Randall, in negotiating the purchase of the dies.

The two gentlemen then agreed to strike off fifty-five pieces in copper, twelve in silver and seven in gold. This accomplished, they mutilated the dies and held the struck coins for sale to collectors. The following is a description of the coin:

Obverse—1861; head of Liberty; inscription, "Confederate States of America." Reverse—A wreath of ears of corn and wheat, with a cotton bale at the bottom; in the center the words "1 cent." The restrikes were struck by Peter L. Krider, 618 Chestnut street.

This was the only coinage ever contemplated by direct authority of the Confederate government, and the original nickel pennies and the restrike pieces are now very valuable. In 1874, when Messrs. Randall and Haseltine offered them for sale to collectors, they asked \$30 each for the gold, \$15 for the silver, \$4 for the copper and \$20 for the nickel coins, they having bought from Lovett what he had left of the last struck in 1861. The coins are now very rare and are worth a great deal more than the prices asked in 1874.

The only other coin issued in the south during the war was a half dollar. This was coined at the United States mint at New Orleans in 1861, and for its obverse the United States die for the half dollar was used, being a seated figure of Liberty that still appears on our coins. For the reverse a die was cut whose design consisted of a shield surmounted by a liberty cap, and surrounded by a cotton and sugar cane wreath. The legend was "Confederate States of America Half Dol." A number of these were afterward restrike and the die destroyed. Single pieces have been sold for \$25.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Married on a Poker License.

Recently at Pizen Switch a queer case came before the court. John Malandry was on trial for assault and battery, his offense consisting of having beaten in the face of a man named Trumbo for having stated that Malandry was not married to his wife. When the case was tried Malandry produced his marriage license, which was dated about four years ago, and handed it to the court for inspection. The court read it over through a large pair of silver-rimmed spectacles and remarked:

"Do you consider this a marriage license?"
"I do, sir."
"Where did you get it?"
"I got it of you several years ago,"
"Did you get married on the strength of it?"

"I did, sir."
"Can you read?"
"No, sir."

"I am sorry to inform you," said the court, "that this is not a marriage license at all, but a license to run a poker game for three months in Pizen Switch."

Malandry was very much disconcerted and the spectators burst into a loud laugh. When the matter was investigated it transpired that Malandry had applied to the justice of Pizen Switch for a license to open a poker game, and said he would want it soon. The justice made out the license, and a few weeks later Malandry decided to marry, but his bride insisted that he give up gambling and take to agriculture. The happy groom then sent his brother to get the license, and the justice supposed, of course, that he wanted the gambling license, and gave it, after charging the usual fee. The preacher was a trifle hilarious when the ceremony was performed, so he did not critically inspect the document. Thus it happened that the error was not discovered until the battery case came up in court. The justice made all the amends he could by issuing another marriage license free of charge, and the boys gave the newly wedded couple another charivari.—*Carson Appeal*.

Girl Life in Portugal.

Comparatively little can be said of girl life in Portugal, for girls have such a very slight role in the life of the nation, says the *Atlanta*. In childhood they are bright, clever and precocious, very much spoiled, and very much dressed. A formal respect to their parents is insisted on, however; they address them in the third person, kiss their hands and ask their blessing at bedtime. They are constantly in the company of grown-up people, sit up late at night, and are frequently taken to the theater and opera. A little girl of nine amused me very much one day by a grave criticism on the voices of Mmes. Nevada and Theodorini, who were then singing at San Carlos, and the parts in which they respectively shone. Conversation is not restricted in the presence of children, so they are early initiated into that freedom of ideas and freedom of expressing them that is so marked a feature of society in southern Europe.

The education of Portuguese girls is superficial, consisting chiefly in what used to be called "accomplishments"—music, embroidery and languages. In all three they attain great proficiency, and in the latter they excel. Portuguese, unlike the Spaniards and Italians, are first-class linguists; they are in many cases as fluent in French, English and German as in their mother tongue, and conquer the difficulties of accent and idiom with great accuracy. There are schools of all sorts in Lisbon—government schools, private schools, and convent schools belonging to the French order of St. Vincent de Paul; for since the suppression of the national religious houses in 1834, these nuns have quietly spread their influence and multiplied their institutions, and have now almost exclusively in their hands the education of girls of the higher classes. They leave school at 15 or 16, sometimes earlier, and marry very soon after. Among the "upper ten thousand" the young people meet each other constantly at balls, receptions, bull fights, and at the summer resorts, and their courtship is cosmopolitan, rather freer than in France, much less so than in England. It is in the middle and lower classes that it is characteristic of the country and the nation. The Portuguese are very conservative in their ideas of the position of women in society, and they got their ideas from their Moorish masters in bygone centuries. Consequently, girls lead a shut-in life; they go regularly to mass on Sunday mornings, and take occasional walks during the week, always accompanied by one or two chaperons. Young men never call at the house, and if they did would not be admitted "except on business." This strictness leaves but one way open for an interchange of sentiments, and that is the window, and it is quite the thing to make use of it. It is not considered ill-bred to stare in Portugal; a man may stare at a girl he does not know as long as he likes; he must not do so to a girl he has been introduced to, unless she gives him some encouragement by returning his glances. A girl will sit at the window all the afternoon looking into the street, and her adorer from the street looks at her; and this is so much the custom that it attracts no attention from the passers-by. From looks they proceed to bows, to smiles, to a few words; then he follows her to church, finds out if she is going to the theater, and goes, too; serenades her with his guitar on moonlight nights, and finally makes an offer to her father. He is then received by the family, and allowed to come to the house in a quiet way till the wedding, and after that the young couple live either with her parents or his, and the even tenor of their life continues.

I heard a Portuguese gentleman who had traveled, and was considered *homme du monde*, say: "Marriage makes no difference in the life of a woman; before it she lives with her mother; after it she lives with her mother; what more could she want?"

Judge Waxem's Proverbs.

The Declaration of Independents has got a wider foundation than all the throats of Urup put together.

Public schools furnishes the best fatening for the Amerikin Egel.

Some men would rather be president for fore yers before they die than be the Lord Almity for eternity afterwards.

No wonder some of our statesmen air sitch pore material when you come to think what wages they git.

Patriotism won't grow in cittys like it will in the country.

Wimmin that marrys the rite kind of men ain't hankering to vote.

It's a good sine for the country when boys differs with their daddies in polliticks.

Most candicates overdoes it.

Newspaper edditors air the real kings of polliticks.

Thar's a mity comfortin' sort of a shine to a pocketful of silver money.

A vice-president is mostly fer meetin' emergencies.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The German Emperor has been measured for a new crown. It will be made in the most approved fall and winter shape. Some people, says the *New York Tribune*, think that this is an unnecessary bit of extravagance. They say the old crown is just about as good as new, and would do very well for another season with a little renovating.

A Copious Spring.

One of the most copious springs in Great Britain is the famed St. Winifred's well near the town of Holywell, in Flintshire. The well is an oblong square, about 12 feet by 7, and its water, say the people of the district, has never been known to freeze. This latter assertion may be true, as, besides containing a fair percentage of mineral matters that lower its freezing point, the well is inside a beautiful chapel which was erected over it by Queen Margaret, the mother of Henry VII. The water thrown up is not less than eighty-four hogheads every minute, and the quantity appears to vary very little either in drought or after the heaviest rain, showing, doubtless, that its primitive sources are numerous and widely distributed. St. Winifred's has been the object of many pilgrimages.

A. L. HART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, cor. Fifth and J.

GROVE L. JOHNSON, ALBERT M. JOHNSON, HIRAM W. JOHNSON, JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, LAWYERS.

504 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

CHAS. T. JONES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 607 I Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 627 J Street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts. 607 I Street.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 209 J Street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 604 J Street.

W. A. GETT, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, cor. Seventh and J.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

S. SOLON HOLL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, LAWYERS, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1007 Second Street.

J. W. HUGHES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Northeast corner Fourth and J.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Southwest corner Fourth and J.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 418 J street, up-stairs.

L. S. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bryte Building, Seventh and J.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, LAWYER, Rooms Nos. 13 and 15, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVEK, LAWYER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, upstairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, N.W. corner Sixth and K.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE Notice.—That on the 30th day of October, 1891, at the opening of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, in Department One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections 181 to 184, inclusive. The nature of the business to be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento County, Sutter Township, and the name of my husband is J. L. Clark. KATIE E. CLARK. se26-5t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of E. M. Stevens, an insolvent debtor. E. M. Stevens, an insolvent debtor, having applied to this Court for a discharge from his debts, it is hereby ordered that the Clerk of this Court give notice to all creditors who have proved their debts, to appear before this Court, at the court-room thereof, on the 2d day of October, 1891, at the hour of 1:30 o'clock, p. m., and show cause, if any they have, why the said E. M. Stevens should not be discharged from all his debts, in accordance with the statutes in such cases made and provided. It is further ordered, that notice of said application be given to the creditors by mail, and by publication for four weeks in the THEMIS, a newspaper published in said county. W. C. VAN FLEET, Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated September 30, 1891. W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. se25-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of F. L. Bates, an insolvent debtor. F. L. Bates, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, from which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said F. L. Bates is hereby declared to be insolvent. All persons are hereby forbidden to pay any debts to said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him or to any person, firm, corporation or association, for his use, and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Hon. A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court, of the county of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the county of Sacramento, on the 9th day of October, 1891, at 1:30 p. m. of that day, to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Dated, September 30, A. D. 1891. W. C. VAN FLEET, Judge of the Superior Court.

Filed September 30, 1891. W. W. RHODES, Clerk.

CLINTON L. WHITE, Attorney for Petitioner. se5-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of V. CURRAN, an insolvent debtor.—V. Curran having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said V. Curran is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said V. Curran, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 18th day of September, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock p. m. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated August 13th, 1891. JAMES B. DEVINE, Attorney for Petitioner. a15-5t

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to O. S. BOARDMAN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 22d day of July, 1891, in which action W. S. Hickey is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain judgment against you for the sum of One Thousand Four Hundred and Eighteen and $\frac{3}{4}$ Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to the plaintiff for the balance of an account, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for \$1,418.15, and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 24th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHODES, Clerk. By J. F. DOODY, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. a8-2m

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to THEODORE J. KERLIN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 14th day of July, 1891, in which action, Nettie R. Kerlin is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To have the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the plaintiff dissolved; that the plaintiff be awarded the custody of the children, issue of said marriage, and for alimony, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 14th day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHODES, Clerk. By J. F. DOODY, Deputy Clerk.

ARMSTRONG & PLATNAUER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. jy18-8t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, State of California.—In the matter of the Columbus Brewing Company, a corporation, an insolvent debtor. An adjudication of insolvency herein having been duly made, it is ordered, adjudged and decreed that the 23d day of October, 1891, at 9:30 o'clock A. M., at the court-room of this Court, in Department No. 1, in the city of Sacramento, be and the same are the time and place appointed for the meeting of the creditors to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate; and it is further ordered, adjudged and decreed that a copy of this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the city of Sacramento, at least once a week during the period prior to the time appointed for the meeting of creditors. A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated this 17th day of September, 1891. A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Attorneys for Petitioners.

Thoughts.

Fuss is the froth of business.—Hood.
Whoever is out of patience is out of his soul.—Bacon.
The curtain of the future is always drawn.—John Bigelow.
Idleness is both a great sin and the cause of many more.—South.

Ability involves responsibility. Power to its last particle is duty.—MacLaren.
To be famous when you are young is the fortune of the gods.—Beaconsfield.

A man cannot learn to be wise any more than he can learn to be handsome.—H. W. Shaw.

The world is so unjust that a female heart once touched is thought forever bleached.—Steele.

We always live prospectively, never retrospectively, and there is no abiding moment.—Jacobi.

For a while, at least, I think almost every man or woman is interesting when in love.—Thackeray.

The work of an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden under ground, secretly making the ground green.—Carlyle.

There is nothing which this age, from whatever standpoint we survey it, needs more—physically, intellectually and morally—than thorough ventilation.—Ruskin.

I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in an air rarefied to nothing by the air pump of unbelief—in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.—Richter.

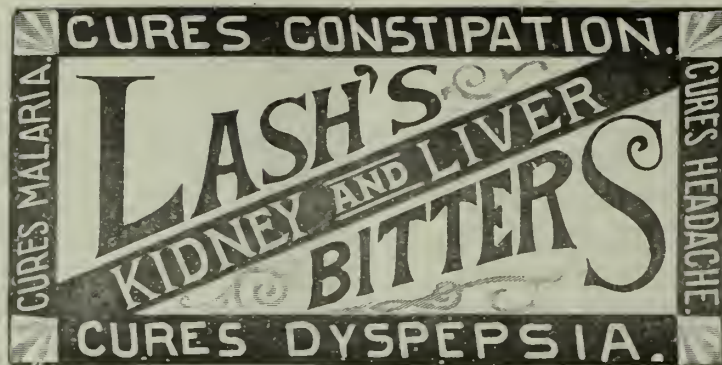
Burning of Pennsylvania Hall.

The Abolitionists of fifty years ago were a despised and rejected class. They were few in number, and popular clamor was nearly everywhere against them. They were not permitted to hold meetings in the churches and halls of Philadelphia, and determined to erect a hall of their own. The place erected was called Pennsylvania Hall, built at a cost of \$40,000. It was dedicated May 14, 1838. David Paul Brown delivered the oration, the subject being "Liberty." John G. Whittier wrote for this occasion a poetical address. During three days meetings were held and speeches were made, says Henry Wilson, to crowded assemblies for temperance, for the Indian, and for the slave. At the same time there was in the city an anti-slavery convention of women, and it was announced that on the evening of the third day some of its members would address the audience. There were such great crowds in attendance that thousands had to go away unable to gain admission. There were gathered around crowds of people, who hurled stones against the windows, and the audience was interrupted by every riotous demonstration. In the hall were many who joined in the yelling and the disturbance. William Lloyd Garrison made an address, as also did Mrs. Maria W. Chapman, of Boston; Miss Angelina Grimke, then an exile from her native State because of her abhorrence of slavery; Miss Abby Kelly, of Massachusetts, and others. On May 17 the mob again began to gather around the hall. Those who held the hall in trust appealed to the police and mayor for protection, but the day passed without any measures being taken. The mayor informed the board of managers that he would disperse the disturbing elements, provided the hall was placed in his hands. He addressed the mob, that separated for a little while, only to reassemble at the hall, and to begin attacking its doors and windows. The mayor called on the police and fire companies, and was unable to protect the place. The hall was soon set on fire and destroyed. During the two days following the rioters attacked the negroes of the city. Among the places attacked was "the Shelter for Colored Orphans," a charitable institution which had no connection with the abolitionists. Bethel Church was attacked and damaged, and the dwellings of colored people were surrounded and the inmates threatened with violence.

Gods of the Bantus.

The great majority of the Bantu people of South Africa have no idea of the place of habitation or mode of existence of their deities; some of the more enlightened, however, especially those who have had some communication with the Boers, have an idea that the Great Spirit lives some place above them, most of them believing that his place of abode is in the top of an immense tree. One curious fact regarding Bantu superstitions is this: Although the more northerly tribes have an idea that the Great Spirit resides some place above them, those to the south, which come in contact with the Boers almost every day in the year, cannot be persuaded that their deities do not dwell in lonely caves and subterranean cavities underneath the earth. Before their intercourse with the whites it never entered the Bantu's mind that the acts of this life could have any effect upon the spirit after death.

Miss Helen Gladstone, the grand old man's daughter, is always laughing, joking, telling stories, and invariably keeps the dinner table in a roar.



W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!

Imperial

GALLERY,
No. 415 J Street,
Between Fourth and Fifth,
SACRAMENTO.

Finest Finished Cabinet Photographs, \$2.00 per Dozen.

All Other Work in Proportion, and Guaranteed First Class.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR SPECIMENS BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE.



W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

S. A. WOLFE,

Photographic Art Parlors

426 1/2 J Street, Sacramento.

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET.

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON
CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

October, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

LV.	Trains Run Daily.	ARR.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8.40 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.20 A
4.30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7.00 P
7.35 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7.40 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9.35 A
11.50 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	2.25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	
	Ogden and East	5.25 A
3.00 P	Oroville	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.35 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.25 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12.30 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.05 A
5.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8.40 P
10.00 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	2.50 P
10.30 P	Santa Barbara	9.35 A
6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8.40 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt	7.00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	9.35 A
11.50 A	Truckee and Reno	2.25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	5.25 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2.30 P
6.50 A	Vallejo	8.40 P
3.05 P	Vallejo	
*8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2.40 P
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10.20 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	*8.00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank
DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP.....\$225,500.00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS.....54,253.26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER. WHEN FOR
a trifling amount expended in the purchase of
one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can
obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed
in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,
CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THE FARMERS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1891.

No. 34.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

It would seem the Farmers' Alliance in this county is committing the blunder most new reform movements fall into: of permitting itself to be made the avenue through which publicity is given to the vaporings of professional cranks. Insanity has its degrees; in some instances the person affected conceives his mission is to reform the world and all the inhabitants thereof. The great mass of humans recognize that men of such defective mental organization are, as a rule, harmless, and permit them to voice their hobbies in speeches before "reform" meetings and in the column of "Public Echoes" in the daily press. At a gathering of the Farmers' Alliance at Galt recently, one of the name of Reed broadly stated that three of the members of the Board of Supervisors of this county had been paid \$15,000 corruption money for their votes on a certain ordinance. It is hardly necessary to pay attention to a charge so grossly absurd, save to suggest that an organization such as the alliance—that by well-directed effort can accomplish good—should muzzle its cranks and not permit them to bring the organization into ridicule. It is the rule of human life that there do exist men who, when permitted to address an audience or write anonymously in a paper, will grossly abuse their privilege and will make broad, visionary statements. In this matter the supervisors have demanded, formally, an investigation by the Grand Jury. What is the use of going half way?—we have a commission of experts to examine lunatics.

We did speak in our issue of September 26th concerning Maximilian, the "ill-fated" Emperor of Mexico. In that article we stated that he was executed by shooting on July 19, 1867. Therein we were in error; he died June 19, 1867. We accepted the date given in a reprint of Chambers' Encyclopedia, and it was a month wrong. A correspondent has asked us to, among other things, give the reasons for his execution. That cannot be done, save generally, in the scope of a newspaper article. At the time of the French invasion of Mexico (for it was really an invasion by that country, and one of the schemes of Napoleon III), civil war prevailed in the United States, and it did seem there would be established a permanent confederate government whose territory would lie between that of the remnant of the old Union and Mexico. The weak policy of Buchanan had led the powers of Europe to believe the formidable revolution of the Southern States meant the ending of the federal compact; and it took some time for them to realize the force of the determined and aggressive policy of Lincoln, and those he had selected to aid in the cabinet, on the field and upon the ocean. At the time the sway of Maximilian was at its height, our government was not in position to assist its republican neighbor, except incidentally, yet it was President Juarez did receive substantial aid in money and personal service from individuals here. It is said that Samuel Brannan, of this State, loaned the Liberal President some one hundred thousand dollars, and for it afterward received the land concession of which so much has been written. It had been expected Juarez could not maintain himself and the Liberal party, of which he was the head, against the forces at the command of Maximilian, and there did prevail

among the Mexicans a superstition that the moment the indomitable President should be driven over the line of his country there would be no hope. At a time when it seemed Juarez would be forced to retire into the United States, Maximilian issued a proclamation denouncing all who opposed his government as brigands, and condemning them to death. Under this brutal and far-reaching proclamation indiscriminate murders were committed. So far even did it go that the cadets in the Mexican military college—mere boys—were slaughtered. True it was, Maximilian claimed these murders were the acts of subordinates, yet he cannot be excused. Our civil war terminated, and the United States assumed a decisive stand. Our armies had not been disbanded; Napoleon was told he would have to encounter not alone Juarez, but Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. He retired and left Maximilian to his fate. Sympathy naturally is aroused that one of the prominence of Maximilian should have been tried summarily and executed; there is, however, a forgetting of the justification of the act of his adversaries. At the time his execution was denounced as a violation of the rules of civilized warfare; however, under his infamous proclamation, slaughter had been the rule; those who opposed his government were ruthlessly slain. Had President Juarez fallen into his hands he doubtless would have met the fate that had been meted out to very many of his compatriots. We reproduce an editorial article from the Sacramento Union, of July 6, 1867, relative to the execution of Maximilian, and commend it as being a careful and correct estimate of the matter.

THE END OF A TYRANT.

There seems to be no question of the authenticity of the intelligence which reached us a few days ago announcing the tragic end of the tyrant who, for about four years, has lorded over Mexico. He fell into the hands of the republican forces at the surrender of Queretaro, and, after summary trial by a court martial, was sentenced to death, and, by the orders of Juarez, was shot on the 19th of June. He shared the fate which so many of his class deserve and which not a few of them have received. The enormity of the crime thus expiated will scarcely be comprehended by the present generation of men, either in Europe or America—in the former, because there was too much complicity there in the crime itself; and in the latter, because the public sense has been blunted by a nearer contemplation of other enormities equally repulsive and shocking. History, moreover, views great events from an eminence and through the medium of a clearer light than is vouchsafed to the actors in the stirring and confused scenes which time and philosophic truthfulness resolve into consistency and order. Upon the historic page the career of Maximilian will make a striking episode. No parallel to it will be found in the record of any usurper that ever risked his head to wear a crown. The most selfish, the most brutal, the most sanguinary, have had their apologists and defenders; some claim, growing out of unrepented wrongs, or some semblance of inheritable right exhumed from the dusty records of the past, could be found with which to supply a motive more or less defensible. But Maximilian's case stands upon the naked ground of an invader, without the shadow of a justifying or excusable cause. He had not even the robber's plea that might makes right. He had neither men nor money of his own to carry on the wicked enterprise, but used the mercenaries furnished him by a brother in the cause of spoliation and robbery. An antipode and an alien in the most extended sense to Mexico, its form of government and its traditions, no conceivable motive can be ascribed to him but the lust of power—the hankering after a crown. He assumed the airs of a philanthropist, and professed that the social order which a despotism enforced were better for the Mexican people than the republican confusion in which

they were involved; and in order to give effect to these favorite dogmas of kingcraft and priestcraft he deluged half a continent in blood and confiscated the estates of all who opposed him. He came as a royal missionary to introduce European civilization where it was falsely alleged a semi-barbarism existed; and his instruments were the bayonets of a band of trained African savages and an army of French soldiers, employed without mercy upon the common people, while the halter and the scourge were relied upon to subdue men and women of distinction. His armies devastated the fairest fields in Mexico, and his rule of warfare against the inhabitants who resisted was such as our Government does not feel authorized to practice against the merciless savages. His edicts denied to the patriots who bore arms against him the privileges of honorable warfare, and thereby turned his prisoners over to indiscriminate slaughter. In this mad career he persisted after his allies had deserted him, and was only stopped when his own blood sank into the soil saturated with that of thousands of his victims.

The wisdom of the act of Juarez in permitting the ax of justice to fall upon the neck of so illustrious a subject has been questioned by some who, we apprehend, do not sufficiently appreciate the importance of always maintaining an erect and resolute front against the pretensions of royalty. The contest in Mexico is yet between republicanism and imperialism. The weight of this royal name, the odor of sanctity which surrounds the person of a Caesar, the divinity which doth hedge a king, were so many forces marshaled against Juarez in his struggle. To have spared Maximilian because he was the brother of the Emperor of Austria and protege of Napoleon would have been to acknowledge a principle always in active hostility to republicanism in Mexico. But more practical reasons than these not only justify the act, but make it clear that Juarez would have shown himself unequal to his position if he had faltered in so plain a duty. The public voice of Mexico demanded it, and a refusal on his part would have weakened his own authority, now so needful in reconstructing a shattered government; besides, it was a necessary blow, in order to destroy the imperial party. With Maximilian retired to Europe, a new plot to establish an empire in Mexico could be worked out at leisure. While the hope of restoration existed there would be enough material in the Mexican element for it to work upon, and traitors would be found in the bosom of the republic as long as a banished emperor lived to nourish them.

Juarez has proved himself a statesman in his past career, and has not acted in this important affair without a full consideration of the subject in all its probable bearings. There are none in Europe that will care to resent the death of Maximilian except Napoleon and Francis Joseph; and neither of these can afford to undertake a war against Mexico for such a cause. Juarez has but vindicated the Monroe doctrine, and that is a principle for which the United States can now afford to fight. When that question again comes up for diplomatic discussion our government will not have the southern confederacy at its throat choking its utterance, but it will be free-handed and willing to defend itself, and its neighbor if needful, against the next effort at imperial propagandism on this continent.

Concerning the article we have quoted from the Union, there is an interesting history. Henry C. Watson became the editor of that paper in 1861; he was then a man of but thirty years of age, and he filled the editorial chair during the years of the war. To his writings in that paper of power there was due in large measure the integrity of California to the union, yet he is almost forgotten. He died suddenly in this city, June 24, 1867, and was succeeded by Judge A. P. Catlin as the editorial writer. The article concerning Maximilian was translated and published in the leading Mexican papers, and later on a letter was received at the Union office commendatory of Watson and enclosing a copy of the translated article. Watson had died some two weeks before the article was published in the

Union; the editorial was written by Judge Catlin. That we speak of Watson it is but meet that we reproduce the editorial reference to his death, published in the *Union* of June 25, 1867. It is our understanding it was written by Senator Booth:

Henry C. Watson, editor of the *Sacramento Union*, is dead. The announcement will come as a personal sorrow to the readers of this paper, and his death will be mourned as a loss in every household where the *Union* is a guest. To us, his co-laborers, this calamity comes with awful suddenness, and his vacant chair before us suggests a void that will not easily be filled. We have neither time nor inclination now for a critical or biographical sketch. The life of a newspaper editor is so impersonal, his thoughts form and are blended with public opinion so imperceptibly, that his individuality is scarcely realized by those in daily communion with him until his labors have ceased. He is better known by the vacuum he leaves than by the place he filled. Mr. Watson was a native of Maryland, and died in his thirty-seventh year. Few men served a more thorough apprenticeship in his profession than he. He was connected with the Philadelphia press from his boyhood. He grew up and was educated in a newspaper office. He was a practical printer and thoroughly familiar with every department of editorial duty. Writing became a habit; it was easier than talking, and he thought best pen in hand. Of quick perceptions, his art criticisms were kindly and appreciative. As a reviewer, he seemed to tell the literary quality of a book by turning over its leaves, or he would cut into the heart of its subject and seize upon its central thought with unerring force. As a news editor, he limned the outline of passing events with great accuracy. The world told him its story from day to day, and he intuitively separated the little from the great, the permanent from the passing away. But it was as a political writer that he was best known and will be longest remembered. He came to California as one of the *Union* staff late in 1861. Before, he had been a journalist by profession, writing with ease and grace upon any subject his editorial duties required; but the great events then rising in the political horizon stirred all the manhood within him, and aroused him to the highest expression of his best thought; journalism became more than a profession—it was a means to reach the public heart, to lead popular feeling, to educate the public mind, form public opinion and incite the right action. Who will forget, during the long and doubtful struggle, how hopeful he was, how firm in the faith that right would triumph? yet, withal, how intolerant of shams, how impatient with weakness, how relentless in his denunciation of the wrong. How often, in the dark hours, from behind the thin veil of his impersonality, has his war cry rang out, stirring the blood like the blast of a trumpet. When the physical contest was over, he realized that the moral battle—the battle where men of thought are the silent, unknown heroes—had only begun; he took his place in the line, measured his strength for the contest; he knew that the questions of peace were difficult and dangerous as the problems of war, and he would be content with no other solution than the recognition of the manhood of man and the policy of freedom.

The throbbing brain will throb no more—
No longer toil the toiling breast—a hero of the pen has fallen!

MARTHA'S GHOST.

"But surely there are more rooms?"

The young widow who had come down to Garland to hire a little house for the summer had followed the agent into the two-story cottage and was staring about her.

"Only four rooms?" she said. "Surely there were ten—I mean that the house looks larger on the outside."

"Oh, there *were* ten originally, ma'am," the agent replied; "there *were* ten, but the rest are boarded up. This is simply the wing; but you have a parlor, a dining room and two bedrooms, besides the little outside kitchen, which is a building by itself; and the rent is actually nominal."

"But the folly of boarding up six good rooms!" said the lady. "The parlor, with the wainscot and the black-marble mantelpiece—"

"You know the house?" cried the agent.

"Oh, in houses of this sort you always find a black-marble mantel and a wainscot," said the lady. "And on the other side of the hall the sitting room and spare bedroom; and three bedrooms up stairs, and the linen closet and bathroom—the long, dark linen closet."

"The ghost always comes out of that," said the agent.

"Oh—oh!" cried the lady. "The cat is out of the bag. The house is haunted?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the agent; "it has that reputation among ignorant people; but since the main building has been boarded in, the figure has never been seen by any one."

"The figure?" asked the lady. "All in white, like an ironing board?"

"All in white, but like a pretty girl of sixteen," replied the agent. "I remember the murder myself. My father was in the real estate business where I am now. I was a schoolboy. I remember how the news ran through the village that Martha Penny had been killed by wild Jack Parker, and how I rushed up with the crowd to see her. Yes, ma'am, I saw her lying weltering in her blood, across the threshold of the linen closet."

The lady shuddered and sat down in the large, chintz-covered arm chair of the room they had entered.

"You can go and play in the garden," she said to the little boy whom she led by the hand. "Don't go out of sight. Now, tell me the story, Mr. Brick."

"Very sensible to send the child away," the agent said. "Well, the facts were these: Martha Penny lived as seamstress with Mrs. Parker. They made her one of the family. Jack fell in love with her. The story goes that she refused him, and that he said that she should never marry any other man. Then she declared that she meant to go away; and she was getting ready to go, when she saw him, with blazing eyes, coming down the passage, and ran into the linen closet. A servant watched it all. As he passed the door he shot her. They arrested him and took him off to prison. But while the body was waiting for the coroner it disappeared, no one ever knew how. Mrs. Parker had taken to her bed. Ann had been afraid to sit in the room with the murdered girl. In the night the corpse vanished."

"The jury made up their minds that Jack was crazy, and he was locked up for awhile, though he swore that the pistol went off by accident. When he was let out again his mother was dead. He is quite a rich man, but he never could bear to live on his property. He has a room at the hotel, and has let all the land. At first he let the house also, but the tenants were all scared away—by the ghost, they said; so, five years ago he boarded up the main building, and only lets the wing. Every summer people hire it. It is prettily furnished, you see, with new things. The old stuff is all in the old rooms. They do say that they hear noises in the big building; but probably rats make them. And, Mrs. Smith, *you* don't look like a lady who would be afraid of—"

"Martha Penny's ghost?" interrupted the lady. "Indeed I am not. Poor little Martha would do no one any harm. I should be much more afraid of Jack Parker, though; he is alive."

"He's an altered man, ma'am," said the agent; "quite broken, though he is rather young in years."

"I'll take the house, Mr. Brick," said the widow, rising and beckoning through the open window to her little boy. "And my servant and I and little Tom will move in on Monday."

They did so, and soon flowers bloomed in the garden and at the windows, and the pretty child swung under the elm trees or tossed his ball on the lawn. The mother, reclining in her hammock, read or crocheted, or walked with her boy when the day grew cool. The maid was pretty and alert. No home in the country seemed less likely to attract ghosts to itself; and Mrs. Smith, when questioned, always said that she had never caught a glimpse of Martha Penny's specter.

But though Mrs. Smith told the truth, she did not tell the whole truth. Sometimes at night—yes, at midnight—when little Tom and the maid were sound asleep, the lady, wrapped in a double gown, and with woolen slippers on her feet, would glide out into the hall, and there, with her ear to the light partition that divided the wing from the main building, would listen to feet that went to and fro; to wails and moans; to what seemed to her prayers, and to many repetitions of the name "Martha Penny"—"Martha Penny," but oftenest "Martha" alone. She never spoke of this to anyone, and it was plain that she felt no terror; but sometimes she wept bitterly, as if she were very sorry for the poor, wandering ghost.

This went on for months, until one night Mrs. Smith did a strange thing: she arose in the middle of the night and let down the great coil of her brown hair and braided it in one braid and tied it with white ribbon; she dressed herself all in white, and over her head threw a square of tulle; then she left her house, taking a lantern with her, and stole towards a side door of the main building and tried a key in the lock and entered in.

The place was dry with dust, and dust rolled beneath her feet as she climbed the stairs, and spiders crawled along the balustrades and up the walls. She passed the big chamber and the little chamber and stopped at the linen closet.

Opening the door she saw piles of cloths and sheets and towels and pillow-cases, once white, but now powdered grey, as though a snow of that hue had fallen on them.

She lowered her lantern and beheld across the sill a stain of blood, and within, on the floor, a deeper one; but she did not shudder; indeed, a smile crossed her face—a pitiful, tender smile.

"Poor little Martha Penny!" she said, and, without a quiver or a cry, she entered in and shut the door behind her.

A small, round window, high up in the wall, let in a little gleam of moonlight; a broken pane admitted a breath of air; but amid the woolen blankets at the further end moths burrowed. She could see their tracks, and a curious smell that lingers in moth-eaten wool made the air heavy.

Already her lantern's light attracted insects that came through the broken pane above to flutter about it. She closed the slide, and now looked like a very ghost herself—all white in the faint moonlight.

She listened intently. Soon she heard the sound of a door closed carefully, feet upon the stairs, feet in the passage without the door. Someone began to pace slowly up and down.

"Martha," said a voice, "Martha!" Then there was silence. Then again, "Marta—Martha!"

It was a man's voice which spoke. Now it went on—

"They say your ghost haunts this house. I have come here so often and heard nothing, seen nothing. Martha, give me some sign that you hear me."

The widow lifted her hand and tapped lightly on the door.

There was a little cry without, then "Martha" came again, and now the widow spoke:

"You call Martha. She is here. For once, and once only, she is permitted to listen to you. Who are you?"

"The man who loved you—Jack Parker," replied the voice. "May I see you, Martha—angel Martha—may I see you?"

"If you swear not to move—not to try to touch me," said the widow.

"I swear," replied Jack, in a choking voice.

The door of the linen closet moved slowly. The man on his knees in the passage without saw a white-draped figure with long braids of hair hanging below its waist.

"My God!" he gasped. "Do I see you again, Martha?"

"I am Martha Penny," replied the widow, in a soft whisper. "Why have you called me?"

"To ask your forgiveness," the man replied. "Without it I am lost in this world and the next. Speak to me, sweet angel; tell me that you know I did not kill you with intent to do so. Let the world think what it will. Tell me you know it was not so—that you knew it even when you fell there, where you stand now—tell me so, and save my soul!"

"When I fell," the faint voice whispered—"when the blood gushed from the wound you gave me—I believed that you *had* shot me purposely. In this belief I lost consciousness. Yes, when I seemed to die I thought that you had killed me."

"But now?" asked Jack.

"Oh, unhappy man," replied the spirit, "night after night I have heard your moans; night after night I have heard you swear by all that is holy to your innocence. I do not doubt you now. Be at peace. We shall meet again, and I forgive you."

With a cry the man flung himself upon the floor, and great sobs burst from his bosom.

"At last!" he gasped. "At last! Oh, dear angel, at last! Oh, God be praised!"

The white figure came nearer to the fallen man; it bent over him.

"Jack," it said, in more earthly tones, "I am so glad that you did not mean to kill me. Poor boy, you were always handling that revolver recklessly; but you know you threatened me. I loved you, Jack, but I could not marry you: your mother was so proud, and yet she had been so good to me, a poor little orphan. So I swore to myself that I would go away and never see you again, unless she called me back. That is why I refused you, Jack—that is why."

Thrilling and chilling, Jack lifted himself on his elbow, and stared into the veiled face.

"Certainly I am really mad at last," he said.

But the voice, now even more distinct and full of earthly tenderness, went on:

"No, Jack, no, you are quite sane, quite sane. Remember how the body of poor Martha Penny was spirited away. Have you never thought that perhaps she was not dead, though that stupid old doctor, in his dotage, declared her so? Jack, poor Jack! she was alive. But when she came to herself, the horror she felt that you should murder her was very great. And yet she did not wish to give any evidence that would send you to prison. She resolved to fly. The old servant helped her away, and lied to cover the act. Jack, I am no ghost; I am alive; I am flesh and blood. Touch my hand; I give you leave. Poor Jack, poor fellow; how you have suffered all these years!"

"As they suffer in hades," he said, and humbly put his lips to the hem of her robe.

"I worked hard for awhile, then a good old man married me," she went on. "He was kind as a father, and I have a little boy. I am a widow now, and I came back to see the old place. I live in the wing that the agent had to let, and night after night I heard you through the partition, weeping and praying forgiveness of my ghost, swearing you did not mean to harm me. And I meant that you should only think that my ghost forgave you. But I—I could not help telling the truth,

dear Jack, once I saw you so near me and so broken-hearted."

Then, indeed, Jack grew bolder, and dared to touch her hands and to lift them to his lips. He was thankful and humble, as though heaven had vouchsafed him a vision of angels, and he left her at her door as he might have parted from one.

But after all, she was a living woman, he a man who loved her, and ere the autumn leaves fell they were wed.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Mrs. Potter is to make a six months' professional tour of Africa. The idea is a good one. She can't possibly act worse than the Africans do.

Louis James and Frederic Warde pool issues next season and star jointly. They promise to produce the new plays *The Lion's Mouth* and *Memnon*.

The leading actor of Copenhagen is Joachim Ludwiff Phister, who for more than fifty years has been connected with the Royal Danish Theater. He has appeared in 700 roles and has marvelous control over the muscles of his face.

"Old Anse, otherwise Capt. Anson., of the Chicago league team, will be an actor by and by. Charley Hoyt has half promised to write a play for him, and Charley Hoyt's plays have made actors of even less promising material than Anson.

The *Wheeling Intelligencer* declares positively that Mojeska smokes the villainous smudges manufactured in that town and known with terror by consumers of tobacco as "stogies." Mojeska is a woman, and cannot on that account whip the libeler, but she can sue him for damages.

The costumes to be used by Henry Irving in his forthcoming production of *Henry VIII*, in which he will appear as Cardinal Wolesey, will cost \$15,000. If Mr. Irving will take his text from the lines of his role and serve his art as well as he has served his costumer he ought to score a great triumph.

Patti is very fond of parrots, and when she sees one that strikes her fancy she does not hesitate to pay the price asked for it, however exorbitant it may be. Some years ago she actually paid \$5,000 for a parrot, and this loquacious bird is still to be seen and heard in her winter garden at Craig-y-Nos. One of the diva's parrots speaks Welsh, another French and others English.

Bobby Gaylor's farce comedy, *Sport McAlister*, was written by Charles J. Vincent, the author of *The Editor*, *The Grass Widow*, *Lady Tom*, and Patti Rosa's new play *Dolly Varden*. When Bobby Gaylor is in New York he stops at the house of an Irish lady, who hails from the historical city of Cork. Bobby claims that he tries all his new gags and songs on her first, and that she is the best audience he ever played to.

Some relics of Shakespeare, said to have been heretofore unknown to the general public, have just been discovered and brought to light by William Winter, the well-known journalist and dramatic critic of New York. Mr. Winter has been spending some weeks here and got on the track of those articles in his rambles about the adjacent country. The relics consist of a jug and cane. The jug has a metal lid, and the cane is of malacca wood, just such a stick as was customarily carried in the days of Elizabeth. The articles came from Gloucester where they have been preserved in the family of a Mr. Fletcher.

People certainly do make queer testamentary dispositions. A Parisian widow left by will a tidy sum to the Theater Comique, asking that it be invested and the income used to supply real champagne in all performances where wine was one of the properties. Now she has an English imitator, also a widow, who has bequeathed to Henry Irving £3,000—that is \$15,000—for exactly the same purpose. The giver, it is said, was the daughter of a well-known and very eccentric London physician. Charitable folks no doubt think she could have devoted her money to better use, but actors and actresses will probably bless her and keep her memory moist if not green.

A recent domestic difficulty between some collateral relations of the late actress Laura Keene develops an interesting fact and an equally interesting falsehood. The first is that the dress which Laura Keene wore in *Our American Cousin* on the night President Lincoln was assassinated was cut into small pieces and distributed among the friends of the amiable old gentleman who was holding the property in trust for his daughter. The son-in-law, who was arrested for running away and marrying that daughter, naively says that he could have sold the garment for \$1,000. The last is the statement of both parties that the dress was stained with the blood of the President. Laura Keene had nothing to do with Mr. Lincoln. He occupied an upper box when he was shot, and she was back in the wings. She was nowhere near him at any time. She appeared in that

costume again and again afterward, and it is needless to say that there was no blood of the martyred Lincoln on it.

Dramatic authors in America may safely learn a lesson from the playwrights of France. For that matter, the more prosperous body of English dramatists may well be guided by the French example. There was once a Dramatic Authors' Society in England, but it never amounted to much; and there was also at one time a prospect of a similar society in America, but it went to pieces from a variety of causes, chief of which was incompatibility of temperament. In France, however, the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques not only gets for the poorest playwright his 10 per cent. of the gross receipts, but it also writes its own history as it goes along. And what a history its is! The catalogue just published by this society of the plays of a century—from 1789 to 1889—comprises the enormous total of 26,033 tragedies, comedies, melodramas, operas, and farces performed in France alone in one hundred years. That is a far more prolific showing than can be made by either England or America. It indicates the early production of over 260 new pieces in France. It is only within the past ten years that America has been able to produce over 200 fresh plays yearly, and yet we have ten times as many theatrical centers as France has.

Book Chat.

Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, son of the pessimistic dramatist, and Bergliot Bjornson, daughter of the poet and politician, are engaged to marry.

Alfred Tennyson and Henry James have been writing plays fearlessly challenging comparison with Charles Hoyt and other authors of farce comedy.

"Set aside ideals," wrote Goethe to a friend, "and of the present moment make use, more and more. Each moment is of infinite worth, for each represents a whole eternity."

A recent visitor to Ibsen found him in a shabby dressing gown buttoned over gray trousers. On his feet were felt slippers, and his hair was in great disorder, as were his big side whiskers. His face appears comical at first sight, but there is a line of satire between his clean-shaven lips.

The composing stick used by Benjamin Franklin when at work in a London printing office is now owned by an Englishman. On one side of the setting-rule, now in the stick, is an engraving of the original printing press, with the words, "Printing, the Art Preservative of Arts," whilst in the left-hand corner are the initials "W. G.," and on the right "Shallus fecit."

Beatrice Whitby, author of "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick," which was one of the most original novels published last year, has just collected half a dozen of her short stories in a volume, "On the Lake of Lucerne" being the title. "Studies of Girls" might have been the name, with good reason, for each is a girl's tale, generally told in the first person. They are in different moods, but one, called "Poor Dear Mamma," being the confessions of a discontented young woman, will appear to many interesting creatures who are quite charming—except to their parents—like a series of recollections of their own sentiments.

The mysterious power of originality, which is one of the few natural gifts that even envy must bow to, was the distinguishing characteristic of Abraham Lincoln's literary character. It was conspicuous in his humor; but it was not less so in his higher and more serious compositions and speeches. Though it is as a President of the United States that his name will live in history, it must not be overlooked that he was before the public as a man of ideas, as an expounder of the law and constitution, as the champion of free soil, as a speaker, generally, in political canvasses. His genius shone forth resplendent in logic, wit, humor, pathos, and, at times, in an eloquence that for effectiveness has never been surpassed. There is no reason why he should not take his proper place in the list of American literary names.

Professional Chat.

The ministry of justice of Russia has framed a law by which a Jewish barrister accepting the Christian religion has to serve a three years' term of probation before he gets the right to practice his profession.

The *Congregationalist* tells of an erring church brother in Vermont whose conscience forced him to get up in open meeting one day and make the following confession: "Brethren, my conscience compels me to confess that, when boiling down my sap this spring, I put into the kettle two buckets of water, and sold the sugar at the same price as that made from pure sap!"

Doctors—good doctors—are a thousand times more tender-hearted than any other men, because they know just what the pain is, and how it is hurting not only your body, but your mind. They know just when you are worrying over something; yes, and just what medicine you need beside that which comes in bottles from

the chemist. They know you need cheerful words; not too many. They know you need something to distract your attention from yourself, and they come into your sickroom as if they brought rays of sunshine with them, and leave you feeling as many times better as you felt before they came.

An English tramp, arrested and brought before the justices of the Petworth Police Court for the crime of "damaging some cut clover by sleeping on it," was fined by the justice, with the alternative of going to jail for eight days. In another case, at the Bromsgrove Petty Sessions, where a woman was charged with stealing some apples, it was alleged against her that the stems of the fruit "fitted" the trees from which they were said to have been stolen. An odd thing is British justice. Perhaps the popularity in England of Bret Harte's tales of the anomalies of western frontier justice in the early days may find its explanation here.

The *Law Gazette* has told a story about some one of the Irish judges, and lawyers are trying to find out which one of the judges is referred to. It appears that a certain learned judge is accustomed to doze at times during the speeches of counsel, and on awakening does not always realize the situation immediately. An eloquent queen's counsel was lately addressing the court on the subject of certain town commissioners' right to a disputed waterway. In his address he repeated somewhat emphatically: "But, my lord, we must have water! we must have water!" The learned judge thereupon awoke and startled the lawyers by remarking: "Well, just a little drop, thank you; just a little. I like it strong."

The following spicy delineation of the medical situation in Connecticut is taken from the bulletin of the Connecticut Board of Health: "Sir: Anybody can practice medicine in Connecticut. You do not need to register; you do not need a medical diploma; you do not need to know the difference between opium and peppermint; you do not, indeed, need to know anything. You can simply come here and live and begin to practice. The laws of Connecticut will sustain you in collecting your fees for professional services, if you render any which you choose to call such. But if you undertake to carry me or my trunk to the depot for pay you must get a license. If you peddle matches or peanuts you must get a license. If you collect the swill from your neighbors to feed your pig you must get a license. If you want to empty your cesspool you must get a license; but you can practice medicine in Connecticut *without a license!*"

The recent death of Lord President Inglis recalls this incident: He was requested by the Society of Solicitors in the Supreme Courts of Scotland to allow his portrait to be placed in one of the stained-glass windows of their new library, the other portraits being those of eminent men now deceased. In accepting the honor the learned judge wrote: "I trust you have not forgotten the wise counsel given by a great law-maker—Solon—to Cræsus, King of Lydia, in the height of his prosperity—that no man's life could be pronounced altogether happy till its close. The moral is, that whatever a man's eminence may be during the greater part of his life, it may be all blotted out and destroyed by some fatal lapse before he dies. With this caution, and protest I leave myself in the hands of the society. I will not undertake to fulfil Solon's condition of becoming altogether happy by predecease of the execution of your stained-glass windows, though such an event is by no means unlikely." As a matter of fact, the lord president did die before the window was placed in position.

The depths of the wisdom of the English common law appear sometimes to the mind of the laity to be unfathomable. Such is probably, at least, the opinion of a lady of Enfield who supposed herself to be the owner of a jackdaw, but who discovered that her title was only that of precarious possession. She allowed the bird his liberty for a few minutes, and he, true to the nature attributed to him in common parlance, stole away, and was captured and sold in "market overt" to a purchaser, who declined, when the bird was found in his possession, to relinquish him. His former possessor called the law to her aid, but the law, through the Enfield magistrates, declared its inability to respond. The law protects persons and property; but the jackdaw was evidently not a person, and it was equally clear, according to the court, that it was not property. Had the jackdaw been a cat or a dog it would have been different; or had it been, like the parrot, of foreign birth, it might have attained the dignity of a chattel; but being only a native wild bird, this character flies back to it as soon as it flies from captivity. Although, therefore, the present possessor of the jackdaw has no title to him, yet he has the bird, and there is no way known to the law of dispossessing him. If the former possessor should entice the bird back to herself, she in turn would illustrate the maxim *Beati possidentes*. But, unless she succeeds in this undertaking, she will probably repeat for the rest of her days that hasty and irreverent speech of Mr. Bumble: "The law is a Ass."

NOTES.

A new process for making whisky is now being tried at Peoria, Ill. A species of bug that is found on rice is used for fermenting in lieu of yeast. The whisky made by this process is literally bug juice.

With Colonel Ingersoll running a \$14,000,000 will contest in Montana, and Mr. Choate starting a \$30,000,000 job in New York, it is plain that the arid and arduous profession of the law has its compensations.

There are two dangers to France, says Jules Simon. "Geruany and socialism." The former is less important since Cronstadt, but the danger from socialism has been increased since the congress at Brussels.

A Washington man wants a divorce because his wife goes off preaching faith cures and leaves him to get the dinner. He ought to have it; and if his wife is unable to pay him alimony he ought to have a pension.

In every great political campaign the Democrats preach the doctrine of "disaster and despair." "Thank God," says Major McKinley, "the Republican party never taught any such doctrine. Ours is a doctrine of hope and cheer."

It has been semi-officially recorded somewhere that General Grant was the only President who ever dared to perpetrate a pun in a state paper, and that he did it in one of his messages when he said: "Agriculture is the groundwork of our national prosperity."

The worst thing that can be said of a town is that it is dead. The world has no more use for a dead town than it has for a dead man. The best thing to be done with either is to bury them out of sight; but, unfortunately, a town lives on and on after it is dead.

Professor Mitchell, of Kingston, N. M., says that he can dissipate snowstorms in his latitude by driving them on the plains and turning them into gentle showers. He is very sanguine, and says the handling of storms will in time be as familiar as the bottling of the lightning by Franklin.

Mr. Theodore Bent, who was sent to investigate the famous Zimbabye ruins in South Africa, writes home that these ruins are undoubtedly of Phœnician origin, and that the inscriptions and other evidence he has found unmistakably indicate the form of worship, the manner of decoration, and the system of gold smelting practiced by the vanished people who erected the structures. They are relics of a people who were far advanced in civilization, though the present inhabitants are mere savages.

At best fires are a calamity, but the late conflagrations in Chinatown have much of compensation to the city. They have wiped out a score or more of rookeries that were eyesores and the breeding places of disease. It is now in order for the Trustees to compel the filling in of those offensive water lots, and the construction of suitable sidewalks. As it is, the north side of I street is impassable. If the lots were filled no doubt the owners would find it to their advantage to put up brick buildings suitable for wholesale stores; it is the natural locality for such houses, and with their establishment there Chinatown would in consequence become a thing of the past.

Nearly every man is endowed by nature with some power or faculty which enables him to do easily some feat impossible to any other. This faculty makes him necessary to society. The man that can lay brick and mortar, and the man that puts down the cobblestones and gravel in our streets, is as useful and necessary as the farmer who raises our food products; as necessary as the doctor or lawyer, editor or statesman. Every man has his place in the great economy of nature. Nothing is beneath us if it is in the direction of the conduct of life. It is the law of nature that every man shall do what he was created to do.

The death suddenly of Charles Stewart Paruell is announced. That he was a man great in his time cannot be questioned; that he was conscientious in his political career must be accorded. He was the advocate of home rule in Ireland, and demanded from England such rights for Ireland that are just—the right of self-government. Of Paruell's course, and that of his followers, we have but one criticism: their troubles should be settled at home, and not obtruded upon our people, who have nothing but a general interest in the issue. It has been for years that the relations of Ireland and England have been prominently discussed in this country.

From the last census returns we find that the assessed valuation of property in the several States of the United States is \$24,249,589,804. This, of course, is nothing like the true value, which may be estimated at \$62,610,000,000. The per capita will amount to about \$1,000. According to these returns, California's assessed valuation of property

is \$1,071,102,327. It is safe to say this is less than one-third of the actual value of real and personal property in this State. We have to but refer to San Francisco alone, where we find men worth millions only assessed for a few hundred thousand dollars. The statistics furnished by official assessments are not very reliable, and only serve to mislead as to the true wealth of the country.

We use common expressions in our parlance that on even a superficial analysis are manifestly absurd. To instance, the expression "dumb brutes." It is applied to cats, dogs, roosters and everything except the more refined descendants of the monkey family. We were struck with the absurdity of the statement when listening to the trial of Hagerty this week. Much stress was paid to the defendant's fondness for "dumb brutes," to wit: bull dogs and roosters. How it can be contended that a bull dog is "dumb" we cannot conceive, though we do admit he is a brute. There is about a rooster refinement, but a fowl that will wake up in the wee hours of night and disturb the neighborhood by his shrill crowing, is by no means dumb. And cats—the boot-jack loss testifies that they are not voiceless.

The *News-Messenger*, of Lincoln, announces that it proposes to collate and publish a history of its town and of the country surrounding. Certainly a series of carefully prepared articles on local history in any community will be of interest. Concerning that particular locality, we have knowledge of its early days, and know that much of more than local interest could be written. Lincoln was founded by the late Colonel Charles L. Wilson, and was named, not from the president, but from the middle name of the colonel. There is a circumstance that was to us of interest. We last met Colonel Wilson in the Golden Eagle Hotel in this city, and we remarked the curious watch he carried—an old-fashioned, open-faced gold watch; and it had a history. It had been the property of the distinguished statesman De Witt Clinton. Mr. Clinton died suddenly, and this watch was on his person at the time. It passed to his son, and from him to Wilson. Speaking of it, the colonel related that, after burning brush on his farm at Nord, he missed the watch, and afterward found it in the ashes. It had passed through the fire, but was repaired, and registered the time the same as in its former days. It is of coincidence that the death of Colonel Wilson was sudden—on December 11, 1890—and that the Clinton watch was then on his person.

California Press Association.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the California Press Association was held in San Francisco on Monday, October 5th, and was largely attended. At the meeting much business of importance was transacted, many entertaining papers read and interesting remarks made, concerning the welfare of the association. To the work of the California delegates—Messrs. Scipio Craig, Wm. H. Mills and W. S. Green—to the National Editorial Association recently held in St. Paul can be attributed in a great measure the victory of securing California for the next meeting of the National Association, to be held in January, 1892.

On the evening of the 5th inst., at 9 o'clock, the members, accompanied by their wives and daughters, left on the Shasta route for a trip as far north as Sisson, stopping at Redding, Shasta mineral springs and Mott. At all points the excursionists were hospitably entertained by the people. On Tuesday evening a reception was held in the school-house at Mott, when the freedom of the town was tendered the party in a neatly worded address by Mr. A. Bloom, which was responded to by Mr. J. A. Filcher, of Auburn. Mr. Wm. H. Mills being present was called upon, and entertained his hearers with a very interesting and instructive discourse, his remarks upon the denudation of our forests being listened to with wrapt attention. During the day quite a number of ladies and gentlemen took the "sawdust" trail for a walk to the Shasta mineral springs, located about a mile and a half from Mott. On their return the ladies insisted that they had tramped about fifteen miles. Tired out as they were, however, they could not forego the pleasures of a country dance given in the evening. On the return trip an hour's stay was made at Lower Soda Springs, where a magnificent hotel, to be known as "The Tavern of Castle Crags," is in course of construction by the Pacific Improvement Company, and which is bound to become one of the most famous resorts on the Pacific Coast, owing to its charming and picturesque location. An open-air meeting was here held, when the following was read and unanimously adopted by the association:

WHEREAS, We, members of the California Press Association, and our families, have, through the generosity of the Southern Pacific Company, been the recipients of a delightful excursion along the line of the California and Oregon Railroad as far north as Redwood; and, whereas, we recognize the public spirit and enterprise of the corporation which undertakes through the public press to inform the world of the resources, possibilities and beauties of the country along its route; therefore,

Resolved, That the thanks of the members of this association are tendered to the Southern Pacific Company, personally represented by William H. Mills and W. C. Morrow, for courtesies received in connection with this excursion, and especially to Division Superintendent Agler for his kind offices in managing and contributing to the comfort and pleasure of the guests on this division.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this association that the road is well built and equipped and efficiently managed; and that the scenery along the line is grand beyond description.

Resolved, That we appreciate and commend the enterprise of the people of Redding for their cordial greeting and magnificent exhibition of the products of the surrounding country, consisting of all the staple fruits and vegetables, and a splendid collection of minerals.

Resolved, That we tender our obligations and return our thanks to the people of Mott for their generous hospitality and the magnificent reception tendered by them on the occasion of our visit; and to the citizens of Sisson for the splendid dinner provided for us on our return trip.

Resolved, That the association note with pleasure the establishment of numerous summer resorts on this line in the vicinity of Mount Shasta, chief among them being Lower Soda Springs, at which a magnificent hotel, to cost \$200,000, has been begun, and is to be completed before the opening of the next season for the accommodation of tourists and health seekers.

Following is a list of the persons composing the excursion party:

W. C. Morrow and wife, San Francisco; G. M. Francis and wife, Napa; Miss Mildred Francis, Napa; P. B. Graham, Middleton; W. J. Hassett, Sacramento; Miss Regina Hassett, Sacramento; Watson Chalmers and wife, Chico; C. F. Montgomery and wife, Antioch; J. Buckingham and wife, Ukiah; J. F. Thompson, Eureka; E. B. Willis and wife, Sacramento; J. A. Filcher and wife, Auburn; H. A. McCrany and wife, Lakeport; S. S. Boynton and wife, Oroville; William H. Mills and wife, San Francisco; J. M. Coffman and wife, Biggs; E. B. Price and wife, Oroville; R. A. Marshall and wife, Los Angeles; A. B. Lemmon and wife, Santa Rosa; Miss May Thompson, Eureka; R. Ellis and wife, Woodland; Raleigh Barcar, Vacaville; E. C. Rust and wife, Winters; F. J. Burns, San Miguel; J. H. Durst, Wheatland; J. M. Laswell, San Miguel; L. W. Taylor, Arbuckle; C. L. Cain, Placerville; C. B. Whitling and wife, Colusa; A. J. Pillsbury, Tulare; W. B. H. Dodson, Red Bluff; Miss Nellie Dodson, Red Bluff; L. H. Woodworth, Yuba City; T. H. Dawson, Corning; S. J. Matthews and wife, Ukiah; E. E. Grover, Yuba City; Mrs. E. Grover, Yuba City; R. R. Bunker and wife, Martinez; Miss L. Francis, Castroville; W. F. Perkins, San Francisco; R. Beers Loos, Sisson; F. M. Swayze and wife, Redding; S. M. Cassidy, Petaluma.

R. Beers Loos, of the Sisson *Mascot*, is a genius. A bright and witty writer, a graceful dancer, a versatile actor, and an accomplished type setter form a combination of talents which cannot fail to make a paper enjoyable to the subscriber and profitable to the advertiser. The following address of welcome was prepared by Col. Loos for presentation to the California Press Association on their recent visit to Sisson:

Members of the C. P. A.:—It does me honor to welcome you beneath the shadows of grand old Mt. Shasta, where chivalry prevails and men die with their dancing pumps on. Here is where the droopy-eyed tourist comes in the summer to rejuvenate his other lung, where the fortune huntress comes to seek a rich catch and departs in the fall with an Italian woodchopper; and where the railroad snowplow battles with the "beautiful" from Thanksgiving Day until it is time to mail your valentines.

As men and editors I am pleased to welcome you. I hope that none of you cherish any ill-will because I have neglected to put you on the exchange list. Daily papers in towns of not less than 50,000 inhabitants, will receive the *Mascot* in exchange by publishing our 22-inch double column ad, for six months. We also offer extra inducements to publishers who wish to club with the *Mascot*. Do not think that because I have been successful as an editor and publisher that I hold myself above you. I would willingly take by the hand such men as Jones, Reid, Waterson, McLean, Pulitzer, Childs, Bennett, DeYoung or Hearst, which goes to show that I am not proud. Right here at home I will speak to you on the street in the presence of my friends. I will see that you enjoy your visit. I have leased the brewery until your train pulls out. I will take you around personally and will have the Sunday School turn out if he is well enough. I will show you the exact spot where Carmine Charley shot a kidney out of Cold Deck Richard. I will take you to Dr. Flett's office and show you a two-gallon jar full of pickled eye balls that were gouged out in the Europa saloon the week we had the races. I have had the lynching of By-Gone Williams, the best authority on horses in the State, postponed until this evening so you could enjoy it. I will also escort you to the city laundress, where nine as fine gentlemen as you ever met are awaiting examination for "killing their man." They will be released after their hearing in the morning, and if you will remain a few hours longer to-morrow, I can promise you a dandy blow-out. We will also go over to Gore Slough and see Crank Hatterly. Most eccentric man you ever saw. Hasn't taken a drink of liquor since the Fourth of July. At my office I will show you a Waterbury newspaper press with a long stem on it that runs with only the aid of one man, a boy and some profanity. I will present to your worthy President a skull that I use on my desk as a paper weight. It has sixty-two bullet holes in it and once adorned the shoulders of an Eastern man who put up at a hotel here and asked for a finger bowl.

Now boys, I give you the freedom of the city, in whose name I welcome you. Go forth and enjoy yourselves. Remember, the lynching takes place at 8 sharp and that the square game of faro in town is dealt in the rear of the *Mascot* press rooms.

Among the current stories about Mr. Spurgeon, this is one of the latest: He was traveling in Scotland at one time, and trying to preserve an incognito. So distinct is the individuality of his face, and so freely has he been photographed, that one may question whether he was entirely successful in this latter endeavor. However this may be, he heard a sermon which touched him, and thereupon hunted up the minister to thank him. Whereupon the young preacher frankly confessed that most of it was taken from Spurgeon himself.

Housekeeping Habits of Prominent Women.

Not a few of the wealthy women of New York, says Ada Chester Bond in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, have every detail in their home at their fingers' ends, and retain the education of their children under their own management.

One example is Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, wife of the great financier. She employs a butler and numerous servants. Mrs. Field has been married over fifty years. She was born in New England, and still believes in taking care of her own house and doing her own marketing. To be sure, she is no longer young, and often is not able to go out, but only on rare occasions does she delegate the power to make purchases to her servants. Day in and day out she drives to the market in her own carriage, going from one shop to another, selecting such articles of food as she wishes; and she can tell the price of any article of food in the market. In her home she supervises everything. A fleck of dust is quickly detected.

Mrs. William C. Whitney, wife of the ex-Secretary of the Navy, is really one of the busiest women in New York society. She has a splendid home. Mrs. Whitney comes from Ohio, and the women of the Buckeye State have been taught to believe that a happy fireside is the nearest approach to heaven we shall get in this world. Mrs. Whitney does all the ordering for her family, goes to market very frequently, employs and discharges her own servants, and, better still, she retains her servants by rewarding them for their faithfulness. She does not allow instructors to have their own way in teaching her children. She supervises their education herself, goes to the children's table with them for meals at least once a day, and when the early evening comes they play about her knee, listen to delightful fairy stories and have a general frolic.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton is absolutely the head of her own establishment. She engages her own servants, and does all the ordering for her table; she also devotes much time to the care and education of her children. She keeps an accurate account of all the moneys she receives and spends, and is punctilious in not running long accounts with the tradespeople. She pays all bills weekly by check.

Though Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew employs a butler and three servants, she is as absolutely the queen of her own home as her husband is the king of after-dinner speakers. She does all the shopping for her family, and pays cash for each purchase, a plan that cannot be improved upon.

Mrs. Astor employs twenty servants, and a butler and chef. She never makes any purchases for the household, and gives few instructions as to what she wants served for meals. In the case of a big dinner party, she simply notifies her butler that on such an evening she will give a dinner to, say, twenty four persons, that is all.

Mrs. Charles A. Dana, the wife of the editor of the *Sun*, is a thoroughly old-fashioned housekeeper. Her servants do as she tells them. She makes all her own purchases, and superintends the preparation of all meals.

In the case of Mrs. Burton Harrison one finds a woman thoroughly in touch with everything about her home. She is an adept at taste in a room, and there is not a picture, piece of bric-a-brac or ornament in her home which is out of harmony with its surroundings. Mrs. Harrison is a southern woman, and though reared in a home of wealth, where others did her bidding, she has all the qualities of a good housekeeper. She is a splendid cook, and when illness comes into the family everything is prepared with her own hands.

All the ladies of the Vanderbilt family are thrifty and business-like. They inherit these traits, and they are bringing up their children to follow their example. They each keep a bank account, make all their own purchases, and employ and discharge their own servants. They also help in the education of their children, go into the kitchen now and then, and are noted for being excellent cooks.

How the Average Man Sees It.

The letter flittered into the sanctum. It was from a man to a woman, and he was trying to give her, in his enthusiastic, masculine way, his idea of the girls at Narragansett Pier, and the costumes they wear. Here is what he says. Comment is unnecessary:

"I want to tell you that the women here are the most glorious creatures on the face of the earth. They go swinging about in the independent, healthy manner you never see except at the seashore or among the mountains. Say, why are they always sick in town, and ready for twenty-nine tramps when they get out here?"

"Of course you want to know what they're wearing. They all have dresses made of flannel or something, with white shoes, white caps, lots of ribbons and furbelows flying, and white parasols with loads of white lace bunched all over the top. The skirts are cut bias (is that right?), and there's something around the bottom that I think you women call a panel—or perhaps it's a flounce. Why can't women dress like that all the time? Why don't you speak to 'em about it."—N. Y. World

FLASHES.

The trouble with cranks—they only turn one way.

When the hop crop is light the prices jump up.

We may have gray hair, but that is no reason to die.

When you want to know all about yourself inquire without.

This is a tough world; we never expect to get out of it alive.

A bride, although given away, is not free. They are often sold.

There is nothing more meaningless than a woman's kiss of a woman.

Dentists may not be large landed proprietors, but they live off *achers*.

As a class literary women are indifferent as to their personal adornment.

The fellow that tells all he knows, don't generally have much to impart.

To get an honest living without work requires the hardest kind of work.

The fool destroys his own health while drinking to the health of others.

Sometimes a man grows so mean that even the devil is willing to excuse him.

We ought to be able to regulate moisture because any teamster can draw *rein*.

Some of the alleged Alliance men are not farmers enough to even cultivate an acquaintance.

No man ever succeeded by snarling at his neighbor. Our local papers might take this lesson to themselves.

A Remarkable Plumber.

A fire occurred during the week in a stable up town located on the lot adjoining that of Smith, the plumber, and it looked for a time that his stable would also go. We have read the accounts of the fire as published, but Mr. Smith relates incidents concerning it that have not found their way into print. He relates them as follows: "It was late at night, and a neighbor called out, 'Smith, your stable is on fire,' and I heard a commotion. There was no other Smith nearer than half a block, and I knew it meant me. I jumped out of bed, and you know how it is with a man when he is suddenly awakened in the dark; I was perfectly dazed; blame me if I could find the gas. I thought of my poor horse, and of course wanted to save him, and started for what I supposed was the door of the room, and blame me if I did not run into the closet. I never felt so foolish in my life, but you know how a fire will excite one. No; there had been no Caledonian banquet the night before. This horse of mine could not be replaced in my business. He is a model of patience, and will stand all day uncomplainingly without hitching, while the boys are in a house doing a job of plumbing. Now, most horses would get tired of that sort of business." We congratulate Smith that he rescued his steed, but cannot understand how it was a plumber could not find a gas jet, even if he was half asleep and the night was dark. It does not comport with human experience with plumbers.

The Gas Well Test.

A test of the product of the gas well at Fifth and R streets was made last Thursday evening in the presence of a rather small crowd, and that mostly composed of people living in the immediate neighborhood. The "prominent citizen" was conspicuous by his absence, probably because there were to be no posts of honor worth filling, and feeling that the escape from his "valve" couldn't hold its own against the belchings of mother earth. The test must, however, have been highly gratifying to the promoters of the enterprise. The improvised gasometer was so small as to permit much the greater share of the gas to escape with the water under its submerged edges, as was evidenced by the constant state of effervescence of the water surrounding the receiver. Still, gas jets burned brightly, cook-stoves were supplied, an asbestos parlor grate blazed cheerfully, and a gas engine made to whiz at a lively rate. To abandon the work in its present half-developed state would be to wipe out what little remaining reputation we have for public spirit and enterprise. It certainly will not require a great sum to push the undertaking to a definite result, and the means should be immediately forthcoming from the abundance of our "well-to-do" citizens.

New Advertisements.

Among the new advertisements appearing in THEMIS to-day, will be found those of Messrs. Mohr & Yoerk, butchers and packers, 1024 and 1026 J street; Mrs. M. A. Pealer, leading milliner, 619-623 J street; and Mrs. M. L. Swilling, French dressmaker, 1012 Eighth street.

The coaching season has resumed the road in Paris. America does the bulk of her coaching on a bicycle.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Sol Smith Russell has never failed to fill the house when he appeared in this city. Last night the Metropolitan was filled to its capacity to witness Mr. Russell's new play, *Peaceful Valley*. Mr. Russell has in this play a wider and richer field for his inimitable art. The support is good. To-night *Peaceful Valley* will be repeated.

Monday and Tuesday Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco's new comedy, *Incog*, will be presented by a strong company. Mrs. Pacheco is well known in Sacramento, and her literary attainments have been displayed in various manners. She has written several excellent plays. *Incog* is said to be a bright and attractive comedy. The striking likeness of "Tom," "Dick," and "Harry," furnish opportunity for no end of funny situations.

The Theatrical Advance Agent Relieves His Guilty Mind.

I am an advance agent and my duties are manifold, but the principal one is to lie. To the uninitiated this may seem easy, but do not deceive yourself. The lies which the advance agent has to tell must bear the impress of truth and ring eighteen-carat every time. To lie in this manner requires a special faculty, an inventive brain, and full control over the muscles of the face. Truth, even in its humblest garb, is naturally so acceptable to man that lies, to pass for truth, must go forth in silk apparel.

I tell big lies, little lies, white lies, and black lies, and the object of this wholesale lying is to convince a skeptical public that my star is the greatest living actor, that the play is the one novelty of the season, that the supporting company is the best that money could procure, and that those who fail to go to the box office next week and plank down their dollars to see my attraction will have lived in vain.

Early in the season I get out a pamphlet filled with press notices, credited to various papers, in which they appeared in an entirely different form from that in which they are reprinted. All the mean things which they have said about my star are carefully cut out and in their place I substitute high-sounding praises or lies. Copies are sent to every city in which my star is to appear.

On my way to the next stand I begin by lying to the train conductor. I tell him that certain members of the company were formerly railroad men. This arouses his interest, and then I pile on the agony about the star and play, expecting, of course, that he will repeat what I say to his friends. When I arrive at the station I lie to the agent of the transfer company. Instead of having the company's baggage hauled by the piece, I have them agree to haul the entire amount for a certain figure, so I tell the agent that it can be easily transported on one wagon, though I know very well that it takes two. Thus I secure a cheap contract. To outsiders I say that we carry more scenery and baggage than any other company on the road and that it requires two baggage cars to transport it from town to town.

If the receipts in the last town were \$1,600 for the week, I swear that they exceeded \$4,000, and offer to back up my assertion with a bet. If on the first night, with the aid of my friends and by taking the ushers out to see a man, I succeeded in stirring up the faintest ripple of applause at the end of the strong scene, I say that the star received a curtain call at the end of every act. Sometimes I even smuggle boys into the gallery to cry Bravo!

When I have told about all the lies I think necessary around the theater I set out for the newspaper offices and seek out the unfortunate dramatic or city editor, as the case may be; and here is where I spread myself. Knowing that an editor on a paper that amounts to anything is a busy man, I have to lie against time. I spin yarns about my star's distinguished family, speak of his accomplishments, of his estimable qualities, of his fondness for newspaper men, and try to create an impression that he is a royal good fellow as well as a great actor. Nor do I lie with my tongue alone. When I think I have stayed long enough, I apologize for taking up his time, and leave with him written lies, sometimes called puffs, to be worked into the columns of the paper, and very often get them printed exactly as I wrote them, without the blue penciling of a single lie.

When I have finished with the newspapers I go around the hotels, ostensibly to get their rates, but in reality to lie about my attraction.

To flatter the star and make him think that he is a great actor I disguise my handwriting and send him letters over fictitious signatures, asking him to make a return date, and assuring him of a large business on his second visit. I go here, there and everywhere, always extolling the merits of my attraction and always lying. I plaster the dead walls with lying posters; I distribute lying circulars; I do a hundred and one things, and leave no stone unturned which I think will help to advertise the star. Yet some people think advance agents have an easy time.

I have lied so much that I have acquired a profound respect for truth; but I have be-

come so accustomed to lying that I could not tell the truth even if I wanted to. From mere force of habit I lie about everything; I even lie about myself. If I buy a new hat and pay \$7 for it I tell my friends that it cost \$12. If an acquaintance, in the goodness of his heart, invites me out in the evening to enjoy a glass of beer and a pretzel, I relate next day that I had a champagne supper.

I have lied so much that I have tired of it, and would like to tell the truth. I would like to tell the public that my star cannot act at all, that he is a conceited self-worshiper, and, in my estimation, not even fit to carry a spear in the third row of supernumeraries; that he is knock-kneed and bald, and that instead of being of a distinguished family, he has a hod-carrier origin and eats with his knife; that his support is composed of the worst lot of "hams" that was ever gotten together for the purpose of imposing upon the public; that his leading man, instead of getting the exorbitant salary accredited to him, receives just \$30 a week (some week), and is compelled to worship at the shrine of the star's greatness; that the leading lady is a poor deluded mortal, whose friends have persuaded her that she can act, but whose true sphere of usefulness would be to clean windows, or to push a perambulator; that the members of the company have been "specially selected" not "to fit the characters of the play," but because of their utter incompetency, so as not to outshine the star, and that everything else connected with the "show" is on a par of general badness.

But it would not do. The company would soon be counting the ties back to New York, and my occupation as an advance agent would be at an end. As it is, my lies only serve to draw a fair audience on the opening night. When the true nature of the attraction becomes known, the attendance diminishes, and toward the end of the week the actors appeal to the immovable seats. It is as necessary for an advance agent to lie as for the star to have the center of the stage.—*N. Y. Times*.

The First of Garrison's "Liberator."

On the 1st of January, 1831, he published the first number of the *Liberator*. His only associate was Mr. Isaac Knapp, like himself, a printer. They were too poor to hire an office, or even to afford to do their own work only; so they got the friendly foreman of the *Christian Examiner* to give them the use of his type in payment for their labor at "the case;" and then, after their day's task was over, they labored far into each night on the *Liberator*. It is easy to see that no feeble soul was to drive an enterprise thus begun. Of Mr. Knapp's after career not much is known, but Mr. Garrison is identified from that moment with his paper. Accustomed to poverty, with wants simple and few, of hardy frame and a cheerful temper, he made light of privation, while his courage never flinched under disappointment or danger. It is of this beginning that Lowell wrote:

"In a small chamber, friendless and unseen, Toiled over his types one poor, unlearned young man.

The place was dark, unfurnished and mean, Yet there the freedom of a race began. Help came but slowly; sure no man yet Put lever to the heavy world with less. What need of help?—he knew how types to set;

He had a dauntless spirit and a press."

Mr. Garrison thus describes his reasons for starting his paper in the north: "A greater revolution was to be effected in the free States, and particularly in New England, than at the south. I found contempt more bitter, opposition more active, detraction more relentless, prejudice more stubborn and apathy more frozen, than among slaveholders themselves." And he thus explained the temper with which he entered on his work: "I am aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think or speak or write with moderation. * * * I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch. AND I WILL BE HEARD!" He soon received convincing evidence, pleasant and otherwise, that he was heard. James Foster (colored), of Philadelphia, sent him \$50 and the names of twenty-five subscribers. This was his first recognition. His next was quite different. The "Vigilance Association," of Columbia, S. C., "composed of gentlemen of the first respectability," offered a reward of \$1,500 for the apprehension of any white person detected in circulating in that State the newspaper called the *Liberator*.

Zola on War.

M. Zola writes to a Paris paper: War must come. War is life itself. Nothing exists in nature, nothing is born or grows or multiplies save by combat. The world can live only by eating and being eaten. And it is only the warlike nations that have prospered; a nation dies when it disarms. War is the school of discipline, sacrifice, and courage. We must wait for it gravely. Henceforward we have nothing more to fear. Germany, so proud for the last twenty years, is at the apogee of her power; but do we not already seem to hear the threatnings of disruption?

Something that you must not forget: If you have your mind made up to buy a Mathushek upright piano, do not be induced to change your mind by false representations of parties offering new, cheap, showy and trashy pianos, which will be worthless in this climate in a very short time. Mathusheks sold twenty years ago are as good as ever, and, tuned properly every few years, sound as well as the day they left the factory. See the new improved ones at Cooper's.

L. B. MOHR.

C. A. YOERK.

MOHR & YOERK'S
MARKET AND PACKING HOUSE

1024 and 1026 J Street, Sacramento.

Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats and all kinds of Sausages. On hand during the Packing Season: Spareribs, Tenderloins, Hogs' Heads, etc.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.



THE COQUETTE.

A Very Neat, Stylish Shape, from \$3.90 to \$6.00, at Mrs. M. A. Pealer's, 619, 621, 623 J St.

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and original. Those who desire a thorough education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

Day Dreams.

Who says that noon is not the hour of dreams?

The breezes drowse amid the lifeless leaves;
The swallows rest beneath the sheltering eaves,
And languor-lulled are all the meadow streams.

In idleness, hidden from the burning beams,
The gleaners lie behind the barley sheaves;
No soaring note the sleepy silence cleaves,
And for a space Time slumber fettered seems.

Vague visions haunt this still enchanted hour,
When e'en the bee, drugged by the poppy,
droops,

And the sharp locust in the tree-top broods;
Dream spirits borrowed from night's charmed dower

Are these dim shapes, these shadowy, shifting groups,
Fantastic forms in airy multitudes.

How Crows Catch Crabs.

Fishermen in Havre de Grace, at the mouth of the Susquehanna river, tell amusing stories of the way crows catch crabs and prepare them for eating. When the crows first fly in the spring they visit the streams connecting bay and ponds every morning looking for crabs. They commonly arrive before crabs begin running, but the crows exhibit great patience, sometimes waiting ten or fifteen days. The crows scan the stream from small tree-tops or mounds of sand. Others stand on the banks of the rivulet with heads cocked sidewise and an eye staring at the water. When the crabs begin running the crows dive into the water from any coign of vantage near by, clutch a crab, soar into the air and drop their prey with great precision on the stone-covered beach which fringes the bay. By this means the crabs are reduced to pulp, and the crows, with much wing-flapping and discordant cawing, voraciously bolt the meat.

Captain Tom Carroll of Chincoteague says he once saw five crows teasing a crab. One of the birds caught and carried it to a big dry sand-bar. There it was put down. The crow's cawing brought five of his tribe. They pulled it about, turned it upon its back and fumed over it. These gymnastics were accompanied by hoarse chattering and a gurgling sound which, Carroll avers, was laughter. To vary the sport they would make believe to fly away, but dropped softly to the sand forty or fifty feet off. From that point the dusky quintet of practical jokers kept their eyes intently fixed on the crab rolling along in the direction of the water, a hundred yards away. The crows, without a sound, craned their necks watching their hard-shelled victim flopping laboriously through the soft, dry sand. Suddenly they broke into a wild chorus of caws, and made after the crab. One picked it up and soared away to the beach, followed by his fellows. There he was dropped to death, and the crows flew away to their roost.—*New York Recorder.*

"Moon of the Mountains."

Among the Russian crown treasures is found a large prism-shaped diamond over two inches long. It is called the "Moon of the Mountains" and has had a remarkable fate. Once it ornamented the Persian throne of Shah Nadir; and after the death of this mighty monarch, when his treasures were plundered, the "Moon of the Mountains" also disappeared.

Several years later, among other treasures, this diamond was offered for sale by an Afghan to Armenian jewelers at a remarkably low price. These jewelers were three brothers named Schafras. During the pending negotiations the Afghan began to fear betrayal from the jewelers and secretly left the city. One of the three brothers hurried after him and overtook him at Bagdad just as the Afghan had sold his diamond to a merchant for 60,000 piasters and an Arabian horse. As the merchant refused every offer of the Schafras, the brothers murdered him and fled to Egypt. Here they fell into a quarrel about the division of their booty, and the youngest of the Schafras sent his brothers out of the world by poison and then went to Holland.

From there he entered into negotiations with the Empress of Russia to sell her his treasure. He went to Russia for this purpose, but could not agree with her plenipotentiary about the price, and left St. Petersburg, going to parts unknown. Not until ten years later could Russian agents bring Schafras, who had settled in Smyrna, to terms. The "Moon of the Mountains" was sold for 80,000 rubles and a title of nobility. The newly made baron went to Astrakhan, became impoverished through speculation and died a beggar in misery.

The blood-stained diamond is the largest in the world, but is not perfectly cut. On account of its peculiar shape, it cannot be used for insertion in crown insignias.—*From the German.*

Once the big preacher saw a small boy trying in vain to reach a door bell, and going up with a pleasant word gave the bell a vigorous yank, whereat the lad, with an impish grin, exclaimed: "Now I guess we'd better cool."

Pearls to Order.

A process for making real pearls by artifice is the basis of an application for a patent newly filed by an ingenious person, who expects to find in his invention a source of wealth compared with which Monte Cristo's means were poverty. The material of which pearls are composed is cheap enough. Take the shell of a pearl oyster and remove by grinding, or with an acid the rougher coat. What have you left? A sheet of perhaps an eighth of an inch in thickness of pure pearl, the precise substance which the bivalve deposits around any foreign body, like a grain of sand, or occasionally a little fish that gets caught under its mantle, thus producing the pearls of commerce. Why not take this sheet of nacre, dissolve it in acid, and then re-deposit the pearl in layers about a buckshot suspended in the solution, thus imitating as nearly as possible the method of nature?

If it were practicable to make pearls at all in this way perfect ones could be formed every time of any shape desired. There would be no difficulty in turning them out as big as billiard balls. The trouble is that the concretions thus obtained would be mere lumps of carbonate of lime, lacking entirely the iridescence which in the pearl is due to structure.

It is claimed, however, by this inventor that he has overcome the difficulty, so as to be able not only to manufacture pearls, but also to plate articles with the material as forks and spoons are coated with silver.

Conchologist Dall, of the Smithsonian Institution, according to the *Washington Star*, speaking recently about the practicability of pearl manufacture, exhibited a very remarkable treasure. It was a pearl as big as a pigeon's egg, of a most exquisite rose color, and the receptacle containing it was the fresh water mussel, wherein it had been originally formed. Explanation was made that the nucleus of this incomparable gem was nothing more nor less than an oval lump of bees wax, which had been placed a few years ago between the valves of the mollusk.

To protect itself against irritation by this foreign body the animal surrounded it with the pink nacre it secreted for lining its shell, thus transforming the wax into an ornament fit for a royal crown. The mussel which produced this thing of beauty grew in an Ohio river, and was kept in an aquarium while performing its unwilling task.

It is a species of bivalve plentiful in streams all over the United States, and there is no reason whatever why any one cannot make pearls in this way by keeping a few "mussels," as they are called, in a tank at home. Care should be taken to introduce the intended nuclei well under the mantle of the fish, not making them too large, because an object the size of a pea will acquire a thickness of nacre much more rapidly than if there is a greater surface to be covered.

It seems rather curious that this method of making pearls should not have proved a commercial success in Europe, where it has been known for more than two centuries. Linnæus, the famous naturalist, received knighthood in 1757 for his discovery of the process, but the trouble appears to be that it is too slow to be satisfactory as a means of turning out pearls on any scale for market. Nevertheless, it is surely very interesting as illustrating the only real success which man has thus far achieved in manufacturing gems after nature's own methods. The rubies obtained recently in Paris by melting together ruby "sparks," which so alarmed the French jewelers that they secured the passage of a law prohibiting their fabrication, are but imitations defectively crystallized, while the almost microscopic diamonds which Professor Maskelyne claimed to have produced in the laboratory a few years ago are now believed by chemists to be true stones.

For thousands of years the Chinese have known how to cause oysters and mussels to form pearls to order. The monks at Pu sa ch' i pang place inside the shells small figures of Buddha, cut out of very thin lead foil. These are soon made part of the shell itself by being covered over with a deposit of nacre, and the valves thus adorned with sacred pictures in relief are sold by the wily priests to pilgrims, who suppose them to be of miraculous origin.

The Figure Nine.

A remarkable figure is the 9. Set them down in multiplication, thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \times 9 = 9 \\ 2 \times 9 = 18 \\ 3 \times 9 = 27 \\ 4 \times 9 = 36 \\ 5 \times 9 = 45 \\ 6 \times 9 = 54 \\ 7 \times 9 = 63 \\ 8 \times 9 = 72 \\ 9 \times 9 = 81 \\ 10 \times 9 = 90 \end{array}$$

Now, do you see in the ten column that it runs, reading down, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and reading up the unit column it is 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9; and another curious fact is that the two columns when added across make 9: 1 and 8, 2 and 7, 6 and 3, 5 and 4, etc.

The friend who holds a mirror to my face,
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace
My faults, my smallest blemishes, within;
Who friendly warns, reproves me if I sin—
Although it seems not so—he is my friend.



DON'T BE CARELESS ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION

It is woman's chiefest physical charm. It is often her only capital. It is always worth a great deal to her in business, love or social affairs. No matter how browned, or rough or sallow your skin may be, or how much it is disfigured with freckles, moth-patches, blackheads or pimples

MRS. GRAHAM'S

FACE BLEACH

will remove every blemish and leave your skin as pure and clear and white as it was in baby days. Your complexion will then be as nature made it. Instructions go with each bottle how to keep it so. Price \$1.50. All druggists sell it.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than
J. SLAUGHTER,
Sixth and M streets.
Telephone 318.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors and Cigars.
ROBERT ALLEN,
Formerly of Agricultural Park.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

W. R. STRONG CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fruit and Produce

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware.

SACRAMENTO.

PACIFIC HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.
ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & Co.
410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S St. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Staud,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER.

BAVARIA HERSBRÜCKER.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

To a Picture.

A long dusty ray of sunlight falling straightly
The small-paned window's hindrance
through,
It touches so soft the kerchief crossed se-
dately
Above her gown of homespun blue.

And the tender eyes and bright brown head
bent lowly
To the slight hands which wind the reel;
Sweet Dorothea! now with true touch and
slowly
She spins, she spins upon the wheel.

In the dewy dawn ere night is fully over,
I strike the gray road's level line;
Each tree-tipped hill, each meadow rich in
clover—
This quiet hour the world is mine.

Through that low red farmhouse life is faintly
stirring;
How can it guess the joy I feel
As ever on and on, with a rhythmic whirling
I spin, I spin upon the wheel?

A left-handed damsel, by the window sitting,
I ride adown the country lane,
And my foolish fancies, round your image
fitting,
Stamp the dear picture on my brain.

Were to-day a hundred years ago, or nearly,
Then might I whisper all I feel:
A century apart—and I love you dearly—
We spin, we spin upon the wheel.
—Ruth Hall.

'TWAS ALL A JOKE.

"We should very much like to have you come, and
Rose will be at the station Saturday night, so do not
disappoint her. Your loving aunt, JESSIE."

Lois Langford held this open letter in her
small, fair hand, and read it over and over
again before showing it to her brother.
Then, unable to answer it herself, she went
into an adjoining room, where a young man
sat painting.

He looked up as she entered, and laying
aside his brushes, smiled and said:

"Something you want, Lois? Ah—a let-
ter."

"Yes," she answered, handing it to him;
"I wonder if I ought to go?"

The young man read it over, then, turning
to his sister again, quickly said:

"Yes, Lois, go and enjoy yourself. I de-
clare you are looking ghostly of late," then
turning to his work, Lois sat down to read
her letter again.

"Saturday—do you think you can spare
me, Tom? Oh, how lonesome it will be for
you," she said, rising and standing behind
his chair.

He looked up at her and smiled kindly.
"Never mind me, sis, I shall have my work
to keep me busy. I have a great deal to do
now, so perhaps when you return I will be a
rich man."

"Oh, Tom, it seems hard for me to be en-
joying myself and you working so hard.
Yes, I'll go," and she left the room.

It was Tuesday night, and on the morrow
Lois was to start on her journey. She and
her brother sat together in the little parlor,
she finishing some sewing, and he looking
over some papers and orders. After a few
minutes he drew out a cabinet photograph,
and, handing it to his sister, said, laughingly:

"Here, Lois, is something for you to treas-
ure."

She took it and blushed. It was a photo-
graph of a young man whose dark, laughing
eyes peered up into her own, and whose smil-
ing face caused her to blush.

"Oh, Tom, this is the copy you were paint-
ing from! Did you finish the painting?"

"Yes, I sent it to him to-day. I should
have liked it better if he had come and sat
for the picture. I don't like to copy photo-
graphs. However, I think I did it well."

"It seems a hard face to paint. Was it,
Tom?" she asked, holding the photograph at
a distance.

"No, not very. It seems to me, Lois, that
you admire that face very much. I wish you
could see the original."

"So do I," she answered quickly. "Did
you ever see him?"

"No, I never did. Better take the picture
with you, and play the part of the Prince in
Cinderella—find the original," and Tom
laughed merrily, as Lois blushed again.

"May I have it, Tom? I must confess I
like this face. It always cheers me. I'll take
it with me, and if I should get lonesome and
cross I'll just take a peep at this picture,"
and giving her brother a mischievous look
she continued her work.

"All right, take it." It is of no other use.
I suppose you will meet the new professor
out there. I heard cousin Rose speak about
a young professor," and not waiting for a
reply, he went to his room, while Lois sewed
on until midnight.

* * * * *

"So you have come, dear. Oh, what splen-
did times we will have. I was afraid that
you'd disappoint me," and two girls em-
braced each other affectionately.

Lois Langford surveyed her cousin with
much interest, and what she saw was a slim,
girlish figure wrapped in furs, a small, baby
face, and a pair of large black eyes looking

up into her own; and Rose Thorne admired
her cousin, also.

"Come, the sleigh is waiting over here,"
said Rose, taking her cousin's arm, and they
were soon on their way home.

"I wish the professor were here," said
Rose one evening, as she and Lois sat alone
by the glowing fire in the drawing-room.

"We should not be so quiet, I fear."

Lois looked inquisitive
"Prof. Stone, I mean. He is away now—
in New York, I believe. Perhaps you have
met him?"

Lois shook her head
"I will tell you something if you choose to
listen."

Lois did choose to listen, and soon learned
that Prof. Stone was her cousin's lover, and
that they were soon to be married.

"You will meet him, dear. He is to be
back this week, I believe."

Lois would be pleased to meet him.
"Have you a lover, Lois?" asked Rose;
and Lois blushed and smiled.

"Not a real lover—but—yes, I have;
I will show you his picture," and smiling
and blushing she ran to her room to find the
unknown photograph. The handsome eyes
once more looked into her face and seemed
to be laughing with her.

She hurried down to show it to Rose, her
pretty face flushed with excitement.

What fun it would be to tell her and make
her believe that this handsome man was her
lover. "Here is his picture," she said,
proudly, as she handed it to her cousin.

Rose took the photograph, and, holding it
down where the light of the fire fell full upon
it, she looked once, then grew deathly pale.

"Is this your lover, Lois?" she asked,
faintly. Lois bowed her head, not noticing
the awful change in her cousin's face.

"Your lover!" she repeated; then fell
back in her chair, the picture falling into
the glowing fire. Lois uttered a little scream
and was soon by her cousin's side.

She bathed the pale face, rubbed the cold
hands; and still the eyes didn't open; then,
growing more and more frightened, she was
about to run for help, when a low moan was
heard and Rose sprang up from the sofa.

"What is it, Lois?" she cried.

"You fainted, dear. Come, sit down,"

answered Lois, drawing her to a chair.

"Oh, yes; I remember. Lois, take me to
my room; I can't stay up;" and Lois, un-
conscious of the cause of her cousin's ill-
ness, took her to her room; then returned to
the drawing-room.

The fire had nearly died away and the
room was quite dark, but finding her way to
a chair, she sank down to think of all that
had happened. She had shown the picture
to Rose, and then she did not faint; it was
after that; so it couldn't have been the pic-
ture that caused it.

Then she thought of the picture. Where
was it? Rose was holding it near the fire;
it must have fallen in.

She knelt down before the grate and
looked anxiously among the dying embers,
but saw nothing. She was about to turn
away, when her eyes rested on something,
and, reaching for it, she drew the half-
burned picture from the ashes.

Nothing but one eye remained visible,
and that one looked laughingly into her
face.

She felt as though she had lost her best
friend; and, looking sadly at the one eye,
she threw it back into the fire; then went to
her room. She had to pass Rose's room on
her way, and on reaching the door she hesi-
tated whether to go in or not. She heard a
noise as the scratching of a pen. Rose must
be writing. She would go in and see that
she was better, at any rate. She knocked and
a faint voice asked, "Who is it?"

"It is only Lois, dear."

There was a moment of silence; then the
answer: "Don't come in to-night, Lois. I
am better, and want to see no one." And
poor, innocent Lois passed on to her room.

A few days afterward Lois and her aunt
were in the drawing-room alone, Rose hav-
ing gone for a drive.

"You won't mind, dear, if Rose isn't home
after this week, will you?" asked her aunt
looking up from her work.

"Why, auntie, is she going away?" asked
Lois quickly.

"Her aunt sent for her before you came,
but she didn't care to go. Now she isn't
feeling well and wishes to go away from
everybody, she says."

"Oh, no, I will not mind," answered Lois,
and the subject was dropped.

The next Monday Rose bade Lois good-by
and departed.

It seemed lonesome to Lois now, but being
lively herself, she managed to stay and enjoy
herself as best she could.

Spring had come again in all her loveli-
ness, and Lois enjoyed the long walks
through the woods by the side of a babbling
brook, and every afternoon was spent in
that way.

It was one of the warmest days in May;
so taking her books she wandered off to her
favorite haunt. She had a great deal to
think of to-day, for while in Rose's room
she found a miniature photograph of the
same young man whose picture she had had.

Rose must have known him; she would
write that very night and ask her. Then,

after reading for awhile, she sat still and
looked into the water at her own reflection.

She did not hear footsteps behind her until
a voice roused her from her reverie.

"Pardon me, but can you direct me to Mr.
Thorne's residence?"

She looked up and her face flushed crim-
son, for there beside her stood the original
of the unknown photograph.

She stammered a few words, and he must
have understood her, for he went on his way.

Lois gazed after him, and he looked back
once at the pretty girl by the brook.

It was almost dark when she reached
home, and her uncle was sitting on the ve-
randa with some young man. As she drew
near she recognized him.

"My dear, this is Professor Stone," said
her uncle. She seemed to hear no more;
only remembered that Professor Stone was
her cousin's intended husband. Then mem-
ory of the burned photograph came back,
and she understood why Rose had acted
strangely.

There was not so much sport in it after
all. Professor Stone was also thinking. He
remembered a mysterious letter he had re-
ceived from his fiancée relieving him of his
engagement because she had heard of his
deceit and of his loving another. It was all
very strange, he thought. That night Lois
wrote to her cousin, explaining her joke
and asking for an explanation from her. She
soon received it; and as Professor Stone had
asked for the same, he received an explana-
tion of the whole affair.

Lois was very silent the following days,
but after she had told Professor Stone of her
cousin's engagement she was not so still and
lonesome, for the professor was constantly
in her company; and she soon answered
Rose's letter in the same style, at the same
time writing to Tom to tell him that she had
found her prince.

Queer Indian Names Translated.

The red man has gone, but he has left
many remembrances behind him, notable
among these being the names of numerous
rivers and places. Most of these given in
the list below are in New England, and the
accompanying translation will be found of
much interest:

Memphremagog—Lake of abundance.
Chicopee—Birch bark place.
Skowhegan—Spearing.
Chautauqua—Foggy place.
Adirondacks—Iroquois name of the Algon-
quin, signifying "He eats bark."
Damariscotta—Alewife place.
Cocheco—Very rapid or violent; applied
to falls or rapids on various streams.
Ammonoosuc—Fish-story river.
Menan—Island.
Aroostook—Good river.
Nashua—Between (the rivers).
Winooki—Beautiful stone river.
Housatonic—Stream beyond the moun-
tains.
Massachusetts—About the great hills.
Pawtuxet—At the little falls.
Saranac—River that flows under a rock.
Pemiagewassee—Crooked place of pines.
Merrimac—Swift water.
Winnepiisogee—Land of the beautiful lake.
Shetucket—The land between the rivers.
Quinaboug—Long pond.
Cochituate—Land on or near falls or rapid
streams.

Katandin—The highest place.
Nahant—At the point.
Ossipee—Strong river.
Wiscasset—Place of yellow pine.
Monadnock—The spirit's place.
Piscataqua—Great deer river.
Cohasset—Place of pines.
Kearsarge—Pine mountain.
Quinsigamond—Fishing place for pickerel.
Passamaquady—Great place for pollock.
Contoocook—Crow river.
Norwalk—The middle land (a tract be-
tween two rivers).
Kennebunk—Long water place.
Wachusett—The mountain.
Umbagog—Clear lake.
Coos—Place of pines.
Kennebec—Long lake.
Pawtucket—At the falls.
Norridgewock—Place of deer.
Casco—Crane.
Passumpsic—Much clear river.
Sagadahoc—Ending place; i. e., mouth of
the Kennebec.

Homely women are always more entertain-
ing than pretty specimens of the fair sex.
The latter rely on their beauty to carry them
through the world, and it generally does until
they get married, when it commonly fails
them. The homely girl, knowing she has
no beauty to rely on, goes to work and im-
proves her mind; she learns some accom-
plishment, becomes a clever artist or pianist,
reads a good deal, and so learns to converse
readily and well. She is better company
than the pretty girl, for the beauty does not
think it worth her trouble to be entertaining,
as she has spent all her efforts in trying to
look pretty. The beauty may make a good
wife, but the chances are that she will learn
nothing after marriage, and so will soon be-
come dull and uninteresting. The ugly girl,
with a little brains, stands as fair a chance of
getting a good husband as her pretty sister,
and a much better prospect of having a happy
home.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J
streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and
Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J
streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh
and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9,
Postoffice Building.

G. GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth
and J Streets.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and
J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

G. GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

P. PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all
Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), Practices in all the
Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City
Hall, Front and I streets.

I. ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRA-
mento—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said
county. The People of the State of California to O.
S. BOARDMAN, greeting: You are hereby notified
that an action was commenced in the Superior Court
of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by
filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court,
on the 22d day of July, 1891, in which action W. S.
Hickey is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the
general nature of the action, as appears from said
complaint, is as follows: To obtain judgment against
you for the sum of One Thousand Four Hundred and
Eighteen and $\frac{3}{4}$ Dollars, alleged to be due, owing
and unpaid from you to the plaintiff for the balance
of an account; all of which is fully set forth in the
complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby
made. And you are hereby directed to appear and
answer said complaint within ten days from the ser-
vice of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if
served on you in said county of Sacramento, and
within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if
served elsewhere; and you are further notified that
unless you so appear and answer within the time
above specified, the plaintiff will take judgment
against you for \$1,418.75, and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. RHOADS, Clerk of the
Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand
[SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court this 24th
day of July, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By J. F. DOODY, Deputy Clerk.
W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. a8-2m

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF SACRA-
mento, State of California.—In the matter of
the Columbus Brewing Company, a corporation, an
insolvent debtor. An adjudication of insolvency
herein having been duly made, it is ordered, ad-
judged and decreed that the 23d day of October, 1891,
at 9:30 o'clock A. M., at the court-room of this Court,
in Department No. 1, in the city of Sacramento, be
and the same are the time and place appointed for
the meeting of the creditors to prove their debts and
choose one or more assignees of the estate; and it is
further ordered, adjudged and decreed that a copy of
this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper
of general circulation published in the city of Sacra-
mento, at least once a week during the period prior
to the time appointed for the meeting of creditors.

A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated this 17th day of September, 1891.
A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Attorneys for Petitioners.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE
Notice.—That on the 30th day of October, 1891,
at the opening of the Superior Court of the County
of Sacramento, State of California, in Department
One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can
be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an
order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting
me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader
as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections
1811 to 1821, inclusive. The nature of the business to
be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling
milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento
County, Sutter Township, and the name of my hus-
band is J. L. Clark. KATIE E. CLARK.

se26-5t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY
of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter
of E. M. Stevens, an insolvent debtor. E. M. Stevens,
an insolvent debtor, having applied to this Court
for a discharge from his debts, it is hereby ordered that
the Clerk of this Court give notice to all creditors
who have proved their debts, to appear before this
Court, at the court-room thereof, on the 2d day of
October, 1891, at the hour of 1:30 o'clock, P. M., and
show cause, if any they have, why the said E. M.
Stevens should not be discharged from all his debts,
in accordance with the statutes in such cases made
and provided. It is further ordered, that notice of
said application be given to the creditors by mail,
and by publication for four weeks in the THEMIS, a
newspaper published in said county.

W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated September 3d, 1891.
W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. sep5-4t

Bright Thoughts.

The society of good people is always good society.—*Julia Ward Howe.*

Be a lamp in the chamber if you cannot be a star in the sky.—*George Eliot.*

I never judge a man by the length of his creed, but by the breadth of it.—*Uncle Ezek.*

Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.—*Ruskin.*

Thoreau's advice was: "Read the best books first, or you may not have a chance to read them at all."

Be content with such things as ye have, for He hath said: I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.—*Heb. xiii, 5.*

Many of us have two standards—one for ourselves that reaches the clouds, while the other, which we give to others, trails low in the dust.

The following rules for the government of children, which were first presented in one of John Abbott's books, are said to have been of great service to many successful teachers:

When you consent, consent cordially.
When you refuse, refuse finally.
When you punish, punish good naturedly.
Comment often. Never scold.

A Homely Simile.

"When I was on my way to visit my kinfolks in Texas a month or so ago," said C. N. Chappell to a Springfield (Mo.) Democrat man yesterday, "I saw my first field of sugar cane. I mistook it for Indian corn, which it somewhat resembled. A seedy-looking farmer shared my seat on the train. Intending to be affable I said to him:

"That's a fine field of corn, sir."

"Call it corn up your way, do you?" was the reply.

"Why, isn't it?"

"Well, it might be corn, mebbe," said the farmer, with a grin. "It might be corn just as our old cat might have been a rabbit the time he got shot for one."

"How's that?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Old Tom was licking his way through the woods back of our house one day as fast as he could eat, and my son Jack was out with his gun huntin' rabbits, and shot him down for one. When Jack came in the house me and my old woman commenced to jaw him about it, and he says, says he: 'Wall, I 'low as how he might have showed more ears.'"

"I laughed heartily as I glanced again from the car window at the early stalks of sugarcane, and laughed again as the farmer concluded:

"'And jest in the same way, stranger, that thur cane might have been corn if it had showed more ears.'"

Different Colors of Gold.

"Most people suppose," says an assayer, "that all gold is alike when refined, but this is not the case. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a gold piece comes, and in some cases from what part of a particular gold district the metal was obtained.

"The Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than the Californian, and this difference in color is always perceptible even when the gold is 1000 fine.

"Again, the gold obtained from the placers is yellower than that which is taken directly from quartz. Why this should be the case is one of the mysteries of metallurgy, for the placer gold all comes from the veins. The Ural gold is the reddest found anywhere.

"Few people know the real color of gold, as it is seldom seen unless heavily alloyed, which renders it redder than when pure. The purest coins ever made were the \$50-pieces that used to be common in California.

"Their coinage was abandoned for two reasons; first, because the loss by abrasion was so great; and, secondly, because the interior could be bored out and lead substituted, the difference in weight being too small to be readily noticed in so large a piece. These octagonal coins were the most valuable ever struck."

He Took It for Wit.

Singleton—I'm sorry to hear that you have trouble with your wife. What's the matter?

Benedict—It's her way of talking. She says the most cutting, ironical things to me on every occasion. Never misses a chance to spring something horribly sarcastic. It's dreadful, I tell you.

Singleton—Well, you knew her long enough before you were married to learn of the trait.

Benedict—Oh, I did; but I took it for wit then.

An eastern barber who recently went west says: "A clean shave is an abomination almost exclusively confined to the west. It is quite an unusual thing in the east, and is something unheard of in Europe. A clean shave means really taking off a certain thickness of the skin, and the man who will submit to this torture for the looks deserves no sympathy. To clean shave a man without drawing blood is to prove one's self an artist, and that is why a western man is popular in the far east."

CURES CONSTIPATION.
LASH'S
KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS
CURES HEADACHE.
CURES MALARIA.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN WATERS
A NATURAL MINERAL WATER OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT.
"SHASTA WATER"
BOTTLED FOR EUROPEAN TRADE
MOUNT SHASTA, ELEVATION 14,442 FT.
TRADE MARK.
MOUNT SHASTA MINERAL SPRING CO.
GENERAL OFFICE 908 & 910 2nd Street
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA U.S.A.
BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

S. A. WOLFE,
Photographic Art Parlors
426½ J Street, Sacramento.

SADDLE ROCK
Restaurant and Oyster House
1019 SECOND STREET,
Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.
First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.
BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

DAVE'S.
1022 FOURTH STREET.
Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO

EBNER BROS.
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Wines and Liquors.
CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.
116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
JOHN D. SHEARER & SON
CONTRACTORS.
Artificial Stone Sidewalks
Latest Designs and First-class Work.
Estimates Furnished for Residences.
Wood or Iron Foundations.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

October 1, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6-50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11-15 A
3-05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8-40 P
12-50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4-30 A
4-30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7-00 P
7-35 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7-40 A
10-50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9-35 A
11-50 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	11-05 A
11-00 P	Central Atlantic Express	5-25 A
	Ogden and East	
3-00 P	Oroville	10-30 A
3-00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10-30 A
10-35 A	Redding via Willows	4-00 P
2-50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11-25 A
4-35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12-30 A
6-50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11-05 A
5-40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10-40 P
3-05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	5-40 P
*10-00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26-00 A
10-50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2-50 P
10-50 A	San Jose	2-50 P
4-30 P	Santa Barbara	9-35 A
6-50 A	Santa Rosa	11-05 A
3-05 P	Santa Rosa	8-40 P
8-50 A	Stockton and Galt	7-00 P
4-30 P	Stockton and Galt	9-35 A
11-50 A	Truckee and Reno	2-25 A
11-00 P	Truckee and Reno	5-25 A
6-30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2-30 P
6-50 A	Vallejo	8-40 P
3-05 P	Vallejo	
*8-20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2-40 P
*12-15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10-20 A
*4-45 P	Folsom	*8-00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT..... N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT..... FRED'K COX
CASHIER..... A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER..... W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER, WHEN FOR a trifling amount expended in the purchase of one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,
[CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THELEMS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1891.

No. 35.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

The annual convention of the International Press Association will be held in San Francisco in January, 1892, and many of the brightest minds in the newspaper world will be in attendance. Measures should be immediately inaugurated by our citizens for the reception and entertainment of the association in Sacramento, as the resources and possibilities of California from the prolific pens of the gentlemen representing the association will find millions of readers through the influential journals and magazines controlled by them. Sacramento has always been noted for her generous hospitality, and upon this occasion should eclipse all her previous efforts, as the opportunity will be offered her people to set forth the advantages and resources of the great Sacramento valley and of northern and central California, upon which the capital city so much depends for her future greatness.

From an examination of the new election laws, it appears that there is no recognition of committee nominations. The nominations must be made by conventions of the respective parties, or by petition of at least five per cent of the voters at the last election preceding the ensuing election. If this view is correct, it will become necessary for a call for a convention and the election of delegates for the school election on the first Monday in December. Heretofore the selection of party candidates for superintendent of city schools and school directors has been exercised by the city central committee. Perhaps, after all, the importance of our school elections will be better realized by having the candidates chosen by a nominating convention. It would be well for the city committee to take early consideration and action in this matter. There are many important matters that must be considered regarding the operation of the present reform ballot law. Indeed the masses will have to be educated so as to understand its operation, to enable the voter to exercise his elective right properly. We shall take occasion to explain the law in a future issue.

Several days ago Congressman McKenna is reported to have declared California to be a Blaine State; that its love of Blaine has not waned; its admiration for him has increased. Mr. McKenna expressed the belief that Blaine would not be a candidate for the presidency, and gave as one reason, that if he desired to become a candidate he would not remain in the cabinet. Now, it has been declared that Blaine has decided not to resume his duties as Secretary of State. Putting all the circumstances together, and adding the magnificent endorsement of Blaine by every State convention that has met in the last year, there is but one conclusion, and that is—Blaine will be the Republican standard-bearer next year. Quoting from Congressman McKenna: "What Mr. Blaine has done since he has been Secretary of State has been to the glory of the administration as well as to himself." It appears that the general impression heretofore has been that Blaine and Harrison had an understanding that Harrison should not be opposed by Blaine. But if Blaine retires from the cabinet there is a reasonable ground to believe that he may respond to the wishes of the people and become the nominee of the party. President Harrison's

administration has been popular, and he has added greatly to his strength through the grand sentiments expressed by him during his trip over the nation; but the idol of the people is Blaine.

Man arrogates to himself a status among animal life that does illy become him, it would seem. Disparity of the lower orders of the animate has been the rule. The expression "What a goose you are!" implies that the fowl lacks in discernment and intelligence. It would seem this estimate was placed upon the goose in the earlier ages, for in the Egyptian hieroglyphics the emblem of a vain and silly fellow is a goose. Far from truth is human estimate. The goose is shrewd and wary, difficult to deceive, and about it there are not the characteristics of vanity or silliness. Then we have the goat, not at all as numerous as his relative the sheep, that is ridiculed. He was in early time placed under the seats in church stalls as a mark of dishonor and abhorrence, especially to ecclesiastics who took a vow of continence. Now it is we speak of an inebriate that "he is as full as a goat." Is the comparison just to the goat? Perhaps, however, the ass is the most maligned of animals; and it comes, perhaps, that his ears are in size exaggerated, that he is very determined in his convictions, and that his voice is not as pleasant as that of a song bird. In truth, it was the ancients accorded him a more honorable place than do the people of to-day. Upon the back of the ass Al Borak (the lightning) the prophet Mohammed went to heaven, though some authorities hold it was a camel. In our own Scriptures there is reverence paid to the intelligence and service of this animal. Balaam it was who, at the command of God, rose up in the morning, saddled his ass and went with the princes of Moab. It was the animal saw that which Balaam saw not: the angel of the Lord, with menacing sword, standing in the pathway, and she exercised a judgment superior to that of the man. Smitten thrice by her angered master, she did speak: "What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times?" It was Balaam did reply that she had mocked him, and he did affirm: "I would there was a sword in mine hand, for now I would kill thee." It was when the eyes of the man were opened he perceived his folly and comprehended the wisdom of his chattel. He did admit he had sinned, and that his treatment of his beast had been unmerciful. It would seem in the unique Proverbs the animal of modern ridicule should be honored above the animal esteemed more noble—the horse. "A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back." In the vision of the prophet Isaiah wherein he did complain of Judah for her rebellion against God it is written: "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." Another phase there is in Scripture concerning the ass—the emblem of lowliness, of social caste. Zachariah, in prophesying the coming of Christ, did say: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he is just and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass." There did come a fulfilment of the prophecy; it was the Son of Man did ride into Jerusalem upon an ass (Matthew xxi). There is a dark stripe running down the back of this animal, crossed by another at the shoulders. The tradition is that this cross was communicated to the creature when the Lord rode on the back of an ass in his triumphant entry into the Jewish capi-

tal. In the sixteenth century, in France, a bankrupt was mounted on an ass, with his face to its tail, and was made to ride through the principal thoroughfares of the town. Æsop could not refrain from an unjust attack on this unfortunate animal. He did represent him as masquerading in the skin of a lion, frightening the other animals until he betrayed himself by attempting to roar. There was injustice.

And the dog has received his share of unjust indignity; yet he is the most faithful of animals; one that will sacrifice his life to save his master from peril; surviving him, will keep vigil over his grave. He is sensitive to praise, censure or ridicule to greater degree than any of the lower animals. He does cling to the master when his star of fortune wanes; when even the friendship of his kind is denied him. Fidelity: How few of us do not recall the story we read in youth of Gelert, the greyhound of Llewellyn; that a wolf entered the room where the infant son of the Celtic prince was asleep; that Gelert flew at it and killed it; that when Llewellyn returned home he saw blood on the mouth of his dog, hastily concluded he had killed the child, and thrust him through with a sword; that the dying howl of the dog awoke the child, and the prince saw his rashness too late. Little was there of reparation that Gelert was buried with pomp and honor, and that his name has gone into history. In the museum of Berne is preserved the stuffed skin of the noble mastiff of Great St. Bernard, that early in this century was instrumental in saving the lives of forty human beings. His most memorable achievement was rescuing a child whose mother had been destroyed by an avalanche. The dog carried the boy on his back to the hospice. In the olden-time monuments the dog was placed at the feet of women to symbolize fidelity and affection; the lion at the feet of men to represent courage and magnanimity. The Crusaders did represent themselves with their feet on a dog to show they followed the standard of the Lord as faithfully as the dog followed the footsteps of his master. Unjust is the estimate generally accorded the dog. In Deuteronomy xxiii:18 the price of a dog is degraded to the hire of the most depraved of humans, and is pronounced an abomination unto the Lord. Contempt would seem to have been expressed by the remark of Goliath to David when they met in duel: "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" The unfortunate Job, after bemoaning his former prosperity and honor; after a profuse recitation of the events of an upright career, refers with bitterness to the treatment he was receiving from the younger element: "But now they that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock." Incidentally we may express a sympathy with Job, for he was a man "perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil." When smitten with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown, when his wife said to him "Curse God and die," he retained his faith, but did feel some resentment that those who should have been his friends had abandoned him. After all, Pope struck it about right when he inscribed on the collar of a dog he gave to the prince:

I am his Highness's dog at Kew!
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

We do estimate the cat about right: subtle, ungrateful and treacherous. In mediæval times it was in superstition that Satan's favorite form was a black cat; and

it was said it was the familiar of the witches. Among the Romans the cat was the symbol of liberty; that of all animals it was most opposed to restraint. By the Egyptians it was held in sacred veneration; to kill one, even by accident, was punishable by the death of the man. In so high esteem were they held that it is related an army of invasion equipped themselves with cats, and the Egyptians dared not to assail lest harm should come to the sacred animals. Cats are traditionally combative among themselves. There is related the story of the Kilkenney cats—two that fought in a sawpit so ferociously that when the battle was over only the tail of each was left. It was of superstition the cat had nine lives; it is tenacious of life. In *Romeo and Juliet* we read:

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.

The horse has ever been respected, perhaps that he has the docility, speed and strength to lessen the labor of man. He has distinguished himself in war and on the turf; in more humble line at the plow. Alexander the Great named his war charger Bucephalos; he was the only man that could mount the steed. A city was built for his mausoleum. The horse is capable of adapting himself to most any situation or climate, so readily even as man. It would appear he is strictly a vegetarian, yet if we will believe J. Ross Browne horses will sustain themselves on fish when grass gets short. In his "Land of Thor," Mr. Browne, in speaking of the horses of Iceland, says: "Nothing, in fact, could astonish me after learning that the horses in Iceland are fed during the winter on dried fish. This is a literal fact. Owing to the absence of grain and the scarcity of grass, it becomes necessary to keep life in the poor animals during the severest months of the season by giving them the refuse of the fisheries; and, what is very surprising, they relish it in preference to any other species of food. Shade of Ceres! what an article of diet for horses!"

There are numerous characteristics attributed by man to the animal creation that are more or less appropriate. To instance: As brave as a lion; as blind as a bat; as wise as a serpent; as black as a crow; to go the whole hog, or to hog it; a pig in a poke; he has brought his pigs to a pretty market; he follows us about like an Anthony pig; please the pigs; as dirty as a pig; you have got the wrong sow by the ear; as still as a mouse; as the crow flies; to crow over one; I have a crow to pluck with you; a snake in the grass; to cherish a serpent in your bosom; their ears have been serpent-licked; the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head; as weak as a cat; let the cat out of the bag; gone to the dogs; the dog in the manger; barking dogs never bite; a horse in clover; as swift as an eagle; as slow as a snail; as strong as a bull; he is on a high horse; as wet as a drowned rat; I smell a rat; owl-like wisdom; as fleet as a deer; as sly as a fox; "go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest" (Proverbs vi-6, 7, 8); as lively as a flea; a bee in his bonnet; to put an ape in your hood; as dumb as an oyster; as patient as an ox; I sent him off with a flea in his ear; as proud as a peacock.

Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

The officers who have commanded the armies of the United States, since the foundation of the military service, are as follows, together with their rank and term of service:

General and Commander-in-Chief George Washington, from June 5, 1775, to the close of the Revolution.

From that date in September, 1789, the army consisted of eight companies of infantry and a battalion of artillery (act of September, 1785), when Brevet Brigadier-General Josiah Harmer, Lieutenant-Colonel commandant of the infantry, was assigned and held until March, 1791.

Major-General Arthur St. Clair, from March, 1791, to March, 1792, when he resigned.

Major-General Anthony Wayne, from March, 1792, to December 15, 1796, when he died in a hut on the banks of Lake Erie, in Pennsylvania, while en route from Maumee to the east.

Brigadier-General James Wilkinson, from December 16, 1796, to July 2, 1798.

Lieutenant-General George Washington, from July 3, 1789, till his death, December 4, 1799.

Brigadier-General James Wilkinson (again), from June, 1800, to January, 1812, when he was promoted to Major-General.

Major-General Henry Dearborn, from January, 1812, to July, 1815, when he was mustered out.

Major-General Jacob Brown, from June, 1815, till his death, February 24, 1828.

Major-General Alexander McComb, from May, 1828, till his death, in June, 1841.

Major-General Winfield Scott, from June 25, 1841, to November, 1861, being also breveted Lieutenant-General from May, 1861.

Major-General George B. McClellan, from November 1, 1861, to March 11, 1862.

Major-General Henry W. Halleck, from July 22, 1862, to March 12, 1864.

Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant (appointed July 5, 1863), from March 12, 1864, to March 4, 1869.

General William T. Sherman, from March 8, 1869.

At the close of the war Congress passed an act establishing the grades of General and Lieutenant-General. Grant and Sherman were appointed. When Grant was elected President the grade of General was continued, and Sherman appointed to that office and Sheridan made Lieutenant-General. When Sherman was retired by reason of age, the office of General became vacant, and Sheridan remained in command of the army with the rank of Lieutenant-General. When Sheridan was on his death-bed, Congress passed an act restoring the grade of General, and he was appointed to that office a short time before his death. Schofield succeeded to the command with the rank of Major-General.

Dogs on Money.

There is an important group of about forty coins containing outlines of dogs, which deserve careful study. The interest of some of them is mainly mythical, as with Lælaps, the hound of Actæon, presented to Cephalos by Procris with the dog of Segeste, which symbolized the river Crimissus. But there are enough to show how extensive were the operations of the dog fancier in early times. The coins afford no evidence of the development of a spaniel, there being no example of a pendulous ear; or of a mastiff, though bulldogs were undoubtedly known in the arenas of imperial Rome. But they prove conclusively—that is shown, indeed, by the less artistic products of Egyptian pictography—that the ancients had four kinds of dogs—the wolf-dog, the hound the greyhound and the terrier. The Umbrians had their wolf-hounds, the Apulians of Asculum their greyhounds, the more rugged hunters of the Tuscan forests their fox dogs. The favorite dog of Artemis Laphria, as on coins of Patrice and Sparta, was a greyhound, while Actæon's dogs must have been half-bred deer-hounds. Rhegium, if the coins may be trusted, had his sheep-dogs, the Macedonian city of Mende its terriers, and Cumæ, just above the bay of Naples, to which all the luxuries of the ancient world were brought, its poodles. Further pursuit of this line of inquiry would probably throw some useful light upon the direction of canine domestication.

Why Thiers Accepted a Duel, Not a Wife.

M. Thiers, the late eminent statesman, would never have been so great if he had not been so small, for it was his being one of the smallest men in France that saved his life. When he was about 20 years old, and studying in the town of Aix, the future historian fell deeply in love with a young lady belonging to a family of considerable local importance, proposed, to the object of his affections, and was accepted. Marriage was, however, out of the question at the time, on account of Thiers' narrow finances; so he started for Paris.

At first Thiers wrote frequently, with all the ardor of a lover; then a passion for the beautiful girl began to cool, and he wrote only at intervals; and, finally, not at all. This terribly enraged her father, who started for Paris to bring the false Lothario to book. Having at length discovered Thiers' lodgings, the father demanded that he should either fulfill his promise to his daughter or else give him (the father) satisfaction in the usual way, with pistols.

Thiers, though no fighter, thought it better to "spend five minutes with a weapon which he did not understand than a life with a woman whom he understood only too well." So he elected to take his chance in the duel, rather than in the hymenial lottery.

The duel came off, and Thiers fired in the air; but the father did not look on the proceedings as a joke at all, and he did his best to avenge his daughter's wrongs. So good an aim did he make that his bullet went through M. Thiers' hat.

Had the latter been a trifle taller, the future president of the French republic would have then and there finished his career.

Criminal Epidemics.

It has been frequently noticed that there are epidemics of robberies, as well as of suicides and other crimes. Recent developments in stage and train looting only emphasize the above assertion. A criminal epidemic, peculiar to half a dozen large cities of the United States that have a large and vicious population, is that of Sunday murders, which are the results of a day of idleness spent in open saloons. Then, again, murders with peculiar features often occur in groups in all parts of the country. In France there is a tradition, centuries old, that epidemics of suicide return in regular cycles at each recurrence of the suicidal furore the successive victims of their own murderous hands vieing with each other in the ghastliness of the tragedy that they enact.

Stories of wife-murders in various parts of the country, relieved by a few exceptional murders of husbands by their wives, reach the press simultaneously from many different sources. "Murder is in the air" has become a stereotyped expression among newspaper men and detectives, who know from experience that such epidemics will run their cycles and cause many bloody records to be made before they have spent their fury.

With bank robberies it is the same. It is not often that a single robbery is made—one is sure to breed others; "they come not singly, but in whole battalions." This is not because the same gang engages in many different enterprises, but because a universal similar impulse permeates the minds of the classes devoted to that form of guilt.

A curious study might be made of the causes of epidemics of crime. In mediæval times, and even now in superstitious countries, all evils were and are attributed to the influence of adverse stars. Probably this is an approach to a great scientific truth, or its advance shadow, to say the least. That meteorological conditions seriously affect the health and spirits is a fact of such every-day experience that it is no longer regarded as phenomenal. The causes of meteorological changes must be the causes lying back of the pervading disposition to commit peculiar kinds of crime. A suicidal or a murderous atmosphere must, therefore, have its origin in some of the secret springs of nature. There are causes for all things in life and nature, and no study of such causes is in vain.

Have All the Good Things Been Said?

There are doubtless learned men—experts, so to speak, in the anatomization of humors—who firmly believe that every jest that wakes a tickled feeling in the modern ear is utterly rococo and antique; that all the good things possible to be said by human speech were uttered ages ago by the early Grecians, and that nineteenth century humor must necessarily be a repetition of that which was spontaneous before the Christian era. Thus, as a writer in the *St. James' Gazette* has lately put it, "our best jokes were invented some thousands of years ago—more than that, they were written down; more still, they have been preserved. It does not follow, however, that modern wits are all plagiarists; but they lie open to suspicion."

Nothing is easier than these sweeping and dogmatic generalizations on abstract literary questions. Their fallacious character becomes readily apparent when put to the test in concrete shape and measured against the standard, say, of American humor in its typical forms. The stovepipe, for example, and the wheelbarrow may be called prototypes of our national humor in its domestic phases. It is doubtful if such domestic accessories, so redolent of those mirthful touches that make the land akin, were known to the early Grecians. The mother-in-law was not thus unknown, and it may be that we are thus enabled to trace the genealogy of that unending and irresistible theme of drollery.

The deadlatch key is also a comparatively modern invention, and the paternal Athenian could hardly have fumbled at his classic portals with that elusive implement in hand, after a convivial and protracted evening, in the manner celebrated by the foremost humorists of America. The early Greeks must have had soap. Anyhow, London began to make it in 1524; so that the mad jest about soap on the back stairs no doubt justly belongs to sixteenth century chronology. Tacks, too, were known to the ancient Gauls and Germans; so possibly the humor which invests the act of stepping upon a tack may be somewhat primeval.

On the other hand, the facetious reference to the young bride's first batch of bread clearly exhales an aroma of American domesticity, since it is inconceivable that the romantic maid of Athens could have been practical enough to set a batch of dough, or know when the loaf was "light" enough to be put in the oven.

But enough has been said to rebut the assumption that modern wit of the [American] school is a strutter in borrowed plumage. It may not have the Attic flavor always, but for the most part it is sufficiently racy of the soil to indicate its paternity. As to English humor, and English appreciation of that quality—that opens another question.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

It is the little puffs which raise the wind for the poor actor.

Burlesque actresses as usual this season will wear nothing but divorce suits.

If this world is a stage, the bald headed man must be a supe, for he has no part.

Maurice Maetterlink is the newest pessimistic dramatist. He lives in Ghent, was a lawyer once, and is called the local Shakespeare. The cheerful name of his last and first play is *The Atheist's Tragedy*.

A noticable thing about women who kindly take off their bonnets at the theater is the disappearance of the Psyche knot, and the substitution of the pyramid coil. A lady's description of the latter is: "Draw the braid up to the crown, not the top; and tie it to stand out."

Never were there three women, employing their talents for the same object, and laboring in the same field of professional endeavor, more widely dissimilar than Mme. Modjeska, M'lle Bernhardt and Mrs. Langtry. One is a passion flower, one a brilliant carnation, one a languorous lily. The first beguiles your interest, the second fascinates you, the third compels your admiration. Each has her different method, each her peculiar power of drawing audiences to her side.

Charlie Reed is one of the most original and genuine of comedians. He is never at a loss for the right word, and his company never knows what he will say on the stage. But one night he surpassed himself. In the last act the business requires him to break some crockery. That night he picked up a couple of the fragments and, turning to May Yohe, who had been speaking French, he said: "Excuse me; can you speak broken China?" For a few moments the laugh was on the company, who were convulsed by the unexpected joke.

Jessie Bartlett Davis, the handsome contralto of the Bostonians Opera Company, like the majority of her sister professionals, cherishes a unique fad, says an exchange. In the long procession of trunks which accompany Miss Davis upon her theatrical travels there are four that contain nothing but pink tea gowns. There are twenty-five or thirty of them in all, and the number is steadily growing. Every possible shade of pink is represented in a dozen different materials, and the designs range from a plain, every-day sort of a robe, turned out by a Boston dressmaker, to a supremely dainty creation by Felix. The wrappers have resulted in developing Miss Davis into an afternoon tea enthusiast, and the quantity of English breakfast which she and her friends consume during the week would almost float the average frigate.

Sie Wird Gekueszt—she shall be kissed—is the name of a light comedy translated directly from the German stage. The following is the interesting plot of this little comedy: A flashy young lieutenant makes a vow to kiss a lady whose handkerchief he picks up, and agrees to do it within a certain time. A piece of ribbon on which the kiss is indirectly prayed for is wrapped in the handkerchief, which is replaced in the cloak pocket from which it has fallen. The cloak belongs to the young lady's mother and the lieutenant finds himself in one of a series of predicaments. At a ball in the last act, when all hope seems to be lost and only ten minutes of the specified time remains, the lieutenant's one friend who is not taunting him about the time, provides a piece of mistletoe, tells the English custom and volunteers to lead the mother to the desired place. It is done, she is kissed, shown the mistletoe, acknowledges the point and introduces to the guests her future son-in-law in the person of the young lieutenant.

Nobody can tell a funny story better, or appreciate one more, than Bert Davis, the successful manager. But he simply can't smile. Frank Daniels and his company were playing *Little Puck* at the Grand, and Manager Freeman gave Bert a box to witness the performance. He sat through the two first excruciatingly funny acts and never moved an eyelash, while the audience were in spasms of laughter. But towards the close of the second act the piece dragged a little. The players were evidently nervous. Manager Freeman went behind the scenes to investigate. Instantly he appeared Daniels button-holed him. "Who is that Jonah in the box on the right?" he excitedly demanded. "He's quered the whole play. The whole company have been playing straight at him for two acts, and he's never even smiled. Take him out—take him out, I say, or I won't raise the curtain." Freeman explained, but it was no use. "I don't care if he is the President of the United States, he's got to come out of that box or I don't go on," said Daniels. Freeman went into the box and suggested refreshments, and they went out and winked the other eye. Then the play went on, much to the delight and gratification of all concerned. But Davis never smiled.

Book Chat.

It doesn't follow that a versifier always produces fervid results.

Pere Hyacinthe, it is said, has become a Theosophist, and will deliver lectures on his new faith.

Senator Sherman, in his library at Mansfield, has a large fireproof vault containing his enormous private correspondence with prominent men and women.

Marie Bashkirtseff's tomb, near Passy, consists of a vault and chapel. Her portrait hangs just above the sarcophagus and is wreathed in flowers in true French fashion, and day and night a lamp is kept burning close by.

The largest sum ever paid for a single novel is said to have been \$200,000, to Alphonse Daudet for "Sapho," published in 1884. Eighty thousand dollars was received by Victor Hugo for "Les Misérables," published in ten languages.

Marion Harland is a large woman of matronly appearance, somewhat above medium height. She has a brown complexion, black hair that is beginning to turn gray, and a broad forehead. She began to write stories when she was a child of six.

Some of the women who write what are called "society novels" complain that their books are not appreciated and do not bring the revenue they were led by the publishers to expect. The revenue is what occasioned more regrets, perhaps, than the lack of literary appreciation.

Hall Caine, who has been selected by Dr. Herman Adler, chief rabbi of England, to study the Hebrew question in Russia, is the author of the powerful historical romance on Ishmael called "The Scapegoat," which is now running in the *Illustrated London News*. Perhaps no living writer, not even Gen. Lew Wallace, of "Ben Hur" fame, has made so close a study of the history and home life of the Israelites of old.

This story of Emerson is afloat: Having risen one night, he unintentionally aroused his wife, who inquired: "Are you sick, Waldo?" "Oh, no, my dear," was his reply, "but I've got an idea. What's the matter with these matches? I can't make them ignite. Let it go, now," sighed the philosopher, "my idea is gone." The next morning, upon arising, Mrs. Emerson found all the teeth in her comb broken out. This is supposed to have happened in the days (or nights) when matches came in cards.

Shakespeare wrote 144 sonnets distinguished by "a linked sweetness long drawn out," and also by an utter disregard of the Petrarchan rules. In his sonnets the rhymes alternate until the last two, which form a rhyming couplet clinching the rest. Milton adhered to the old Italian form. His sonnet upon his blindness is considered the finest in our language. Joseph Blanco White's sonnet upon "Life and Death" ranks next, in the opinion of such critics as Leigh Hunt and Coleridge. This sole splendid outburst of an else silent muse has given him literary immortality.

Swinburne, in his article on "Social Verse," which is published in the October number of the *Forum*, maintains that "there is no lovelier sonnet in the world than the late Lord Rosslyn's 'Bedtime.'" Here is his sonnet which Swinburne esteems so highly:

BEDTIME.

'Tis bedtime; say your hymn and bid "Good night."
"God bless Mammy, Papa and dear ones all."
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eyelids fall;
Another minute you will shut them quite.
Yes, I will carry you; put out the light;
And tuck you up, altho' you are so tall.
What will you give me, Sleepy One, and call
My wages, if I settle you all right?
I laid her golden curls upon my arm,
I drew her little feet within my hand;
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and warm;
She nestled to me, and, by Love's command,
Paid me my precious wages—"Baby's kiss!"

Moore, as is well known, was greatly enraged by the lines in which Byron, in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," ridiculed his absurd duel with Jeffrey, and sent him a challenge, which did not reach the young satirist for a year. This challenge led to several letters passing, and finally, as Moore had now calmed down, to a friendly meeting in the hospitable house of Samuel Rogers. The latter had first proposed that Moore and Byron and himself, of course, should alone form the party, but Thomas Campbell chancing to call, he too was pressed to join. When Byron came he made an excellent impression, and Moore, as was not surprising, was delighted and struck by "the nobleness of his air, his beauty, the gentleness of his voice and manner, his kindness to myself. Being in mourning for his mother, the color of his dress, as of his glossy, curling, picturesque hair, gave more effect to the pure, spiritual paleness of his features, in the expression of which, as he spoke, there was a perpetual play of lively thought, though melancholy was their habitual character when in repose." Unfortunately, there was nothing for the young poet to eat;

for Byron, in his dread of getting fat, lived on vegetables, and the biscuits and soda water for which he asked could not at that day, even in such a wealthy house as Rogers', be got. "He professed, however," continues Moore, "to be equally well pleased with potatoes and vinegar, and of these meagre materials contrived to make a rather hearty dinner." The meeting went off admirably.

Professional Chat.

Justice is made blind so that she can't see what is going on in the court-room.

An English religious paper recently printed the following remarkable advertisement: "A cultured earnest, godly young man desires a pastorate. Vivid preacher, musical voice, brilliant organizer. Tall, and of a good appearance. Blameless life. Very highest references. Beloved by all. Salary, £120."

A revival of the famous Tichborne case is threatened. It is alleged that the veritable Arthur Orton has turned up in the lunatic asylum at Paramatta, Australia. Warder Carroll, of Ballarat, who served in the Carabineers in which Sir Roger Tichborne was an officer, and who was an important witness in the original trial at Westminster, has been sent to interview the alleged Orton, and it is possible there may be some interesting developments soon.

Senator Call, of Florida, is noted for his tedious speeches. One day Mr. Call took the floor for the third or fourth time, and there was a murmur of discontent in the chamber. Mr. Edmunds jumped to his feet to ask him to suspend for a motion, but Mr. Ingalls pulled the Vermont senator by the coat. "Don't interfere," he said, "the senator is only performing his function as assistant sergeant-at-arms. I am about to make a motion to go into executive session, and he is clearing the galleries." Mr. Call heard the remark, and for once cut his speech short.

The paragraph in the Baltimore *Sun* entitled "Must Wear Coats," reminds a reader of that famous lawyer and wit, Judge Pettigrew, who graced the bar of South Carolina many years ago. A judge had issued an order that all attorneys appearing in his court should wear "black coat and trousers." His honor, with frowning visage, accosted him. "Mr. Pettigrew, do you know, sir, that you are transgressing a most positive order of this court?" "In what way, may it please your honor?" "The order says you shall wear black coat and trousers," yelled the judge. "I have on a black coat and trousers," replied the wit. "But," roared the judge, "the order means black coat and black trousers." "I don't read it so," replied Pettigrew. "It also says the sergeant-at-arms should wear a cocked hat and sword. I see the cocked hat, but I don't see any 'cocked' sword." There was no further judicial comment on the nankeens.

"Why did you tell what was not true?" was asked in court of a detective. "In the interests of justice," was the prompt reply. This was the statement of a detective who had been placed in the cell next a man accused of grand larceny, and who told him falsehoods in order to make him confess. To the official eye of a policeman such conduct may seem justifiable, but to the unpartisan gaze of an ordinary American, does it seem right to tell lies for any purpose? Can it be justified by anything save the old, accursed maxim that the end justifies the means? If it shall be judicially determined that a lie may honestly be told in the interests of justice, will it not require a casuist of more than mediaeval discrimination to decide when it is not right to tell lies? Is lying ever honorable, O most expert of detectives? And if so, is truth any longer as such a virtue? It is at least clear that the virtue of lying in the interests of justice is likely to be abused, if it be not rigidly defined and limited.

Apropos of bad spelling by lawyers a Wabash attorney tells the following good story: "The cyclone which visited East St. Louis several years ago lifted a Wabash engine from the track and carried it into the ditch. In replacing it on the track, a rope being used for that purpose broke, injuring a looker-on. He brought suit against the company at Belleville for \$20,000 damages. His lawyer, in stating plaintiff's cause of action, in his declaration, said that the 'rath' of God had visited East St. Louis with a cyclone. The attorney for the railroad company made fun of his opponent's spelling, and said that if anything would excite the divine wrath it was bad spelling, and that East St. Louis might expect cyclones, pestilence, and famine as long as she tolerated the presence of such outlandish spellers as the attorney for the plaintiff; whereupon the latter rose, and, addressing the court, gravely said: 'I suppose that the learned counsel for the defendant never drew up a long legal paper and dropped the final letter of a word, but as it appears that I have done so in this case, to his great amusement, with the permission of the court I will add e now.' He was then permitted 'to add the e,' which he did to his great satisfaction, and the spelling of the word 'rathe' received judicial sanction, but the laughter which followed engulfed the plaintiff's counsel and his case as well."

NOTES.

The crank with a theory is like a dog chasing his tail—it's nothing new when he grasps it.

The new remedy for consumptive patients called chlorphenol is said to have shown remarkably good results in Italian hospitals.

To test eggs put them into a pail of water. If good, they will lie on their sides; if bad, they will stand on their small ends, the large end always uppermost.

The Italian Queen is noted throughout Europe as a pedestrian. She also displays an endurance in mountain climbing that is considered remarkable for a woman.

There are more women workers in the United Kingdom, Great Britain and Ireland, in proportion to the population, than in any other country in the world. Twelve per cent. of the working classes there are women.

Better a small business with your own name unsullied over it than large warehouses under a borrowed name. Give up all, store, goods, jewels, clothes, everything but your character, your good name, your integrity. Have that, and you have all.

Woman is the link between man and angel; woman is also the link between man and devil—divine and demoniacal. In mythology the Fates and the Furies, Siren, Siva and Sphinx, as well as Niobe, Thalia, Vishnu and Vesta, are represented as women.

The great Napoleon smoked tobacco but once, and then at the instance of the Persian Ambassador, who presented him with a magnificent oriental pipe. The experiment upset the Emperor's stomach, and he never repeated it, though later in life he became a devotee of the snuff-box.

The London *Tidbits* lately offered a prize for the best definition of money. The prize was awarded to Henry E. Baggs, of Sheffield, who defined it thus: "An article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except heaven, and as a universal provider of everything except happiness."

An ingenious application of electricity for ventilation has been brought out in France. An electric fan furnishes the current of air, which can be cooled by means of ice or other cooling agent. If hot air is required electricity is sent through a series of meshes of wire whose high resistance causes it to become hot, and the air passing through these is given the heat required.

Better poor but honest than wealth with the tears and imprecations of widows and orphans, of poor laborers and hard strugglers clinging upon it. Better to surrender the last cent, if it is yours, and start anew with unimpeachable integrity for your back and support, than to keep what is not yours, and simulate a virtue which you have not got.

"The honest man, though e'er so poor,
Is king o' men for a' that" (Burns.)

Our neighbor, the Sunday *Leader*, has just commenced a new volume, being the fourteenth year of existence. Friend Larkin presents a neat paper, and has recently embodied the latest telegraphic news. The *Leader* is the only Sunday paper in Central California, and has a field all to itself. We commend our neighbor for discarding the sensational and devoting its columns to legitimate news.

That is a remarkably queer law they have in Mexico regarding political prisoners. All persons who are suspected of revolutionary tendencies, captured recently, have been ordered to attempt to escape, and during this effort are shot in the back. These unfortunate creatures are given the alternative of being shot in this manner or executed at the prison. This is not an advanced step in civilization, and smacks much of barbarism.

The Democrats call the McKinley law a "worse-than-war tariff." But it has increased our foreign trade during the first ten months of its operation in the sum of \$53,435,123. It has increased free importation from 34.09 per cent. of the total imports to 56.23 per cent., thus bringing in more than half of our foreign supplies absolutely free of duty. And it has reduced the per capita revenue from duties from \$3.62 to \$2.59. But facts never interfere with democratic allegations.

If "some are born great—and some have greatness thrust upon 'em," there are the others that "achieve greatness." If some are creatures of circumstances, there are the creators of circumstances as well. If there are geniuses that gaily dance into success, there are also those that climb up, wearily, painfully, the steep and rugged hillsides of fame. And we have more of the latter than of the former. Much of what passed for genius is proven, when subject to a critical analysis, to be nothing but hard, real hard, work. Enter the laboratories, the studios, the libraries, the workshops, the offices, the home, and see genius at work, and you will change your definition of it.

The man who makes the funniest speech at the stag dinner and keeps all the boys in a roar of laughter frequently has nothing to say when he gets home to his wife.

Miss Frances E. Willard sends this dictum and plea to the *Woman's Journal*, current issue: "We must, as women of common sense, agree to stand by each other in wearing street skirts that do not fall below the ankles. To do less is uncleanly and costs us the respect of every thinking person who sees us shuffling along on our street-mopping expeditions. Let us insist on this reform for simple decency's sake, to say nothing of health or wholesomeness. This is the first step, this the hour's demand; all else that health, modesty and good taste indicate will follow."

We are prone to boast of the great superiority of the human family. There is no creature born so utterly helpless as the human babe. Hunger pains it, cold pinches it, other ills torture it, and it has no power to tell its troubles or designate where they are. The lower order, that are not as highly organized, become independent and self-supporting almost from the moment of their birth. The moth and butterfly take to wings immediately on emerging from the chrysalis; the birds peck at and capture insects as soon as they come from the egg. Many years must pass before the human-born can do what the lower creatures do from the moment of their birth.

Greatness is the possibility of youth. Man is, to a large extent, arbiter over his own fate during the first thirty years of his life. These passed unmissed—all is passed. He that lays the foundation early, and lays it well; he who, early in youth, gives a purpose to his life, sets before himself a goal, while yet he may and can, while free and unshackled, and then aims for it with all his heart and soul, prepares for it, studies for it, trains for it, makes sacrifices for it, suffers for it, concentrates all his energies upon it, shuns dissipation of power and interest, makes all minor purposes subservient to his one great purpose, becomes the very embodiment of his life's purpose, lives it, eats it, drinks it, talks it, dreams it, success, if at all attainable, will be his.

It may be all wrong to attach so much importance to trifles, the gruff man may mean as well as the polite, and be even more sincere. But human eyes are neither microscopes nor telescopes. They may see what is near and on the surface, they cannot read the mind nor see into the heart. The average man cannot apply the moral stethoscope to hear what is going on within, nor try the assayer's test to separate the precious metal from the dross. The eye that wants to be pleased, is pleased when it is pleased. The heart, that needs a word, a look of sympathy, appreciates and remembers even the slightest effort made to comfort it. The person that wants to be taken notice of, made something of, feels deeply grateful to the one that supplies that want.

The election of fifteen freeholders to frame a new organic law for this city is now a fixed fact. The Board of Trustees has reflected credit upon itself and done a justice to the people. If the proper men are selected to perform this duty, there is no possible doubt of the adoption of their work when consummated. The trustees, we understand, have determined to suggest to the nominating conventions of all parties fifteen names whom they will recommend for this work. We trust that all partisan consideration will be ignored in this matter. It is not a political party affair, but one for the people alone. There is a bright prospect for this city when we can have a form of government abreast of the times and in accord with the Constitution and general laws. Our progress has been long retarded by an inefficient charter.

In an interview with a reporter of the *Record-Union*, Sheriff Stanley suggests several improvements at and about the county courthouse. The suggestions of the sheriff are extremely sensible. The public buildings of Sacramento county and the city, save those controlled by the school and the fire departments and the county hospital, are not at all creditable to a community so large and representative of so much wealth. The improvements that have been made at the courthouse, and those proposed by the sheriff, have and will cost but little, yet they will be of much benefit. In one particular we disagree with Mr. Stanley: in his suggestion that a stone pavement be put down on the Seventh-street side of the courthouse. Some years ago that section of street was covered with slag from the smelting works that were then in operation, and since it has been that it is almost impossible to hear that which is spoken in the west court-room whenever a wagon passes along the street; it is not at all infrequent the proceedings have to stop until the outside noise ceases. Our suggestion is that the street should be improved with a coating of asphalt, to deaden the sound. The time that would be gained in court sessions would soon more than offset the cost of the improvement, for it must be recollected jurors, officers, and in some cases witnesses, are paid by the county.

Dr. W. R. Cluness, Jr., in the last number of *Occidental Medical Times*, makes an eloquent appeal to the medical fraternity to erect a monument to the memory of that great physician, Benjamin Rush, whose name, among the honored ones, "stands alone resplendent in its glory, borrowing light from none, shedding its rays upon all, and challenging universal admiration." While there has been many years neglect in paying this tribute, it is not too late to erect an enduring monument to his memory. The fame of this great physician is not confined to America. The King of Prussia presented him a coronation medal. The Queen of Etruria, King of Spain and Emperor of Russia made substantial recognition of Dr. Rush's medical character. Dr. Cluness closes his address with these words: "Something more is demanded of us as his successors than mere mental remembrance or written and perishable memorial. Such a shaft should arise ere the close of this century as will endure as long as the pyramids of Egypt or the very name of Rome itself, and to which the members of our profession the world over will point with pride as the gift of Americans to their father and to humanity's friend."

Old '49ers at Dinner.

NEW YORK, October 8, 1891.

EDITORS THEMIS: One of those enjoyable occasions which add a little pleasure to the ills of life took place in this city last evening, when twenty-five old '49ers held an informal dinner party at Morello's famous hostelry. The only wines drank were of California vintage. Among the company was Dr. Gardner Q. Colton, who in the early days, at San Francisco, issued the famous "Colton grants." Another was Captain Samuel L. Clapp, once of Marysville, and later an officer of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; Hon. Dennis Strong, ex-Mayor of Sacramento; Colonel William Colligan, who, in 1846, was attached to the United States ship Congress, under Commodore Stockton, and who, as one of the land forces, made the march in the winter of '46, with Fremont, from Monterey to Los Angeles; Major Francis D. Clark, President of the New York Society of California Pioneers, and who went to California in Stevenson's regiment; James J. McCloskey, a member of the "Eagle Theater" Company at Sacramento in 1850. During the evening Captain Clapp exhibited a New York *Herald* of December 26, 1848, which contained a full-page map of what was then known of California, and in connection therewith a "table of distances" from Monterey, then the capital and military headquarters of the army in California; viz: San Jose, 13 miles; San Francisco, 50 miles; San Rafael, 15 miles; Bodega, 50 miles; Sonoma, 30 miles; Napa, 12 miles; Sutter's Fort, 45 miles; Sutter's saw mill, 25 miles; Weber's store, on Weber creek, 14 miles; Stanislaus river mines, 25 miles. The *Herald* also has a notice of the arrival of the St. Loiseux with samples of gold and dispatches for Colonel R. B. Mason at Monterey; one long letter from Captain J. L. Folsom, quartermaster at San Francisco, to the quartermaster-general at Washington, D. C. On the map "Old French Camp," five miles south of Stockton, is located north of the Calaveras river. Captain Clapp also produced a copy of the *Sacramento Transcript* of May 15, 1850, Messrs. Fitch, Upham and Ewen, proprietors. Major Clark exhibited a late *Sacramento Bee* with cuts showing how the restoration of Sutter's Fort is proceeding. He said that he should inaugurate a popular subscription of one dollar among the California pioneers to aid in this noble work of the Native Sons of the Golden West. The evening passed most agreeably to all. In January the regular annual dinner of the Society of California Pioneers takes place. CALIFORNIAN.

[For THEMIS.]

Physiognomy.

It has been objected that M. Lavater wants system. To me his work seems altogether systematic and artificial. Although each particular principle appears to originate in the mere dream of imagination, yet with that dream he theorizes until every fragment seemingly has its aim and its end, while his details are minute and spun out so fine that through mere feebleness in finishing, the thread of the argument is seldom entire, but rather, through its various twistings, liable to be broken. If the detached features of forehead, eyes, nose, and mouth are pleasingly correct, yet when he unites these in order to form a perfect whole, seldom, perhaps never, does such union produce either the beautiful or the interesting. And yet this theory is specious, though in its elements ideal, and certainly not verified by actual every-day's observation; since that theory is found to particularize, when it ought to generalize, connecting genius or virtue or temper with a precise form of individual feature,

when experience shows that those may exist under every construction, color and stature, that are human. To the simple judgment of the present writer it has seemed that the moral habits, the disposition, the understanding, and the passions, give expression, and, in effect, stamp character on the features, without changing the tints or altering the strong lineaments of original nature. Hence, under the personal deformities of Gibbon, Johnson, Pope, Esop, and the divine Socrates himself, men of inspired understanding and of sublime moral attainments were found; neither does it appear that the indulgence, the dissipation, the passions, or the genius of Alcibiades, Edward the Fourth of England, Spencer, Milton, and Bolingbroke, could disturb or distort the surpassing, but dissimilar beauty of their divinely intelligent faces. But M. Lavater is still found iterating and reiterating, that to such and such specific form of feature, displayed in his sketch, we may always look for the alliance of goodness or talent or refinement; as on the reverse, for stupidity or baseness or vulgarity. And yet, if at the first attentive observation of an individual, hitherto unknown, we receive sensible impressions, or form actual opinions, it is without mental reference or critical regard to the complex laws of Lavater. As physiognomy is a sentiment, even in nature, of which the infant who cannot reason and the brute animal who only fawns and fears, are susceptible, we are gratefully attracted by certain characteristic features, and painfully repelled by others. But does this impulsion or that repulsion surely indicate either virtue or vice in the subject of our attention? Is it not rather the result of something that assimilates with our aversions or sympathizes with our propensities?—for sure, though perhaps secret, is the prepossession we feel for what bears our likeness, provided that likeness be not in effect a fac-simile; and the resemblances, somewhat diversified, are the result of simple nature, without design or affectation. Does not the most irresistible likeness exist in sketches of caricature? Yet who would choose to be delineated after that fashion? And what is more offending than the mimicry of our manner and attitude, unless, indeed, it is the constant echo of our uttered sentiments? In fine, to recapitulate, it appears that certain individuals of the human race are so instinctively, that is, irresistibly, attracted and attached at sight of each other that, like the bloom and perfume of flowers, or particular notes in music, they seem intended by nature to assimilate and as of necessity to accord together. Indisputably, the virtuous will love virtue and admire its influence under every form and feature; while the vicious, in fearing, would rather abhor its delineations. That the passions do surely impress, and for a time distort, is readily conceded; but that these can displace or irrevocably destroy the original color or construction of forehead, eyes, nose and mouth, giving to Grecian symmetry of feature and delicacy of contour the broad irregularity of African deformity, is as surely denied; it being equally true that wickedness may be born, and continue to exist, beneath a beautiful exterior; nor can any power or possession of human genius, or habitual goodness, render the originally squalid and distorted countenance lovely and attractive. Truth cannot be founded on deception in striving to improve the understanding; and to amend the principles, should we expect miracles for ourselves or predict prodigies for others? We are, individually, as God in his infinite wisdom has created us; and such shall we remain, with the sole exception of being instructed and improved, or depraved and degraded, by time, effort or accident, the physiognomy at a certain age usually expressing the sentiment or betraying the passion. Yet, since nothing in our material or mental existence remains stationary, the characters which were written and read in the features yesterday may be blotted out to-morrow, or may bring new ideas in another language to the coming observer, as indefinite to mature judgment, as unjust to correct principle.

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

CALL ON THE
AGENT
OF THE
SUN INSURANCE CO.
AT
1014 FOURTH STREET,
WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.
Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46
THEO. J. MILLIKEN,
Manager Sacramento Branch.

FLASHES.

The cheapest shoes always squeak the loudest.

The weakest woman can shake the strongest man.

The best politics is to study the welfare of the people.

A good liar is better company than a solemn person.

While a puff benefits most everything, it destroys a cigar.

The smile of a pretty girl is very vacant, when directed to somebody else.

Some of our alleged self-made men must have become tired before the job was finished.

Most men who think themselves cunning are like a veil—you can see through them easily.

It takes grasshoppers and famine to give democracy success in the middle and western States.

Whether drunkenness is a vice or weakness depends upon whether he is a man of property or a tramp.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The attractions at the Metropolitan theater during the past week have not been of the very first order, consequently the patronage has been light.

The dramatic critics of the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, at San Francisco, seem to vie with each other in the "roasting" process. If Peter Robertson says a play or company is good, then Tom Williams at once proceeds to denounce the same. It seems that these two men have become veritable cranks, and are therefore a source of worry to theatrical managers. Merit does not enter the question with them, and the impulse to "roast" takes the place of just criticism. It is said that managers have to extend "personal" favors to those two cranks in order to have anything like a fair chance with new plays or companies.

I. O. O. F. Encampment Entertainment.

At the new pavilion, October 21st, a grand entertainment and parade will be given in honor of the Grand Encampment of Odd Fellows. There will be a vocal and instrumental concert by one hundred voices, under the direction of Prof. W. H. Kinross. A competitive drill of the California State Cantons and Patriarchs Militant is also to take place. The entertainment will conclude with a grand ball.

New Announcements.

Attention is called to the following announcements appearing in THEMIS to-day: Theo. J. Millikin, manager Sun Insurance Company, 1014 Fourth street; G. W. Railton, railroad and steamship agent, 1004 Fourth street; C. H. Krebs & Co., dealers in paints, oils, glass, etc., 626 J street.

Sermonettes.

You must be sure of two things: You must love your work and not always be looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin; and the other is, you must not be ashamed of your work and think it would be more honorable to you to be doing something else.

Contentment abides with truth. You will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than you are, whether it be richer or greater or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture.

Influence is to an individual what flavor is to fruit or fragrance to the flower; and no one can define the limit of that influence which constantly and imperceptibly escapes from our daily lives.

Every man has in his own life foibles enough; in his own mind trouble enough; in his own fortune evil enough, without being curious after the affairs of others.

Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.—*Our Society Journal*.

A gentleman and his wife, both of whom were greatly respected by their neighbors for their Christian charity, entertained a visiting clergyman from a distant city, says the *New York Press*. Among the guests were members of their own church. The bright little daughter of the host was greatly interested in the good doctor, and very curious to know why people should say grace before dining. The doctor was pleased at the question, and hastened to inform her that all good people endeavored to return thanks in that manner for the good things which were given. "Yes," exclaimed the little inquisitive, "but you don't say grace just like my papa did last night." "How did your papa say grace, little girl?" "Well, papa came in, and as soon as he got in his chair at the table he looked hard at mamma and said, very solemn like, 'My God, what a supper!'"

Ten Commandments.

FOR THE HUSBAND.

Here, from *Good Housekeeping*, is a Sunday string of new "commandments" for husbands:

1st—"I am the source of many an unhappy marriage," says the mighty dollar, therefore, shalt thou make mutually satisfactory arrangements with thy wife concerning her pecuniary allowance, immediately upon entering the matrimonial ranks.

2d—Thou shalt not make thy wife's duties burdensome by comparing her cooking and household management to thy mother's, for every true wife doeth the best that she possibly can.

3d—Thou shalt not take thy wife to account for shortcomings, but overlook slight failings and bear patiently with faults, as thou wouldst that the Lord thy God did unto thine own weakness.

4th—Remember that thy wife is assisting thee very materially (financially) by being maid of all work, housekeeper, seamstress, nurse and cook. Six days shalt thou overlook unavoidable delays and mishaps (which annoy thy good wife as much as they do thee), and every seventh day thou shalt allow her to rest from arduous household duties and enjoy thy cheerful companionship.

5th—Honor thy wife with thy implicit confidence in all things, that she may counsel and advise thee, and lend her assistance over hard places in time of trouble.

6th—Thou shalt not kill thy wife's respect for thee by doing those things which would grieve thee if done by her.

7th—Thou shalt not commit the great error of being ashamed to apologize to thy wife, and thou shalt always do unto her as thou wouldst that she should do unto thee.

8th—Thou shalt not steal happy moments from thy wife by parting from her in anger, but "forgive and forget," and avoid the quarrels which are the greatest destroyers of matrimonial bliss.

9th—Thou shalt not bear ill will against thy wife without just cause, but shalt at all times permit her to defend herself.

10th—Thou shalt not covet the pleasure of the club, nor any other entertainment where thy wife must be excluded, but find comfort and enjoyment in the bosom of thine own family, whom it is thy duty to love, cherish and make happy.

FOR THE WIFE.

1st—"I am a great barrier to perfect matrimonial harmony," says Quick Temper; thou shalt, therefore, make every effort to get me thoroughly under control, or be sure thy husband doth not possess the same unfortunate trait.

2d—Thou shalt not make unto thee any evil imaginations concerning thy husband (being jealous and suspicious), for thou canst never be truly happy without placing implicit confidence and trust in him.

3d—Thou shalt not take for granted that matrimony is the chief end of woman's existence, and thou requirest no further knowledge and cultivation; but, rather, keep thyself thoroughly posted upon all interesting topics and endeavor in every way to retain thy husband's admiration and respect.

4th—Remember, it is the wife's first duty to please her husband. Six days shalt thou labor as a good cook, a tidy housewife and a cheerful companion, to satisfy thy husband, and every seventh day thou shalt strive to make the happiest in his existence.

5th—Honor thy husband and spend not thy days upon earth in brooding over his faults; but count up his good qualities, and see what a blessing he will become to thee, and what a happy and contented wife thou shalt be.

6th—Thou shalt not kill his affections by being unsympathizing in his troubles or expecting too much love-making.

7th—Thou shalt not commit the error of restricting thy husband in his own home. Let him do as he pleases, and do thou thy utmost to make home the most charming spot on earth to him, where he will forget business cares and worldly troubles, and where he will find comfort, peace and genuine happiness.

8th—Thou shalt not steal from thy husband his respect for thee by becoming less attentive to dress and manners than during courtship.

9th—Thou shalt not bear tales to others concerning thy husband's actions and family affairs, nor unveil his shortcomings to a third person.

10th—Thou shalt not covet luxuries which may bring thy husband to financial difficulties or perhaps ruin; nor social pleasures which thy husband doth not enjoy; nor mission work which causeth thee to neglect thy household duties; for home is woman's sphere, and here, in blissful communion and happiness with husband and children, should lie her chief duties and pleasures.

Language of the Face.

The faculty of truth—that is, the love of it—is indicated by the muscles which surround the eye, causing folds and wrinkles. Justice is indicated by the muscles which cause perpendicular wrinkles between the eyebrows. Fullness and wrinkles under the eye, for which some persons are remarkable,

indicate the love of mathematical accuracy; and curving upward from the lower angle of the eye and eyebrow indicate probity or personal truthfulness.

There are three degrees of the faculty of justice. The first is a kind of exactness or strict accuracy in small money matters, which some people would call closeness, and is indicated by a singular perpendicular wrinkle between the eyebrows. The second is a disposition to require justice in others, and is indicated by two perpendicular lines or wrinkles, one each side of the center—a very common sign. The third degree is conscientiousness, or the disposition to apply the rule of justice to one's self, and is indicated by three or more wrinkles, or lines, especially noticeable, extending above the eyebrow when the muscle is in action.—*Phrenological Journal*.

A Mile a Minute.

A world-record beating train is run daily over the New York Central from New York to Buffalo. The distance is 436 miles, and the run is made in eight hours, including stops, or practically a mile a minute. It is likely that other roads will follow suit on one limited train of lightning speed a day from New York and Philadelphia to Chicago. A movement is on foot there among eastern railroad managers to have only one fast train and to reduce the speed of all others. It is claimed that a saving of twenty per cent. can be made in passenger traffic by a reduction of the speedy trains, and the thing is to be tried.

The investiture of a clergyman with the rank of bishop in England is attended by some curious survivals of mediaeval mummery. When the Bishop of Peterborough was ordained recently he rapped his pastoral staff on the door of the church, and waved his hand, for the purpose of exorcising all evil spirits from the interior. Then when he entered the sacred edifice he was preceded by a chaplain bearing a crown, and marched up the broad aisle arrayed in an antique cape of white satin, elaborately and ornately trimmed. On his head he wore a mitre of white satin covered with red trimmings of silk braid.

Capt. E. M. Stevens is again on deck at the old stand, 228 J street, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and new patrons. Entire new stock.



Grand Entertainment

AT THE NEW PAVILION,

Wednesday, October 21st,

AND

PARADE IN THE EVENING

TO BE GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE

Grand Encampment,

I. O. O. F.

Grand Vocal Concert. One Hundred Voices, under the leadership of Prof.

W. H. Kinross.

Competitive Drill of the California State Cantons, Patriarchs Militant, and Decoration of Chivalry.

CONCLUDING WITH A GRAND BALL.

ADMISSION, FIFTY CENTS.

UNCLE IKF,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT

1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-Atlantic Points, by First-Class Steamers to and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN.

Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO Daily.

A. H. ROTT.

C. H. KREBS.

C. H. KREBS & CO.,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,

Varnishes, Wall Paper, Brushes, Window Shades and Picture Mouldings.

Ready Mixed Paints and Building Papers.

House and Sign Painting, Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, Glazing and Gilding, Pictures, Frames and Mouldings.

626 J STREET,

Between Sixth and Seventh,

SACRAMENTO.

TELEPHONE 267.

L. B. MOHR.

C. A. YOERK.

MOHR & YOERK'S
MARKET AND PACKING HOUSE

1024 and 1026 J Street, Sacramento.

Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats and all kinds of Sausages. On hand during the Packing Season: Spareribs, Tenderloins, Hogs' Heads, etc.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,
SACRAMENTO.

Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.



THE COQUETTE.

A Very Neat, Stylish Shape, from \$3.90 to \$6.00, at
Mrs. M. A. Pealer's, 619, 621, 623 J St.

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated
Orleans
Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

The Spirit Bird.

There was one man, Tom Withers, on the Albatross, whom no one could understand. He walked apart from all, moody and silent and would speak to no one. One day we sighted a great sea-bird, and, although the men fired at it, it continued to follow the ship unharmed. This bird seemed to worry Withers exceedingly, and at last he turned to the captain and cried:

"You can never kill that bird. It is my father's spirit."

The captain thought him insane, and pressed him to explain.

There was no need of calling all hands, as we were all then standing in the waist of the ship, and at a signal from the mate we gathered around Withers, who thus commenced his tale:

My father was a respectable farmer in Vermont, and I his only son. But I was from my youth possessed of an ungovernable temper. When about 15 years of age, for some trifling offense, my father chastised me severely; it was then I took a solemn oath never to work on his farm again, and at some future day to be revenged; and fearfully have I kept that oath. I left my home and followed the sea. For eight years I was absent, and during that time had visited almost all parts of the habitable world. By this time my revengeful feelings had been softened down, and I wished once more to behold my parents, particularly my mother, who was always kind and indulgent. I accordingly returned to my native village. I saw my parents, and was reconciled to my father; I lived with them eight weeks, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of my visit until one fatal evening I accompanied my father to a husking frolic. The flowing bowl—accursed by its pernicious influence—passed freely around, and by midnight we all became somewhat merry. Indeed, my father, who had partaken too freely of the intoxicating draught, could with difficulty keep his feet, and I was obliged to support him on his way home, although my brain seemed on fire and I could hardly walk myself.

When about half-way home we came to a cross-road, which, my father insisted, was the right path. In vain I told him he was wrong. He would pursue the wrong path, and on my attempting to prevent him, he struck me a violent blow on the face. This roused the demon within me.

"Ha!" said I; "old man, a blow! You will find I am a boy no longer, to be abused by you!" And raising my arm, struck my poor, inebriated father a powerful blow, which felled him to the earth; and then the recollection of my former injuries unrevenged rushed into my mind. I caught up a stake from the fence, and struck him repeatedly over the head as he lay on the ground.

I took up the corpse in my arms, and wept bitterly over it for more than an hour. At length I felt the necessity of doing something in order to hide the traces of my guilt, and I laid the body among some rocks which were near the foot of a steep precipice, and then fled from the accursed spot; but still that awful voice pursued me and whispered: "He is your father!" Even the trees seemed to stretch forth their long arms to arrest my flight. Since that time I have never known comfort. I see my father in my dreams, and sometimes when I am awake he stands before me. Last night, while I sat upon the windlass, I fell into a doze, and saw him in the shape of a bird that flitted around us today, and he whispered in my ears: "Your time has come."

Such was the tale of blood told by the wretched Withers, and, although we all felt detestation at the unnatural crime he had committed, we could not help pitying the poor wretch.

While we were listening to the wretched man's confession, dark clouds arose above the horizon, and the appearance of the heavens betokened a heavy squall. Preparations were made accordingly. The flashes of lightning were frequent and vivid, and the deep-toned thunder uttered fearfully in the distance. Soon a ripple was seen on the water, followed by a ridge of miniature waves, breaking as soon as formed, presenting the appearance of a moving sheet of foam.

"Now, mind your helm, my lad," said the captain to the helmsman, who had relieved Withers. "Keep her right before it."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the man at the helm, and in a few moments the storm struck the vessel on the starboard quarter.

The ship flew before the wind, which blew with the violence of a hurricane, at the rate of ten knots. The rain fell in torrents, and what, with the roaring of the waves, the howling and whistling of the tempest, the dazzling flashes of lightning which seemed to play around the masts, and the echoing peals of thunder, the scene was absolutely terrific.

The thrilling tale told by the self-accused parricide was for a while forgotten; but suddenly a strange and awful voice was heard, which sounded louder than the conflict of the elements, as if entered by the spirit of the storm.

"My poor, murdered father calls me! I come! I come!" Then with a wild and prolonged shriek of agony, which even now rings in my ears, the mauiac Withers sprang on the bow, and ere any one could prevent

him, precipitated himself into the seething ocean. No human effort could save him. He arose in the eddying wake, and with his body half out of water, with agony of the most intense description depicted on his ghastly features, he gave another shrill and dying shriek—then sank to rise no more.

The Women of Romance.

In one of the stories of that gentle dreamer, Theophile Gautier, writes Theodore Child in *Harper's Bazar*, the hero is represented as being irresistibly attracted to the radiant types of buried ages. Semiramis, Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, peopled the palaces of his retrospective ideal with visions of beauty free from the prosaic and ridiculous details of reality. One day this hero, whom the poet calls Octavien, visits the museum of Naples, where he is fascinated by that strange and touching imprint of a woman's breast found at Pompeii, in the cellar of the villa of Arrins Diomedes, together with seventeen other skeletons. Inspired with vague feelings of regret and even tenderer emotion, the young man muses over the horror of the hot ashes of Vesuvius that destroyed this fair creature twenty centuries ago. Absorbed in these meditations he visits Pompeii, passes the night in the ruins, and in the hallucinations of his overexcited brain sees the town restored and the streets full of people.

The phantoms of the past people infinity. Paris continues to carry off Helen in an unknown region of space. Theodora rules an empire and her husband. The galley of Cleopatra swells its silken sails on the blue waters of an ideal Cydnus. And as Faust ravished the daughter of Tyndarus from the mysterious depths of Hades, and hid her away for worship in the secret alcoves of his Gothic stronghold, so have certain passionate and puissant minds been able to bring back to themselves ages that were apparently past, and to resuscitate personages that were, as all believed, dead. And yet why should we seek to narrow our horizon by dividing ages into dead or living, ancient or modern? Of the centuries that are past we can count scarcely fifty. In our individual lives we have but just time enough to wail, to blink at the sun, and to ask what it all means. Life alone exists, and that which is living is alone true and eternally modern, to whatever epoch it may belong. It is the province of art to affirm life. It is thanks to art that the Greek Helen is almost our contemporary.

Some have spoken evil of women; others, the majority, have eulogized them even to hyperbole; others, still, have remained dazzled by the complex mystery of femininity; some few, in the depths of their despair of ever comprehending the enigma, have declared that woman is not the female of man, but some strange daughter of Lilith, a creature of another race.

The beauty of woman, the pessimists will tell us, is one of the many pitfalls and tricks invented by ironical nature in order to ensnare men, and perpetuate that undesirable and undelightful interruption of nirvana which is called life. Be that as it may, feminine beauty is a phenomenon which has always been of absorbing interest since the world began. *La beauté vaut la vertu* ("beauty is as good as virtue") a modern thinker has said in a volume of grave historical speculations, and the philosopher's paradox is confirmed in a sense by the instinctive memory of humanity.

History does not forget those women who have been notorious for their virtue, but it remembers with indulgence the women whose beauty was more notorious than their virtue. The gentleness of Ruth is contrasted in our memories with the tragic heroism of Judith; Martha and the repentant Magdalene are held in equal honor in the Pantheon of virtue; but Herodias and Salome are remembered for their grace as well as for their cruelty. We cannot speak of the glorious days of Greece without mentioning Phryne and Aspasia. We delight in the domestic and original purity of Nausikae; but who shall dare to arraign Helen, and to condemn her mysterious and enchanting memory at the bar of austere morality?

Hereafter what shall it profit the good young man to go into battle with a Bible in his pocket for a breast plate, as in the days that were? The new style of gun, with a capacity of sending a bullet through two men and killing a third if he happens to be standing in the way, would not be content to pierce a Bible as far as the Book of Proverbs and then stop—for the purpose of pointing a moral and adorning a tale. Bibles for good young soldiers must hereafter have chilled steel covers and American tin leaves if they are to stand the racket.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.



DON'T BE CARELESS ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION

It is woman's chiefest physical charm. It is often her only capital. It is always worth a great deal to her in business, love or social affairs. No matter how browned, or rough or sallow your skin may be, or how much it is disfigured with freckles, moth-patches, blackheads or pimples

MRS. GRAHAM'S

FACE BLEACH

will remove every blemish and leave your skin as pure and clear and white as it was in baby days. Your complexion will then be as nature made it. Instructions go with each bottle how to keep it so. Price \$1.50. All druggists sell it.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

J. SLAUGHTER,

Lathing, Plastering, Whitening,
Wall Coloring, House Cleaning, Fire Wall
Cementing.

Cess Pools and Water Closets Renovated.

Any one needing any of the above work done in a prompt and workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms, need not call on any other party than
J. SLAUGHTER,
Sixth and M streets.
Telephone 318.

CHANGED HANDS.

SACRAMENTO EXCHANGE

(Formerly Wm. Gamble's.)

1012 SEVENTH STREET.

Fine Wines. All the celebrated brands of Liquors
and Cigars. ROBERT ALLEN,
Formerly of Agricultural Park.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County
Coroner. Telephone 134.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

J. H. CAMPBELL,

No. 1025 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

Cesspools and Vaults

CLEANED, BUILT AND REPAIRED.

SEWER PIPE PROPERLY LAID.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh,
Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

W. R. STRONG CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fruit and Produce

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Packers and Shippers of California
Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St.

SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

PACIFIC HOTEL,

Corner Fifth and K Streets, - Sacramento.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Centrally Located. Convenient to all Places of
Amusement.

C. F. SINGLETON, - Proprietor.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispeused by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & Co.
410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS
LAGER BEER

WISEMANN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISEMANN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-
ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

CONSTANCE DUFOUR.

Somewhere—a little below the momentous line dividing north from south—there lies a city, and to it belongs a quaint old fort, which interposes itself between some of the streets and the river.

A small garrison is still kept there, but it can no longer afford protection to the city, and there is some talk of turning the place into a public park. I, at least shall shed tears when that happens, for it is a dear old place, with its piles of cannon balls and dismounted guns, its deep slopes of grass-grown earthworks, its sunshine and shadow. It in nowise brings thoughts of war to mind, but only "ways of pleasantness and peace."

You enter through a deep stone arch, leaving the dusty, noisy street behind you, and there is a sentry pacing slowly back and forth, who salutes, but makes no attempt to stop your progress. On the other side of the arch, stretching out before you, is a white shell road leading to the barracks and officers' quarters; on either side level sweeps of green, the drill grounds; and then, looking away to the left, is the river sparkling in the sunshine as it broadens out to meet the bay.

You may walk all around the fort on the "sea wall," as it is called, and listen to the lapping and washing of the water against the stones.

At one place is a little wharf with a rickety ladder, and a boat continually bumping against the posts.

Back of the officers' cottages are the stable and an empty field, and further on a graveyard—the last resting place of friendless soldiers who have died at the fort.

The whole place exercised a great charm over me, and whenever I had a day to spare I would go there to sketch and dream. It was thus that I came to know the sergeant's daughter. The first time I saw her was on a breezy afternoon in early spring. She was leaning on a cannon, her figure darkly outlined against the blue water beyond, and her hand raised above her head, waving a blue handkerchief in farewell to a boat full of sailors who were rowing down the river. There was an officer in the stern, who stood up and raised his hat to her. Instantly the oars went up in the salute, their wet blades flashing in the sunlight.

The whole made such a pretty picture that I wanted to see the chief figure in it closer; and presently, when the boat was out of sight, she came toward me. She had black hair, gray eyes, that looked rather fearful just now, and a sweet little mouth, without much character in it—an extremely pretty face, wistful in expression and of Irish type.

She asked to see what I was painting, and from this we talked on, till I soon knew all her history.

Her name was Constance Dufour. Her father was a sergeant, very old now and soon to be retired. He was a Frenchman, and her mother had been Irish.

"My mother died so long ago I don't remember her," she said, "but father loved me enough for two. He's coming now," she added, and ran to lead him to me with much pride.

He was a little, old man, very gray, but still active in his motions, and every inch a Frenchman and a soldier. He reminded me of a drawing by Detaille.

Although his daughter was quite as tall as himself, he spoke of her as "petite Con," and while he talked he gave her hand little caressing pats, that spoke eloquently of his love for her.

From that evening we three became great friends. Whenever I came to the fort Con was watching for me, and off we would go together—I to paint and she to lie on the grass watching, or else, with her hands under her head, gazing up into the blue sky—dreaming.

She was a curious girl, with little or no education, and yet a power of imagination that was astonishing. Nearly all her time was spent in a dream world of her own.

"When I was little," she said, "I always wanted to be a princess, and even now, when I'm lonesome, I tell myself long stories about what I'll do when I get my kingdom."

"But, Con," I said, "a fairy story has a prince in it. Haven't you got one, too?"

"Indeed, madam, I have," she said quite simply, "only he's gone away, and it'll be six months before I see him again. He went off in the boat that afternoon I first saw you. He's a lieutenant on a man-of-war, and when he comes back we're going to be married."

Fortunately she was looking away and did not see the look of quick surprise I gave her.

A lieutenant in the navy, no doubt of good family, and a sergeant's daughter—poor little Con!

"And his name?" I asked.

"Henry Warwick, madam. He came here just to see the captain on business, and since then he comes—for love of me. He is on shore duty now for a year, and after he has seen his people, beyond in the north, he's coming back to marry me. He is such a handsome gentleman, and I shall be a real princess, after all."

She was so sure of him, so happy, that I had not the heart to raise a doubt.

I soon found that the little old sergeant

knew nothing of this love affair, and that there was also another element in the little romance.

It seemed that Con's gray eyes had been working havoc with the affections of a certain young ship carpenter who worked in a yard below the fort. I am not certain, but I think his name was Jack.

The sergeant evidently favored his attentions, for on several occasions he brought Jack up with him and requested Con to show him around the grounds.

She always started immediately, but with a business-like air that argued ill for any sentimental conversation poor Jack might be contemplating.

One day, the sergeant being absent, Jack came by himself and carried Con off. In a little while I was surprised to see him return without her, and take his stand directly before me. There was evidently something on his mind, and yet he did not know how to say it.

I waited patiently, and finally he came to the point with startling abruptness and evident confidence in my full knowledge of the situation.

"She talks a lot to you," he said. "Is there any other fellow?"

I was aware, of course, that there was another fellow, but I thought it just as well, perhaps, to keep the knowledge to myself.

"I suppose you mean Constance," I said. "You should ask her."

"I have asked her," he cried, excitedly. "I've asked her to marry me—I've asked her to love me—and she just opens them eyes of her'n wide and laughs at me. Nother wian'd hate her for it, but I'm that durn big a fool I'd love her if she killed me. Why, there ain't no wian who can love her as I do—"

"Cepting her father, boy—'cepting her father."

It was the little sergeant, who had come up quietly while Jack was talking; so I gladly left him the task of comforter.

At the gate Con was waiting for me to say good-by; but I was so provoked with her that I pretended not to see the little outstretched hand, and couldn't resist saying:

"Jack is worth six of your five lieutenants, Con. You're a fool not to marry him."

Really, I was the fool—to expect a girl to love the man she ought to. Con was only following the law of nature—or what seemed to be

For nearly two months circumstances prevented my going to the fort; when, one day, I was exceedingly surprised to receive a visit from the sergeant.

When he came in he seemed to be struggling between intense excitement and a desire to retain military composure.

He stopped just inside the door and saluted.

"Madam," he said, "I have come to take Constance home with me."

I looked at him in blank amazement.

"Constance!" I repeated; "she isn't here. I haven't seen her."

My words seemed to take all the strength away from him, and he dropped into a chair. "Mon Dieu! madam," he cried appealingly, "don't say that again; she must be with you."

"I assure you I am telling the truth, sergeant. But what has happened?"

"What has happened? Alas! ma petite Con has left me. It happened thus, madam: Three days ago I called to her in the morning. She did not answer. I knocked at her door. Still no answer. I went into the room. She was not there."

"Everywhere I searched for her. The men who had been on duty at the gate in the early morning said that about an hour before sunrise she went out and walked toward the city. That is all the clew I have to find her, for she hasn't any friends outside the fort. I went to Jack, but he had seen nothing of her."

"He loves her, madam, yet he says hard things of my little girl. Things that I have ordered him out of my sight for saying," the old man added proudly.

"Then, madam, I thought of you. Perhaps Con had got tired of the fort, and her father, who's dull company at best, and had run away to pay you a visit for a little holiday. It has taken me three days to find you, madam. It wasn't dutiful of her to leave me without a word."

Then he suddenly remembered that he had not yet found her, and he got up with a groan.

"Wait," I said. "What are you going to do now?" Has she no relatives she might have gone to?"

He looked at me sadly and shook his head. The tears were running down his cheeks, and he seemed incapable of speaking. He evidently knew nothing of Con's love affair, but I began to have a grave suspicion that the brave lieutenant was at the bottom of the mystery.

After a moment he took a newspaper from his pocket and laid it on the table.

"I found that on her bed," said I. "I noticed it because Con's not much at reading."

The paper was a week old, and one of the marriage notices had been cut out. I knew it was the notice that had been wanted, because the reverse of the column was the middle of a political article. I made the sergeant sit down and take a glass of wine while I sent

for another copy of the paper. He waited in patient silence, his eyes fixed on his cap, which he held tightly clasped, and his hands pressed between his knees. After waiting an eternity—as it seemed—the paper came, and there was the notice, just what I had feared, yet expected to see:

"WARWICK-WILBURN—On Tuesday, July 15, at Rochester, by Rev. Dr. Colton, Henry Warwick, U. S. N., to Catharine Merritt Wilburn."

Poor little Con had seen that notice, and gone at once to find out if it were true. I knew from my talks with her that her ideas of places and distances were of the vaguest, and that she was capable of starting on her quest for the lieutenant with nothing but her love to guide her.

All that I knew and all that I guessed I had to tell the sergeant. It was no easy task. It was very difficult to make him believe that his little Con had had a sweetheart and never told him. When he did, he wanted to go at once to send a challenge to the lieutenant. Then he remembered it was more important to find Con, and he sat down again, feeble and heartbroken.

At last I made him go back to the fort, and promised at once to get detectives to look for his daughter.

We hunted for weeks without finding her, and in the end she came back herself, and as quietly and mysteriously as she had disappeared.

Her father found her ghost, as he thought at first, stretched across the doorway of his quarters one evening.

She was burning with fever and out of her mind. No one could find out where she had been or what she had done. Although she talked incessantly, it was all about beautiful dresses and a prince.

"Such a handsome prince," she would cry, with shining eyes, "and he is going to marry me—to make me a princess—and then I shall have my kingdom."

Poor little Con! In the cheerless light of daybreak she went to inherit her kingdom—the kingdom of heaven.

It is November now, and the leaves are beginning to fall on Con's grave. I went to the fort to day for a little talk with the sergeant. All his brisk little movements are gone, and he seems twice as old as when I first saw him. Even his military air has vanished, though occasionally he makes an effort to straighten up and salute.

He lives with Jack. Jack is very good to him, but every day the old man comes back to the fort and sits basking in the sunshine, for we are far enough south to have plenty of warm days, even in November. Con is not dead to him; she is always with him, a living presence that he talks to by the hour—his little girl whom he loved and lived for—"Ma pauvre petite," he fondly murmurs.

The Story of "The Bells."

It was in the winter of 1849 that a young lawyer, who had recently been admitted to the bar in Baltimore, was sitting late one evening before his cheerful fire in his office indulging in a reverie, when he was suddenly aroused from dreamland by a loud knock at his front door. The lawyer arose and went to the door. As he opened it and looked out he observed a gentleman wildly gesticulating, who appeared to be talking to himself. "Did you knock?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, in a pleasant tone, "and I trust you will pardon me for disturbing you at so late an hour. I should not have done so had not some thoughts come to me as I was passing along which I very much desired to put upon paper. Seeing your light, I ventured to obtain permission to enter your office, where I might, through your kindness, be allowed some paper on which to jot them down."

"Certainly; you are quite at liberty to walk in and make yourself at home," said the lawyer.

The stranger followed, and the lawyer, placing some writing material at his disposal, at the same time offering him a seat at the table, remarked that, if he would not deem it impolite, he would retire to his private apartment for the night, since, being a bachelor, he kept bachelor's quarters adjoining. "But you are very welcome to remain as long as you want to," added the lawyer, and bade him good night.

Early next morning the lawyer awoke, and his first thought being of the stranger, he hastily dressed himself and opened the door which led to his office. There, to his great astonishment, he beheld his guest of the previous night, still sitting where he had left him hours before, his head resting on the table, and he fast asleep. But the slight noise awakened the stranger, who, quickly rising, apologized most profusely for remaining so long, remarking that, being exceedingly fatigued the night before, he had unintentionally fallen asleep. His friend would pardon him, perhaps; and extending his hand toward the lawyer, he turned to go. "But you have neglected to take your manuscript," said the lawyer, stepping forward to the table and taking up several sheets of paper covered with the most beautiful chirography.

"Oh, no, sir," replied the stranger, smiling; "I have left that for you in token of

your great kindness to me. I have a copy of what I have written. Good morning."

The lawyer examined the manuscript and found it to be a lyric of captivating beauty entitled simply "The Bells." But his surprise was deepened when, at the end of the singular poem, he read the author's name—Edgar Allan Poe!

Poe was at this time on his way from Richmond to Philadelphia, where his wedding was soon to take place, and while stopping in Baltimore he fell into the company of convivial spirits, which resulted in his indulging in a terrible and prolonged debauch. Recovering from his spree, with nerves unstrung, the pangs of remorse fixed upon his conscience, and the thought of his lady love haunting him, this weird, beautiful inspiration came to him; and the following stanzas are the original poem as written on that occasion, he having subsequently changed and added to it:

The bells! hear the bells!
The merry wedding bells!
How fairy-like a melody that swells
From the silvery tinkling cells
Of the bells—bells—bells!
Of the bells!

The bells! oh, the bells!
The heavy iron bells!
Hear the tolling of the bells!
Hear the knells!
How horrible a melody there floats
From their throats—
From their deep-toned throats!
How I shudder at the notes
From the melancholy throats
Of the bells—bells—bells!
Of the bells!

—Raphael S. Payne.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney). Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE Notice.—That on the 30th day of October, 1891, at the opening of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, in Department One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections 1811 to 1821, inclusive. The nature of the business to be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento County, Sutter Township, and the name of my husband is J. L. Clark. KATIE E. CLARK.

se26-5t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, State of California.—In the matter of the Columbus Brewing Company, a corporation, an insolvent debtor. An adjudication of insolvency herein having been duly made, it is ordered, adjudged and decreed that the 23d day of October, 1891, at 9:30 o'clock A. M., at the court-room of this Court, in Department No. 1, in the city of Sacramento, be and the same are the time and place appointed for the meeting of the creditors to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate; and it is further ordered, adjudged and decreed that a copy of this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the city of Sacramento, at least once a week during the period prior to the time appointed for the meeting of creditors.

A. P. CATLIN,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated this 17th day of September, 1891.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Attorneys for Petitioners.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S BABY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—"Baby girl born a little after midnight; large, healthy and strong, and perfect in every respect. Mother and child doing remarkably well. G. C."

The hand that penned the above message had oftentimes written of affairs that had attracted the attention of the world; but the world at large will read the latest message from Grover Cleveland with as much interest as they did some of his most formidable documents of state. Ever since the Cleverlands returned home from Buzzard Bay, on September 22, the newspaper reporters have been calling at their residence, No. 816 Madison avenue, daily and nightly, and inquiring after the health of the family. The ex-President smiled at these extra attentions from the press, and Mrs. Cleveland sent them many kindly messages. But it was believed there was news to be had at the house, and the reporters hung around like Mary's little lamb, and exhibited Job-like patience. They were at last rewarded. It was in answer to the journalists that the ex-President, who was at his wife's bedside, penned the message noted above.

Five or ten minutes after midnight this morning—the doorkeeper, who gave out the information, thought it was just 12:06—Mrs. Grover Cleveland, wife of the ex-President, gave birth to a girl baby. The event occurred on the second floor of their residence, No. 816 Madison avenue, and the reporters who were awaiting news of such an event at the time got no news of it at all. The news did not get out, indeed, until noon to-day.

The Cleveland house was besieged by a flock of inquirers this afternoon. The doorkeeper hadn't much to tell. "All there is," he said, "is that Mrs. Cleveland gave birth to a daughter about six minutes after midnight this morning."

Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, of No. 54 west Thirty-sixth street, attended her, and the only other person who was present was her mother, Mrs. Perrine Folsom, who said: "I think they said the baby weighed eight pounds, but I'm not sure. Both Mrs. Cleveland and the child are doing well."

To a reporter Mr. Cleveland said: "Yes, it is true. My wife was safely delivered of a little girl this morning at six minutes past midnight, and both the mother and the child are doing splendidly. Mrs. Cleveland has rested quietly all day. The child is strong and healthy, and at its birth weighed eight pounds."

Mr. Cleveland was uncertain whether his wife and child would remain in the city, but he thought that a change of air might do both good. He acted as if he were greatly pleased, and said that it was too early yet to talk about the christening and that sort of thing. He said he had received dispatches of congratulation from his sister, his wife's relatives and many of his personal friends.

The father don't want to brag, but the ex-President is quoted as saying: "I don't want to brag any, but this baby now is as stout and as good as most babies are when they are three or four days old."

Grover Cleveland and Frances Folsom were married in the blue room of the White House on Wednesday, June 2, 1886. Public interest in the event had been heightened by attempts to keep the engagement and the preparations for the marriage secret until almost the last moment. Rumors that the President was about to wed got into the newspapers early in the year, and the speculation that followed as to the identity of the bride settled down a month or so before the wedding into a conviction that she was the daughter of the President's deceased friend and law partner, Oscar Folsom.

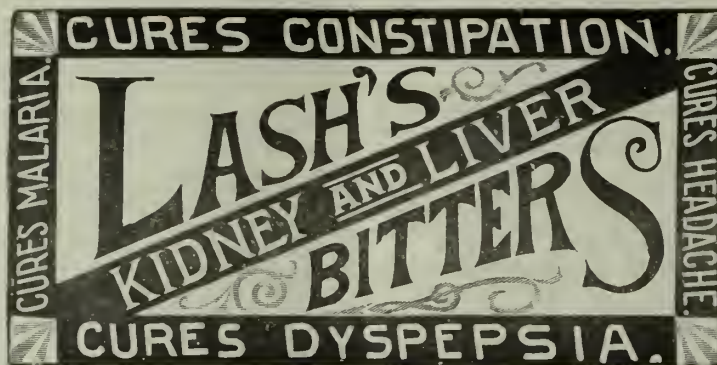
Miss Folsom had known Mr. Cleveland from her babyhood up. He was a constant visitor at her father's house in Buffalo until 1875, when, Mr. Folsom having died, the family removed to Medina, N. Y. They returned to Buffalo later, in order that Miss Folsom might attend Mme. Brecher's school there.

While the country was discussing the approaching marriage and the identity of the bride, Miss Folsom was in Europe with her mother and her cousin, Ben Folsom. Every effort was made to keep her return secret. When the party embarked on the steamship Noordland, at Antwerp, no announcement of the fact was made in the newspapers here.

The Folsoms went to the Gilsey House, and President Cleveland, who came to New York to review the Decoration Day parade and to meet his bride, first saw her at the hotel on the Sunday after her arrival. He returned to Washington on Monday night, and the next evening Miss Folsom and her companions followed.

The wedding took place on Wednesday evening in the presence of a few close friends of the bride and groom and the members of the Cabinet and their families, except Attorney-General Garland, whose aversion to social functions of any kind kept him away.

Mr. Cleveland was the only President who had married in the White House, and Mrs. Cleveland, in her 23d year, was the youngest lady of the White House who had presided as a President's wife. She became at once immensely popular.



W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!



W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

S. A. WOLFE,

Photographic Art Parlors

426½ J Street, Sacramento.

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON
CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

October 1, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.00 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8.40 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.00 A
4.30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7.00 P
7.35 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7.40 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9.35 A
11.50 A	Second Class Ogden and East	2.25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	5.25 A
3.00 P	Oroville	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.35 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.25 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12.30 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.05 A
5.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8.40 P
*10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26.00 A
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	2.50 P
4.30 P	Santa Barbara	9.35 A
6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8.40 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt	7.00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	9.35 A
11.50 A	Truckee and Reno	2.25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	5.25 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2.30 P
6.50 A	Vallejo	8.40 P
3.05 P	Vallejo	2.40 P
*8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*10.20 A
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*8.00 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDGOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Ridgout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. K. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER, WHEN FOR
a trifling amount expended in the purchase of
one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can
obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed
in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THE NEWS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1891.

No. 36.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

Prosperity doth bewitch man, seeming clear;
As seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near.

So it was written with much of truth. To instance: There has been kept standing in the editorial column of our evening contemporary, the *News*, the following bewitching paragraph:

Within six years the bonded debt of Sacramento, or so much thereof as shall be due at that time, will be liquidated. The remaining bonds will be easily provided for, and Sacramento's credit will be considered gilt-edged by the bankers of the world. The revenue of the city will be ample to meet all contingencies, and there will be no difficulty in issuing bonds to complete all needed public works. Capitalists are beginning to realize this, and are looking here for investments. Our people are awakening to the fact, and the price of real estate is steadily advancing. Prosperity stares us in the face.

It would be extremely unfair if we should call upon the editor of the *News* to furnish reasonable data to back this broad declaration. We have been in a position to observe the unpardonable mismanagement of the city indebtedness; have felt, as have other taxpayers, the outrageous tributes that have been levied; have heard the promise years ago, from the same general quarter, that there would come to the inhabitants of unfortunate Sacramento the olive branch of hope. The dove, however, has been extremely tardy; perhaps has found no olive tree within a reasonable distance from us. There has been criticism from some that this journal does not join the shouting brigade and aid the masquerade; and that we will not misrepresent facts that are patent to the financial world concerning the situation of this city. This statement that the bonded indebtedness of Sacramento will be paid off in six years is absolutely absurd, if we are to judge anything by what has been accomplished in the past. In November, 1883, we had occasion to investigate this matter, and so far as we could ascertain the then par value of the outstanding bonds was \$1,540,100, of which \$479,200 worth were the property of the city, having been purchased by the funded debt commissioners. These figures have no relation to the interest. It should be recollected the bonds purchased by the commission at the first were at a depreciated value, and represented by no means the expenditure of the sum named. At that time we did charge that a scheme had been formed to give life to paper then esteemed about worthless, and that persons in Sacramento were concerned in it. Time has passed; then it was Mr. Bates was an attorney for the city in the bond suits; he shows up rather differently now. Curious it would be to attempt to balance the books at this time; compare the footings with those of 1883, and reason out to our own simple minds how this incubus will be wiped out in six years. Our contemporary states that the revenue of the city will be ample to meet all contingencies. In the name of heaven what more in revenue will be demanded from us. Now it is 55 per cent. of the direct municipal taxes go into the bond fund; 55 per cent. gross of the water rates fall there; license and fine collections bear a large share of the burden.

And "Prosperity stares us in the face!" While not particularly acquainted with prosperity, we are not disposed to be surprised it does stare. Were it a man garbed in a suit he had worn for thirty years, and a mendicant, should approach us and say, "While I

appear rocky; while I make no pretense to keep up with the times; while I permit myself to be hoodwinked, and have a financial black eye, it is all right; invest your means with me and it will be all right," we would stare him in the face and feel that under like circumstances prosperity is justified in staring at Sacramento. We are not aware there are any particular number of capitalists that will be liable to break their necks in a wild rush to make investments here. We are not disposed to dispute the proposition that if tribute enough is levied an unlimited amount of money can be raised. It would, however, tax the ingenuity of man to conceive a more perfect scheme of extortion than the inhabitants of this city now suffer. Nothing does escape. Let us instance: A man possesses a noble steed; the animal is taxed on his worth and for the very water he drinks—the appalling 55 per cent. may be said to be branded upon his hip. The patient cow brought here to manufacture milk (and about the most important manufactory we have) is in the same boat, and it is her owner must even pay 55 per cent. of the gross cost of the water she needs to maintain her life and to run her milk manufactory for the liquidation of the city debt. Then, there is the hen, that will do that which man would not—set in a constrained position for weeks to incubate the eggs perhaps of another, when her mission is ended and her brood grows to arrogant young chickenhood, they are rated upon the assessment roll, and the 55 per cent. goes to wipe out the city debt in the mythical six years. The unfortunate inebriate is not excepted; when he takes a drink he helps to pay the liquor license of the saloon man; if he becomes so drunk and disorderly that he is arrested and fined, he gets a second dose, 55 per cent. of his fine going into the hands of the bondholders. Then there is the dog. Be it the pampered pet of wealth or the humble follower of the beggar, its owner must buy a tag, the price of which is governed by the accident of the dog's sex. Its non-payment subjects the dog to the indignity of an arrest by the pound master, to the humiliation of being carted through the streets of this fair city in a cage, and to a death of ignominy. Death even does not relieve the animal from the iniquitous 55 per cent. Its remains are denied sepulture; its skin is sent to the glove factory and the very grease is tried from its body that merchandise may be produced that will add to the 55 per cent. We are aware of no object in Sacramento, animate or inanimate, that does not contribute to this 55 per cent. except the air, the Thomas Cats and Prosperity. There is a grave oversight that the air and the cats have been exempted, for they are really among us. If prosperity came within speaking distance, we doubt not it would be taxed 55 per cent. for its quizzical stare.

These exactions
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear 'em
The back is sacrifice to the load.

There is a remarkable solicitude always manifested in behalf of the bondholders by the head of the funded debt commission. At all times every effort is made to exact the utmost dollar from the taxpayer in their interest. Every plan or suggestion to loosen the hold of the bond creditors on the city treasury has been opposed by this influence. It certainly seems strange that we should be taxed in an exorbitant figure to hasten the payment of the bonded debt. It is claimed that \$190,000 each year for the future will be in the interest and sinking fund raised by excessive license and other taxes. Now, it is evident that this desire to

swell the interest and sinking fund is to secure money enough to prevent the overdue bonds from falling under the ban of Judge Hunt's decisions, which were affirmed by the Supreme Court. Under these rulings all bonds four years overdue will be barred by limitation; and there is no remedy to collect them, unless the interest and sinking fund is replenished to such an extent that there will be funds to pay them. In January next the first issue of bonds will be barred. Singular to relate, the bulk of the bonds held by the funded debt commission are of this issue. The amount standing out, however, is about \$200,000. It certainly does look like somebody friendly or close to the commission is deeply interested in seeing that these bonds are not allowed to become barred. It may be claimed that we ought not to invoke such a defense, but we are justly entitled to assert this as a legal defense, and upon the moral question we should not have any conscientious scruples, in the light of the history of the infamous origin of the debt.

It would seem to any one who has the welfare of the city at heart, that it would be our interest to prevent excessive taxation, and accumulations in the interest and sinking fund for the purpose of defeating as much of the bonded debt as possible. But the converse of this proposition is the rule with those holding, or claiming to hold, the financial destiny of the city. We have often called attention to the fallacy of this funding system and its tendency to increase rather than diminish the value of the debt. We repeat, that from an obligation which was originally worth about \$400,000, this scheme has caused us to pay over one million and a half, and the debt now remains nearly three times as great as it was at the time of the inauguration of the scheme. Now, in place of trying to get rid of those bonds, which might cease to be a legal, or even a moral obligation, it is proposed to enforce the last dollar to swell the fund which goes to redeem the bonds. Of course, if we tax ourselves \$200,000 each year for this purpose, the obligation will soon be met. Another singular statement is made: It is claimed that by purchasing bonds due in 1893, for the face value, it will be equivalent to getting \$1 72 for \$1. There is no such thing as an obligation for interest until the time for its payment accrue. We might give our note for \$1,000 to-day at 10 per cent. per annum, payable in ten years, and to-morrow pay it, and then say that we have made a hundred dollars. While it would be gratifying to take up as much of the debt as possible and thus prevent the running of interest, there is no occasion for this excessive taxation of our citizens, either for property taxes or for licenses.

It might be interesting to our fruit growers, in the light of the wonderful strides in horticulture and the higher art of agriculture, to call attention to the census returns showing the vast increase in the United States. It appears that there are in the United States 4,510 nurseries, valued at \$41,978,835 80, and occupying 172,806 acres of land, with an invested capital of \$52,425,669 51, and giving employment to 45,657 men, 2,279 women, and 14,200 animals, using in the propagation and cultivation of trees and plants \$990,606 04 worth of implements. Of the acreage in nurseries 95,025.42 were found to be used in growing trees, plants, shrubs, and vines of all ages; and the figures, based upon the best estimate of the nurserymen, make the grand total of plants and trees 3,386,855,778, of which 518,016,612 are fruit trees, 685,603,396 grapevines and

small fruits, and the balance nut, deciduous, and evergreen trees, hardy shrubs, and roses. The largest acreage is devoted to the production of apple trees, viz.; 20,232.75 acres, numbering 240,570,666 young trees, giving an average of 11,890 per acre, while the plum, pear, and peach have, respectively, 7,826.5, 6,854.25, and 3,357 acres, producing 88,494,367, 77,223,402, and 49,887,894 young trees, or an average of 11,307, 11,266, and 14,861 trees to the acre. Comparing this result with the origin of horticulture in this country we gather some very remarkable scraps of history. In fact this is the first time there has ever been any attempt to collect the facts relating to this branch of our industry and production. A memorandum in the records of the Massachusetts Company, March 16, 1629, says:

To provide to send for New England Vyne Planters, Stones of all sorts of fruites, as peaches, pears, plums, filberts, cherries, pear, apple, quince kernells, pomegranats; also, wheat, rye, barley, oates, woad, saffron, liquorice seed and madder rootes, potatoes, hop rootes, currant plants.

George Fenwick, of Saybrook, Connecticut, wrote on May 6, 1641, to Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts:

I have receaved the trees yow sent me, for which I hartly thanke yow. If I had anything heare that could please yow, yow should frely command it. I am prettie well storred with cherrie & peach trees, & did hope I had had a good nurserie of aples, of the aples yow sent me last yeare, but the wormes haue in a manner destroyed them all as they came up. I pray informe me if yow know any way to prevent like mischiefe for the future.

March 5, 1665, John Mason, of Saybrook, Connecticut, wrote to Mrs. Elizabeth Winthrop:

Haue sent ten apple trees by Goodman Stolyon to yourselfe. I suppose they will most of them be planted in the north end of your orchard. I would haue sent more if I had thought there were a place to receive them. I haue alsoe sent Thomas Bayley thirty grafted trees as hee desired mee. They are in Goodman Stolyon's boate. I would entreat you to acquaint him with it. Hee told mee hee would put it to Mr. Winthrop's account. They come to thirty shillings.

Prince's nursery and botanic garden was established at Flushing, Long Island, about the middle of the last century by William Prince, and for more than 100 years was continued by his descendants. John Watson established a nursery near Charleston, South Carolina, about 1760, and a botanic garden was established there in 1786. In 1768 the Society for Promotion of Arts at New York awarded a premium of £10 to Thomas Young, of Oyster Bay, for the largest number of apple trees, the number being 27,123. In 1796 George Heusler, on the farm of Elias H. Derby, in the town of Danvers, Massachusetts, was offering trees for sale. In 1796 two brothers by the name of Vaughn established a nursery at Hallowell, Maine, and by importing and testing all the leading varieties of Europe, did much to advance the horticulture of Maine. Ephriam Goodale also started a nursery at Orrington, Maine, about 1800. Of the value of nurseries, California stands second, New York being first.

"I must have it in black and white;" that is, "I mean to say I want it written, that there can be no mistake." The superlative folly of man, that he did and does presume that his ideas can be perpetuated, and that his meaning will not be misunderstood! We are not so sure that the traditions that have been handed down by rote among unlettered peoples are equally as accurate as the history which among the more civilized is sought to be perpetuated in what we are pleased to call "recorded history." It has always been the human instinct to preserve a record of events in some shape enduring, and in large degree there has been an approach to certainty; yet time hath so changed the knowledge of man that that intelligible in one age doth become a sealed book in the succeeding ages. Among all peoples, primitively, the records were kept in the shape of hieroglyphics. They were engraven on the marbles of Egypt, upon the natural stones by the American aborigines, and in countries destitute of stone, like Chaldea, on artificial substance, as clay intermixed with reeds and indurated by fire. Of this substance, formed into square masses and covered with mystic characters, the walls and palaces of Babylon were in most part constructed; and in this day from its ruins bricks are dug that are as great a puzzle to antiquarians of learning as are the hieroglyphic characters of Egypt or the more rude work of the American Indian. In sacred history we do read that the Ten Commandments for "the government of

men were engraven on tables of stone by the finger of God, and were delivered to Moses on Mount Sinai.

It did come that from hieroglyphics ideas were sought to be perpetuated by means of alphabetical characters, representative of primary or syllabic sounds. The origin of this art is not known positively. The Egyptians ascribed it to Thoth; the Greeks to the mythical Mercury or Cadmus, and the Scandinavians to the god Odin. Profitless it would be to discuss the origin of alphabetic or syllabic writing. Were the discussion pursued, it is not impossible the Chinese would outreach us in its antiquity. Upon our own continent, within the memory of men now living, there was an instance of the invention of an alphabet entirely original—that of the Cherokee language by Sequoyah, or George Guess. He was born about 1770 and died in 1843. About 1826 he invented a syllabic alphabet of the Cherokee language, and it is, perhaps, the most perfect ever devised for any language. Of him, in a letter written by an Indian agent to the Secretary of War concerning his invention, it was stated: "His name is Guess and he is a native and unlettered Cherokee. Like Cadmus, he has given to the people the alphabet of their language. It is composed of eighty-six characters, by which in a few days the older Indians, who had despaired of deriving an education by means of the schools, may read and correspond." In 1845 an Indian agent did write: "The Cherokees, who cannot speak English, acquire their own alphabet in twenty-four hours." Of Guess it is related he did regret he had made the invention, in that about its first use was in the publication of a Christian Bible, and he was opposed to that religious belief. From writing there did come printing; and of that we do say it is "the art preservative of all arts."

What folly is there in the expression "I must have it in black and white." There never has been, and will not be, more than an approach to certainty, either in writing or printing. Statutes carefully considered by congresses, legislatures and executives, when promulgated, are frequently found to express a meaning different from that which was manifestly intended. Legal documents, as very many know to their sorrow, do not, when the time for accounting comes, express the conclusion of the minds of the contracting parties; letters have shattered the ambitions of many a hopeful politician, shaken and destroyed the thrones of monarchs, embroiled nations into war, and, in more humble life, have wrecked happiness and lives. It is but human nature, when misfortune comes upon us we do desire to speak or write concerning it, in hope we will get sympathy; and many there are who have appreciated the sentiment of Job when he did say: "Oh, that my words were now written! oh, that they were printed in a book!" and feel, with him, when he reconsidered and did say: "Oh, that one would hear me! Behold, my desire is that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book."

It is a matter curious that neither pen nor types do express that which we intend to convey to the minds of those who read. Perhaps the book upon which the most care has been bestowed in its printing is the Bible, and we do find in history that in one edition Genesis III, 7, was rendered: "The eyes of them bothe were opened * * * and they sewed figge tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches." This edition was printed in 1579. In an edition published in 1717, the heading to Luke, XX, was given as: "The parable of the vinegar," instead of "the vineyard." The famous "wicked Bible," printed in 1632, was so called because the word "not" was omitted in the seventh commandment, making it read: "Thou shalt commit adultery." We cite these instances as illustrative of errors that will inevitably be made where the greatest possible care is exercised, and where it would appear they would be inexcusable.

There is a system of writing that has come in use in comparatively modern times that is more uncertain, and yet of those who practice it, it would seem people generally expect absolute accuracy; it is shorthand. There recently arose, in the Fassler will case, tried in the Superior Court here, an instance of its uncertainty and of the importance that was attached to a simple stroke of

a lead pencil. Through the courtesy of the *Bee* there has been furnished us an engraving which exactly reproduces the hand-writing of the shorthand reporter. The dotted lines represent the lines of writing. Mrs. Fassler had been assaulted by unknown parties at a late hour in the night, and received shocking and mortal injuries. She was conveyed to the house of a neighbor, and when information came to the authorities the Chief of Police, the District Attorney, the City Physician, the Court Reporter and other officers called upon her to obtain from her a statement that would lead if possible to the detection of the parties who had assaulted her. Mrs. Fassler was suffering extreme pain, and after relating the circumstances attending her injuries, and expressing the belief that she would surely die, said that she desired to settle her affairs, and stated what she desired to do with her property. Her statement was taken in shorthand, and after her death her will was contested upon the ground that by reason of her injuries her mind was in such condition that she was not a free agent, and would answer affirmatively to suggestive questions. She had devised the bulk of her property to a woman not related to her. In the line marked 1 in the accompanying engraving the question

turns upon the meaning of the next-to-the-last character. The last stroke through the line stands for a period, and the character immediately preceding, the quarter circle stricken downward, if written light, as the first character on line 2, represents the letter "R;" if written heavy, as the second character on line 2, it represents "W." The character "R" may represent a variety of words; to illustrate: when written above the line it may be read "here," on the line, as written on line 2, "her;" through the line, or in the position of the second character on line 2, but written light, "our," and written below the line it is implied that any word it is meant to represent is preceded by the word "to," as "to hear," or "to her." The character "W," the last character on line 2, when written above the line, means "why;" on the line, "way," and through the line, as it appears on line 2, "away," and, of course, it may in its different positions represent any word in which "W" is the only consonant. The point turned upon the character we have indicated on line 1, and as to whether the question read: "Have you any other property you want to give her?" or, "Have you any other property you want to give away?" If it read "her" it would have directed her mind to a particular individual; if it read "away" it would have been general. On line 4 the shorthand sign, which means "tl," written as it there is, may mean "at all," or "until." Some years ago a confusion occurred over this little pencil mark regarding a question that was asked a witness in a murder case in this county. The shorthand writing is represented on line 3, and it can be rendered, "Did you see him at all yesterday?" or "Did you see him until yesterday?"—direct opposites. When these hairline distinctions are considered, and when there is regarded the liability of mishearing and the quickness with which a reporter is compelled to write, it is, indeed, wonderful that more errors are not committed.

The Descent of Man.

Man's brief and bootless journeyings adown this vale of tears Reminds me of the numerals we learned in childhood's years;

For—
He starts out filled with confidence, the race already 1—
At least to him it seems 2 he, though really scarce begun.
Wi(th) 3-sounding speech and daring deed he tries his name to score
In bolder, brighter blazoury than ever man be-4.
Yet soon, if 5 misjudged him not, nor estimate him wrong,
His world-6-soul reminds him that his life is not for long;
His 7-ly prospects seem to him in quite a shaky state,
And, as he ponders o'er his ways, he groweth less el8,
And satur-9 becomes; and sad, concludes his day is past,
Gives up his breath, and eke the ghost, and comes to 0 at last.

No, son, don't marry a widow. She is too calculating; and loving by arithmetic is not romantic. Love should not have any more sense than a bottle of soda water suddenly tapped. It should sizz and fuzz just like there wasn't anything else on earth.—*Burdette.*

The Stage.

(Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.)

The manager of the Theater Libre, in Paris, says that he will have no more Ibsen. He has discovered another dramatic genius in Spain.

A very poor actor having played the part of the ghost in *Hamlet* for many years, Saphir, the German wit, on seeing him, said: "It would be a good thing if this man gave up the ghost, so that somebody else could take his part."

Joseph Barber, a young man lately cashier in Lowe's Exchange, in London, fell in love with Beatrice Cameron while transacting business for her. He dared not tell his love to the lady, who never knew of it, but he became maudlin, lost his situation and has committed suicide.

In theatrical circles there is a revival of the rumor that the foreigner whom Marie Jansen, the soubrette, is about to wed is the Hon. Thomas Ochiltree, of Texas. Ochiltree saved Marie's life some years ago when that fascinating actress was bitten by a centipede at Galveston. He dosed her freely with Houston whisky, on the principle of *similia similibus curantur*.

There is a story told concerning the book-loving comedian, Augustin Daly, and the late duke of Manchester. Three years ago Mr. Daly was browsing in the duke's library and lovingly handling the almost priceless books. The duke saw the genuine appreciation he displayed, and when Mr. Daly heaved a sigh as he reluctantly laid back the volumes on the shelves, his grace generously begged him to accept an armful. In vain the actor protested; the duke persisted. And Mr. Augustin Daly possesses to-day a most remarkable two score or more of these books.

Fred Hallen says that the new play in which Hallen & Hart will appear next year will be a step up the ladder for them. "It is called *The Idea*," said he, "and is by Herbert Hall Winslow, with whom Mr. Hall is collaborating. I think this season will about finish farce-comedy. Companies are now going to pieces all over the country, and only those with a trademark like Evans & Hovey, Donnelly & Girard and Hallen & Hart are likely to pull through. The people are tiring of farce-comedy and want something better, and we are going to give it to them."

The Christmas-tree scene in W. J. Scanlan's new play, *Mavourneen*, was suggested by an incident which occurred several years ago. One Christmas, while Mr. Scanlan was playing in Brooklyn, he left the theater after the matinee to take a hurried dinner alone at a neighboring restaurant. It had just grown dark and the street lamps were lighted. Outside the stage entrance a little girl was leaning against a lamp post and crying bitterly. She was poorly clad and shivering with the cold. The picture was a touching one and attracted the attention of the young actor. He stopped and asked, "Why are you crying?" The answer came: "Oh give me a few pennies, please, sir. I want to buy something nice to take home to my mother and little brother." He questioned the child further and learned that her family was in distress and starving. Scanlan had two hours before it would be necessary for him to return to the theater, and he decided to spend them in bringing a little happiness to that household. He took the child to the nearest store, and, after filling a large basket with food, accompanied her home. He lost his own dinner, but had the pleasure of seeing three hungry people eat as they had probably never eaten before.

E. S. Willard, the great English actor, will probably be with us during the next season, in *The Middleman*. It is an English play, with all English sentiment and humor, but said to be strong, and is founded on a grand moral: "The high and mighty put down." The exemplification of this moral may be phrased in the grand text: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted them of low degree." "Cyrus Blenkarn" is a potter of an inventive turn. "Joseph Chandler" is his employer. The employer grows rich on the labor and genius of his employe. One of the latter's two daughters is loved by and loves "Captain Chandler," "Joseph's" son. The captain is a deceiver, but one who means well. We cannot respect him over much, however, for he deserts his love. The story of shame by chance comes to "Cyrus'" ears. He asks "Joseph Chandler" to bring back his son, but he won't even try to. Then "Cyrus" begs heaven to give him riches that he may confound his wealthy employer and his rascally son. Riches come to him through the discovery of the secret of a certain "glaze" in making porcelain, and he finally actually takes the place and the very factories of his employer, "Joseph Chandler." But "Cyrus" is magnanimous in his triumph. Then the erring daughter, who was supposed to be dead, reappears; this time as the wife of "Captain Chandler," whom she has married abroad; and the play ends with a conventional binding up of hearts and general distribution of justice.

Book Chat.

In searching for a successor to Tennyson as Poet Laureate, Queen Victoria seems disposed to slight William Morris for the obscure verse-writer Lewis Morris. More's the pity.

Mr Gladstone is said to believe that Milton was first to sell a manuscript. With all the good done by the author of "Paradise Lost," it is hard to think of him as the original man with a poem for sale.

In a recent poem Ella Wheeler Wilcox speaks of the "wistful mouths of unknissed nuns." Will Ella kindly send the postoffice address of these ladies to the Discourager of Wistfulness, care of this office.

People who long for what they call "a truly American school of literature" might find comfort in considering that all works written in America have a distinctly American flavor, even though the writer may have been born in another land. The theology of the Mathers, for instance, and the poetry of Mrs. Anna Bradstreet were not English. The environment gives a tone alike in Europe or America, Australia or South Africa.

The knowledge, such as it is, which the well-known novelist "Ouda" possesses of English society was produced while acting as governess to the daughters of the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, of Muckross, at Dublin and in London. One of "Ouda's" principal patrons and friends—the one, indeed, to whom she is indebted more than to any one else for such social currency in Italy as she has managed to obtain—is Lady Paget, wife of the English ambassador at Vienna, who was for so many years ambassador at Rome.

In one of the principal buildings of the exposition is an exhibit of the oldest preserved electrical apparatus (in working order) of the great poet and statesman, Goethe. This apparatus was used by him for demonstrating the principles of frictional electricity. It is the property of the Goethe National Museum, Weimer, Saxony, Germany. Goethe's birthday was celebrated at the exposition and in the city of Frankfort. The following quotation (translated) was found in many prominent places, and especially at this exhibit, a view of which is shown in the illustration: "Electricity is the penetrating and all-pervading element which accompanies every material existence, and without hesitation we may consider it the soul of the world."

The world was made when man was born;
He must taste for himself the forbidden springs,
He can never take warning from old-fashioned things;
He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth,
He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the truth

Of the friend of his soul; he must laugh to scorn
The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes
That are clear as the wells of Paradise.
And so he goes on till the world grows old,
Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has grown cold,
Till the smile leaves his mouth and the ring leaves his laugh,
And he shrinks the bright headache you ask him to quaff;
He grows formal with men and with women polite,
And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight;
Then he eats for his palate and drinks for his head,
And loves for his pleasure—and 'tis time he was dead.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

"Woman in her Variety" is the title under which Gertrude Atherton has been for some time contributing to the literature of the country. There is very much sound sense as well as sentiment in these articles, but occasionally the gifted writer "kicks over the traces," so to speak, and gives utterance to impolitic ideas. Her last effort contains some most remarkable ideas on the marital relation, and its binding—rather lack of binding—effect. While advocating the general release of woman from the olden notions of wifely duty, and the limited privileges formerly granted to the female member of the life partnership, and commending the liberal marriage laws of California, she claims that the moral code of marriage is pretty sure to go by the board. "Human nature," says the lady, "in its perpetual changes, was never intended to endure one unvarying partner." This means that the wife will not in the future be compelled to continue the marriage relation longer than her caprice dictates. That she will at pleasure dissolve the marriage partnership, or at least select any temporary consort that may suit her fancy. This is pretty rebellious talk and advice to the wife. She justifies this idea by the assumed fact, that man has recognized this doctrine, and "calmly reclothes his idol whenever the fancy suits him." Woman, according to Mrs. Atherton's notion, should be allowed to make any change at her pleasure, and not be retarded by the slight circumstance that she has a husband. We feel called upon to correct the lady's legal conclusions regarding the rights of the control of the community property. She has fallen in error in the declaration that the wife's signature is necessary for any transfer of the community property. Under our codes the husband has the absolute control and management of the common property, and the wife's signature is not necessary to convey unless it is upon the homestead. We agree with the lawyer she mentions, "that the next legislature will be compelled to provide a law for the protection of married men," particularly if the doctrines held by Mrs. Atherton should prevail.

Professional Chat.

A Minneapolis lawyer entered a demurrer to an indictment against a prisoner charged with having shot several fine hogs belonging to a neighbor, on the ground that the shooting of the animals increased their value, as it saved the owner the expense of killing them.

The Supreme Court of the United States holds that in case of a suit for damages for injuries received, the defendant cannot compel the plaintiff to submit to an examination by medical men to ascertain the extent or permanent character of injuries. This upsets a series of decisions by western courts where suitors have been compelled to submit to the indignity of being pawed over by surgeons employed to prove that no injury had been sustained.

Bishop Fowler, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently gave this advice to some candidates for the ministry: "Don't come into the pulpit with a lot of empty platitudes and glittering generalities, but be equipped with something that will interest and help your congregation. I don't want you to copy from the books, but if, in order to have something to say, it becomes necessary to steal, then steal, but courageously acknowledge the theft."

A preacher in Iowa lost his pulpit for telling the truth. He was a forcible preacher, but deficient in education, and occasionally committed some grave misdemeanors in grammar. One Sunday evening while speaking rapidly he made a gross assault on Lindley Murray. No sooner had the sentence escaped his lips than he stopped and said: "I am aware that my education is deficient. I regret that I did not have the advantages of good schools while a boy. If I had been more fortunate I would now be preaching to a more intelligent congregation." The minister told the truth, but it was the last time he preached in that church.

English law has been freed of one of its eccentricities by the recent approval of the act providing that a woman may recover damages for slander imputing unchastity to her, even if there are no "special damages" shown. The English judges have spoken some strong words in criticism of the old law, or rather omission in the law, by which slanderous statements concerning a woman could be circulated with immunity. Each of the three appellate judges in a recent case expressed his regret that he was compelled to refuse damages to an aggrieved young woman, concerning whom a neighbor had made slanderous statements, the repetition of which caused the breaking of her engagement with a reputable young man.

One of the party at a table in a choice corner of the Hoffman House art gallery, in New York, the other night, said that when Col. "Bob" Ingersoll was in Europe last he visited Westminster Abbey for the first time. As he was contemplating the tomb of Nelson the guide said: "That, sir, his the tomb of the greatest naval hero Europe or the whole world ever knew—Lord Nelson. This marble sarcophagus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that his a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and hinside that his a leaden casket, 'ermetically sealed, weighing hover two tons. Hinside that his a ma'ogony coffin 'olding the remains of the great 'ero." "Well," said the colonel, after thinking awhile, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that, cable me at my expense."

Nothing in Scotch law is called by the name used in any other country, and there is little to choose between reading a Scotch law case and one from the Indian law reports. A case just recorded in a Scottish law journal, for instance, arises in a "multiplepounding,"—whatever that may be—in the Sheriff Court of Argyllshire. In the course of the proceedings two "riding claims" were lodged and action taken thereon by the court. A later action was "raised," or presumably "begun," on a bill drawn by the "pursuer," whom we should call the plaintiff, and accepted by the "defender," who would be known to us as a defendant. The decision turned on the doctrine of "reconvention," which may be very familiar in Scotland, but is not often spoken of in decisions in this country. The following sentence would certainly not be very plain to an American reader of the Scottish decision: "The defender's final objection, that the present action was not raised pending the multiplepounding, is disposed of by the fact that of two riding claims lodged under the defender's claim, one is still undetermined to the extent that the expenses in that riding claim are not ascertained, and a final interlocutor has still to be pronounced in the action of the multiplepounding." The designations of the judges are also very peculiar, as most of the titles would seem to belong rather to the inferior court officers. In the case referred to the trial was originally before a "Sheriff's Substitute," and on appeal was reversed by the "Sheriff," or higher judge. The decisions of the "Lord Justice-Clerk" and "Lord Justice-General" are referred to. The "Lord Justice-Clerk," instead of being a clerk at all, is a high judicial officer.

NOTES.

Green boughs of the eucalyptus tree are said to be among the best disinfectants known for a room where scarlet fever exists.

Woman is a greedy creature. She robbed man of a rib at the outset of her career, and she has been after his heart ever since.

Excessive taxation has in the past brought about prosperity; it brought about the establishment of the American government.

Wild dogs never bark, they simply whine and howl. Wise men say that barking is but an effort to speak on the part of the animal.

When the Japanese hitch a horse in the street they do so by tying his four legs together. Hitching posts are never used in Japan or Corea except by foreigners.

The procession and drills of the Grand Encampment I. O. O. F., Wednesday night, was about the grandest demonstration ever held in the city. It was most creditable to the noble order.

The coming man will be bald and toothless, opines that eminent anatomical authority the London *Lancet*, but somehow the pioneers in that line of development are not putting on any airs about it.

When Sacramento sends its formal card to Prosperity, will it be needed to inscribe upon it "55 per cent," or will \$190,000 a year tribute be so explicit that the stare will become substantial and not derisive?

Judge Catlin, in his instructions to the grand jury, made some sharp criticisms of the partisan references in the Attorney-General's communication to that body. Possibly the thought was suggested to the Attorney-General by the apparent partisan character of the grand jury of San Francisco.

Londoners get their houses insured against burglary; and this kind of insurance will eventually reach the United States. With life insurance, fire insurance, tornado insurance, earthquake insurance, and burglar insurance, we shall be fully insured. Only very wealthy people, however, will be able to pay all the premiums.

The laughing plant of Arabia produces black, bean-like seeds, small doses of which, when dried and powdered, intoxicate like laughing gas. The victim dances, shouts, and laughs like a madman for about an hour, when he becomes exhausted and falls asleep, to awaken after several hours with no recollection of his wild antics.

The following is the thirty-sixth verse of the thirty-seventh chapter of the Book of Isaiah: "Then the angel of the Lord went forth and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and fourscore and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold! they were all dead corpses." It would seem that "bulls" were not excluded, even from Holy writ.

If it was not for man's flattery and the looking glass, woman would not be so vain. We tell a woman she is pretty, and straightway she gets too proud to even recognize the one who praises her beauty. To the mirror and flattery can be attributed very much of the ills of humanity. The first social reform then, is to break the looking glass, and make it a penal offense to flatter a woman.

The house of a Moslem is always divided into two separate parts, the haaremlik and the selamlık. If the husband gives a dinner he can invite only gentlemen, and the guests can never intrude into the haaremlik. If the wife gives a reception no gentlemen are admitted to disturb the harmony. In all mosques, theaters, horse-cars, ferries, etc., special places are provided for women.

From the last census bulletin of date October 10, 1891, it appears that outside of the stock taken by the regular enumerators as "on farms," the investigation shows upon the ranges in California in the census year 1890, 241,300 cattle, 22,542 horses, 1,408 mules, 897,896 sheep, and 9,110 swine, with 1,782 men employed as herders and for the care of the stock. This bulletin discloses the fact that the stock ranges are rapidly giving place to agricultural and horticultural pursuits.

Judge Beatty is out in still another lengthy article in the *News* on the subject of the prosperity that is staring at Sacramento in the face of an annual tribute of \$190,000 that it is figured out this people will have to pay into the hands of the bondholders for the next six years. It is a matter of entertainment that the iniquitous extravagance of the remote past should be bunched up and administered to the present inhabitants in doses of \$190,000 a year for six years. Prosperity is not likely to travel far to locate in a community where the people are taxed for maintaining the state, county and city governments, and over whose heads there hangs, in addition, the princely tribute of \$190,000 per annum.

Blue roses have hitherto been ranked among the things unattainable. By the most modern method of culture, however, all difficulties are said to vanish. For example, water a pure white rose continuously with a solution of Prussian blue, and the ensuing buds will take on a sympathetic tinge. In like manner proceed with green sulphate of copper, and hope for a similarly satisfactory result.

The modern newspaper is not, with all the boasted power and influence, a good agent for needed reforms. With them there is a constant tendency to kill all social or municipal reform by too much talk. Calm and deliberate discussion will often accomplish good results, while the bluster and censure of social or public management has the opposite effect. Corrupt politics, and an unhealthy social condition must be treated like a sick patient. The bitter medicine should be disguised.

The expression "man in the moon" is proverbial, but it has remained for Miss Callie Vivian, an accomplished young artist, to create the beautiful idea of a "woman in the moon." We observed at H. F. Dillman's, on exhibition, a splendid oil painting by this clever artist, which represents the crescent new moon with the vision of a beautiful daughter of Eve reclining in the crescent as the lunar light is passing through a floating cloud. The picture is indeed a vision of beauty and the work as well as the creation of an artist.

State Librarian W. D. Perkins, has compiled an index to the records of the Supreme Court of California on file in the State Library. This valuable compilation includes all the cases of which remittiturs were issued prior to September, 1890. As a book of reference and a ready guide to lawyers, it is of great value. An inspection by attorneys and courts of transcripts and briefs in cases is often necessary, and this work facilitates the search. The printing and binding was done by A. J. Johnston, State Printer.

There is no element in man's existence that is so fertile of human misery as discontent. Observe the happiest of all mortals and it will be found they possess the smallest number of those things generally regarded as necessary attributes of happiness. This is one of the strangest phases of human nature, that while four-fifths of the people are bitterly and with soured dispositions striving for that which they believe will assure them happiness, the other fifth is happy without it. To be satisfied with our condition is then the ultima thule, the absolute attainment of mortal happiness.

The London *Lancet* denounces as false the theory that abundant hair is a sign of bodily or mental strength in man. It says that despite the Samson precedent the Chinese are mostly bald, yet they form the most enduring of races. The average madhouse furnishes proof that long and thick hair is not a sign of intellectuality. The easily wheedled Esau was hairy, while the mighty Cæsar was bald. "Long-haired men are generally weak and fanatical, and men with scant hair are the philosophers and statesmen and soldiers of the world," it concludes, though of course to this rule there are many exceptions.

In the East people are frequently lectured on the sacred duty of kicking, but in the West kickers don't seem to be appreciated. "If you are a kicker," says a Western paper, "and see the shadow of a failure in everything that is proposed to help the town, for heaven's sake go into some cañon and kick your shadow on the clay bank, and thus give the men who are working to build up the town a chance. One long-faced, hollow-eyed, whining kicker can do more to keep away business than all drouths, short crops, chinch bugs, cyclones, and blizzards combined."

We think it would be wise, and advise the respective party central committees, to immediately appoint delegates to conventions for the purpose of nominating the educational officers and board of fifteen freeholders. The names of the nominees must be presented to the board of trustees thirty days prior to the election. The election occurs December 7th; therefore there is but little time. It would be wise for both the Republican and Democratic conventions to meet at the same time, in order that they may agree upon a non-partisan board of freeholders. In this particular matter there should be nothing of a partisan character. The combined wisdom should be exercised in selecting first-class men.

Men do not make occasions, but occasions make men. Occasions give men an opportunity to show themselves at their fullest and best; but, unless the occasion is a reality by itself, it can not be made an opportunity for the wisest and ablest of men to exhibit his exceptional powers. And the occasions that do most for men of ability are occasions of special need, or of special trial, or of special bewilderment and perplexity. Not the times that seem wholly favorable, but the times

that seem altogether unpropitious, call loudest for men of character and ability to assert themselves by doing that which needs to be done, although it seems an impossibility. He who wants to make his mark in the world has reason to rejoice that everything seems against him in the line of his endeavors.

What means the backing and filling of the bond sovereigns concerning the improvement of the water-works pumps? First they are in it; then they are out. The best way to settle it will be to authorize private companies to compete in furnishing our people water. As it is, with excessive water rates, after the percentage demanded by the bondholders is taken out, there is not enough remaining to maintain the works, and the deficiency has to be made up by the transferring of moneys from other funds. The machinery is worn out and liable to break down at any moment, perhaps at a time that will expose our property to destruction by fire.

The iniquities of the father are visited on the child, and the child of the child. The inhabitants of cities so prosperous as Stockton, San Jose, Woodland, and others in the State perhaps do not appreciate this rule; the present population of Sacramento do; they are beckoning Prosperity, and holding out the tempting bait that we are to tax ourselves to death for the next six years with but a vague assurance that at the end of that time we will own our souls. Why go the sixth way? why not rally up old Prosperity by raising tribute enough to square up in one year? Justice is blind; Prosperity keeps its eyes open, and we feel its stare of curiosity.

There is novelty, at least, in the manner of presenting indictments by the San Francisco grand jury *de facto*. A witness is summoned before the jury and asked to explain some alleged charge against him. If he denies the accusation this great inquisition proceeds at once to indict for the offense of which he is accused, and further indict him for denying the accusation; in other words, indicts for perjury; for entering the plea of not guilty. This is what the *de facto* grand jury did with Hon. Elwood Bruner. It does seem to be a thinking man that there is considerable of the element of persecution in the case of Elwood Bruner.

It would be of interest to the people if the funded-debt commission were called upon to do that which is done by all other governmental boards and commissions: report formally at stated times to the people. It is now about all guesswork, so far as the status of the debt is concerned. There should be a report made to show the results of its management since 1872; a statement of the rating of the bonds each year, and the amount of money we have paid each year; the names of the holders of the bonds and the amounts they paid for them. As it is, little or no information is obtainable from the books of the city, and about all we have before us is the substantial \$190,000 a year that is measured out for our dose, and the shadowy hope that in six years Myer, Davis and Bates will be satisfied.

The Month of Weddings.

Novelists and poets will have to revise their rhapsodies on "the leafy month of June" as the season when lovers build bowers and woo the hymeneal deity.

The crown that June has so long worn as the wedding month has been transferred to autumn-hued October. The columns of the newspapers are filled with accounts of society events in which a ring, two young people and a clergyman are the predominating features. The gentlemen with houses to rent and furniture to sell go about with smiling faces, and the marriage-license clerk resorts to Indian clubs to counteract the awkward effects of writers' cramp.

There is no disguising the fact that society has set the seal of its approval upon October as the wedding month. To search for reasons would be a task as futile as unnecessary. It is significant, however, that October is the month that immediately follows the close of the summer-resort season. There is just an inkling of a possibility that the American summer youth is responsible for the choice of October for weddings as a prompt and effective means of not allowing the summer girl to change her mind.

"The great Italian painter Titian," said he, "was so fond of red hair that he raved about it, and at one time is said to have offered to sell his soul to the devil provided his hair would turn red. This passion for red hair has raged fiercely since early times. About every eight years red hair comes in style, and the belles try to color their hair in conformity to the prevailing style. They often use poison, and that's where we come in. At one period in history, however, red hair was the subject of universal scoffing, and one old poet wrote of a girl who had jilted him:

"Malicious fame reports her hair was red,
That she smoothed it with a comb of lead."

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you.

Happy Thoughts.

A man can't love a woman he does not trust; women love men every day they can't trust.

It not unfrequently is the case that one friend makes a man more trouble than two enemies cause him.

A friend's help in your troubles never travels beyond the point where it affects his own interests.

The best-loved man is he who gives the most; he is also the one least regarded when he stops giving.

That men are different from women is considered by the men as a sufficient warrant for all their follies.

One very good reason why a man should tell the truth is, that it is not the tax on his memory that a lie would be.

It is all well enough to tell a man when he is in trouble to look at the bright side—the rub is to find the bright side to look at.

Use of Words.

Many words once written with dignified motive now cause us to read passages of standard literature with a guffaw. The word "imp" was once a term of high honor. But how now sounds the line from Spenser: "Ye sacred imps that on Parnasso dwell." Over many a grave of the old French nobles may be read the line: "Here lies that noble imp." A sacred poem, written by Gascoigne three centuries ago, begins a stately address to the posterity of Abraham with the words: "O Abraham's brats"—brat being then a word of stately meaning.

Opening an old dictionary at random one day my eye happened to fall on the word "tragedy." A note explained that it comes from a Greek word which means "A goat song;" because the oldest tragedies were exhibited when a goat was sacrificed or given as a prize to the best actor. The word "infant" means literally, "not speaking." Have you a pug dog? Did you ever think his face looks like that of a monkey? The monkey he most resembles is the pug monkey, which gets its name from Pug, or Puck as Shakespeare writes, the sprite of mischief.

Canter is an abbreviated form of Canterbury gallop, so called because pilgrims to Canterbury rode at the pace of a moderate gallop. A grocer, so says the dictionary, was originally one who sold by the gross. A "grenade" derives its name from its shape, which resembles a pomegranate. A "biscuit" means "twice baked," because, according to military practice, the bread or biscuits of the Romans were twice prepared in the ovens. Did you ever notice the leaves of the dandelion? They are said to resemble in form and size the tooth of the lion; and so the French call it the dent de lion and we the "dandelion."

The pope was formerly called the "pape," which means the same as "papa" or father. Vinegar comes from two Latin words—vin and acer—meaning "vine" and "sour." These are only a few of the many curious and interesting things I found in my afternoon search in the old dictionary. When you are at a loss for something to do, follow my example, and you will be surprised at the many bits of information you can pick up in a little time.

Want of Money.

One of the greatest miseries is a want of money. It is wretched to have to confront a just and oft-repeated demand, and to be without the means to satisfy it; to deceive the confidence that has been placed in you; to forfeit your credit; to be placed at the power of another; to be indebted to his lenity; to stand convicted of having played the knave or the fool, and to have no way left to escape contempt but by incurring pity. The suddenly meeting a creditor, on turning a corner of the street, whom you have been trying to avoid for months, and had persuaded you were several hundred miles off, shatters the nerve.—*New York Ledger*.

He Took a Hint.

"Well, good-night, Miss A—," said a young man the other evening to a girl whom he was visiting. "I think it's better for me to go. I feel certain that if I stay two minutes longer I shall be indiscreet enough to kiss you." "Well, good-night, Mr. P—," replied the young girl. "Oh, by the way," she added, "I want to show you my sachet bag before you go. It will only take a couple of minutes." It is only necessary to state that the young man in question is possessor of a bright intellect, and he quickly embraced the situation, and we can further assert that the girl was in it.

A recent editorial in the London *Times* discovers a fearful (possible) danger in the opening up of the American market to English authors. It will, fears the Thunderer, result in a deteriorated quality of literary work. "The desire to please a large and uncultivated public may degrade the character of English literature." This is an underhanded way of insulting the moral conscience of the British artists. If they had been guilty of such degradation the small islands of Great Britain would have furnished them plenty of incentive long ago, both in size of population and in abject uncultivation.

FLASHES.

Life is too short for bitter feelings.
The greatest part of faith is courage.
Some policemen are too slow to even catch a cold.
A button on your shirt collar avoids much profanity.
Energy can do anything that is necessary to be done.
Surgeons and railroad men know how to handle a break.
Generally the fellow that lives for himself has little to live for.
The juice of onions on broiled liver is the latest epicurian diet.
Age may be honorable, but it is difficult to make a woman think so.
A man can't be pretty and know it and then amount to anything.
Most people won't be religious unless they can have their way about it.
Some persons by hating vice too much come to love men too little.
Whisky has wonderful powers—it makes the eyes water and the head swim.
The difference between garden hose and those young ladies wear, is that you see the former in dry weather and the latter in wet.

Roller Fun.

To-night the skating rink will open at the old pavilion. The lovers of this fun can be fully satisfied, as everything has been arranged to make the rink inviting. J. M. Sullivan is the proprietor, and has spared no pains to make the entertainments attractive. In addition to the "rollers," there will be trick bicycle riding. During the season the manager intends to add new features to the exhibitions.

New To-day.

Attention is called to the following new announcements appearing in THEMIS to-day: M. S. Cowger, carpet weaver, 802 M street; J. J. Dunckhorst, artistic interior house decorator, 1225 J street; Miss Mamie Costello, fashionable dress maker, 821 K street; Fred. Futterer, wines, liquors and cigars, 1118 J street.

Capt. E. M. Stevens is again on deck at the old stand, 228 J street, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and new patrons. Entire new stock.

Providence Isn't In It.

An able young Republican, with an office in the neighbor of the city hall, says the Detroit *Free Press*, wanted to go down into Ohio to make a stump speech or two during the campaign to sort of get his hand in for future usefulness, don't you know; but he didn't make it. He prepared what he thought was a brilliant effort, and submitted it to an old wheel-horse in politics who was selecting stump talent.

"Rats!" exclaimed the old hand when the young man went around to see him after he had read the speech.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the shocked applicant.

"Take that speech away and hide it till you get older and know more."

"What's the matter with it? It's a good speech, and I was a whole week in getting it ready."

"Good nothing!" blustered the old one. "It's lacking in the very first principles of a political speech."

"Show me where it is wrong."

"Ah! it's wrong all over, and right at the end, where the work ought to be, you've queered the whole business."

"In what way?"

"Why, look at it;" and he pointed at the offending passage. "There you say with a grand flourish: 'And it is only reasonable that the people, and especially the farmers, should feel a profound and heartfelt gratefulness to an all-wise and beneficent Providence for the abundant crops which cover the fields with fatness, and smile at the generous granaries waiting to receive them.'"

"Isn't that all right?"

"Of course it isn't. You don't know a little bit. Providence is not in it. You ought to have credited all that to the McKinley bill and the Republican administration, where it belonged. 'A beneficent Providence' indeed! You make me tired. Here, take your speech. We can't trust you away from home till you've cut your wisdom teeth."

The famous old saying about "Hobson's choice" comes from Mr. Tobias Hobson, of Cambridge, England, who amassed a fortune in what we would call the livery business, and always kept forty steeds ready for mounting. It was an inflexible rule that customers should choose the nag nearest the stable door, and so all fared evenly, fortune allotting the best chargers. There is an old print of Mr. Hobson, showing him with a bag of too sovereigns in his hand and the motto. "The fruitful mother of a hundred more."

Land of the Midnight Sun.

Iceland to-day is far behind civilization. It is a peep into the past to find a living people grinding corn with the same kind of huge stones as in the ancient world; weaving their own clothing and linen in hand looms and churning butter in the tall, old-fashion churns worked by pulling a rod up and down by hand. Money is of little value; barter remains the chief means for the exchange of goods.

There is no telegraphic communication with the island, and during the six months of the year it is icebound the Icelanders are entirely cut off from the outside world. They are so left to indoor occupations during the winter's darkness that education reaches a very high standard. Everyone on the island can read and write, and many of the peasants understand another language besides their own, although many well-known works have been translated into Icelandic.

Coffee can always be procured, and fish is always to be had near the coast. Skyr can be found everywhere. Skyr is the Icelandic national dish. It is made from the sheep's milk which has gone sour, curdled in fact, and is eaten with sugar. It is really not at all bad, very nutritious, and does one no harm. The milk is collected into huge tubs during the time the sheep are in full milk, and there it remains, often for months, before it is used; indeed, what is made in the autumn lasts till the following spring.

From May to September there is no night in Iceland, and the midnight sun is visible during July and August. Eternal daylight sounds charming, but trying to sleep in a tent in the light of day is not so charming in practice. The want of light, of the moon, of stars, makes the constant light very monotonous and trying, but nothing to what an equal length of darkness must be to the poor natives. An enterprising Glasgow merchant wished to show the Icelanders the advantage of electric light as a means of cheering their long winter's darkness. He sent forth a proclamation inviting the natives to come on board his steam yacht at Reikjavik and behold for themselves the scientific wonder. It was August; the night never came, and the wonderful display was totally ineffectual.

The Icelanders are stolid, hard-working people, silent, slow in their ways, not too cleanly, but thoroughly honest in all their dealings. Icelandic women are good-looking; at least the younger ones are; but, like every other country where women work hard, they soon get old. Their costumes are very pretty and the cap quaint. The hufa are finely knitted black skull caps, quite small, from which hangs a tassel of black silk from six to ten inches long, which passes at the top through a silver tube, often prettily engraved. The men are short, broad, thickly set, and, with their furs and saffron-colored comforters, surmounted by shaggy red heads and beards, have a very quaint appearance. Men, women and children all wear skin shoes made from the seal, cut out and sewn together to the shape of the foot and pointed at the toe. They are tied on by strings of gut. They all wear double-thumbed gloves. These gloves have no fingers, but are made like a baby's glove, only with a thumb at each side instead of only one. When the palm wears out, the Icelandic simply reverses the gloves and makes use of the other thumb. The natives always wear gloves, whether rowing, riding, fishing, washing or sewing.

Men always kiss when they meet, but I only once saw a man kiss a woman. Up country everyone shakes hands or takes off the cap to anyone they meet on the lonely path, and wishes them Godspeed on their way. They are polite, but they rarely smile. *Box and Cox* was played once in Reikjavik, and the natives laughed so heartily that they felt the effects weeks afterwards.

Everyone who visits Iceland must be prepared to walk. There is not a vehicle on the island, and there is not a road, excepting for a mile or two out of Reikjavik, on the way to the geysers.—*London Queen*.

The Girl Who Is Suspicious.

She is the most uncomfortable girl to live with in the world. She is as full of vanity as a peacock, or else she would not be thinking that everybody is interested in her. If you ask an intimate friend a question that she doesn't hear, she concludes you are criticizing her; if you know some people she doesn't know, and to whom you don't care to introduce her, she is certain it is because you are jealous of her. Don't be like that girl. Carry around a mental mirror; take the brush of hope and sweep out the suspicious cobwebs from your brain.

Afraid He'd Run Into the Sea.

An American on his first trip on an English railway quite held his breath at the rapid running. When his nervousness rather overcame him he approached the guard.

"I say, guard," he ventured, "this is pretty fast travel for safety, isn't it?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied the guard; "we never run off the line here, sir."

"But," said the Yankee, quickly resenting the patronage, "it is not the line; I'm afraid of running off your blanked little island."

Boston Gazette-lets.

A lie is one degree worse than the sin it tries to conceal.

Words hurt more than blows, and heal more than balsams.

People do not grow in grace by looking at the faults of others.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.

We lose the peace of years when we hunt after the rapture of moments.

That man's end is easy and happy whom death finds with a weak body and strong soul.

There are people who never give away any milk until after they skim it, and then they want credit for cream.

It is easy to be merry when the heart is light; but the true philosopher is he who can make sunshine on a cloudy day.

Naval Flag Signals.

An admiral's flag is square, with four stars in a diamond on a blue ground; a vice-admiral's has three stars, forming half a diamond, says the New York *Commercial*. Rear admirals have three flags, according to rank, viz.: blue, with two white stars in the center of field, one above the other; red, with two white stars; white, with two blue stars. Commodores have also three flags—blue, red, white, swallow-tail, bearing one star in center of field.

The secretary of the navy floats a blue square flag—a foul anchor, surrounded by several stars. This flag came into use in 1866.

When the President comes on board a United States vessel a blue square flag containing the arms of the United States is hoisted at the main, honored with a salute of twenty-one guns, and remains aloft while the President remains on board. The Vice-President is received with the American ensign at the fore.

A flag of truce is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation.

The red flag is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging powder.

The black is the symbol of piracy. The yellow flag belongs to the quarantine service, and when displayed is a sign of contagious disease.

A convoy flag is white, triangular in shape, bordered with red, and is worn by men-of-war when convoying merchant vessels.

A pilot flag is the jack, bordered with red, hoisted at the fore.

A compass flag is a square flag, divided into four squares or cantons—blue, yellow, white, red—hoisted over the numeral flags of the compass.

A dispatch flag is a white, square flag with five blue crosses, generally known as the five-of-clubs; hoisted forward denotes important and urgent special service which must not be interfered with by any officer junior to the one by whom it was dispatched.

A church pennant is a white pennant, without swallow-tails, charged with a blue Latin cross, hoisted at the peak during divine service, over the ensign.

The cornet is a square flag divided into four equal parts of alternate red and white, and when hoisted anywhere without other flags is a peremptory order for all absent boats and officers to return on board without delay. It is also a signal for sailing, and has long been used in the navy for that purpose.

To strike the flag is to lower the national colors. A flag at half-mast means that a death has occurred, and hoisted union down is a signal of distress. Dipping the colors is lowering the ensign some distance and then hoisting it again to salute a vessel or fort.

The Man Who Forgot to Dine.

Shelley could not understand why people wanted more than plain bread. He was so careless about his meals that he did himself serious injury. When during his London walks he felt hungry he would buy a loaf at the nearest baker's, tuck it under his arm and eat it as he went along, probably reading a book and dodging the passers-by at the same time. Mrs. Shelley often sent food to his study, which in his abstraction he forgot, and then, coming out from the room, he would innocently ask: "Mary, have I dined?" This reminds one of the preoccupation of Sir Isaac Newton, who is said not always to have remembered whether he had dined or not; and of the practical joke once played by a friend, who ate the philosopher's dinner, a chicken, which was waiting for him, and then leaving the bones on his plate, he was amused at the unconsciousness of Newton when he came into the room that he had not dined.

A strange history might be written of the misfortunes which have befallen all the women who have been raised from the ranks of the people to seats on the thrones of Europe. Josephine de Beauharnais, her daughter, Queen Hortense; Eugénie de Montijo and Nathalie de Ketchko have each in turn contributed mournful chapters to the history of the heroines of royal romance, and have paid dearly for their greatness.

Miss Mamie Costello,

Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

CARPET & FACTORY,

802 M Street, Sacramento,

M. S. COWGER, - - - Proprietor.

Special Widths Woven to Order.

J. J. DUNCKHORST,

Interior Decorating.

LATEST DESIGNS IN

WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.

1225 J Street, Sacramento.

Futterer's Saloon.

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.

A FINE POOL TABLE.



THE COQUETTE.

A Very Neat, Stylish Shape, from \$3.90 to \$6.00, at

Mrs. M. A. Pealer's, 619, 621, 623 J St.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

How the Fruit Turned Red.

One day when September was leaving the orchard,
Cheerily singing her pastoral song
And twirling a garland, she met young October,
Brown as a berry, a-coming along.

They met and were glad, for they loved one another.

She flew to his arms like an innocent dove;
And the birds twittered sweetly and called to each other,

And even the winds seemed to whisper,
"In love!"

They kissed, and the leaves on the trees all about them

Fluttered and rustled and visibly flushed;
The peach and the pear and the quince and the apple

Saw the sweet sight, and on seeing it—
blushed.

The Woman in a Hotel.

A woman in a hotel is worth seeing. She rings the bell three times to a man's once. She apologizes and explains so profusely to the bell boy that he comes down stairs with not an idea of what he is to do. She writes about eight letters a day, and each envelope seems to contain at least three sheets of the hotel's paper. She sends the missives down one by one to be posted, and "Ask the office, please, to put a stamp on for me," she says each time. She never makes out a wash list, but she "knows" just what she had, and one pair hasn't been returned. She refuses indignantly to confide more to "the office" when he inquires, but she is sure just how many were in, and "these have blue ribbons." She always regards the clerk as "the office," but he has his feelings and his modesty, just as if he were a person.

She puts all sorts of things in the safe, but she is perfectly sure she put several things there that she didn't put there, and of course this makes it awkward for "the office," because he can't prove anything, and she always "knows." She is always thunderstruck at the amounts paid for her bills, and she "knows" there is a mistake. The bills have to be produced, and even then she does not remember receiving the goods at all, or buying them, or anything. If she remembers afterward, she comes down and explains to "the office" and apologizes, which makes him feel better. Sometimes she gets conscience smitten about ringing the bell so much, and then she runs out, rings up the elevator, and gives the elevator boy orders. Yet people wonder at so many elevator disasters. An elevator boy's life has its ups and downs anyhow, but when the women come to giving him messages, he loses his grip altogether, and the elevator may take advantage of him.

The woman in a hotel expects a chambermaid to "see to" this, that, and the other thing. Sewing on a button, taking a stitch, hanging up her dresses, and helping her put them on. The chambermaid is only a poor human being, who has a lot of work to do, and the housekeeper to keep an eye on, but what of that? The lady asks her just the same: "Iron these out for me, Mary—there's a good girl;" or to "lace up my dress, there's a dear;" or to "put me in a few extra towels, do;" or "get me a cake of soap—I'm leaving this afternoon." She tacks photographs up on the wall—that she will do—and she cries right in the office before every one when she is charged extra for damage to walls. Then, cards and callers! Oh, heaven, give "the office" patience.

"I expect a gentleman to call about 9," she remarks; "please say I am out. If any one else comes send them right up."

The gentleman is late, and gets sent up. Heaven help "the office."

When a card awaits her she takes "the office" right into her confidence.

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry," she exclaims. "When did they call?" "Oh, yes; the time is on the card. If you had only told them to wait. I know I didn't leave instructions; but then, you see, I had no idea they would call. I didn't even know they were in town. Was the baby along, too?" "Oh, dear, I've never seen the baby. It was only born last summer, and—"

"The office" is perhaps not a married man, or perhaps he is, and in either case this is harrowing, with a whole line of impatient men waiting for rooms. You understand now, don't you, why so few hotels have "the office" where the women can get at it.

Indubitable Proof.

Great Lawyer (in cross-examination)—Huh! You consider the prisoner an honest man, do you?

Witness—An honest man never lived.

Great Lawyer (superciliously)—Will you kindly state on what you base that remarkable opinion?

Witness (hotly)—On the fact that he once tried to be a lawyer, and failed.

"The church seems to be packed," said the man on the outside as he paused to look in at the door. "Are they taking a lot of new converts into membership?" "Converts nuthin!" whispered the sexton. "We don't have any converts at this church. We're tryin' a man for heresy."

Georgia Justice.

In Americus the other day I witnessed the funniest trial in a justice court that I have struck yet.

Justice Oliver was on the bench and the court-room was crowded, says the Atlanta (Ga.) Journal. All the young lawyers and a number of the older ones were in attendance, and the plaintiff and defendant in the case each had many adherents and retainers present. A little dominicker rooster, whose comb was just sprouting, was the cause of contention.

Aunt Sylvy Gibson was the plaintiff and Mrs. Patsy Johnson the defendant.

"Let the court come to order, now; and if you don't keep quiet I shall set the hair on somebody, shore," remarked the judge, as he changed sides with his quid and settled himself in his seat.

"Now, Aunt Sylvy," said her attorney, "tell the court on what you base your claim to this chicken."

"I ain't des er claimin' nothin', boss, 'case I don't hafter claim. Dat's my rooster. Dat same dominicker rooster was hatched under my baid—"

"Tain't no such fmg, Mars' Oliver," said Mis' Johnson, "case I dun fotch up dat—"

"Order in court; and shet up, Patsy, till the first side is through."

"Well, I'll hush ef I 'bleged to, but de Lawd knows dat's my—"

"No, 'tain't, Patsy, an' you knows it, too. Dient I see de hen wen she laid dat aigg in the little handle-basket under my baid, in my own house? an' don't I know the daddy o' that rooster? W'y Mars' Oliver, he des do ve'y spit out'e de mouf o' his pa; an' I ain't gwinter tell a lie—"

"Stick to the case, Sylvy, or I'll set the hair on you."

"She don't stick to nothin'," put in Patsy. "I know old Sylvy ever since freedom died an' de wah brake—"

"Shet up! I tell you, Patsy, or I'll shore set the hair on you both. Go on, Sylvy."

"Well, Mars' Oliver, I dun tol' you, an' its lack, I say. De she w'at mammy o' dat rooster, she laid nine aiggs, she did, an' den she was boun'er set, wedder for no; so I borried free aiggs—"

"Dar now; didn't I tell you so? She claim she know who dat chicken's pa, Mars' Oliver; an' you see now how she borried aiggs? Hmumph! I tell you hit tek's smart folks ter tell who is dey pa, much less'n er little ol' dominicker rooster wa't ain't got no spurs yit."

"Patsy, I warned you to shet up; an' I tell you once for all, if you interrupt the witness again I'll set the hair on you shore enough."

"Well, Mars' Oliver, wen dat hen sot de time out she foch off nine chickens—six pullets an' free roosters, an' dey wus free aiggs rotten. See dar, now, Mis' Johnson, w'at vo' gwinter do wid dem free rotten aiggs? Say, 'oman?"

"Oh, thunder and blazes! I'm tired of this foolishness. Here, Tobe Cobb, I put that 'ere rooster under bonds to appear before me at the next regular term, the second Monday in October; and I 'pint you his bondsman. Court's dismissed."

Queer Catches.

I saw a peacock with a fiery tail
I saw a blazing comet pour down hail
I saw a cloud all wrapt with ivy 'round
I saw a lofty oak creep on the ground
I saw a beetle swallow up a whale
I saw a foaming sea brimful of ale
I saw a pewter cup sixteen feet deep
I saw a well full of men's tears that weep
I saw wet eyes in flames of living fire
I saw a house as high as the moon and higher
I saw the glorious sun at deep midnight
I saw the man who saw this wondrous sight.

If a semicolon be placed after the noun in each line except the last, this absurd jingle will be resolved into sobriety. Here is what the Shakespearean commentators call a "var."

I saw a pack of cards gnawing a bone;
I saw a dog seated on Britain's throne;
I saw King George shut up within a box;
I saw an orange driving a fat ox;
I saw a butcher not a twelvemonth old;
I saw a greatcoat all of solid gold;
I saw two buttons telling of their dreams;
I saw my friends who wished I'd quit these themes.

These catches depend on proper punctuation and are very old.—New York Sun.

"Out of the Frying Pan," Etc.

The district assessor was out walking with his wife.

"Ah, here comes that fussy old Judge Misery and his tiresome better-half. I don't want to meet them."

"Quick, then; quick in here," said his quick-witted wife; and, opening an adjacent store door, she hurried the luckless man into a store where the season's dearest bonnets were just being put on sale.

The fur and nails on rabbits' feet are said to be of unusual length this fall, indicating a long, cold winter. The fur is to keep the animal warm, and the nails are to scratch in the snow and ice that will cover the ground. The heavy husks on the ears of corn, and the extraordinary size of pumpkins, are also claimed by rural prognosticators to be tokens of a severe winter.

The Judge Fined Himself.

Perhaps the most disgusted man in Somerset county is a justice of the peace, who is the owner of a fine garden, the pride of his heart. The other day he was informed that an unruly cow had wrought desolation in his Eden, and he at once ordered the animal sent to the pound. Then he went up to view the wreck; and after noting the vacant places where the beets and corn had been, the trampled-down squashes and cabbages and the demoralized pea vines and sunflowers, and ascertaining, as he supposed, the owner of the cow, he made out a writ against that individual, containing fourteen different and distinct counts, including trespass, forcible entry, malicious mischief, nuisance, riotous and disorderly conduct, and assault and battery with intent to kill.

It was then that he learned that the trespasser was his own cow; and his ire cooled as he meekly paid a field driver for getting her out of the pound.—Fairfield (Me.) Journal.

Exactly.

"I own 1,000 acres of land," said the heir-ess.

"How delightful."

"And there are twenty young men after me."

"For the land's sake!"

"Yes."

**MRS. GRAHAM'S****Cucumber and****Elder Flower Cream****Creates Natural Charms of Complexion.**

It makes the skin soft, smooth and velvety, and prevents the formation of wrinkles, blackheads, etc. Ladies who use it preserve a youthful appearance when they are no longer young. Delightful for cleansing the face from cosmetics or other impurities. Harmless as dew, and as nourishing and refreshing to the skin as dew is to the flower.

PRICE, \$1. All Druggists Sell It.**MRS. M. L. SWILLING,****FRENCH DRESSMAKER,**

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,
SACRAMENTO.

Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.

A. H. ROTT.**C. H. KREBS.****C. H. KREBS & CO.,****PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,**

Varnishes, Wall Paper, Brushes, Window shades and Picture Mouldings.

Ready Mixed Paints and Building Papers.

House and Sign Painting, Plain and Decorative
Paper Hanging, Glazing and Gilding,
Pictures, Frames and Mouldings.

626 J STREET,

Between Sixth and Seventh, SACRAMENTO.
TELEPHONE 267.

L. B. MOHR.**C. A. YOERK.****MOHR & YOERK'S****MARKET AND PACKING HOUSE****1024 and 1026 J Street, Sacramento.**

Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats and all kinds of Sausages. On hand during the Packing Season: Spareribs, Tenderloins, Hogs' Heads, etc.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT
1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-Atlantic Ports, by First-Class Steamers to and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN.

Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO Daily.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND**HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.**

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

W. R. STRONG CO.**WHOLESALE DEALERS IN****Fruit and Produce****SACRAMENTO, CAL.****Gregory Bros. Co****Established 1852.****COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**

Packers and Shippers of California
Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,**San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.****Waterhouse & Lester****DEALERS IN****IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,****Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,****SACRAMENTO.****CELEBRATED****WEINER LAGER BEER****CAPITAL BREWERY****LOUIS NICOLAUS,****Corner Twelfth and I Streets****SACRAMENTO.****Gruhler's Saloon****No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.****A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.****ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.****With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.****CHOICEST VIANDS,****Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.****PRINTING****D. JOHNSTON & Co.****410 J STREET.****—ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED—**

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS
LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,**Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,****1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.****GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.****Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.****BOHEMIA PILSENER,****BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.****UNCLE IKE,****THE DIAMOND BROKER****302 K Street, Sacramento.**

Praying in Spirit.

I need not leave the jostling world,
Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,
To fold my palms in secret prayer
Within the close-shut closet door.

There is a viewless, cloistered room
As high as heaven, as fair as day,
Where, though my feet may join the throng,
My soul can enter in and pray.

When I have banished wayward thoughts,
Of sinful works the fruitful seed;
When folly wins my thoughts no more,
The closet door is shut, indeed.

No human step approaching breaks
The blissful silence of the place;
No shadow steals across the light
That falls from my Redeemer's face.

And never through those crystal walls
The clash of life can pierce its way,
Nor ever can a human ear
Drink in the spirit words I say.

One hearing, even, cannot know
When I have crossed the threshold o'er,
For He alone who hears my prayer
Has heard the shutting of the door.
—Harriet McEwen Kimball.

A WIFE'S RUSE.

"The more fool you, Nora; I wouldn't spend another day of my life tied to the drunken sot."

"Aunt, when I married Sy I took him as my husband, for better or worse, and better or worse, I'll stick to him; besides, you know, while there's life there's hope. Sy never drank till baby died. She was the light of his eyes, and her death broke his heart. It does seem as though he would never get over it."

"Get over it, why that was two years ago, and Sy Martin has been drunk ever since. Broke his heart indeed! Some one ought to break his head. He'll have you both in the poorhouse yet with his drinking."

"No, aunt; not while I have strength to take in sewing. The house, you know, father needed to me. He can't drink that up; but I am not going to stay here and hear you abuse my husband. You were loud in your praise of him before I married him."

"Yes, for then he was the brightest and smartest young man in town. Prosperous in business, and head over heels in love with you. And now, what is he?"

"My husband, and loves me yet, as dearly as ever."

"Poor way of showing it, breaking your heart and neglecting you for whisky. He must love the whisky better than he does you."

"No, he don't, aunt," sobbed Nora, "but he just can't quit it."

"Then, Nora, dear, just quit him; that's my advice."

"Never, aunt; baby's loss made him what he has been for the past two years, and should I leave him he would never be sober again. No, aunt, for better or worse, I'll stick to my husband." And Nora left her aunt's residence and went home.

Five years before Nora had married Cyrus Martin, who, as her aunt had said, was the brightest and smartest young man in the town, and was a young lawyer of acknowledged ability; and very happy they were until death entered their home when they had been married but three years, and bore away their only child. The blow fell with a crushing weight upon the father, and he had rarely seen a sober day and night since; and all of Nora's endeavors to induce him to become and stay sober had been of no avail. To be sure, he would leave the house sober in the morning, or nearly so, and with the best of resolves, but somehow the resolves would all be dissipated before night, and he would come staggering home drunk. He was never quarrelsome, but just stupid drunk. He'd stagger in and kiss his wife, and commence to talk about the little Nora that was gone till the tears ran down his cheeks; and Nora, poor thing, would be crying too, and get her drunken husband off to bed.

For two years Nora had led this kind of a life with her husband. He no longer tried to do any business. He could not attend to any. He still kept his office down town and he'd visit it in the morning, perhaps read a column or two of the morning paper, and at least every half hour visit the corner, where the sign above the door read: "Family Liquor Store." And when he got pretty tolerably drunk, why he'd send for a bottle and lie on the sofa in the back office and drink and doze, and doze and drink till night. Day after day it was the same thing. Nora would say to him every morning:

"Now, dear, do not drink to-day," and his reply would always be:

"No, darling; I will try and abandon it," but at night he was drunk again. Nora realized that but for her care he would look much more like a sot; in fact, that he would soon become an object of pity and charity, and soon fill a drunkard's grave; and to her aunt and old friends who advised her to leave him, she always had the same answer:

"For better or worse, he is my husband; I will never leave him," and yet must this life continue till the end. Old friends who formerly visited her seldom called now. She

was nearly heartbroken. All source of income from her husband's profession of law had ceased, and their bank account had dwindled away to nothing.

One morning, a week or ten days after her last conversation with her aunt, as Sy was getting ready to go down town, the door-bell rang. Sy opened the door and a boy came in with a bundle. Nora hastened forward, but the boy failed to notice the warning shake of her head.

"Mrs. Martin, here's these shirts. There's two dozen of them. Mr. Schwartz says he'll send for them Friday. He says please take a little more pains with the button-holes, and here's the money for the last lot, \$3 75. I'll call Friday," and the boy was gone.

"Why, Nora, what is the meaning of this?" said Sy, and he unrolled the bundle and disclosed material, cut ready for the seamstress for two dozen shirts.

"Sy, dear," said Nora, and tears sprang to her eyes. "When I finish this two dozen, I will have made twelve dozen shirts for Schwartz & Jacobs. You know, dear, our money is all gone now, and I must do it."

Sy took her in his arms and their tears mingled together. "Darling, did I become your husband for this? No, I have been a brute, but the end has come, dear; I will become the Cyrus Martin of old."

"Oh, husband, that is all I want to make me happy; but these shirts—"

"They go back unmade. You shall never make another shirt for Schwartz & Jacobs or any one else."

"But, dear, I'd better keep on till you get established again."

He wouldn't hear to it, he wrapped up the bundle himself, kissed his wife good-by at the door, and on his way to the office left it at the store.

"Mr. Schwartz, you need send no more shirts to my house, for my wife can't make them."

"She vos anxious to got dot work in ze first place," said Schwartz.

"Well, I am anxious now that she get it no more. I am quite competent to provide for my family."

"Yes, you vos, if you keep sober; but vill you—can you?"

"Can I? yes. You have known me for years; do you doubt my ability?"

"I know you vos got plenty of ability, but ven a man has been drunk two or three years, den he don't can stop drinking."

"Two or three years!"

"Yes, dot is right. You have been drunk ever since you lost dot little girl, but if you stop drinking, we gife you back our business again, and we hafe got lots of id."

"Thanks, Mr. Schwartz; I shall be ready for it at any time;" and yet that very night Sy Martin staggered up the steps home, drunk.

Then poor Nora nearly gave up hope. She put him to bed as usual, and cried as though her heart would break, and she could go to neither her aunt nor old friends for consolation. She knew just what their words would be.

"Nora, quit the toper," and she had taken him for better or worse. "Was it all worse?"

The next morning Sy felt like a doomed mortal, for he realized more fully than ever before how hard it was to get free from his enemy. "Oh, Nora," said he, "but for you I would end the struggle by taking my life."

That day he decided to remain at home and commence a fight for reformation, but Nora could see that as it got on toward mid-day he seemed very restless and uneasy. She prepared dinner, and when she went to call him he was gone. Poor Sy! he had stood it as long as he could. That terrible nervous strain he could stand no longer. But one thing would relieve it—whisky—and Sy had gone to the family liquor store.

Nora left the dinner on the table and hastened down town. Her husband was not much ahead of her; she nearly caught up with him. She saw him enter the door of the liquor store. She glanced through the half-open door and saw him raise to his lips with trembling hand the glass of fiery liquid.

"Poor Sy," she said to herself, "drunk again to-night;" and she hastened around the corner before he came out. He walked down toward his useless office, and she entered the side entrance to the liquor store.

"Give me a bottle of whisky," she said. She got a good-sized one and paid \$1 50 for it and hastened home. She had formulated a plan. She would try it. She took a seat near a window where she could see her husband as he returned.

About 6 o'clock she saw him coming, and as usual, the sidewalk was none too wide for him. She hastily upset the soup tureen on the tablecloth, turned over the coffee pot, scattered potatoes, bread and meat over the table, knocked a couple of pieces of crockery together. They broke into a dozen pieces, which she dropped on the table and floor. She took the pins from her long hair and it fell half way to her waist. She tumbled it up with her hands; then upset two or three chairs, pulled the cork from the bottle of whisky and filled her mouth half full of the contents of the bottle. Perhaps a few drops went down her throat. It was so strong that it burned her mouth. She rubbed it over her face, spilt it over her dress front and on the carpet, and

filled a glass half full. As she heard his unsteady step on the piazza she didn't fall down, but she hastily laid down on the floor beside a fallen chair, the whisky bottle clutched in her hand, and assumed, or tried to, an appearance of drunken stupor.

The door opened and Sy entered. He saw the room in disorder, the dinner upset, chairs turned over, crockery broken and his wife drunk on the floor with a whisky bottle in her hand, her long hair wet and tangled about her face. The sight fairly sobered him. "Nora! my Nora! Good God! has it come to this?" And he raised her in his arms and laid her on a sofa, and, drunk as she was, or rather as he supposed she was, showered kisses upon her lips.

"Nora! Darling! Wife!"

No answer. She seemed limp as a rag. "My God! Dead drunk!" said he. Nora was careful to keep her eyes closed, but groaned and ground her teeth, and he heard her mutter the words: "Sy, my Sy, for better or worse. We'll get drunk together, dear."

Sy removed the broken crockery and whisky and hastened three doors away for old Dr. Tracy. The doctor came in a hurry. Perhaps he was expecting the call, and perhaps he had counseled the experiment. He examined his patient.

"Why, she's dead drunk," he said. "Does she often get that way?"

"No; never. My wife drunk!"

"Where did she get the whisky?" asked the doctor.

"I carried the bottle out," was Sy's answer.

"Get it," said the doctor. "I must see what quantity she drank."

Sy went to the kitchen for the bottle, and while he was gone Nora's eyes actually opened, and she winked at Dr. Tracy when Sy brought in the bottle. "Just as I expected," said the doctor; "from the family liquor store. That place is ruining some of the best men and women of the town, and your wife has taken a large quantity. Her very life is in danger. Did you get her the whisky?"

"I did not," replied Sy.

"So much the worse. It shows that she must have gone for it herself and deliberately got drunk, and perhaps with suicidal intent. She may be tired of life. I may be able to save her this time, but it will be weeks before she gets over it. These women are weaker than men. Under no account must she ever be permitted to even smell whisky again. It would only bring back that terrible appetite, which a weak woman cannot resist. Of course it's different with men. A man can stop. It won't be safe for you to leave her a moment, night or day, for a week or two; and if you love your wife, never let her smell whisky, even on your breath."

"Love my wife! My God! I'd die for her."

"Better yet, live for her and make her happy. I will leave you these powders. There are six of them. She must have one every two hours, when awake. Here are some for you. You will probably need them to compose your nerves. Take one now, and another when you feel in need of it. I will send my wife's sister over to watch to-night; and you need have no fear; I shall not tell her that your wife is drunk. I will call at 7 o'clock in the morning."

The doctor left, and the tears were running down Sy's cheeks as he got his poor drunken wife to bed. "My wife, my Nora, drunk, and I the cause."

"Poor little dear. Smell whisky again? No, you shall never smell it from my breath." Twice in the night Nora partially awoke, but seemed dazed. However, they got her to take the powders. When Sy awoke in the morning she was sitting up in bed. She grasped hold of his hand.

"Oh, Sy, dear, please get me the whisky from the other room. It's from the store. We'll get drunk together, dear. Please do, Sy."

"No deary; here's this powder instead." Sy didn't leave the house for three weeks. He has never taken a drink since, and twenty-three years have intervened. The young lawyer is now judge of the district court. Other children have blessed their home. But not for the world would Sy allow the smell of whisky to pervade his house. His wife wouldn't be safe; for women are weaker than men, you know.

All Women Can Fool Men.

He ought to credit a woman for her cleverness and give her three or four extra kisses because she could fool him; and say Hm with a capital H and the other two letters the next size. There has never been a woman yet who couldn't fool a man. He may have written the Declaration of Independence; he may have made the McKinley bill; he may be able to tell them whether things are all wool or not; he may be sufficiently nervous to climb over ten women when he goes out to get a drink; but a small, innocent, ignorant-looking little girl can prove to him that black is a lovely shade of white, and that, though some people may flatter him and tell him he is a great man, she don't say it in so many words, because she knows it so thoroughly—*Bab*.

CALL ON THE

AGENT

OF THE

SUN INSURANCE CO.

AT

1014 FOURTH STREET,

WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.

Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46

THEO. J. MILLIKEN,
Manager Sacramento Branch.R. DAVIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh,
Scotland; London and Lancashire, England.
1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.B. Ruhl Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-
ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County
Coroner. Telephone 134.

RHODAS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J
streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and
Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J
streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

W. A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh
and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9,
Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth
and J Streets.ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and
J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all
Courts of the State.E. C. HART (City Attorney). Practices in all the
Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City
Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE
Notice.—That on the 4th day of December, 1891,
at the opening of the Superior Court of the County
of Sacramento, State of California, in Department
One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can
be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an
order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting
me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader
as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections
1811 to 1821, inclusive. The nature of the business to
be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling
milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento
County, Sutter Township, and the name of my hus-
band is J. L. Clark. KATIE E. CLARK.

Not a Clerical Accomplishment.

Burnaud, the editor of London *Punch*, occasionally refers, with an appearance of regret, to the loss of his bishopric. Not that he ever occupied that rank in the church, but he is convinced that he would have been a prelate—possibly even a cardinal—by now if he had stuck to the ecclesiastical profession. It was ventriloquism which led to his abandonment of the priesthood, to which he had been destined and for which he had been trained from his earliest boyhood. Addicted to practical jokes and possessed of a fund of humor, which is so delightful to the readers of *Punch*, he devoted his efforts while an inmate of the seminary of Our Lady of the Angels, at Bayswater, not to mastering theology, but to harassing the venerable rector of the institution. The life of the latter was rendered a perfect burden to him by Burnaud's pranks and jokes. These were frequently of a ventriloquial character and were mostly played in chapel; indeed, the solemnity of the surroundings seemed invariably to have the effect of calling into activity all his fun and devilry, and both matins and vespers were disorganized by the extraordinary voices and extravagant remarks which the young ventriloquist caused to proceed from bodies both animate and inanimate in the sacred edifice. Words of the most terrible heresy, intermingled with fiendish chuckles, would seem to issue from the pulpit when occupied by the rector; and the old gentleman, at the conclusion of his sermon, would be in the act of resuming his seat, when suddenly a volley of protesting mews and angry spitting would cause him to leap almost clear into the air with the conviction that he had sat plump down on the monastic cat. Finally the rector was unable to stand it any longer and declined to permit Burnaud to remain an inmate of the seminary, recommending him at the same time to abandon a vocation for which he did not appear to be suited. The young seminarist took the advice to heart, and instead of applying himself to preparation of his countrymen for a future existence, has devoted his energies to more or less successful efforts to cheer and brighten their life here on earth.—*Harper's Magazine*.

A Student's Stratagem.

The landlady of a certain medical student, who ineffectually dunned her delinquent tenant for some time, resolved at last upon resorting to extreme measures. She entered the student's room one morning and said in a decided tone:

"You must either pay me my rent or be off this very day!"

"I prefer to be off," said the student, who on his side was prepared for the encounter.

"Well, then, sir, pack up directly."

"I assure you, madam, I will go with the utmost expedition if you will assist me a little."

"With the greatest pleasure."

The student thereupon went to a wardrobe, tranquilly opened a drawer and took out a skeleton, which he handed to the dame.

"Will you have the kindness to place this at the bottom of my trunk?" (folding it up).

"What is that?" asked the landlady, recoiling a little.

"That?"

"Yes, that."

"Pooh! that? Oh, it is the skeleton of my first landlord. He was inconvenient enough to claim the rent of three terms that I owed him, and then—Be careful not to break it; it is Number One of my collection."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the dame, growing visibly paler.

The student, without replying, opened a second drawer and took out another skeleton.

"This—this is my landlady in the Rue de l'Ecole de Medecin; a very worthy woman, but who also demanded the rent of two terms. Will you place it upon the other? It is Number Two."

The landlady opened her two eyes as large as porte-cochères.

"This," continued the student—"this is Number Three. They are all here. A very honest man, and whom I did not pay, either. Let us pass on to Number Four."

But the landlady was no longer there. She had fled, almost frightened to death.

From that day no more was ever said about the rent.

Below is a list of the names by which the fairies have been known in the various countries: Fairies, elves, elle-folks, fays, urchins, ouphes, ell-maids, ell-women, dwarfs, trolls, horns, nisses, kobolds, duendes, brownies, knecks, stromkarls, fates, wights, undines, nixies, salamanders, goblins, hobgoblins, poukes, banshees, kelpies, pixies, peris, dijims, genii and gnomes.

"Dotty" is used in England as a synonym for crazy, while 'bosky' signifies tipsy. 'You must be bosky or dotty' is, therefore, the modern English, or, at any rate, Londonese for 'You must be drunk or crazy.' 'Oh, I say!' with a rising inflection, in an exclamation of astonishment combined with unbelief. It is an equivalent of the elegant 'What are you giving us?' of this country."

CURES CONSTIPATION.
LASH'S
KIDNEY AND LIVER
BITTERS
CURES HEADACHE.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN
WATERS
 A NATURAL MINERAL WATER
 of EXTRAORDINARY
 MERIT.
"SHASTA" WATER
 BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS
 MOUNT SHASTA MINERAL SPRING CO.
 GENERAL OFFICE 908 & 910 2ND STREET
 SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA U.S.A.
 TRADE MARK.
 MOUNT SHASTA, ELEVATION 14,442 FT.
 BOTTLED FOR EUROPEAN TRADE
 TRADE MARK. COPYRIGHTED

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

S. A. WOLFE,

Photographic Art Parlors

426½ J Street, Sacramento.

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET.

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON

CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

October 1, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
 SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:45 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8:40 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4:40 A
4.30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7:00 P
7.35 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7:40 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9:35 A
11.50 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	2:25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	5:25 A
	Ogden and East	
3.00 P	Oroville	10:30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10.35 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:25 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12:30 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:05 A
5.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10:40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8:40 P
10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26.00 A
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2:50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	2:50 P
4.30 P	Santa Barbara	9:35 A
6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11:05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8:40 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt	7:00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	9:35 A
11.50 A	Truckee and Reno	2:25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	5:25 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2:30 P
6.50 A	Vallejo	8:40 P
3.05 P	Vallejo	2:40 P
*8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*10:20 A
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*8:00 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
 RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
 T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
 OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
 VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
 CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
 ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout.
 Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox.
 W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
 RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
 Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WHY DRINK IMPURE WATER, WHEN FOR
 a trifling amount expended in the purchase of
 one of our various styles and sizes of Filters you can
 obtain an abundance of

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed
 in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,
CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THEMIS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1891.

No. 37.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

Prosperity is staring the funded-debt commission in the face.

And the *Bee*. Have we misunderstood the language in its former expressions? Why the change?

"THEMIS gets laughed at; Judge H. O. Beatty shows that Major Anderson's figures are wrong," is a startling head-line to one of the many communications Judge Beatty seems called upon to write for our daily contemporaries. It was written in olden time: "To everything is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. * * * A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance." We are not disposed to dispute a time has come when Judge Beatty can reasonably afford to laugh; that the triumverate Myer, Davis and Bates can join heartily in the chorus. We are not, however, aware any of the taxpayers of Sacramento are laughing; that they are dancing and are liable to dance unless they will realize there will be a time to kick, is manifest. In the *News* of October 20th Judge Beatty laughingly announces that, "This year, from January, 1891, to January, 1892, the receipts of the sinking and interest fund will be about \$145,000. * * * Next year the income of the sinking and interest fund will be considerably increased. It will probably be from \$150,000 to \$155,000." This latter dose, it is presumed, will be administered to this good people in equal annual portion for five successive years. The Judge doubtless desires that they may have a grand opportunity to dance and be laughed at for their folly. We are gratified the editor of the *News*, whose paper has a large circulation among the thinking workers, is coming to see this thing as do the people and the editors of THEMIS. In a short sentence in an editorial article published on the 24th, he said, pertinently: "The other bonds, the 1903 indebtedness, could be safely allowed to go until they are due before trying to pay them. It would be a good thing to take up these bonds if we had the cash, but there is no use over taxing the people to redeem bonds before the date of their maturity." Judge Beatty, in an article in the *News* of October 27th, says: "THEMIS thinks excessive taxation ought to be avoided. So do I. In this we agree." There is a very simple way to prevent this taxation, that will be manifestly excessive—cut down the revenues. The drain proposed to be exacted from this people for the coming six years will be oppressive—unconscionable. It will be the burden will fall largely upon the poor. Many there are among us who can ill afford to stand the extortionate water-rates. Think of it! one dollar per month for a family, and the city presumptively owning the works! So long as, under the present system, there remains not enough of their income to maintain these works, and the deficiency has to be made up by the transferment of moneys from other funds, why keep up these exorbitant rates? Let the trustees amend the ordinance and cut the water-rates down one-half at least.

It was stated in one of our daily contemporaries, and we do not know now which one, that it was a matter of pride with Judge Beatty to pay off this thirty-year-old debt within the next six years; to sad-

dle it upon those who now live here and who may happen along within that time. Ambition we respect; we respect, also, our pockets. We suggest Judge Beatty should have some influence over his son-in-law, Bates, formerly the paid attorney of the city in this very litigation. In his writing of October 27th the Judge does admit Bates has bonds, but the inference is given out that Bates believes the credit of the city is so good that he will not sell them at the price the commission is willing to pay for them. Would it not be a graceful act for Bates to compliment his father-in-law by permitting his former client to purchase the bonds he has at the price he paid, or contracted to pay, for them? From the statement of the Judge, Bates is holding out for the last dollar; he wants a delay. We are willing to meet Bates a full half way; we want to wait.

Semper idem—though we are now laughed at by a quartet (Myer, Davis, Bates and Beatty), it will come the steadfast policy of THEMIS will be popularly respected: to protect the people and shield them, so far as possible, from oppressive taxation. We esteem it those upon whom the burden is intended to be cast will appreciate the fight we have made and that we will make.

Among the many gross errors into which Judge Beatty suffers himself to be led by the extraordinary greed which seems to have possessed him, of crowning his own venerable head with all the laurel leaves, and all the honors due for services to the city in its struggle with its creditors, is one that should not pass unnoticed and without rebuke. In one of his recent self-laudations—a couple of columns of that kind of performance—he says (the italics are ours):

In 1887 Samuel Davis commenced suit to recover interest on coupons of 1876-7. Mr. Catlin was defending this suit, and I believed would be able to defeat the claim on technical grounds. But such a judgment would not be a finality; the question would still come up in other forms of action and proceedings, and lead to almost endless litigation. I suggested to Mr. Catlin that by the terms of the contract between the city and its creditors neither the bonds nor coupons could bear interest after maturity. *This was a point that had never been thought of or suggested by any attorney in those cases. Mr. Catlin allowed me to file a brief before Judge Hunt. My point was sustained.* The result is the saving of about a half a million of dollars to the city in interest on coupons and past-due bonds.

Now, the truth is: Instead of the point never having been thought of or suggested before this imaginary discovery of it in May, 1888, when Judge Beatty's brief was filed before Judge Hunt, it was made more than three years before by the attorneys for the city, and was decided in favor of the city, in the case of Davis vs. Porter, by the Supreme Court in bank (all the judges concurring), on April 27th, 1885, and reported in 66 Cal. 658. "My point" was then the only point urged by Mr. Catlin in behalf of the city, and it was well supported by authorities. Indeed, it was not new even then, for it had been decided the same way twice before by our old Supreme Court as early as 1870, in the cases of Soher vs. Supervisors of Calaveras Co., 39 Cal. 134, and Beals vs. Supervisors of Amador Co., 28 Cal. 449; both of which cases were cited in behalf of the city, as well as being cited by the Court in support of its opinion. The Court, in the opening sentence of its opinion, said:

Only one question is before us for decision in this case, viz: Is the petitioner entitled to have the writ of mandate ordered by this court commanding the treasurer of the city of Sacramento to pay interest on the interest due on the coupons which were not paid at maturity?

Judge Beatty must have forgotten all about that case; or perhaps he never heard of it. We have not

seen his brief which he was allowed to file before Judge Hunt, and therefore cannot deny that he claimed "my point" as his own original conception; but we think it a safe proposition to say that if he did not call the attention of Judge Hunt to the fact that the question had been directly decided by the Supreme Court in bank in a case between the city and the same creditor, then his brief could have been of but little use to the court. On January 16th, 1890, the Supreme Court decided the case of Bates vs. Gerber (82 Cal. 550), in which it said:

The precise question presented here was decided adversely to the appellant in Davis vs. Porter, 66 Cal. 658. On the authority of that case the judgment of the court below must be affirmed; not alone because it has been so decided by this court, but because it was correctly decided, for the reasons stated in the opinion.

Perhaps no statement in relation to the history of the bonded debt wider from the truth than this made by Judge Beatty could be made. There are some others, however, creations of his own eccentric imagination, which are as wide—notably, the one that the city attempted to repudiate the debt, and in so doing lost a million of dollars, and that "now she has that million to pay again."

The taxpayers of Sacramento ought to split their sides with laughter at the humor of the head of the funded debt commission. It is very humorous to know that this clever "financier" has benefited the people so much by causing the taxpayers to pay nearly one million and half dollars in cash for an obligation originally valued at less than one-third of that amount, and still leaving a mortgage on the city of considerably over a million dollars. It must be exceedingly amusing to learn that this system of financiering has taken the money that should have gone for local improvement, and given it, without an adequate consideration, to those who have no interest in Sacramento, save the "interest fund," which has been so jealously guarded by this immaculate "financier." It is also very funny to think of the destruction of our water-works, in order to squeeze out a little more money for the cormorants. It is also decidedly mirthful to hear those people prate about this city being insolvent: By this most "beneficial" system of finance the bonds of this municipality are at par. The funded debt commission has labored for nearly twenty years to make twenty cents' worth one dollar, and has accomplished that end. Of course the taxpayers should feel elated and explode with spontaneous humor at this master stroke of finance. Many of our business men who have labored years to build up their business should be transfixed by mirth at the great increase of license taxes to meet the demands of these humorous gentlemen.

The great desire to increase the interest and sinking fund makes it quite evident that the trustees were induced to levy the heavy additional tax on saloon men through the agency of the bond creditors, and that the pretext of regulating disreputable places was used to that end. No wonder the "great financiers" of this city boast of their ability to pay the debt in six years, when the bulk of the water rents are taken, and \$25,000 a year additional exacted from one branch of legitimate business. It would seem to a reasonable person that genuine prosperity would flow rather from low taxes, low water rates, and low licences. Our financiers rather believe in piling on the burdens.

We said that under the present rate of taxation, which includes the 55 per cent. of the gross water

rates, and the high liquor licenses, that the debt might be paid in six years—but at the cost of the water-works. We said that \$1,500,000 had been paid out of the treasury and that the debt is now three times as great as it was when the funding scheme was inaugurated. This is true. We admitted that there is now no remedy so long as the city is dominated by the bondholders. What we claim is, that this ruinous taxation should be reduced; that the water-works should be relieved and preserved; that 55 per cent. of the net revenue only should be allowed the bondholders; that there should be nothing done to increase the value of the debt; that it is the policy of the city government to depreciate the value of the debt; that care should be taken that nothing be done to increase the interest and sinking fund so as to give life to barred bonds. We are paying interest on the bonds held by the commission, just the same as those of the outsiders, and to that end it is practically the same as though we paid it directly to the outsiders, there being only a small discount of say 5 or 6 per cent. For five years the bondholders have been draining the life out of the water-works, and this virtually at the instance of the commissioners, who are partly benefited by having larger returns for their coupons. It is this undue exaction we call attention to. When 55 per cent. of nearly all our gross revenue is taken, as a matter of course the debt can be paid in six years. We suggested that perhaps it might be in full accord with the ideas of the funded-debt commission to make one levy and pay off the debt at once. Our neighbor the *Bee* has fallen in with the scheme, and has forgotten that this extortion, particularly of the water rents, means the destruction of the water-works, which in time means half a million dollars. No, friend McClatchy, we are not in error—save, possibly, in the amount of bonds due in 1888, held by the commission. What we said and claim is, that there is too great a drain for revenue for the bondholders. There is no necessity for this, and it is the duty of the authorities to stop that upon the water-works. We say that there is too much interest evinced in behalf of the poor bondholders and too little for the people. We said that if there had never been any such thing as the funded-debt commission this city would have been the richer by \$1,500,000. This is true. It was through this agency alone that the debt, which in 1872 was worth not to exceed \$450,000, entailed the monster incubus that has held us in its grasp ever since. No matter how the figures are now contorted, that fact still remains. All the sophistries of the debt commission cannot wipe out this truth.

The bondholders and the funded debt commission can afford to laugh at the taxpayers, now that they have secured an enormous flow of gold into the treasury for their benefit; and they and their new-found allies of the press can assume a virtue they have not, by saying "this cannot be helped now."

Never mind our streets. Do not consider any public improvement. Continue to do the public business in an old rickety barn. Have our municipal offices and court in some rented place, but pile up the revenue for the bondholders and their allies the funded debt commission. This is the proper thing, so say our local press, in order to pay dollar for dollar on an infamous obligation.

After invoking every power and means possible to swell the interest and sinking fund, the "financiers" and their allies now proclaim there is no way to decrease the enormous revenue exacted from the people. THEMIS has for nearly three years, and its editors for eleven years have, continuously pointed out the injustice of increasing the bondholders' fund, as well as the debt commissioners' fund. We have always during that period contended against all additional revenue. We say again, that the city authorities should at once apply only 55 per cent. of the water rents, after all the expenses of operating the works have been deducted. This would not only protect the works, but would enable our citizens to have reduced water rates. We opposed the high license, to reduce revenue. Here, then, are two ways to reduce the bondholders' revenue and to relieve our tax-ridden people. Again: If there is any disposition to act on behalf of the taxpayers, the

assessment roll could be reduced, and thus cut off much revenue from the bondholders. But in doing these things this immaculate funding scheme would be also curtailed; and, of course, that would never do. What are the people's interests compared with this high and mighty scheme? It must be a great thing to force money enough out of our people to pay dollar for dollar on this damnable and iniquitous debt. The "friends" of the city are too happy in the consciousness of having increased the debt to par rather than to have it remain what it would have been, comparatively worthless and uncollectable. Of such are the alleged "friends" of the city.

The town of Great Barrington, which has been brought into considerable notoriety of late by reason of the Hopkin's castle construction and, more recently, the Hopkins-Searles will contest, has long since given title to a lengthy "history"—a volume prepared by Charles J. Taylor, who is a native of the town and a wealthy merchant. By reference to the map it will be seen that it is situated in the southwestern corner of the state of Massachusetts, separated from New York on the west and from Connecticut on the south by only one intervening village. The village proper—for there are three villages in the town: Great Barrington, Van Deusenville and Housatonicville—is beautifully situated on the banks of the Housatonic river, that winding stream dividing the settlement. On the east a spur of the Green mountains rises to an eminence of three or four hundred feet, while on the west of the village—bordering the narrow valley of not over half a mile in width at this point—is a low range of hills, not more than forty or fifty feet above the level of the main street. To the west of this range, but within the town limits, runs the "river with waters of green," of whose beauties Bryant so charmingly sang. The town is named after Lord Barrington, the claim is put forward; and it is set forth on a monumental shaft, that in this village, in a court-house which stood on a lot afterwards occupied by the boarding school-house kept by Mrs. Hopkins-Searles' aunts in part and in part owned and occupied by the residences of judges Whiting and Sumner, there was made the first resistance to British tyranny in this country—when the English judges sent there to hold court were driven from the bench. As already intimated, William Cullen Bryant once resided in Great Barrington; and here he married his wife—a Miss Fairchild—"O fairest of the rural maids." The house in which he was married is still standing, and the room in which he was married is visited by hundreds of curious visitors during the summer season. Through Great Barrington passed General Burgoyne and his army after the surrender at Saratoga; and in the old gable-roofed house in which the poet Bryant resided, Burgoyne lay sick for several days. The ruts of the old Burgoyne road are still decipherable on the adjacent hill and mountain sides. Of this village Henry Ward Beecher remarked that he never visited it without wishing that he might always reside there. Within the past forty years it has been largely "occupied" by wealthy persons who do business in the great city of New York.

"And dotting all the valley's plain
Are mansions of the proud
Who leave the city's strife for gain
In summer's sultry cloud,
In quiet haunts like these to find
From care a sweet release,
And gather for a burdened mind
The recompense of peace."

Monument mountain towers in the northern part of the town, of whose glories Bryant also sang, and beneath whose shadows G. P. R. James wrote several of his most attractive novels. There is said to be a large representation of the natives of Great Barrington in this state, and many of our people have spent one or more seasons in the town. Of the former may be mentioned John M. Cushing and Henry Gibson, of Oakland; Hiram Burchadt, of Sacramento; Chas. A. Sumner, S. H. and L. K. Baldwin, of Santa Cruz. The late Judge Niles was at one time principal of the academy in Great Barrington and studied law there in the office of Increase Sumner. D. M. Delmas sojourned there for some time in his student years. Park Benjamin, C. Edwards Lester, the author-preacher Headley and Prof. John Bascom have resided in the village.

A superstition of the Roskolniki was, that the divine image resided in the beard. Emperor William, of Germany, has created quite a sensation among his people by cutting off his beard. This is said to have been done at the wish of his wife, which gives rise to the idea that if the Emperor is thus caused to forego his beard at the instance of a woman, he might be influenced through the same agency on more important matters of state. The human beard, from the earliest history of mankind, has been a subject of veneration, superstition and the edicts of kings and rulers. With the Jews and Orientals the beard was a sacred and cherished thing. Israel came out of Egypt, where beards were never worn, with their beards as the outward and visible sign of true men. It was an insult to rudely touch the beard. Israel swore by the beard, and a violation of this oath was infamy. It was through the touching of the beard that the signal of distress was made. The followers of Islam deemed the beard a help to salvation. The hairs that came from this appendage were preserved and burned with religious rites. In Asia, wars have occurred on grievances connected with shaving. Tartars and Persians and Chinese and Tartars have frequently had serious troubles on the question of the hirsute adornments. In the sixteenth century Selim I, of Turkey, ignored the ancient sacredness of the beard, which was a violent shock to the faithful Mahometans. The absolute power of the sultan did not permit his subjects to remonstrate, and it was through one of the high priests that a remonstrance was made to Selim, who put aside the appeal with a joke. "I have cut off my beard," said he, "in order that my vizier may have nothing to lead me by." Still, with all this, the Mahometan makes the beard a part of his religion. The Princes of Nineveh go abroad with their beards curled and oiled. While the Egyptians wore no beards, on great festal occasions they wore false beards to assert their dignity, and all their male deities were represented with beards.

The Greeks and Romans were antagonistic to beards, and the Emperor Julian wrote a book denouncing beards. On one occasion a young ambassador, who was minus a beard, was sent on important matters of state to a neighboring king, who expressed his wrath at having a beardless youth sent him as an envoy. "If," said the latter, "my master had thought you would laid so much account on a beard, he would have sent you a goat." Alexander the Great abolished the beards of his soldiers for the reason that they furnished handles to their enemies whereby to lay hold of them. The Macedonians did not take kindly to this order because they had veneration for their beards. The beard is more general in Germany than any other European country, and affords the example of the longest beards known. The removal of Emperor William's beard will, as a matter of course, set the fashion for the nation, and the result will be something of a shock to the old fellows who look upon the beard as sacred. In Russia at the present time beards are prized highly, and emblematic of a high place in the social scale. Under Peter the Great a tax was levied on beards. Noble chins were assessed at a rouble, the common at a copeck. When the tax was not paid there was compulsory shaving. Philip V, of Spain, was unable to cultivate a beard, and through this infirmity set the fashion which caused the dons to clip theirs off, who gave expression to their feelings: "Since we have lost our beards, we have lost our souls." It was evident that prior to Philips' time beards were held in great reverence in Spain.

When the Portugese admiral, Juan de Castro, borrowed a thousand pistoles from the city of Goa, he gave in pledge one of his whiskers, saying: "All the gold in the world cannot equal this natural ornament of my valour." If such security was taken in those days, we know of some people in this city who might obtain pretty large sums of money for a poor quality of whiskers, if their owner should be taken into account. In France the question of beards was one of fashion alone. Francis I, having wounded his chin concealing the scar by allowing his beard to grow. Immediately all loyal chins had scars to conceal. It was one of the customs of a former French king to place three hairs from his beard under the waxen seal, which gave the document greater security. The fashion gives names

to different styles of beard, such as "royal," "imperial," "goatee," "burnside," and many other names. On the subject of shaving, Talleyrand once drew a fine distinction. He was asked if Napoleon shaved himself. "Yes," replied Talleyrand; "one born to be a king has some one to shave him; but they who acquire kingdoms shave themselves." During the reign of Henry VIII, among the lawyers, the authorities of Lincoln's Inn prohibited the wearers of beards from sitting at the great table, unless they paid double commons.

"Now of beards there be such a company,
Of fashions such a throng,
That 'tis very hard to treat of the beard,
Tho' it be never so long."

When we see ladies making their shopping and calling tours in carriages, we reflect that while the custom is in some respects good, it is in other respects a part of an unfortunate system. Ladies are handed along through the busy world in such a way as to fail of that observation which is best fitted to impart a substantial, common-sense tone of mind. Those who instruct young ladies in natural philosophy and chemistry find that their pupils have not had opportunity to notice the most common machines and business processes. The familiar illustrations which a young man will understand instantly are "heathen Greek" to a young miss. She is trundled in a close carriage, handed out and hurried into the steamboat or car, or hotel or shop, as if the very sight of a crowd of men would contaminate, and she has no chance to see the every-day realities on which the world depends. She cannot stop to look at the locomotive, the cars, the switches, or the cranes at the railroad station. She cannot observe the grand operations of building, printing, and manufacturing in the city. Carried along like the canary in its cage, she is not expected to see the doings of the great world, except in a very limited lady sphere; she may notice the fashions and the fancies, but not the solid realities. Do the ladies feel that this is doing honor to their abilities? Talk not of delicacy—such a false life is often passed amid the most skillful arts of contamination; and there is no womanly sense, acquired in the real world, to withstand them. Let the young miss be trusted to know something of that which occupies the manly energies of father and brother, and the influence will be elevating and salutary. She will learn that life is real, life is earnest. We have seen many a young lady who had traveled much by railroad, who had no idea of the manner in which the water is introduced into the boiler of the locomotive. We have seen young ladies completely puzzled over a cut in their class book, figuring the pulley or windlass, or screw press, which a boy of ten years would understand in an instant. We have heard the instructor in chemistry refer to the steaming lime-trough, which is seen wherever a mortar-bed is made for a new building, to illustrate the evolution of latent heat, and the young ladies have been found utterly destitute of acquaintance with this every-day phenomenon. It is astonishing to observe the extent of this ignorance; and it is sad that ladies should thus be cheated out of life's opportunities for practical instruction. If you would have your daughter or sister a woman of mental scope and refinement, count her worthy to see something of the business world. Take her to the locomotive, that proud triumph of manly skill and strength, and explain to her its working. Take her to the steam printing press; to the unloading ship; to the warehouse. Tell her to account herself able and worthy to know the great movements of the real world. Cultivate a taste for such observation, and the taste for worthy reading will follow. The young lady who comprehends the plan of the steam engine, will be interested in the life of Watt. If she has studied the operations of the printing press, she will inquire after its history. A mind that has come to apprehend in what a world of wonderful realities we are living will deem it hardly worth while to spend many of life's few days over the fabrications of the novelist. The effect will also be seen in conversation. Earnest topics will be chosen instead of heartless common-places and shallow wit.

Editor Loos, of the *Sisson Mascot*, is quite facetious in his account of the visit recently made to his town by the California Press Association, the members of which

he describes as "a job lot of homely, ill-shapen, plaid-whiskered, jerky writers, whose personal appearance averaged but little better than the *Mascot* nightmare." His glowing compliment to the "beauty, grace and wit of the charming ladies, who gave tone and polish to the excursion," makes ample apology to the gentlemen of the party for his rather severe strictures on their personal charms and conclusively proves that *Sisson's Adonis* like editor has an eye single for the beautiful.

Last year we had an Indian Messiah, who created pretty general confusion in the Indian country by his extravagant notions of religion. Now we have another Messiah, who has gone from Chicago to Pittsburg, Pa., and who is named Teed. This latter Messiah is a kind of business fellow and proposes to build six-track railroads across the continent, and cutting a fifty-mile pathway through the Rocky mountains. This new Redeemer does not seem to be of the orthodox model, but is a store-keeping, railroad-building, mountain-moving fellow. We await the marvelous acts of this second Messiah.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

In the game of life the opera composer makes the most scores.

A play is like a stream, in that when it is stopped it is said to be damned.

When the curtain of a theater takes a drop the majority of the males in the audience go out to follow suit.

The man who "cannot sing the old songs" and won't try is the one we like to meet at an evening party.

Mrs. Bernard Beere, who is unquestionably the most popular society actress in London, is making her plans to visit this country next year. We are curious to see what kind of an impression she makes here. She is neither handsome nor pretty.

Among the most charming songs of the period is Stephen C. Massett's graceful melody, "My Darling's Face." Steve Massett is well known by all the "old tin ers." It seems that "Jeems Pipes, of Pipesville," will never grow old. He was often a guest of the old Bohemian club of this city.

It is authoritatively announced that Mr. Henry Irving and his company will revisit this country in 1893. The repertory will then be enlarged by three pretentious dramas, viz.: *Macbeth*, *Ravenswood*, and *Henry VIII*. Quite recently Mr. Irving has been reviving *The Bells*, *Olivia*, and *The Lyons Mail*, with prodigious success.

Stuart Robson's first appearance on any stage is said to have been made in Baltimore, with Edwin Booth, John Sleeper Clarke, and Theodore Hamilton, in the cellar of Mrs. Hamilton's house. These aspiring lads, whose ambitions were so well rewarded in after life on the real stage, built in the cellar a stage on which they produced an equine drama of their own composition. The horse was purchased by them in the horse market for \$3 75, and on refusing to be either led or driven down the stairs, was taken mournfully back to market and resold for \$2 50. But the play went on, and the actors have gone on in maturer years.

The German playwright Paul Lindeau adopted the following novel way of getting even with his wife who got her virtue a little mixed: "Lindeau was a prolific German playwright. Discovering that his beautiful wife had slipped from the primrose path, he wrote a play in which she and her lover were so minutely portrayed that they saw through it how the wronged husband took an unusual measure to revenge himself. This powerful stroke so shamed his wife that she slipped away from Berlin with her lover, much to the joy of Lindeau, who didn't want to be bored with the humiliation of a public divorce in the courts."

Mascagni is the youthful composer whose genius burst into a rosy bloom in the June of his manhood. He is but 26 years old, and the world is looking to him for more striking works, the equal of his French, English, and American success, *The Rustic Cavalier*. Specialists have discovered in this one-act opera the mingled tumult and melody of Wagner, Verdi, and Bizet, and the work, mind you, is an airy, graceful, picturesque thing in conduct. Bellini was 27 years old when he gave to the world *Norma* and *La Sonnambula*. Georges Bizet wrote *Carmen* at 26, and Mozart copied the *Miserere* at the Sistene Chapel at the age of 14, and died at the age of 36. Mascagni has followed the rule of this glorious triumvirate in regard to youthful fame.

Book Chat.

Novels constitute nine-tenths of the reading in the world.

The author who is seriously depressed by unfavorable notices of his work may be said to be critically ill.

"I have never read Shakespeare's works," said a pretentious woman; "but I always entertained the highest opinion of him as a man."

Walter Jerrold, a grandson of the humorist, has written a new "Life of Faraday," containing much original and authentic information about the great scientific man.

But, after all, the newest authors are the oldest. In this new edition ("Familiar Quotations") we have a lot of familiar sayings traced away back to Greece and Egypt.

A Virginian has written a book to prove that the negro cannot enter heaven as the equal of the white man. His opinion will be read with interest by the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The whole universe seems to be permeated with Americanism. Dr. Higgings, of London, a famous English astronomer, says the stars are red, white and blue, according to their age. The white stars are the youngest.

The baroness von Ebner-Eschenboch, the foremost woman novelist in Austria, and since the time of Baroness Tautphoeus the ablest of the female writers of German fiction, is devoted to the watch-maker's art, and her practical knowledge of the subject is so great that she is sometimes called upon to repair the antique time-pieces of her friends. She possesses a notable collection of watches, gathered through years of search.

Paul Du Chaillu, the noted traveler and African explorer, is a little brown man with flashing black eyes, smooth brown face, and a head as bald as a baby's. He is a confirmed old bachelor, but has manners that charm women. It is rather remarkable that the majority of the men who have found fame in the dark continent are men of small physique. Livingstone, Emin Pasha and Speke were little fellows physically, and Stanley is hardly cast in a heroic mould.

It is understood that the romantic incidents in the life of Jane Hading, the beautiful emotional actress of Paris, have been adopted by Mr. Hobart C. Taylor for the basis of a novel upon which he is now engaged. Mr. Taylor first met Mme. Hading while she was starring with M. Coquelin in this country, and he was the first American critic, as we recollect, to call attention to the circumstance that the famous beauty invariably wore slippers and hose to match the color of her eyes.

Professional Chat.

A lawyer generally feels himself competent to break any will except his wife's.

The doctors of medicine are charged with quarreling more than doctors of any other kind; but this is a mistake. All doctors quarrel, but doctors of divinity are responsible for more of the quarreling in the last 1,200 years than all the rest of them put together.

One of the parishioners of a clergyman who is given to preaching safe and sonorous platitudes was recently asked by a friend how his pastor was doing. "Well," he cautiously replied, "he was never known to convert a sinner, but he has a positive genius for edifying the saints."

Othman, third caliph of Bagdad, A. D. 644, was the first to introduce the time-worn formula, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking;" at least so we are informed by no less an authority than Sir William Muir, in his "History of the Rise and Fall of the Caliphate."

In ancient Greece the Council of the Areopagus sat and deliberated in the open air; and now there comes from the Caucasus intelligence of a lawsuit which is being heard under similar conditions. The reason given for this new departure is the great number of the witnesses, of whom there were no fewer than 2,000.

Not long since a devout Hindoo gave a live bull to one of his gods and turned the animal loose. A less-worshipful mortal collared the bull and yoked him in his cart. Thereupon followed a lawsuit. The devout man claimed the bull, but the judge decided that the bull was not his; he had given it to his god; and he implied that the deity had not looked after his property.

Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, must believe in luck, for it was due to the merest chance that his bones do not lie bleaching on the plains of Texas instead of giving him a rheumatic twinge occasionally in the halls of congress. He fought with Sam Houston at San Jacinto and the Alamo, and once escaped with his life by drawing a white bean when the Mexicans had selected a detail of Texans to be shot.

NOTES.

The boy who begins in early life to stay out late of nights and smoke cigarettes, even though he does nothing worse, hasn't long to stay; he soon becomes an angel.

The products of Alaska every year bring more money than that whole region cost. And yet the country at one time thought that this purchase was a bad speculation for us.

England is morally bound to defend Afghanistan against Russian attacks. Perhaps the knowledge that England stands behind the ameer may deter the czar from making a closer approach to India now.

The population of Greece is increasing faster than that of any other country in Europe at present. If the stock is not much better than the sample that comes to this country, this will not be a vindication of the doctrine of "the survival of the fittest."

Probably most people would be surprised to learn that there is a spot in Africa where women have even limited suffrage, but, under the government of the Cape of Good Hope, which rules several hundred thousand square miles of territory, women have municipal suffrage.

The people of the town of Sisson are very much dissatisfied with the chaotic appearance of their cemetery, and are clamoring for the donation of 10-acre tract and lumber enough to fence it in. The editor of the *Mascot* promises to supply the stiffs when the cemetery shall have been completed.

The German women who desire to ride en cavalier in tights in the public ways and have been forbidden by the prefect of police, have now appealed to the emperor, knowing his love for displaying his superior judgment. This will prove a more knotty problem for William to solve than that of the dismissal of Bismarck from service.

It is said that we owe the invention of visiting cards to the Chinese, and that even so long ago as the Tong dynasty (618-907) visiting cards were used in China. No nation observes so strictly the ceremonies in regard to the paying of visits as the Chinese do, but the cards they use for this purpose are very different from our dainty bits of white paper, being large enough to fold twice, and of a bright red color.

Clara Louise Kellogg's diamond ring was swallowed the other day by a dog. The singer purchased the animal. John Gruhl-er's favorite dog, "Ben," a number of years ago swallowed a \$20-piece. The money belonged to Gus Camp. Now both John and Gus keep a sharp lookout for "Ben." The autopsy on "Ben," when he passes to the canine hereafter, will disclose some interesting facts for medical science, even though it is only a poor dog that is the subject.

No generosity is truly generous, no kindness is really kind, that sets justice at defiance. The damage that injustice commits is a double one, always reacting from the injured to the injurer. To discover the claims of justice, and to perceive where they begin to be infringed, demand a clear mind and discriminating powers; and, therefore, to cultivate these becomes more than an intellectual process and resolves itself into a moral duty.

A French scientist has compiled some interesting statistics to show that a large percentage of the world's most famous men of learning have been clergymen's sons. This deals a blow at the old saw about "ministers' sons," and as for the "deacons' daughters," many of them, like Mrs. Stowe, the Brontës and Mrs. Trollope, have been famous. The misfortune of a minister's son, like that of any son of a distinguished parent, lies in the fact that he is the cynosure of many curious eyes always eager to detect some lapse in him that in another would pass unnoticed.

The Eskimo hunter puts a piece of fat on a sharpened flint and fastens it to a wooden stake planted in the ground. In licking off the fat the wolf cuts his tongue, and, maddened by the taste of the blood, continues to lick the sharp stone. Other wolves, attracted by the smell of blood, now gather around. In their fury they turn upon each other, and the end of the fight is like the historic tragedy of the Kilkenny cats—there are no survivors. All the hunter has to do at this stage is to remove the skins and rebait his trap.

To play a patriot a man must be able to forget himself, to put aside his likes and dislikes and trample them under foot. They were good words that that soldier-jurist, W. Q. Gresham, spoke about Gen. Grant at the unveiling of his monument in Chicago. He said that no success turned his head. He never vaunted his victories or stopped in his work to defend his shortcomings. He left the judgment of his actions to the people. He was devoted to his work and the end

that the vast armies he commanded had in view. He commanded himself as well as armies.

In Belgium the system of solitary confinement in prison has been brought almost to perfection by keeping up the constant stimulus of hope in the prisoner. If he has a trade, he works at it; if he wishes to learn a trade, he is taught by a skilled instructor; if he has no special aptitudes for handicraft he is employed in work which can be easily learned in a few lessons. This plan is also followed in the prisons of Switzerland, Germany, Austria and Hungary. The Austrian system is, however, much less humane than the Belgian, in that it leaves a convict's liberation to the mercy of the prison authorities.

It was the dream of a toper that brought about the discovery of the shot-tower process of making shot. Before then, sheets of lead were rolled thin, punched out into little cubes, and these in turn were rolled in a barrel until they became spheroidal. The dreamer's name was Watts, and after spending an evening with boon companions at an ale house, he fell into a heavy sleep. In a vision he saw it begin to rain shot; and, taking refuge in a church tower, he amused himself by looking down at the glittering, lead raindrops as they fell into the moat below. The idea that molten lead so dropped into water would become round occurred to him. The next day he tried it, and the thing was done.

The ecumenical conference of the Methodists in Washington has not been so slow and staid as Washington people expected it would be. The meetings have been enlivened by eloquence, wit and earnest disputation that have made them far from tame. The foreign delegates are particularly spirited. They are all temperance men, but some of them give a very liberal interpretation to the word temperance. It has been quite the usual thing for some of the foreigners to stop in the barroom at their hotel after an adjournment and stand in a group, with their black coats rubbing against the bar and their white ties shining in the face of the mixer of strong drink while they sip their toddy or beer in a matter-of-fact way. Their first appearance at the bar of the hotel where most of them stop completely unnerved the bartender.

The two political parties have made their nominations for school officers. We esteem there will be practically no opposition to the election of Albert Hart to the position of Superintendent. Concerning the nominees for directors we feel no mistake will be made in the selection of any of the men named. In the First Ward Major W. H. Sherburn has been named by the Republicans. He is a man of very positive convictions; has served upon the board, and has a record that is acceptable. Robert Fisher, named by the Democrats in that ward, is well known; a man of education, and in whom we have absolute confidence. In the Second Ward the Republicans have named E. A. Crouch, a young man well and favorably known, and he possesses ample qualification. Against him the Democrats have named Jerry N. Payne, a present member of the board. Nothing can be said against Mr. Payne that we are aware of. In the Fourth Ward the Republicans have renominated O. W. Erlewine, and the Democrats James M. Henderson. Both have lived long in this community. In the Third Ward the Republican nomination fell to an editor of this paper; of him we speak not. The Democrats have nominated John Hantzman, who is in every way qualified for the office both by reason of capacity and the interest we do know he would honestly take in the education of our children. Speaking from his opponent, we do with sincerity congratulate the democratic convention upon their choice, and should the laurel fall to him he may be assured his opponent will extend friendly congratulation. The matter of the election of school officers should not be political; and should there be a suspicion that any candidate will be swayed in his action by any motive save that prompted by conscientious judgment, he should be defeated unquestionably. We do not believe that any man who has been named will fall under the ban.

Let the poor man who has a family reflect that in Sacramento he pays \$1.00 a month for water; yet the city owns the works and they are not sustained by the excessive rates. Many there are who sorely feel this excessive draft. Fifty-five cents of that monthly dollar passes into the hands of the bondholders, and Myer, Davis and Bates smilingly rake it in. Reduce the water rates and permit Bates to tarry for the \$.

Germany has something a great deal worse than American pork. It is the fact that at least 2,000,000 of her husbands and fathers are working for wages which average less than \$150 per year, and wages are going down instead of up.

All Saints Day.

This, the 31st October, is All Hallowe'en, and throughout the country the charms and spells will be observed; and for the benefit of those who would invoke the power of the spirits and witches who prowl about earth doing merry mischief and making a football of Cupid, a few tips are given to lovers. Yonths and maidens in some localities observe this night of nights, and together look for the omens of the future.

Many a luckless youth will try his fortunes by the following medium:

A tub of water is brought in into which three apples are thrown. Down on his knees goes the adventurous youth, his arms tied together behind his back.

Cautiously he bends his head over the water, and as an apple comes sailing toward him he makes a plunge and tries to seize it with his teeth. Nine times out of ten he will miss it, and unless he is very careful will go head-first into the water. A prize is usually offered for the one who secures the greatest number of apples.

With beating heart lovers will sit in pairs by the glowing grate, to-morrow night, and watch their fate in the brown nuts, according to the following:

The glowing nuts are embers true
Of what in human life we view.
The ill matched couple fret and fume
And thus in strife themselves consume;
Or from each other mildly start,
And with a noise forever part.
But see the happy, happy pair,
Of genuine love and truth sincere;
With natural fondness will they burn,
Still to each other kindly turn,
And as the vital sparks decay,
Together gently sink away;
Till life's fierce ordeal being past,
Their mingled ashes rest at last.

Two nuts are thrown into the hot coals by a maiden. She secretly gives a lover's name to each. If one of the nuts bursts, then that lover is unfaithful; but if it burns with a steady glow until it becomes ashes, she knows that her lover's faith is true. Sometimes it happens, but not often, that both nuts will burn steadily, and then is the maiden's heart sore perplexed. A deep bowl filled to the brim with the food is placed in the middle of the table. Somewhere in the bowl is a gold ring, and in the center is a deep well filled with melted butter. Portions are distributed to each person, and the one who finds the ring is certain to be married within a year, unless already married, in which event good luck will follow the finder.

A loaf cake is often made, and in it are placed a ring and a key. The former signifies marriage, the latter a journey; and the finder of either must accept the inevitable.

Fun that never palls is to be had with three saucers, one empty, one containing water, and the third earth. The lassie who is anxious to penetrate the future permits herself to be blindfolded and led to the plates. If she puts her hand into the water she is assured of an early marriage or a pleasant voyage. The empty saucer means an old maid, and the clay an early death.

Apple seeds furnish the title for many chapters of a romance. For instance: Two seeds, early marriage; three, a legacy; four, great wealth; five, a sea voyage; six, great fame as an orator or a singer; seven, the possession of any gift most desired by the finder.

But the mysterious rites of Hallowe'en are not complete when the merry-making is done and "good night" is said. Each young lady, in order to complete the charms of the night, on reaching her home must pluck two roses with long stems, naming one for herself and the other for her lover. She must then go directly to her sleeping-room without speaking to anyone, and kneeling beside her bed must twine together the stems of the two roses and repeat the following lines, gazing meanwhile intently upon the lover's rose:

"Twine, twine and intertwine;
Let my love be wholly mine.
If his heart be kind and true
Deeper grow his rose's hue."

If her swain be faithful the color of the rose will grow darker and more intense.

Real Wisdom.

A Hindoo fable relates that Pandi Cholic, the apothecary, was engaged in transplanting an apple tree from an orchard to the side of the common road, when he was greeted by a learned pundit, who reproached him as being engaged in a useless labor.

"Of what avail is it," asked the pundit, "to plant an apple tree in the hard soil?"

"Of much avail," responded Pandi; "for know, O most learned pundit, that the dreams of an apothecary who dwells in a land of small boys and green apples are sweeter than those of a poet slumbering in the rose garden of Shiraz. The knurlier the apples, the earlier the boys, and, yea, in good time myself to heal them for a consideration. Go to, pundit! thou art too learned to be practical."

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

MISCELLANY.

It is a mistake to suppose that polar research has cost enormously in human life. Despite all the great disasters, ninety-seven out of one hundred explorers have returned alive.

"Won't you be mine?" he cried, as the clock struck 1—"mine forever?" "Are you never satisfied?" she said, impatiently; "this one evening has been long enough, in all conscience."

A Chattanooga dentist lost a valuable diamond ring the other day in a curious manner. He was examining the back teeth of a patient when the ring slipped down the latter's throat.

A girl in Kentucky has recovered \$500 damages from a steamboat company for naming a boat after her without asking her permission, and they must rename the boat. She took offense at a marine item stating that "Kittie Marshall took the lower chute and ran her nose into a plantation."

Four different mountain peaks in Idaho are from thirteen to twenty-three feet lower, by actual measurement, than they were fifteen years ago; and it is believed that this settling is going on with many others. The idea is that quicksands have undermined them.

Emma Abbott's ashes are to be surmounted by an \$85,000 Gothic monument of westerly granite, which is to be erected in Oak Grove Cemetery, at Gloucester. It will also serve as a tomb for the body of her husband, Eugene Wetherell. The monument will be 57 feet high, and will resemble the Prince Albert memorial at London.

The Indians in North Carolina vote. They have recourse to North Carolina laws save in particular cases where the matters in dispute are between them and the Interior Department. They receive no aid from the State, but do receive it from the National Government. There are about 1,700 of them, and they reside mainly in Jackson and Swain counties.

What does Sacramento need? Not a gilt edging to its credit; Bates is willing to hold on to our securities until we will pay him the last dollar. To his mind they are more solid—brass edged. Let him wait. In the meantime divert as much as possible from the bond fund and avert the calamity of unjust and oppressive taxation, these will retard our progress. We need a public building, pumps at the water-works, and a little more liberality in the education of our children. Let Bates linger.

Family Pride.

The wife of an employé of the Pennsylvania railroad, says the Wilmington (Del.) *News*, gave a very amusing exhibition of family pride in a dry goods store a few days ago. Her husband is a very tall, thin man; the chest measure of his clothing is very small, and when he buys underclothing he gets the smallest sizes. His wife is a very large woman. She had gone into a store to purchase underclothing for her husband, and while standing at the counter examining the goods a little bit of a woman came in, and, seeing the goods being displayed, said:

"That is what I want; some undershirts for my husband. No. 38, please."

"What number will you have?" said the salesman, addressing the first woman.

"No. 38, please," was the reply.

The two women bought the same size garments, one buying for a big-chested and the other for a narrow-chested man. When the latter took her purchase home and displayed it to her husband he was astonished to find the shirts so big. He said:

"What the — did you buy such big shirts for?"

"Because."

"Well, because what? I can't wear them."

"I don't care. I was not going to stand alongside of a little bit of a woman and buy shirts for a little bit of a man when she was buying shirts for a great big one. If you haven't any pride I have; that's why I bought the big shirts."

One on Dodson.

Mr. Mills, of the S. P. R. Co., got off rather a good one on Dr. Dodson of the Red Bluff *Sentinel* recently, and he told it right before the ladies, too. According to Mr. Mills, Mr. Dodson was walking along Market street looking into millinery windows, which were replete with new goods. Dodson says, "Well, I'm pleased to see the milliners stocking up." The lady who was with him said, "I don't see what difference it makes to you whether the milliner's stocking is up or down," and she left him.—*Sisson Mascot*.

A Wheeling journal announced that the people of that town would soon have the pleasure of seeing a certain actor "in his great role of King Lear, in 'Macbeth.'" The paper has, however, since stated that it was misinformed as to the particular role, and interest in the approaching event has abated.

FLASHES.

By wanting too much we enjoy nothing.

The surest thing to drive a man to drink is—thirst.

Some people give a piece of their mind for peace of mind.

It is always proper to forgive our enemies—those we can't whip.

A woman driving is like a cyclone—don't turn out for anything.

The woman that wouldn't marry the best man in the world, never does.

It is worth thousands of dollars a year to be able to look on the bright side of the affairs of life.

Fire and brimstone has no such terror for the ordinary mortal as the anger of a red-headed woman.

Grover Cleveland can be said to have an interest in a third party. The two old parties must yield to the third.

To neglect a farm in ancient Italy was a penal offense. There would be many criminals in this country if we had such a law.

With regard to this matter of the imposition of exorbitant taxation upon this people, it may be understood THEMIS will oppose. Reduce the revenue; let Bates wait till his bonds mature.

What is the use further nursing the iniquitous debt of the past? From almost nothing, it has been given the life of a giant. Quit the nursing, and let the bondholders take care of themselves.

Man Diminishing.

A French statistician who has been studying the military and other records with a view of determining the height of men at different periods, has reached some wonderful results. The recorded facts extend over nearly three centuries. It is found that in 1610 the average height of man in Europe was 1.75 meters, or, say, 5 feet 9 inches. In 1820 it was 5 feet 5 inches and a fraction.

At the present time it is 5 feet 3 3/4 inches. It is easy to deduce from these figures a rate of regular and gradual decline in human stature, and then to apply this working backward and forward to the past and to the future. By this calculation it appears that the stature of the first man attained the surprising average of 16 feet 9 inches. The race had already deteriorated in the days of Og, and Goliath was quite a degenerate offspring of the giants.

Coming down to the latter times, we find that at the beginning of our era the average height of man was 9 feet, and in the time of Charlemagne it was 8 feet 8 inches, a fact quite sufficient to account for the heroic deeds of the paladins.

But the most astonishing result of this scientific study comes from the application of the same inexorable law of diminution to the future. The calculation shows that by the year A. D. 4000 the stature of the average man will be reduced to fifteen inches. And the conclusion of the learned statistician is that "the end of the world will certainly arrive, for the inhabitants will become so small that they will finally disappear"—"finish by disappearing," as the French idiom puts it, "from the terrestrial globe."

For originality, not to say humor, commend us to the answers in examination papers. Here are two or three which an English bishop vouches for: A child was asked to give some account of Oliver Cromwell, and volunteered the information that the Protector "was very unhappy and dreaded assassination. On his deathbed he cried: 'If I had served my God as I served my king, I should not be thus forsaken in my old age!'" Another, evidently with temperance proclivities, defined syntax as "a dooty upon spirits." One smart youth who was asked by an examiner, "Could your father walk around the world?" was equal to the occasion. "No, sir," said he. "Why not?" "Because he's dead."

Sir William Gull once told this anecdote: "As I unfolded the great facts in a physiological lecture concerning the seat of life, the thought grew more and more upon me: 'Upon how thin a thread does life hang!' At length a gloom gathered over my spirit, nor passed away from me in my goings out and comings in. But, while walking in the street one day, feeling very miserable, the heavy cloud was rolled away in a moment by three short words which occurred to me, and which I was surprised I had not thought of before. Life's thread, I felt, was slender, but 'it is enough.' These were my consoling words."

Dr. R. F. Gatling, the inventor of the gun that bears his name, says that he is yet at work inventing, and the habit has so grown upon him that he will keep it up until he dies.

Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett Interviewed.

Our Sacramento girl was called upon by a representative of the New York *World*, a democratic journal, and the interview was a splendid compliment by that journal. While politically antagonistic to Mr. Fassett's ambitions, the delicate compliments to Mrs. Fassett are well timed and just. We give a few of the sentiments expressed by the little lady, after a brief description by the journalist:

Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett is a very pretty little woman. She is the mother of seven children, five of whom are living, and she has the graceful figure and delicate beauty of a college girl. Her charm is indescribable. But it grows on one. She has the glow, freshness and fragrance of health. Her brown eyes are clear, bright and steady.

There isn't one particle of artifice about her. She has a nice head of dark brown hair, which is worn brushed straight back from the forehead and temples, and coiled at the neck in the simplest manner possible. There isn't a woman in a hundred pretty enough to wear this coiffure. Photographers invariably remonstrate with her. They produce little patches of side curls and "beg madam to allow them," which she emphatically does not. Then they suggest that some crimps or locks be coaxed down over the temple, which is also discouraged, the subject insisting upon being taken just as she is or not at all.

To add to her charm Mrs. Fassett is gentle and very womanly. She has a nice voice; she knows how to keep house; she is devoted to her children; she is in love with her husband, and she has opinions of her own.

Unlike the average American woman, she is a good politician. Her husband's interests are her interests, and the topics, books, papers, business and people that engage his attention arouse her enthusiasm.

Frankness is one of her good points. I was distressed when she told me that she preferred not to talk; and when, later, confidence was established and she wished I "did not represent a democratic paper," my heart collapsed, and my temperature dropped twenty points. But she did not decline to talk, and she did not get icily polite nor frigidly silent. "Since the nomination of my husband," she said, "I have learned some very startling things about myself. Papers come to me from all sections of the country, and in nearly every one I learn something new about myself. One of the Chicago papers said I wrote poetry, painted in oils, and on my wedding day distributed landscapes and figure pieces among the guests."

"And did you?" "Certainly not. I never had a brush in my hand, and couldn't sketch a tree to save my life. When I was at school I wrote a few rhymes, but they were so very bad that my teacher sighed as she dropped them into the waste-basket."

She thinks that the girl of to-day is not quite so lovable as the maiden of twenty years ago. In her girlhood girls were more dependent than they are to-day, and that very dependence seemed to develop the chivalry in man's nature.

I don't like to see our girls forced to go into the business world and struggle with men. It unfits them for home life in a degree, for woman is a delicate plant, and the gain through her endeavor to the preceding generation means a corresponding loss to the next one.

"I believe in early marriage. How we reason from our own experience, don't we? I married at eighteen, and I have been so very happy that I advocate it as the best time for girls to wed. My friends tell me I missed a great deal of fun, but I know that there is much foolish romance and dissipation in what is called belatedness that a woman can forego with profit."

I believe in home life for women, and think there is nothing to compensate for its loss. Home is the place for all human creatures, and the earlier it is built in life the better it will be in structure and the sweeter and stronger in its influence. Take away from life the home and the motive of living is gone.

It has been a rule of my life never to put temptation in the way of youth; that's why I rarely ever ask young people to dinner; and never, under any circumstances, serve punch or wine at a reception, dance or party. We are a temperance family, and ready to lend any influence or help we may have to suppress drunkenness.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt usually takes a morning ride with his boys, all of whom are fond and fearless horsemen. Alfred, a lad about 10 years of age, is the crack whip of the family, and rides and drives much and well, especially at Newport. All of the children are fond of music. One plays the banjo, another the violin, and Gertrude, a miss still in her teens, is a favorite pianist.

Encouraging the Horse.

The graceful hint succeeds best. If it is also witty it is pretty sure to prove irresistible. Up one of the long hills of County Wicklow a mare was drawing a heavy load of travelers. The driver walked by her side, trying to encourage her as she toiled slowly and wearily along.

The six passengers were too busily engaged in conversation to notice how slowly the car progressed. Presently the driver opened the door at the rear of the car and slammed it to again. Those inside started, but thought that he was only assuring himself that the door was securely closed.

Again Pat opened and slammed the door. The travelers inquired angrily why he disturbed them in that manner.

"Whist," he whispered, "don't spake so loud—she'll overhear us."

"Who?"

"The mare. Spake low," he continued, putting his hand over his mouth and nose. "Sure, I'm dersavin' the crature! Every time she hears the door slammun' that way she thinks one of yez is gettin' down to walk up the hill and that raises her sperrits."

The passengers took the hint.

Laughed-at THEMIS seems to have stirred up the animals: the dailies are after us; Judge Beatty is thoroughly aroused. Bates will probably come in when the last \$ will be in sight.

A Matter of Place.

"Well, madame," says the head of the house, who had apparently got out of bed on the wrong side, "what have you got for breakfast this morning? Boiled eggs, eh? Seems to me you never have anything but boiled eggs. Boiled Erebus! And what else, madame, may I ask?"

"Mutton chops, my dear," says the wife, meekly.

"Mutton chops!" echoes the husband, bursting into a peal of sardonic laughter. "Mutton chops! I could have guessed it! Madame, if I ever eat another meal inside of this house—" and jamming on his hat and slamming the door, the aggrieved man bounds down the stairs and betakes himself to the restaurant.

"What'll you have, sir?" says the waiter, politely handing him a bill-of-fare.

"Ah!" says the guest, having glanced over it. "Let me see—bring me two boiled eggs and a mutton chop."

A Negro's Argument.

An old negro named Pete was very much troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a very downcast look, his master asked him the cause. "Oh! massa, I'm such a great sinner." "But, Pete," said his master, "you are foolish to take it so much to heart. You never see me troubled about my sins." "I know de reason, massa," said Pete. "When you go out duck-shooting, and kill one duck and wound another, don't you run after de wounded duck?" "Yes, Pete;" and the master wondered what was coming next. "Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me. De debil has got you sure; but, as he am not sure of me, he chases dis chile all de time."

Few men have been greater favorites with the fair sex than the late Prince Napoleon. It is said that King Humbert smiled when the prince first made known his intention to marry Princess Clothilde, who was known as a perfect man-hater and one of the most bashful of women. "Give me only five minutes with her," said the prince, in answer to Humbert's boast that his sister would not listen to his entreaties. The five minutes were granted to the handsome Napoleon, and, true to his word, the prince won the princess within the specified time. Two weeks later the engagement was publicly announced.

Proof Positive.

Mr. Bradley Smyth, in passing under the rear window of his house, receives the contents of a pail of water on his head.

Mrs. Bradley Smyth—Oh, Bradley, dear, I'm so sorry! Believe me, it was an accident; I did not throw it at you.

Mr. Bradley Smyth—I know you did not, dear.

Mrs. Bradley Smyth—How, love?

Mr. Bradley Smyth—Because you hit me.

Grand Opening To-night.

Mr. Gustave Wahl, formerly of the Merchants' Exchange, has fitted up an elegant saloon on the southeast corner of Ninth and K streets which will be opened in grand style this (Saturday) evening. California Exchange is the name of this beautiful, new resort. Mr. Wahl will be pleased to see all his old friends and others at the grand opening to-night.

Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew is a handsome woman, with very dark and expressive eyes, brown hair and a complexion of more than common clearness and brilliancy. Her nature is essentially social, and she is fitted, by reason of her polished manners, keen wit, and many graceful accomplishments, to assume a leading social position. She is devoted to charitable enterprises of all kinds.

New Advertisements.

The following persons make business announcements in THEMIS to-day: L. A. JACOX & Co., leaders in furniture and carpets, 920 and 922 K street; S. H. Davis, mechanics' tools and hardware, 704 J street; Dr. F. R. Waggoner, corner Fifth and J streets; Dr. Mary M. Cronmiller, 507 1/2 J street.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist
(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

DR. MARY M. CRONMILLER.

Office and Residence, 507 1/2 J street.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 P. M.

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street,

Sacramento, Cal.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

—IN—

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE, a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

Are the Leaders!

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of JOHN GOULD, an insolvent debtor.—John Gould having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said John Gould is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said John Gould, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 4th day of December, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated October 30, 1891.

A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.
W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. 031-5t

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

Out of Tune.

Sweet little maid! whose golden-rippled head
Betwixt my grief and me its beauty rears
With quick demand for song—all singing's
dead;
My heart is sad; I cannot sing for tears.

Nay, do not ask me why; I cannot sing—
Mine ill-tuned notes would do sweet music
wrong;
I have no smile to greet the laughing spring,
No voice to join in summer's tide of song.

More from the forest's dying splendor takes
My heart its hymn, and fuller sympathy
Finds with the hurricane November wakes
To tear its tribute from each groaning tree.

Or when the last sere leaves in winter fall,
While all the world in grim frost-fetters
lies,
I'll envy them the snowflakes' gentle pall
That hides their sorrows from the frown-
ing skies.

Were it not sweet to slumber at Earth's
breast,
O'er the mad scene to pull the curtain
down,
Never to feel again the drear unrest
Of baffled love or unfulfilled renown—

The weariness of patient work uncrowned,
The bitter medicine of hope destroyed,
The fierce desire, the thing desired found
Void of enjoyment when at last enjoyed?

Nay, dear, not now; not yet! let the slow
years
Fulfill their office. Oft at close of day
The far grim range all beautiful appears,
Kissed into kindness by the sunset ray.

So by-gone sorrow takes a tender hue;
So time can tinge the memory of pain;
Old songs are ever sweeter than the new,
And some day, sweet, we'll sing them all
again.

Patrick and Pie.

When a man marries a woman he marries
her country, says the adage. It becomes
every such man to acquaint himself with
the customs and the dominant sentiment of
his wife's country, and especially to make
himself familiar with the claims of prescrip-
tive right set up by the womankind of that
land.

Neglect of this has brought a well mean-
ing Irishman living in a New England com-
munity into a badly battered case. Patrick
married a Yankee girl, which was in itself a
wise and excellent thing to do, as everybody
will declare who knows the wily qualities
inbred in New England girls.

But Patrick neglected to inform himself of
the customs of his wife's country. He knew
his wife to be placid and long suffering, sub-
missive to conjugal criticism and disposed to
improve herself under it. But he did not
consider its limitations. In an unguarded
moment he assailed the inner sanctuary of
feminine New England's pride. He criti-
cised the pie crust made by the New Eng-
land girl whom he had taken to wife. Then
came the reckoning: He, a mere Irishman,
knowing pie only as a naturalized eater
thereof, assumed to pass judgment upon the
pie-making skill of the daughter of a hun-
dred pie makers!

Fittingly choosing the means of remonstrance,
the wife belabored him with the implement
of her art. She showed him how pie was
made by object lessons with the rolling pin;
and now Patrick languishes in a hospital,
with a badly battered head and several
broken bones.

"Served him right!" will be the verdict of
every New England matron, who, modestly
admitting her possible ignorance of the
proper constitution of a ragout, could never
regard criticism of her pie as aught else than
a reflection upon the purity of her blood as a
descendant of the Mayflower race.—*N. Y. World.*

The Aboma of Surinam.

On page 170 of volume I of "Stedman's
Expedition to Surinam," is found the follow-
ing wonderful account of the aboma or dragon:
"This remarkable creature is called
aboma in the colony of Surinam. Its length,
when full grown, is often more than forty
feet, its body being four feet and over in cir-
cumference. Its color is a greenish-black on
the back, a fine yellow on the sides, and a
dirty white on the belly, the back and sides
being spotted with irregular black rings, with
a pure white spot in the center of each. Its
head is broad and flat, small in proportion to
its body, with a large mouth and teeth set in
double rows. It has two bright, prominent
eyes, is covered all over with scales about
the size of a shilling, and has two sharp
claws under the belly near the tail which it
uses in seizing its prey. It is an amphibious
animal, that is, it delights in low, marshy
places, where it lies concealed under fallen
timber, ready to seize its prey, which, from
its immense bulk, it is not active enough to
pursue. When hungry, it will devour any
animal that comes within its reach, and is
indifferent if it be a sloth, a wild boar, a stag
or a tiger. After twisting itself about the
body of a buffalo, a stag or a tiger, by help of
its claws, it breaks every bone in the poor
victim's body."

What a Bouquet Did.

Paris boulevard flower dealers have won-
derful taste for arranging flowers. There is
one of them—Madame Lion—whose reputa-
tion is European ever since an incident with
which she happened to be connected got into
the newspapers. One of the secretaries of
the French embassy at St. Petersburg fell in
love with one of the ladies-of-honor to the
empress. Unluckily for the young diplo-
matist, she was already engaged to be mar-
ried to a very wealthy and titled Muscovite;
but she could not help showing her prefer-
ence for the noble Frenchman. Thereupon
the Russian made such a scene that the lady
went to the empress for protection. "Try to
induce her majesty to accord your hand to
whichever of us two shall produce the most
beautiful bouquet," said the secretary to her;
and she promised she would do so. The em-
press loved her very much indeed, and read-
ily yielded to an arrangement which prom-
ised to be pleasant in any event. She sent
for the young lady's father, who laughingly
consented to all that was going on. Then
the Russian gentleman was communicated
with, and when he was informed that mad-
emoiselle's hand was for him who gave her
the most magnificent bouquet on that day
fortnight—the empress herself to be the
judge—he believed he would become her
husband, and none other. But, confident in
his great fortune and his own good taste,
the Russian let the days pass, supposing all
the time that his money could buy what he
wanted at the last moment. The day ar-
rived when the love gauge was to be decided.
The Russian noblemen advanced and pre-
sented an enormous bouquet. It was indeed
beautiful, being made up of the rarest flow-
ers that could be found in all Russia, and
had cost something like 8,000 roubles. At
the sight of it the young lady nearly fainted.
Surely it was impossible for her dear little
diplomatist ever to excel such magnificence.
With a mocking smile on his lips, the count
stepped forward, holding in his hand two
gilded boxes. In polite language he said
that one of the boxes contained a bouquet
for the lady he loved; the other held a few
flowers which he humbly begged that the
empress would deign to accept. Then he
handed the two ladies each her bouquet, and
immediately all those present saw that he
had won; for never before was there such a
lovely combination of color and perfume as
in those which he himself had brought from
Paris (for the instant that the gauge had
been thrown down he applied for leave of
absence). It took nearly two days to get it,
and then he started for Paris. Arriving
there, he rode straight to a famous flower
shop and told the proprietress what he
wanted. That night at 8 o'clock he was on
his way back to Russia; and in the large
basket, which he looked after carefully day
and night, were nittos, sonvenirs de Malma-
ison and gardenia, and these three most
lovely roses were set about with white lilacs.
Such a bouquet was never seen in the Rus-
sian capital, and the empress, without delay,
awarded the count the young lady's hand.
They were married, and are now living in
Vienna, to which embassy he was promoted
only a few months ago.

They Were Newspaper Men.

A most remarkable feature about the men
of the present century and, in particular, of
the present generation, is the fact that they
nearly all have served, at one time or an-
other, an apprenticeship either with the
press or else with some publishing house.
Thus, in England, the Prime Minister, Lord
Salisbury, was a regular salaried writer for a
couple of the big London metropolitan news-
papers prior to his succeeding to the marqui-
sate, while Mr. Smith, the First Lord of the
Treasury, commenced his life as a newsboy
and became the head of the greatest publish-
ing house in Great Britain. In Italy almost
every great statesman either is or has been
connected with journalism. Cavour was
editor of the *Risorgimento*; Crispi owns the
Reformi; Mazzini was a member of the staff
of the *Apostollato*, while the names of Ming-
hetti, Nicotera and Depretis have figured as
newspaper men. In France need only be
mentioned Thiers, Gambetta; Rouvier, the
present Minister of Finance; Lockroy, Leon
Say, and in fact every other minister who
has held office during the past eighteen
years. In Spain the same state of affairs
prevails, Sagasta, Castellar and Canovas hav-
ing each of them attained fame as editors.
Even in the conservative empire of Austro-
Hungary we find the Imperial Minister of
Finance figuring as proprietor and editor of
the Hungarian newspaper *Nepes*.

"Bulls" in History.

Grave historical writers are occasionally
guilty of what are called "Hibernicisms."
The following passage occurs in a popular
history of France:
"It is extremely doubtful whether this
Prince, Merovaens, ever existed at all; but
he had a son, Childeric, whose existence is
well authenticated."
The following is also from a historical
work:
"—Like Samson of old, who, armed only
with the jawbone of an ass, put 1100 Philis-
tines to the sword."



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and

Elder Flower Cream

Creates Natural Charms of Complexion.

It makes the skin soft, smooth and velvety, and
prevents the formation of wrinkles, blackheads,
etc. Ladies who use it preserve a youthful appear-
ance when they are no longer young. Delightful
for cleansing the face from cosmetics or other im-
purities. Harmless as dew, and as nourishing and
refreshing to the skin as dew is to the flower.

PRICE, \$1. All Druggists sell it.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,
SACRAMENTO.Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautify-
ing the Complexion.

THE COQUETTE.

A Very Neat, Stylish Shape, from \$3.99 to \$6.00, at

Mrs. M. A. Pealer's, 619, 621, 623 J St.

Miss Mamie Costella,

Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

L. B. MOHR. G. A. YOERK.

MOHR & YOERK'S

MARKET AND PACKING HOUSE

1024 and 1026 J Street, Sacramento.

Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats and all kinds of
Sausages. On hand during the Packing Season:
Spareribs, Tenderloins, Hogs' Heads, etc.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT

1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-
Atlantic Points, by First-Class Steamers to
and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE
and GREAT BRITAIN.Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO
Daily.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL

HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

W. R. STRONG CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fruit and Produce

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Packers and Shippers of Califor-
nia Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS.

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & CO.
410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS
LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER.

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

Repinings.

Oh! would that love could die,
And memories cease to be!
What a foolish kiss and a sigh
Were nothing more to me!

Oh! would that a summer day,
A stroll mid the rustling corn,
Could pass from my heart away
Like the little clouds at morn!

Ah me! for the starry night,
The glow-worm under the rose,
The talk in the fading light,
Which only one sad heart knows.

Ah me! for the day's surprise,
The love in a parting look,
The watching of wistful eyes,
For the morrow that never broke.

CHIQUITA.

"Ned" Herries, or, as his card read, "Edward T. Herries, C. E.," stood in the doorway of the Rough Diamond and looked gloomily forth at the rain as it fell aslant the cactus growth and chapparal on the red soil of the mesa. From the saloon within came the rattle of dice, the clink of glass, the rattle of coin and the murmur of deep, hoarse male voices. The Rough Diamond was a most lucrative and flourishing institution in the little railroad town of Picture Canyon, on the line of the Union Pacific. It was one of those places which at that time sprang up in a night and are deserted in a day, along the line of the great road. Indeed, they followed the track, and wherever track-laying ended temporarily there a town was certain to spring up—almost as if by magic. There were thousands of laborers, railroad men, engineers and speculators. With them came peddlers, storekeepers, and last, but not least, the great army of gamblers and saloon men. Some of these towns were located in advantageous situations, and finally took on a solid growth and prospered. Others, having nothing to justify their existence save the presence of the army of railroad employees, vanished utterly when that army advanced farther and farther on its mission of conquering space and time and binding east and west together with bands of steel.

Herries was attached to the engineer corps of the road, and had been for some time stationed at Picture Canyon, a city of some 5,000 inhabitants, mostly males, and which was nearly a month old, so antique, indeed, that an election for mayor and common council was being agitated by the more enterprising members of the community.

Harvard-bred, delicately nurtured, accustomed to all the refinements of life which wealth guided by correct tastes may give in an old and settled community, the rude surroundings of his present life had at first disheartened Herries, but being at bottom a man of good sense and pluck, and possessing a splendid constitution, a magnificent biceps, standing six feet and over in his boots, the man who had been Yale's especial terror as "right tackle," and who had filled his seat in the 'varsity eight with more than credit when the blue crossed the line ahead of the crimson, on Lake Quinsigamond, would hardly flinch at hardships which other men bore without complaint, even if at times his soul grew weary of oaths and liquor, mad-dened men and brawls, and bacon and muddy coffee and hardtack. Indeed, he grew at last to like the wild freedom of his life, as all men will do in time, and he was fast taking on the exterior of a genuine frontiersman when he—

When he met Chiquita!

Chiquita was a sprite. She was the true daughter of rocky canyon and desert mesa—a genuine child of the Sierras—and a woman withal. Her reputed father was an evil-eyed old Mexican named Ramon; ostensibly a herder of other men's sheep; really a gatherer of other men's coins. Chiquita kept house for him in a tumbled-together "shack," on the outskirts of the town, and here entertained her father's guests. Poor little Chiquita. She was brilliantly pretty, with the rich rose red flushing her olive cheeks, her white teeth flashing between ripe, dewy, crimson lips with glorious brown eyes, under heavy arching brows, and shaded by such long, curling lashes as would make one's heart ache, especially the heart of a frontiersman, in whose life female beauty is a rich and rare event. Many a dollar had Chiquita's eyes and lips brought to old Ramon's sheepskin pouch—and still he was athirst for more gold.

It was of this Herries was thinking, for he knew Chiquita, and it was this which, thinking of it, drove him out of the warm and cozy barroom (the only place where he could possibly stay, save in his cold and cheerless tent), and forced him to lave his heated brow in the cool, wet wind which blew from the mouth of Picture Canyon.

He was roused by a voice—a deep, slow plainsman's voice—addressing him:

"Pardner, you are a good one for a tenderfoot, leastways I've sorter tackled to you since I seen the way you whupped that 'ere cowboy clump, and belted him with his own gun. Some tenderfoots ain't got no sand, but you have, en I'll not see you double teamed on ef I kin help it, sho's I'm fun Texas—which I'm known as Black Waxy Jim."

"Why, what's the matter?" broke in Her-

ries on Black Waxy's harrangue, as he turned and regarded closely the tall, athletic figure of the man beside him.

The Texan jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the bar-room. "In thar," he said in a low tone, "I heern somethin'—about—about you—en—en—"

"Chiquita?"

"Thet's it, pard. You've called the turn. It's jest about that 'ere little greaser gal, en you ain't the fust, nor you won't be the larst, I reckon, thet's got his hide bored 'long o' her."

"What's up, then?"

"Keep yer eye skinned—and don't go nigh old Ramon's shack. I've warned you. So long, pard. And Black Waxy lounged away into the gathering gloom and mist.

"Hold on," cried Herries, rushing after him. "Tell me, at least, who my enemy is," Black Waxy turned and scanned the young engineer closely in the twilight. "Pete—from Denver!" he jerked out, and strode rapidly off.

Herries was a brave man, but his blood chilled at that mention of this name. It was the synonym of all that was most fierce, bloodthirsty and wicked, even in that wicked and bloodthirsty little community. "Denver Pete!" he mused. "So he is going to do me up because I'm trying to win that poor child from her horrible life, and save her for something better. I fear me, Edward, you're in no end of a bad scrape."

But the blood which had rushed so hotly through his veins when Yale's shouts rang triumphant over the football field as the goal was almost won, and which nerved him to dare any odds, take any risk, so long as he could save that game, now flowed again warmly through his heart. "I'll not be bullied," he said, and he frowned and shut close his mouth and clinched his hands. These were ominous signs in Mr. Herries, and even Denver Pete, redoubtable knight of the green cloth as he was, would have done well to have heeded them; had he known young Herries better he might have done so. For Herries had stalked back to the brilliantly lighted barroom, and had called for a glass of whisky, the while he regarded a knot of men near by who were conversing in a low tone. Among these men was the gambler against whom Herries had been warned—a handsome, pale-faced, tall, slender man, dressed with great neatness in black, and without a single ornament visible—not even the belt which nearly every man wore. He had a small, keen, hungry-looking gray eye, and as he looked at Herries he met the latter's gloomy glance, smiled and turned to his friends with the remark:

"The kid seems worried about something. I wonder if by any chance he has overheard us?"

"Guess not—he jest come in a minute ago."

"Perhaps—perhaps," muttered Peter; "but we will soon know."

Events move quickly in frontier towns. As Herries finished his whisky and banged the door behind him, Peter arose from his seat.

His friends also sprang up, but he made a gesture of dissent.

"No, boys. Leave this to me. If I can't deal with one tenderfoot, I certainly won't call in aid."

"But he might git the drap on ye," persisted one.

Peter shrugged his shoulders and deigned no reply. He walked to the bar, called for and swallowed a large glassful of brandy, which draft did not even bring a flush to his pale cheek, opened the door, and was lost in the darkness of the night.

About two hours later the inmates of the Rough Diamond were startled by hearing shots, cries, oaths, the heavy thundering of a horse's hoofs on the rocky soil of the mesa, and then a long, loud "hurra-a-h." Then all was silent.

As one man they sprang to their feet and rushed for the door, but ere the foremost man among them could reach it, it was burst violently open and old Ramon rushed in, followed by Pete from Denver, who, swaying and staggering like a drunken man, called for brandy, and then came to the floor with a crash that shook the windows.

A babel of voices prevented an explanation for a long time, and when Peter had somewhat revived he told them what had happened.

"Where's Chiquita?" some one asked.

A spasm of wrath convulsed the features of the dying man.

"Gone," he gasped, "gone with that cursed tenderfoot."

"How did it all happen, Pete?"

"He was there when I got there. Chiquita was all dressed and ready to go off with him; womanlike, curse her! He saw me coming. His horse was there. He waited for me. Oh, the fellow was game enough. I said nothing, but opened on him. The girl being there must have made me nervous, for I missed my man for the first time."

"And then?"

"Why, he pumped me full of lead before I could pull trigger. Hit me five times. Then he mounted and swung the girl up in front of him. Old Ramon came up and opened on him. I got up and followed suit.

He got back at us once—his last cartridge—and caught Ramon, for I heard him groan. Then the tenderfoot yelled and rode off. Boys, give me a big drink. I'm done for."

And when they brought the drink a fast chilling corpse was all that was left of Peter from Denver to drink it.

And Chiquita? Chiquita went to a convent in St. Louis, and left there four years later a cultured and magnificently beautiful woman. She will be pleased to receive any of Mr. Herries' friends at her lovely home in the Back bay district in Boston, and if you succeed in pleasing her, she will tell you of that awful night at Picture Canyon when a "tenderfoot" from Boston showed how a "tenderfoot" can fight when a sweetheart is at stake.

And old Ramon? When they looked for him he was gone. Nor was he or Edward Herries ever seen again in Picture Canyon.

Almost as Easy as Divorce.

The joke on the Georgia rural justice of the peace has gained that worthy personage a national reputation. But the latest and best story in this line comes fresh from a Georgia county.

A runaway couple, pursued by an angry father, rushed into the bedroom of a sleeping justice and demanded an immediate marriage.

Arrayed in a flowing gown of white, the startled justice leaped from his couch and, seeing a woman present, as quickly leaped behind the bed.

"What do you want?" he thundered, peering wildly over the headboard.

"Want to get married!" shouted the man.

"Take her and go, and God help you!" cried the justice.

And the nuptial knot was tied.

Hasty Friendships.

Some people are continually acquiring "dear friends." Ladies of an impressive nature have been known to add two or three to their list every week during the visiting season. Men are not, generally speaking, as apt to rush into friendship as the more amiable sex, yet many a man contracts friendships in haste that he repents at leisure. True friends are scarce acquisitions. They cannot be picked up at the rate of half a dozen a season at dinner parties or balls.—*New York Ledger.*

CARPET & FACTORY,

802 M Street, Sacramento,

M. S. COWGER, - - - Proprietor.

Special Widths Woven to Order.

J. J. DUNCKHORST,

Interior Decorating.

LATEST DESIGNS IN

WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.

1225 J Street, Sacramento.

A. H. ROTT, C. H. KREBS.

C. H. KREBS & CO.,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,

Varnishes, Wall Paper, Brushes, Window Shades and Picture Mouldings.

Ready Mixed Paints and Building Papers.

House and Sign Painting, Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, Glazing and Gilding, Pictures, Frames and Mouldings.

626 J STREET,

Between Sixth and Seventh, SACRAMENTO.
TELEPHONE 267.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

Futterer's Saloon,

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.

A FINE POOL TABLE.

CALL ON THE

AGENT

OF THE

SUN INSURANCE CO.

AT

1014 FOURTH STREET,

WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.

Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46

THEO. J. MILLIKEN,

Manager Sacramento Branch.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE Notice.—That on the 4th day of December, 1891, at the opening of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, in Department One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections 1811 to 1821, inclusive. The nature of the business to be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento County, Sutter Township, and the name of my husband is J. L. Clark. KATIE E. CLARK.

Who Was Jim?

Some visitors to the town bring with them good stories of incidents that happened in their personal knowledge. It is astonishing to see how few of the current new stories are carried from town to town by the press. The vast majority are carried and scattered by travelers and drummers. Some of the stories told by the drummers, however, should never have been scattered; still, the commercial men are the authors of many a good story that shows individuality in its make-up.

A Simmons hardware salesman tells of a sleeping-car incident that happened a few nights ago as he was coming from Chicago in a Chicago and Alton night train.

There was a bridal couple on the train, who had been billing and cooing the entire evening. Finally the curtains of their berth were drawn down, and from the rustling of silks within, one could tell the girl was disrobing. Finally all was silent. About midnight the groom, who seemed unaccustomed to travel, arose, dressed and looked around the train, got a drink and spent an hour listening to the chatter of some night owls who were talking in the smoking-room.

When he returned to his couch he found his bride lying with her head at the northwest corner and her feet at the southeast corner of the berth. The groom could not find a place to rest his bones, so he touched her and said: "Rachael! Rachael! lie over a little."

There was no answer but a snoring "Ugh?" "Rachael! Rachael! I have no room to lie down."

Another "Ugh?" He gave her a nudge or two and repeated the request.

Then came in half-awake, half-asleep tones: "Oh, Jim—you—always—wake me—and nudge me; you mean thing!" She rolled over and went to sleep again.

The groom looked surprised. His name wasn't Jim, and he didn't think he had married a widow. He had only been married two days, so he didn't think that she could say of him that he "always awoke her and nudged her."

The next morning the drummer and his friend heard the husband ask his wife:

"Say, Rachael, who in blazes is Jim?" "Why, that's my little sister's nickname. You know her by the name of Lizzie; we call her Jim. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing," was the answer, but he looked satisfied and happy.

Like Him All But His Bow Legs.

She entered a street car. You could tell she'd just come from the shore by her face—last winter blonde, but now as red as a beet, with an occasional freckle.

"Just a l-o-o-v-e-ly time," was her gushing reply to a pretty brunette friend as she thumped into the corner seat beside her. "Oh, I just d-o-o-o love the shore. Never went to so many nice teas and parties—and dancing—why, I'm most dead from it. I could die a-waltzing, y'know."

"And, Fannie," she gushingly continued, "I never met so m-a-n-y bald-headed men. Why, it's getting to be just dreadful the way the men are growing bald. They should use restoratives—it's dreadful."

"Yes," chirped in the summer girl. "There were a good many bald heads. And—"

"But how about Charley?" interrupted the pretty brunette; "you said he was l-o-v-e-ly in your last letter."

There was a quick, surprised look, a short gurgle, and the pretty blonde pitifully replied: "Poor fellow! He was an awful nice boy. Nice talker—danced well—and I adored him until the other day, when he did something."

"Why, what did he do?" was the quick interrogative.

"He went in bathing," poutingly.

"Well, that's nothing."

"Yes, it was"—proudly—"yes, indeed, it was. Why, do you think—do you think," squaring herself face to face with her brunette friend, "that I would go with a bow-legged man?"

The car stopped and the sun-burned blonde got out.

A Singular Horse.

A funny story is told of Dean Swift, who was a witty man and fond of a joke at the expense of other people, as most witty people are. One very cold night when he was traveling he stopped at a little inn. There was only one fire in the house, and the guests of the inn, crowding about it, left no place for the new-comer.

With a solemn face Dean Swift called to the hostler and told him to get a peck of oysters immediately and take them out to his horse.

"Will your horse eat oysters, sir?" asked the astonished man.

"Just take them out and see," said the horse's master.

Few people die of the peril they most fear; says a student of casualties. Rope-walker Dixon, who crossed 350 feet above the whirlpool rapids at Niagara on a three-quarter-inch cable last July, has just drowned while bathing. So, the man who fears the gout may go untwinged all his days only to slip on a banana peel.

CURES CONSTIPATION.
LASH'S
KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS
CURES HEADACHE.
CURES MALARIA.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.

W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN WATERS
A NATURAL MINERAL WATER OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT.
"SHASTA" WATER
BOTTLED FOR EUROPEAN TRADE
MOUNT SHASTA, ELEVATION 14,442 FT.
MOUNT SHASTA MINERAL SPRING CO.
GENERAL OFFICE 908 & 910 2ND STREET
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA U.S.A.
TRADE MARK.
BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Book and Job Printers,

410 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

S. A. WOLFE,
Photographic Art Parlors
426½ J Street, Sacramento.

SADDLE ROCK
Restaurant and Oyster House
1019 SECOND STREET,
Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.
First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.
BUCKMAN & CARRACHER, Proprietors.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

EBNER BROS.
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.
116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON
CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

October 1, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11 02 A
3.05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8 40 P
12.50 A	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4 20 A
4.30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7 00 P
7.35 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7 40 A
10.50 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	9 35 A
11.50 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	2 25 A
11.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	5 25 A
3.00 P	Oroville	10 30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10 30 A
10.35 A	Redding via Willows	4 00 P
2.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 25 A
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12 30 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11 05 A
5.40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10 40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8 40 P
*10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	2 50 P
10.50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2 50 P
10.50 A	San Jose	11 05 A
4.30 P	Santa Barbara	8 40 P
6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11 05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8 40 P
8.50 A	Stockton and Galt	7 00 P
4.30 P	Stockton and Galt	9 35 A
11.50 A	Truckee and Reno	2 25 A
11.00 P	Truckee and Reno	5 25 A
6.30 P	Colfax and Way Stations	2 30 P
6.50 A	Vallejo	8 40 P
3.05 P	Vallejo	8 40 P
*8 20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*10 20 A
*12 15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10 20 A
*4 45 P	Folsom	*8 00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted.
A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen'l Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank
DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:
PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:
C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,
San Francisco and Sacramento,
Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,
MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.
Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WE HAVE OVER ONE THOUSAND PASTEUR GERM-PROOF FILTERS in use in private residences, hotels, restaurants and saloons. If a single one of them is not giving entire satisfaction we have not heard of it.

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a
PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has
A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,
CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THEMIS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1891.

No. 38.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

What is the matter with the old man? If there is any one achievement of the fund commission for which Judge Beatty prides himself more than another, and of which he has oftener boasted, it is that of buying from Meyer, Bates & Co. long-term (1903) bonds at par. This wonderful feat in finance—deep beyond the ken of ordinary mortals—of inducing creditors to accept from an insolvent and would-be repudiating city (for such it has often been declared to be by our venerable financier) before their money is due, is defended upon the ground that, by so doing, the city gets rid of paying the *unearned* interest which would accrue during the next twelve years. He puts it, in his communication to the *Record-Union* of October 28th, in substance as follows:

In the 1903 bonds the city promises to pay, say \$1,000, on the 1st day of February, 1903. But attached to that bond are thirteen "coupons," or, in plain English, thirteen promissory notes. Twelve of these notes are for \$60 each and one for \$5. Now, when we buy a 1903 \$1000-bond at par and get \$725 in notes thrown in without pay, we save the city \$725 on each \$1,000-bond by paying in advance.

The policy of this idea of paying its debts before they are due, on the part of an over-taxed city, embarrassed and distressed for want of means for current necessities, instead of paying its past due debts, seems, when seen in its naked deformity, even to have slightly shocked the sensibilities of its over-wrought devotee, for he presently adds:

But I am free to admit with the saving in interest and discount, which we make by buying up the debt before it is due, would not induce me to favor a high rate of taxation.

This is a very kind concession from a commission which abstracts from the city from \$90,000 to \$100,000 annually—the products of taxation—for use in questionable plans for satisfying the cravings of Meyer, Bates & Co. And yet, if it was a sincere confession, it was soon forgotten, for only two days later, in a communication to the *Evening News*, our financier says:

For myself, I believe it would be the best policy to raise the 35-cent tax [referring to an additional tax] and clean the whole thing up in three and one-half years.

It is evident that high taxation has no terrors for the president of the fund commission; and it is quite certain that the San Francisco syndicate of bondholders would not object.

But it is to be noted that this plan of another 35-cent tax is not suggested for the purpose of raising money to buy up bonds maturing in 1898 and 1903, but for the purpose of paying, in one fell swoop, the past-due bonds and coupons, as well as the bonds which mature in 1893. With reference to this grand idea, our financier furnishes the following information and advice:

But there is a law under which the commissioners can require the trustees to levy annually 35 cents on all the taxable property of the city for bond-redemption purposes. If that amount was levied each year, up to and including March, 1895—three and one-half years—we could take up all the *delinquent* debt, leaving only a small amount of bonds, that would fall due partly in 1898 and partly in 1903.

An approximately close estimate will show that this 35-cent tax will produce \$52,500 per year. The average receipt of the interest and sinking fund is \$150,000 per year. For the four years from 1892 to 1895, both inclusive, there would be produced from these sources \$810,000—a sum quite sufficient, and probably more

than sufficient, to pay off *at par* the whole delinquent debt, together with the bonds maturing in 1893; and this is just what the San Francisco syndicate wants. The policy of the commission has been *to create as much delinquent debt as possible*. Accordingly, during the last twelve years it has purchased only \$7,400 of the bonds which matured in 1888, and but a little more of the bonds which will mature in 1893, using its enormous resources in the purchase of the bonds maturing in 1898 and 1903. The result is that the city is now delinquent in the sum of \$315,000 unpaid bonds of 1888, and in fourteen months more will be delinquent in the further sum of \$266,800 for bonds of 1893—making a total *delinquency* upon the bonds, exclusive of interest, of \$581,800. The commission has purchased \$515,600 of the long bonds (1898, 1903) and has engaged, as it says, to purchase \$57,000 more.

This miserable condition is due to the fact that this commission, contrary to the purposes for which it was created, has used the enormous sums at its disposal to pay debts which we don't owe, rather than the debts that we do owe; and it enables its manager, with apparent satisfaction, to publish to the world our situation in such words as these: "Everywhere in the civilized world, from Siberia to Chile, we are discredited. All strangers believe the city insolvent," etc. Our condition is not so bad as thus represented, yet it serves the purpose of the manager of the commission to assert it. What object is gained by stigmatizing the city with insolvency and repudiation, as has been often done by the manager of this commission, is not readily perceived. It can't help the commission in buying bonds, for it purchases only of the San Francisco syndicate. The latter may profit by it by gathering up the bonds from the four corners of the earth at low prices, from the holder whose ears are filled with lamentations over the alleged insolvency and repudiating tendencies of this unfortunate and commission-ridden city.

But there is hope yet. The end is nigh at hand. Light is beginning to penetrate the minds of the commissioner and his solitary convert. In the latest communication of the former to the latter he says in mournful and pathetic words: "I agree with you partly that those bonds *not due* need not be taken up. It would be folly to attempt to take them up. When the commission has paid the *delinquent* bonds and coupons our occupation is gone. The city has no further use for us"—meaning, probably, no further use for the fund commission; not, it is to be hoped, for the venerable commissioner himself, and his enterprising convert, the editor of the *News*. They should be preserved as useful examples for future financiers who may attempt to explain the *folly of attempting to take up the bonds not due*, and the wisdom of at the same time contracting to buy \$57,000 more of them at par. Could the occupation be gone without further delay the taxpayers of the city would loudly say amen! and amen! would not stick in their throats at the proposition that it would have been well for the city if the commission had never been created.

Now that the various political organizations have acted with regard to nominations for school officers, the matter of the election is fairly before the people, and it is gratifying ample time will be afforded for careful deliberation. Heretofore the importance of this election seems not to have been appreciated, and the selection of nominees was made by political committees. Since

the establishment of THEMIS we have repeatedly called attention to the dangers of the system; that it brought politics too near the schools, and gave the people little or no voice in the selections of school officers. We have no criticism adverse of the present board of education, and feel it would be difficult to improve on its personnel, but it has happened in the past that in instances there have been abuses, and men incompetent or designing have found places on the board. Politics has its place; its place is not, however, in the school and library boards. Educated men of broad views; men who will not be swayed from their convictions, but who will act with intelligence, justice and good judgment, should be returned. It should be understood that the teachers will be retained if their records are satisfactory, and that favoritism will not give one an advantage over others. The incentive of promotion because of merit should be held out. As we remarked in a former issue, there should not be held over their heads the sword of Damocles, sustained by a slender thread, that is liable to be severed by an unjust hand.

It is evident that the national issue next year will be protection and reciprocity. The arbitrament on Tuesday in Ohio fixes and determines the great contest for president. Every effort was made to defeat Wm. McKinley by the democracy and their allies, the side-shows. The battle was fought and won solely upon protection and reciprocity, and these will be the watch-words for republican victory next year. In all the other states there were no national questions involved. Flower in New York, Russell in Massachusetts and Boies in Iowa, succeed on personal popularity. As the smoke of the conflict clears away, it becomes more and more apparent that our matchless statesman, James G. Blaine, will be the standard-bearer, with the inscription "protection and reciprocity" thereon. With Blaine, New York will fall into line; Massachusetts and Iowa will discard their side issues; Illinois and Indiana rally in support of the American idea as personified in Blaine. The lessons of the Tuesday elections will not be lost on the grand old republican party, and will serve to solidify all the conflicting elements under the slogan protection and reciprocity. The lines are drawn: The republicans for the protection of American industries, and the democracy for the protection of foreign labor and manufactures. With such an issue, the American idea must prevail. There is no room now in the republican ranks for mugwumpism.

THEMIS was laughed at. Indeed it is that he who laughs last laughs best. We are sorry that our opponents in the discussion of the subject of the bonded indebtedness find they have been compelled to retire ignominiously from the field. We will, however, renew it at appropriate times, to the end the oppressive taxation of this people will be lightened. It has come to be that "They laugh that win."

The San Francisco *Post* has devised an advertising scheme to "popularize" itself that should be generally condemned. It prints a schedule of prizes, with their individual valuations fixed by the publishers—valuations which everyone of common sense knows to be exaggerated—and proposes during the remainder of the year to print a blank ballot daily that it is expected will be cut out, filled in and returned to the office, presumptively to determine who are the most popular lady teachers in the State; really to attempt to build up a newspaper circulation at the expense of the public

schools. Such a fake will determine nothing as to the genuine popularity of those who may be successful; to our mind it is indelicate. The *Post* says:

The plan proposed by the *Post* for conferring a substantial benefit on faithful and deserving lady teachers in this state cannot fail to commend itself to parents and children alike. The former are not ungrateful nor undimindful of the exhaustive toil and labor to which a teacher is subjected, and in many cases would be glad to show their appreciation of the teachers' self-sacrifice in some substantial way. This, however, can be done only indirectly, for the law wisely forbids, at least in the public schools, the making of presents to teachers.

The children, of course, will be more than pleased to show their esteem and regard for their teachers, and to indicate their confidence in them in the simple manner provided for by this paper. Children are, as a rule, excellent judges of character, and their verdict will be quite as near the exact truth as that of other jurors, to say the least.

Such a plan should unquestionably not commend itself to thinking parents, and while the children are always pleased to show and do show their appreciation for their teachers, there are more appropriate ways of doing it than by booming up a sensational newspaper. The *Post* admits the wisdom of the law forbidding making presents to teachers. Mainly the law is based upon the idea that a deserving teacher should be recognized substantially—by promotion,—and that her merit, so far as her pupils are concerned, should be judged by their records. Then again, there is considered the disparity in the conditions in life of the parents of the children; the humiliation of the poor child that he cannot give as much as his more fortunate seat-mate. The "popularity" of a teacher does not always mean that she is deserving of special merit. The modest are in many instances the most deserving of recognition and advancement.

It is to be hoped our evening contemporaries will not get into a fight over the question which is the greater or which the lesser. Let them furnish the people the news, and each attend to its own internal business. What do the people care for their troubles, or as to which has the most influence and circulation? We all know each will claim the most for itself and will stretch the very longest bow.

Poetry is an appropriate subject of criticism. In a San Francisco paper of recent date, Sands W. Forman printed a poem he had written, entitled "Egypt's Queen"—referring to one of the name of Cleopatra, the last Queen of Egypt, who was born in 69 B. C., and died August 30, 30 B. C., at the early age of 39. Doubtless there were some good traits about the woman, but she played havoc with the leading men of Rome. Imperial Cæsar forgot his obligations to his people and his family that he might revel in her smiles. The untimely death of Cæsar brought Antony to her feet; she destroyed the family relations of Antony, brought to him military defeat and death. In the play of *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakspeare graphically presents the language of the several parties concerned in the political, warlike and domestic affairs that then transpired. The great playwright is no doubt responsible for the more modern poems that have from time to time appeared. Seriously, however, while we have no admiration for the life and character of Cleopatra, we confess admiration for the production written by Wm. H. Lytle, of Ohio, who was killed at Chicamauga, popularly entitled, "I am Dying, Egypt, Dying." There is merit, too, in the verses of Mr. Forman, but there is much in them of sameness to past productions. He lays the cause of the death of the queen to the sting of an adder; history generally ascribes it to an asp.

A letter from Rev. J. B. Harrison, of Boston, has been received by Rev. C. W. Wendte, of San Francisco, stating that Samuel Woodworth, the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket," was buried either in San Francisco or Oakland; and the inquiry is made, where the body lies, and whether the grave is marked by a monument. Though we never knew the remains of the poet were brought to California, if they were, it seems it will be of little difficulty to find their resting-place. Woodworth died in New York, December 9, 1842. His collected poems, with a memoir, were published in New York in 1861, and the city of his last resting-place should be noted in the memoir. It is not unlikely his remains were brought to California, in that his second son, Selim E. Woodworth, was a prominent early Californian. He was born in New York,

November 15, 1815; went to sea in 1832; entered the United States navy in 1838; came overland to California by way of Oregon, and arrived here April 1, 1846; was a senator from Monterey the first and second sessions of the legislature, and in a manuscript sketch of his life, written by himself while senator, now in possession of the Sacramento Society of Pioneers, he closed with the words, "Son of the 'Old Oaken Bucket.'" His portrait and biographical sketch appear in the "Annals of San Francisco." He died at the bay, January 29, 1871. No doubt the remains of his father lie in his plot, if they were brought to this coast, and there should be no difficulty to locate them.

There is prevalent in many portions of this country an idea that a child cannot be sent too early to school, nor kept too steadily at the tasks there undertaken. The most melancholy results have already arisen from this grave error, and we fear that future generations may exhibit a still greater average of consequent suffering. The fact is, that the brain is far more liable to be overtaken in early youth than the body. The precocious child—unnaturally precocious, we mean—the growth of the educational hotbed—is never a superior man. What we rob from nature at ten years of age, she takes back again at five-and-twenty, with a justice inexorable. On the contrary, it is a notorious fact, adduced by a great majority of biographical researches, that the most celebrated and successful men have, as a general rule, not been remarkable as children, but have rather devoted themselves to the establishment of a permanently sound physique, than a brilliant intellect. Some curious statistics gathered in England, a few years ago, show that nothing is more fatal to the national intelligence than this early forcing. It was found that the average of precocious children who reached the age of twenty-one was frightfully small, compared with those who exhibited ordinary mental power. Those who lived to manhood were nearly all very delicate, and, by a curious reactionary power of nature, were singularly apt to have children of a very low order of intellect—many of them being decidedly idiotic. This shows that the early forcing plan, pursued in far too great a proportion of our schools, is actually one cause of the increase of insanity and idiocy that our census-tables and medical statistics record. The power of the United States lies, without doubt, in the educational opportunities that all American citizens find here, but every good thing is liable to abuse, and we protest against making the acquirement of abstract knowledge the sole and only occupation of children who need every advantage of exercise and open air life to bring them to physical maturity.

Scientists generally have concluded that mankind is deteriorating. He is of shorter life, and smaller in stature. All else is improving at the expense of man's individuality. Edward P. Jackson, in the *North American Review*, claims that, while we are making great and rapid strides in the master of the forces in nature, still man is losing in consequence of the great advancement in this power over nature. We are better housed, lighted, warmed, clothed, and fed than ever before; are better protected from disease, yet, as an individual, deteriorating. With all our advantages, we do not gain a larger sphere, but are simply sharpened to a finer point. The *Review* writer puts the situation in strong terms:

The world has already made too much history and eminent biography. The broadest mind, the most tenacious memory, can comprehend but the barest outlines, and for adequate study must content itself with fragments. The same applies to science, art, everything. Hence, everywhere the race of man is told off into details. The intellectual class divides up its domain into lots, and assigns them to its settlers, as the United States Government assigns its territorial freeholds. The sky is partitioned off among astronomers like so much western territory. In philology one man devotes his life to the third declension of one language, and at the end laments that he "has not confined himself to the dative case." In the arts it is still worse. Time was when one man made a watch. Now he makes only one small part of it. As a result the product is greatly improved, but the *producer* is deteriorated in still greater degree. Enlarging the scope of action in all directions, when the scope was already too large, has very much the same effect that enlarging the earth itself would have—it proportionately dimin-

ishes the individual actor. When, countless æons hence, Jupiter and Saturn shall be inhabited, the Jovian and the Saturnian man will be as much smaller than the terrestrial man as those giant planets are greater than the earth. Not so, however, with the Jovian and the Saturnian races. For our hundreds they will number their tens of thousands.

We cull the following from *Harper's* for November, 1891:

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

A story illustrating the force of habit, as related by a clergyman who claimed to have heard it in its spontaneity, seems good enough to repeat.

A college professor and his daughter sat at a hotel table with the narrator of the story. In the course of conversation the professor, wishing to express negation, made use of the objectionable form "nope."

"Father," said the daughter, energetically, "you shouldn't say 'nope;' you should say no."

"I suppose so, my dear," acquiesced the father. "It is the force of habit that makes me say nope."

"Why, father, have you always said nope?" inquired the young lady.

The father reflected for a moment. A dreamy smile lit up his features, and he gently and peacefully murmured "Yep."

DINAH'S PRAYER.

Dinah is fond of good living, but, strange to say, has an intense dislike for clams, and did not hesitate to make this fact known when called upon to ask a blessing. Dinah said:

"O Lord, bless all dese good vittles—all 'cept dem clams—you don't get any of dem inter me! Amen."

A VERY EASY LANGUAGE.

"Ibrahim" (Abraham), said a European traveler in Palestine to his native guide, "I want you to teach me some Arabic. If I wish to go into an Arab's house, how am I to say to him 'Let me rest here, and give me some food?'"

"You needn't say anything at all to him, effendi" (master), "but just walk in and sit down. As for food, if it is his meal-time he will give you some without being asked; and if it is not, you won't get any, whatever you say."

"And if I want to buy anything from him, how do I ask the price of it?"

"You don't ask it, master, but just point to the thing and show him some money. If it is not enough, he'll hold out his hand for more; and if he does not give you enough of the things that you want to buy, whatever they are, you hold out *your* hand for more, and so it goes on till you are both satisfied."

"And in case we fall in with robbers, what's the Arabic for 'Halt! or I fire?'"

"There is no Arabic needed in *that* case, master. If there were only a single robber, my comrade Yakob" (Jacob) "and I would kill him before he could say a word; and if there were a band of them they would kill *us* before *we* could say one."

"And supposing I want to climb up on to the roof of a house to look at the view, what shall I say to the people of the house?"

"Say nothing at all, but just climb right up. Then the people to whom the house belongs will climb up after you and ask for money, and you'll give them some."

"And if they are not satisfied with what I give them, and begin to threaten me, what shall I say to them?"

"Don't say a word; just whistle for *me*," replied Ibrahim, with stern significance.

"But if I am thirsty, and see a man coming along with a pitcher of water, how am I to say in Arabic 'Give me a drink?'"

"Don't say it at all, effendi; just catch hold of the pitcher, take a drink, and pass on."

"And supposing I go into a native village, and see there a pretty girl whom I wish to compliment," asked the traveler, with a somewhat sentimental air, "how am I to express in Arabic 'You are a beautiful child?'"

Ibrahim's small black eyes twinkled appreciatively. "If you take *my* advice, effendi, you will not try to express that at all, for if you do, her father and her friends will come up and begin throwing big stones at you?"

"Oho!" cried the traveler; "do you speak from experience, my friend?"

Ibrahim answered only by rubbing the back of his head with a meaning grin; and here the Arabic lesson ended, the traveler being by this time fully convinced that Arabic, if studied in the right way, is one of the easiest languages in existence. DAVID KER.

A STORY OF NAPOLEON III.

Napoleon III, who had no fewer poor relatives to help on than any other sovereign, was trying one day to convince a cousin, whom he had already generously aided, that it was impossible for him to increase her allowance. The princess took the refusal angrily, and, as she was leaving, said, in a taunting manner: "Decidedly you have nothing of the great emperor, our uncle."

"You mistake, ma chère cousine," replied Napoleon, with a cheerful smile, "I have his family."

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

One can hardly expect a basso profundo to pursue the even tenor of his way.

"Ah, yes," said Aunt Sary, "Jennie's a great singer; some day she'll be a reg'lar belladonna!"

A French critic, Mirabeau, says Maurice Maeterlinck, a new writer in Belgium, has put into his *Princesse Maeline* "things more beautiful than the most beautiful things in Shakspeare."

Author (of new play in far western theater)—Hark! What's that queer noise? Western manager—Comes from the audience. "Eh! Is that their style of applauding?" "No. It's the clicking of revolvers. I think they are getting ready to call for the author."

The famous tenor Van Dyck, who has been hailed as the greatest of living male singers, lacks the height and grace of bearing of the beau ideal tenor. He is short and stout, and his closely shaven chin and lips, delicate features and long fair hair give him an almost feminine aspect.

Emma V. Sheridan says there is "no more sensation in a stage kiss than there is in a stage murder. Stage kisses should be illusion as much as stage fire or stage snow. Murdering and fighting, shouting and kissing are done on the stage because the lines or the situations of the play demand them."

Theatrical stars, as a rule, says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, are so jealous of the applause and attention attaching to their position at the head of the cast that the introduction of a more than usually effective line or piece of business by a member of it is generally frowned down. Joseph Jefferson is particularly free from this petty weakness. At rehearsals he is lavish with invaluable suggestions for the players who support him, and everything that his fertile mind can devise to strengthen their individual work is done, though sometimes it is at the cost of his own scenes and situations. In connection with this fact the following is told of a rehearsal of *The Rivals*, which took place recently: Mrs. John Drew, as Mrs. Malaprop, introduced in one of her scenes a new and striking line accompanied by a tremendously funny bit of business. With old-time professional courtesy she called Mr. Jefferson's attention to the innovation, and asked if he had any objection to it. "Not the slightest," replied the comedian, bowing, "it's exactly what Sheridan would have done—if he'd thought of it."

In the *Century* for November Brander Matthews has given a splendid description of "The Players," the designation of a club in New York, which includes in its membership actors, managers, dramatists, and lovers of art. We clip the following from the elegant article: In the oaken cases which stretch from one fireplace to the other is the private collection of Mr. Booth, the working library of a Shaksperian tragedian. Beyond and between the farther mantelpiece and the rear window is a major part of the theatrical collection of Mr. Lawrence Barrett; and opposite are the dramatic books of the late John Gilbert, a welcome gift from his widow. Other friends have filled most of the other shelves; and the gathering grows apace. Among the treasures, for example, is a collection of some 30,000 playbills, and over a hundred volumes of original editions of the elder dramatists, presented by Mr. Daly. In a shrine over a cabinet are half a dozen death-masks, from the unequaled collection of Mr. Laurence Hutton; and thus we may see how the author of *The School for Scandal* looked after he had departed this life, and the author of *Faust*, and the author of *The Robbers*. There are death-masks also of David Garrick and of Edmund Kean, of Marie Malibran, and of Ludwig Devrient, of Boucicault, and of Lawrence Barrett, sad memorials of departed beauty, genius, and power. Above the shelves where the dust settles on their biographies and on the comedies and the tragedies they acted, are the portraits of the players of the past. No other collection of theatrical pictures approaches this in extent or in importance save that of the Garrick club in London. As the gallery of the Garrick was begun by the purchase of the pictures got together by Charles Matthews, so that of The Players had its germ in the portraits gathered by Mr. John Sleeper Clarke, a comedian who has acted with abundant success more than one of Matthews' characters. To the small collection of his brother-in-law, Mr. Booth added many others; and since the club has opened, and since the fact has become known that it will gladly accept and care for portraits of actors, not a few have been presented, as always happens when the public is aware that gifts of this sort are welcome. The two-score and more portraits in the library are all theatrical in their subjects—except that there is here a picture, supposed to be by Rembrandt Peale, of George Washington, who, under George III, was the active leader of his majesty's opposition. It was for this painting that Mr. Aldrich suggested the properly theatrical legend, "Our Leading Man."

Book Chat.

The difference between an editor and his wife is that his wife sets things to rights, while he writes things to set.

In fiction, as in history, it is the shudder that captures the ordinary reader; in fact, the majority of readers.

"There are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard;
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a Paradise bird."

Judge of Appeals Francis Finch, who has just been elected Dean of Cornell University Law School, is a Republican and author of the pathetic and popular poem entitled "The Blue and the Gray."

Everything may be made interesting by its becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life.

Sir Edwin Arnold has published a poem in which he makes the statement that "Love builds on the azure sea and love builds on the golden strand." Strangely enough, he overlooks the fact that love frequently builds a cottage on real estate purchased on time and invariably regrets it.

The line "Though lost to sight to memory dear" has never been placed, in spite of the most persistent research. It was no doubt the title of a ballad, or a pleasing line in it, but the name of the author remains unknown. It has been stated that it was found engraved upon a bracelet fashioned in the seventeenth century.

There is an interesting example of heredity in the case of Mrs. Harriette R. Shattuck, daughter of William S. Robinson, the old-time political writer. Mr. Robinson was in his day one of the shrewdest politicians in New England, and his daughter has a wide and accurate knowledge of parliamentary law, on which she has written a book for the use of women.

The noted Epworth Bible excited great interest among the delegates to the Methodist council in Washington. Instead of the usual pulpit volume, sumptuously bound in velvet or embossed leather, it was covered with coarse, stout canvas, with no clasps. But the print was as good as when the father of the famous founder of Methodism read the lessons from it at Epworth.

As leader of the House of Commons, the late William Henry Smith, won the respect of all parties. His answers to the brilliant and sarcastic eloquence of the government's opponents were always suave and soft, and often acted as a sedative when the house was excited. He was most given to the use of proverbial quotations, which led *Punch* years ago to give him the title of "Old Morality."

Bernhard Quaritch, the best-known bookseller in London, if not in the world, finds himself practically a bankrupt in his old age. His establishment in Piccadilly is mortgaged to the extent of \$500,000. "Don't congratulate me on these beautiful things," said he, bitterly, to a visitor last summer; "they are not mine. The whole place is mortgaged. I exist only by the friendly toleration of another."

Judge Goodwin has written an interesting volume of reminiscences and sketches of the palmy days on the Comstock, which is now in press, under the title of the "Comstock Club." The advance sheets show that the work is in his happiest vein, and it will be read with interest by the old '49ers, Argonauts and other folks. The mystery is how and when does the judge find the time to write a book in addition to his ordinary duties.

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, began his career as an architect in English Dorchester, and his first published work was an essay on the use of colored brick and terra cotta in dwelling houses. His first novel, "Desperate Remedies," was published in 1870, when he was 31 years old. He is, therefore, 52 years old at present, or two years younger than William Dean Howells. His latest book was "A Group of Noble Dames" and has been very well noticed in the leading reviews. He is one of the English authors whom foreign visitors seldom see, not being over fond of society.

Tolstoi has issued the following proclamation regarding publication of his works: "Owing to numerous requests for authorization to publish, translate or play my works, I beg you to publish in your paper the following declaration: I give everyone, gratuitously, the right to publish in Russia and abroad, either in Russian or a foreign tongue, all my works written since 1881 and published in volume XII of the complete edition of my works, which appeared in 1886, as likewise in volume XIII, which appeared this year, and all my works published in Russia, as well as those which shall appear after the aforesaid date."

Professional Chat.

Dr. Hammond says we have two brains. This accounts for the fact that some men think twice before they act once.

Nothing is more disheartening to a man than the discovery that he has married a woman who loves to keep his writing-table in order.

She—Temple Court is a smart lawyer, isn't he? He always quotes Latin. He—Yes; that's when he gets stuck and don't want you to understand what he says.

While New York doctors may ridicule the lullaby as a soothing agent in nervous disorders, Herbert Spencer, the last man to be accused of sentimentalism, has declared his opinion that excellent results might be hoped for from exhilarating strains of music.

A Tamany judge in New York is said to have issued 600 naturalization papers at one sitting, or at the rate of two a minute. Such political organization as Tamany can turn out American citizens ad libitum, but it keeps the rest of the country busy sorting out the indiscriminate mass.

Secretary Rusk preserves many of the primeval manners of his rustic boyhood. It is a rare thing to find him up after 9 o'clock in the evening, and if nothing prevents he goes to bed at 8:30. He gets up at day-break, and instead of a lunch at noon has dinner at that hour, and supper at 6. Fashion smiles at him a little for these eccentricities, but that does not prevent him from being the most popular official in Washington.

A vestryman in a London church complained the other day that he had been called a maw-worm, a Pangloss and a Chadband. "I find the word 'maw-worm' defined in the dictionaries," said he, "but I cannot discover what is meant by 'Pangloss' and 'Chadband.'" We do not wonder. There is, of course, but one Chadband in literature, but Pangloss is more numerous. How few people there are who have read "Candido." Yet John Morley has given the English-reading public a very clever edition of the translated satire, and the joke of it all is that he has coupled with this spicy screed that curious, romantic homily "Rasselas."—*Chicago News*.

"Just after the battle of Shiloh," said General W. T. Clark, of Denver, to a Chicago *Post* reporter, "General Grant issued orders that no whisky should be brought into camp. The enforcement of the order worked great hardship to many of the 'boys.' One of the worst sufferers was Colonel Doran, of the 'Fighting Irish' Seventeenth Wisconsin. Not much behind him in love of the ardent was Colonel Van Horn, of a Missouri regiment. These two would meet and console each other over the terrible straits to which they were reduced. In Van Horn's regiment was a dare-devil fellow named Mike Hennessey. At Van Horn's suggestion, Hennessey searched for, found and brought into camp a keg of choice Bourbon. That morning Van Horn went to Doran's tent. 'Good morning, Colonel Doran,' said he. 'Good morning,' growled the Irish regiment's commander, without looking up. 'Nice morning, Colonel Doran,' said Van Horn, in a most conciliatory tone. 'No, it isn't a nice morning,' snarled Doran. 'Colonel Doran,' whispered the other, 'Mike Hennessey brought a keg of fine whisky into camp last night, and—I—have—brought—a—canteen full—of—it—to—you!' 'Glory be to Peter! Colonel; do my ears deceive me, or do I hear the angels singing?' cried Doran, in ecstasy. And once again all was joy with the two colonels."

The arbitrary course of Judge Wallace in the endeavor to secure juries, both grand and petit, to render verdicts in accord with his notion, recalls an incident in the trial of William Penn in 1670: He was arraigned for having spoken at a Quaker meeting. Amid angry exclamations and menaces, he proceeded to plead earnestly for the fundamental laws of England; and as he was hurried out of court, still reminded the jury that "they were his judges." Dissatisfied with the first verdict returned, the recorder heaped upon the jury every opprobrious epithet. "We will have a verdict by the help of God, or you shall starve for it." "You are Englishmen," said Penn, who had again been brought to the bar; "mind your privilege, give not away your right." At last the jury, who had received no refreshments for two days and two nights, on the third day gave their verdict: "Not guilty." The recorder fined them forty marks apiece for their independence. Another illustration might be given in the case of Cardinal Wolsey: Under Cromwell the coercion of juries and the management of judges rendered the courts mere mouthpieces of the royal will; and where even the shadow of justice proved an obstacle to bloodshed, Parliament was brought into play to pass bill after bill of attainder. "He shall be judged by the bloody laws he has himself made," was the cry of the council at the moment of his fall, and by a singular retribution the crowning injustice which he sought to introduce even into the practice of attainder—the condemnation of a man without hearing his defence—was only practised on himself.

NOTES.

With bacteria in kisses, ammonia in bread, and all sorts of deadly germs in milk, pray how is a man to subsist on "bread and cheese and kisses?"

The "McKinley bill" and Bill McKinley have the call just now. Uncle Sam is disposed to look with favor on the champion of American industries.

The king of Corea is said to be contemplating a trip around the world, but is afraid if he leaves the country, Chiuia will not allow him to go back.

She thought a great deal of her young and handsome admirer until he wrote her a note saying he was ill and that the doctor said "it was 2 menuy siggeretts."

The Tammany tiger's claws were too long and sharp for Fassett. We will have them clipped next fall by the republican shears. Blaine will perform the operation.

Arthur Helps declared the worst use that can be made of success is to boast of it. This sentiment should be cut out and stuck in a large number of fashionable pincushions.

How is it that the grand jury of San Francisco insists on indicting the alleged bribe takers, without even a thought or act toward criminating the worst of all felons, the bribe givers?

One of the officers of the Improved Order of Red Men is called the "Great Incohonee." The principal use we have for the original red man nowadays seems to be borrowing big words from his language and stealing his land.

A Russian press censor permitted the following item to appear in a Moscow paper: "It is our opinion that Russia needs new railroads and will have them." For this the censor was suspended for three months and the editor fined \$300.

Woman's nature being so much more exuberant than that of man, there is more danger, frequently, in success than in defeat. If a woman loses her money repeatedly on a venture, it is her make-up to become superstitious and avoid the shoals. Victory entices her to the verge of foolhardiness.

The Russian move in distant Pamir is met by a counter British move in the Mediterranean. The czar will have no difficulty in understanding that it is British gold that the sultan is expending on the new fortifications of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles and on their equipment of heavy ordnance from German and British foundries.

The old war horse Comanche, the only member of Custer's band that survived the massacre of the Little Big Horn, is still in the flesh at Fort Riley, Kansas, where troop I cares for him. Comanche is now 28 years old and will soon reach the end of his days, but every attention is given him by the soldiers and he is never subjected to the saddle.

The Chinese are very particular about lucky and unlucky colors. They liked English sewing needles, but would not buy many of them because they were wrapped in black paper, black being an unlucky color. A printer used green paper for the Chinese calendar and his trade stopped almost immediately. He finally discovered that green was an unlucky color.

It is whispered in Berlin society that a certain elderly German prince, whose name has not yet been printed in the papers, has been wheedled by a woman who figured as a Belgian actress, but who was in reality a French spy. After getting from him some military information and copies of papers in the Berlin war office, she left for France. The prince was dumbfounded, and made confession to the Emperor, who was furious, and ordered his arrest and confinement in a fortress.

No vegetable has undergone a greater development in the last generation than the tomato. Persons who still esteem themselves young well remember the time when the only tomatoes to be seen were the small round or oval ones called love apples and deemed inedible. They seem to have been appropriated for table use first in this country, for an old European traveler tells how he astonished his fellow-diners at a continental table d'hôte by eating the tomatoes placed on the table purely as garniture.

A sensible preacher gave utterance to the following sentiment: "I hate to hear one occupying a mansion and dressed in fine clothes eulogize poverty. When I hear a man talk of destitution being a blessing I wonder how miserably he must have used his riches, if he ever had any. When I hear one say that sickness has been a profit I wonder how he used his health. Many persons would be better Christians and better citizens if they were not subjected to privations and struggles for food and clothing for wife and children. Poverty dwarfs their conscience and holds out temptation to lie and steal and go to the bottom."

The numerous cases of robbery by degraded women that have transpired in this city of late, suggest there should be a resort to the policy we have so often suggested: close up the dives and rigidly enforce the vagrancy law. The municipality has ample power to protect its people, and to rid itself of elements that are a menace to good order. While no sympathy is deserved by men who will visit low haunts and lose their money, consideration should be had for the credit of the city.

The two greatest and most powerful daily evening journals in the United States are published right here in Sacramento; at least, this community is so informed nearly every day through the columns of the *Bee* and *News*. Sacramento's future prosperity and the bonded-debt question appear to have dropped entirely out of sight of even "Me and Drury," while their esteemed contemporaries are continually booming themselves as the true and tried friend of the good people of Sacramento. These two great and powerful dailies should put a stop to their petty quarrels and confine their editorial columns to the two important questions, which of all others at present most affect the welfare of our city, namely: the bonded debt and the adoption of a new charter. Acting as referee, THEMIS declares your fight a draw, and hopes that in the future you will refrain from indulging in any more wordy encounters, which are uninteresting to the reader and unbecoming a journalist.

California Pioneers Reunion.

NEW YORK, October 27, 1891.

EDITOR THEMIS: Last evening a party of hale, hearty gentlemen, but with grizzly-gray beards and hair, sat down to dinner at Morelo's, to celebrate the forty-third anniversary of the discharge of Col. Jonathan D. Stevenson's New York Volunteers from service in California (1848), and each one of the party were survivors of that old command—the company restricted as it was to former comrades, could not at this late date be large—those present were Francis D. Clark, Co. D, President; John H. Welch, Co. E, Treasurer; Joseph Evans, Co. I, Secretary; James E. Nuttman, Co. B; Russell Myers, Co. A; William H. Rogers, Co. A; William H. Williams, Co. A; George Van Vechten, Co. H; Jacob W. Norris, Co. D; Jacob J. Schoonmaker, Co. A; Charles J. McPherson, Co. B.

The Secretary of the Society read letters from Col. J. D. Stevenson, Capt. Francis J. Lippitt, Co. F; Lieutenants Thos. E. Ketchum, Co. B; George D. Brewerton, Co. C, and Theron R. Perlee, Co. C. Privates, E. D. Shirland, Co. G; James A. Tait, Co. A; August Ehlers, Co. A; Patrick Lynch, Co. B; Emil A. Engelberg, Co. F; James Harron, Co. D; James Lynch, Co. F; Adolph G. Russ, Co. G; Castor Briggs, Co. E; Calvin Hitt, Co. I, and James C. L. Wadsworth, Esq., the sutler's clerk.

President Clark announced the death of three comrades since the last annual dinner. Joshua S. Vincent, Co. I; Daniel Frink, Co. K, and William Luker, Co. I. The death of August Ehlers, of Co. A, had been reported, but his letter was proof to the contrary.

Treasurer Welch reported a good balance in the treasury. During the evening the old officers of the society were reelected.

A more agreeable and pleasant evening than these old pioneers to California in 1847 passed it would be hard to imagine—all had the appearance of well-to-do citizens. The health of the absent but living comrades were drunk in the pure wines of Californian vintage, as well as a silent toast to the memory of those who had answered their last roll-call.

CALIFORNIAN.

It Takes a Woman—

To make a little go a great way;
To make a man of a foolish boy;
To understand a baby's prattling;
To make a wise man turn foolish;
To interpret a man's unspoken thoughts;
To buy that dear little cup and saucer when she really meant to buy a pair of gloves;

To entertain a crowd of people smilingly when her head feels as if a hundred little demons were hammering it;

To make a bonnet out of last year's hat, to hunt in her old hats for the name of a well known importer, to sew it in her bonnet and wear it as the latest importation.

Jeweled Gloves.

Gloves were formerly much more valuable than they are now; at least they were formerly more expensively ornamented than now. They were, in 1416, often set with precious stones and sufficiently valuable to be left as legacies. The jeweled gloves of St. Martial were said to have rebuked an act of sacrilege. The gloves of Bishop Gravesend, worked with gold and enamel, were priced at £5, a great sum in 1310. But the sturdier Bishop Button wore thick yellow gloves at 10 pence a pair.

Atlanta, Ga., has a child named Albert Verner Feusch, only 5 years old, and yet his knowledge of anatomy is so great that he can give its scientific term to every bone in the human body.

The Funny Man in Heaven.

Once a mortal passed the skies and found the gates of Paradise—a door of agate, sapphire, beryl, diamond, ruby, opal, pearl, that burned a million beams of light full on his wavering earthborn sight; while towering up high over all, he saw the gleaming jasper wall.

With trembling hand he rang the bell, and heard the sound through Eden swell to die away among the trees, in lowest, sweetest melodies; the jeweled door was backward rolled, he trod at last the pave of gold.

Ah, never yet hath eye been turned upon the scene that 'round him burned! A city, pillared, domed and fair, seemed builded on the very air; and crystal glories, wave on wave, swept up the lofty architrave; from basement stone to farther height, blazed full the fires of Infinite. No earthly ear, no earthly tongue, hath ever heard, hath ever sung—no earthly mind hath ever known the mellow cadence of the tone—the song each harping angel sings along the burning, golden strings. 'Tis only in the wildest dream our senses catch the faintest gleam—'tis only with the inner eyes one looks upon far Paradise.

"What wouldst thou here?" Saint Peter said, "thy human part as yet undead. Knowest thou not it's many a day since souls came up encased in clay? Enoch was first, Elijah last, who through these doors undying passed; and who are you who seems to be mortal in immortality."

"Most Holy Saint," the man replied, "'tis very true I never died. I never met that triple doom, the shroud, the coffin and the tomb. Tho' deathless yet I stand serene, a dozen living deaths I've seen. Father, in Gennesaret you often dragged an empty net; fished through all the dismal night and never got a single bite. You've known the grip of poverty—a preacher out in Galilee; and what life means to people that live by 'passing around the hat.' Pardon, Father, not in mirth I speak again of things of earth. Your earthly light went out in gloom, by violence you found a tomb, but you've ne'er felt, you ne'er can know the troubles now in vogue below."

"I was a Funny Writer—life to me was one long dreary strife. To tell you half my misery would take 'bout all eternity. Excuse my tongue's extravagance, but know the breadth of Time's expanse could not contain, tho' detailed brief, the filled-up measure of my grief. Through winter's storm and summer's sun I've chased a very rocky pun; in winter's fog and summer's smoke I wrestled with a shady joke, the very record of my days is written down in paraphrase. My life, my soul is sore oppressed; I rise to thee for peace and rest. Leading the painful life I've led, death must himself to me be dead. This must be so else how have I passed out of time and yet not die?"

"Mortal, since you hither came I've searched the page that bears your name and find recorded there no ill—to your account no unpaid bill. Yet it is strange that up through death you walked and never lost your breath. Your lot, although you didn't die, was sad enough—come up on high."

TOM GREGORY.

A Weary Memory.

Memory is often a good test of age. When a person begins to find the recollection of current and recent work failing, and when he finds the recollection of events of the early part of his life acutely perceptible, and by a kind of spontaneity recurrent, the evidence is certain that the mind of that person is aging. The fact is still further emphasized if, with the remembrance of past days, there is some pathetic response calling forth a sentimental feeling either of pleasure or of pain. There probably is a physiological reason for these phenomena. In early life certain centers of the brain are filled with impressions and images which have become fixed, and for a time quiescent. They sleep. While they sleep other parts of the brain are charged with new impressions, which remain in activity, provoking the physical body into new and continued actions, and constituting the life of the individual as it is seen at work; nay, as it really is. But time goes on, and under the active life the brain centers receiving the later impressions tire, wear out, and for working purposes suspend function and die. Their suspension is not, however, the suspension of the whole of the cerebral organism. The parts first impressed and imprinted—the parts that carry the latent impressions—remain intact, and no longer oppressed and obscured by that which has accumulated upon them begin once more to live and display their activities. So aged people who forget the names of those who are staring them in the face, who forget the details of the last ride, or walk, or work, and who forget engagements, letters, and hours of meals, remember with the freshness of their youth, the places, habits, conversations, events that have long since passed, and have been so long in oblivion.

Of all excruciating bores

And soul-tormenting freaks,

The worst is the man who sits and rocks

In a rocking chair that squeaks.

[Written for THEMIS.]

Retrospection.

I stand once more in Times old withered ways,
Among the dead Decembers and dead Mays--
To me redrawn the faded yesterdays.

The sweet white daisies dot the grassy hill;
The blue-bell's chime comes ringing to me still;
The buttercups dip to the passing rill.

I hear the cows low by the riverside;
The pettish lambs cry in the meadows wide;
The birds call as they did ere mother died.

Out in the clover beds the bee soughs sound;
The mown blooms shed their dying odors round;
The plum tree's petaled snow falls to the ground.

The sweet day swims between the earth and sky;
Soft through the bending wheat the south winds sigh;
Across the mountain tops the cloudlets fly.

The bright, warm sunshine pours into the room
Where mother sang away my childish gloom,
Before she stole hence to the soulless tomb.

Sometimes we hear old notes harped back in dreams;
Sometimes, in sleep, we catch the starlike gleams
Of light along fair Eden's streams.

I only dream! Back comes no past—no tone!
There is no past—it has forever flown!
No songs—dead songs are not! I am alone.

I am alone. Like one who thinks he hears
A long-unheard, a long-stilled voice, my tears
Fall on the close-sealed grave of sleeping years.

Since mother died the long days longer grow,
The bitter nights drag on their sad hours so—
Time's dreary, dreary tide has run out slow.

TOM GREGORY.

An Anecdote of Carlyle.

Mr. Robert Harrison, who has been librarian of the London library for more than thirty-four years, in the course of his presidential address at the recent librarians' conference at Nottingham gave some interesting reminiscences of Carlyle and other eminent men who were accustomed to frequent the library. The most conspicuously original man among them was Carlyle. He often visited the library. His conversation was most amusing, full of exaggerated statements, and always ending with a loud laugh, apparently at himself.

He used the library books extensively for his later works, and was guilty of the reprehensible practice of writing on the margins of their books. We must admit that his remarks were never meaningless, but chiefly consisted of corrections of dates or errors in the text. One remark of his, however, which was pretty well known, was a criticism. It occurred in Charles Diddin's collection of songs, the last page of which contained the ordinary version of "Rule Britannia." At the foot of this boastful song Carlyle had written "Cock-a-doodle-do," with a small forest of notes of exclamation after it. In a case like that the librarian would be a martinet indeed if he had effaced from the book an expression so characteristic of the man of genius who wrote it.

He hoped they would pardon him for thus dwelling a few moments on the name of Carlyle, if for the sake of his pregnant saying so interesting to them all: "Why is there not a majesty's library in every county town? There is a majesty's jail and gallows in every one." Of Thackeray, another eminent member of the London library, he had an anecdote, which they probably had heard before. When writing "The Virginians," he came to him (the speaker) for a life of Gen. Wolfe. "I don't want," he said, "a historical account of his career, Lord Mahon's book gives me that, but I want something that will tell me the color of his breeches." He had the pleasure also of helping Charles Reade to find materials for his splendid story of "The Cloister and the Hearth."

The late Lord Lytton was a frequent visitor and inquirer, as was also the author of "Westward Ho!" and the great novelist known by the name of George Eliot. He was quite astonished at first to see what pains and research were applied to the production of books so easy to read as were their best novels. An illustrious living member of the London library, Mr. Gladstone, had always taken an interest in their prosperity, and had often given them his valuable support at their meetings. He made use chiefly of their works of reference.

He remembered with pleasure a small incident that occurred when "Juventus Mundi" was going to the press. Mr. Gladstone called to verify a line in Propertius or Ausonius, he forgot which. He told his need to one of the masters who happened to be present. The line was found and it differed slightly from that which Mr. Gladstone had quoted. "But," said the Eton master to him afterward, "his line was much finer than the one which we found in print."

Nobody has been able to throw any light on the word "cat." It is common European of unknown origin. In all the modern languages the word is found as far back as they will go. Byzantine Greek had *katta*, and the Latin of Martial *catta*. The name was probably imported with the animal, and the animal probably came to Europe from Egypt, though it is singular that the original word should be so extensively found in all the Romance, Teutonic, and Celtic languages.

FLASHES.

It is probable that we will have to *warm* Chile.

We can never cease to cherish memories and hopes.

A girl with powder on her face can easily produce a bang.

Some fellows think they are sceptical when they are only foolish.

The bad man is always on time; it is the good man that is always late.

Some of our citizens always seem buried in thought—buried in perou would cause no regret.

Many will indorse your character, who would hesitate about performing a like service on your note.

If men would vote as they grumble regarding local government, there would be no occasion to grumble.

A Pioneer Walnut Tree.

For many, many years the large black-walnut tree on the edge of the sidewalk in front of the Hatch property on H street, between Eighth and Ninth, has been a prominent landmark in the city. Perhaps it was the oldest and largest tree in Sacramento. In 1859 the late Dr. F. W. Hatch planted, with his own hands, three black-walnut trees in front of his residence. Two died and the one we speak of, the third, flourished. It was cut down this week, and the diameter of the stump was found by measurement to be forty-six inches. The rings corresponded with its known age.

The School of Design.

Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Lick observatory, will deliver a lecture in the Metropolitan theater next Wednesday evening for the benefit of the Sacramento School of Design. The Museum directors have made all necessary arrangements for the lecture, which will be illustrated by a large number of photographs taken through the Lick telescope, at the observatory. The object of the lecture merits an overflowing audience.

New Advertisements.

Sacramento trunk factory, removed to 515 K street; Gustave Wahl's California Exchange, 900 K street, southeast corner Ninth; Prof. Barnard's lecture for the benefit of the School of Design, at the Metropolitan theater, on Wednesday evening, November 11th; R. Weber's St. Louis market, spareribs and hogs' heads, fresh and salt meats, sausage, etc., southwest corner Eleventh and H sts.

Very Polite.

"Is this Ned Phillpot?" the justice asked, addressing a little nappy-headed negro.
 "Yes, sah, thankee, ef you please."
 "Been drunk again?"
 "Yes, sah, thankee."
 "Been here some ten times within the past year, haven't you?"
 "Yes, sah, thank you, 'bleeged to you."
 "When are you going to quit?"
 "Doan' know, thankee, sah."
 "I believe I'll send you to the work-house for twenty-five days."
 "Thankee, sah."
 "Look here, what makes you so polite?"
 "Kain't he'p it, sah; bo'n in me, sah, I reckens."
 "Well, I think I'll let you off this time. Politeness ought to be rewarded."
 "'Bleeged to you, sah; thankee."
 When the little old negro was gone, the justice said: "There can't help but be some little good in so polite a man. He may be a drunkard, but—but—"
 "What are you looking for, judge?" some one asked.
 "Why, that red silk handkerchief; it was lying on this desk a moment ago."
 The little old negro walked along the street. "Dis yere hankerchnck is good fur two drinks," he said.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"Doing" Palestine.

A woman who has been to Europe says an opportunity is never lost to gibe the meteoric flight of the "tourist." She heard a story of two young men doing Palestine. They drove to the pool of Bethesda, and as they descended from the carriage the guide said: "This is the pool of Bethesda."
 "Ah," commented one of them, "pool of Bethesda. Chalk it down, Gus; we've seen the pool of Bethesda. "By the way, guide," as he dived into the carriage, "who was Bethesda?"—*New York Times.*

Alfred de Boisclaque returns from his club with a black eye. "Who has done that?" inquires a friend. "That little fellow Zede threw his glove at me." "His glove? And leave a mark like that?" "You see, he had left his hand in it."

All evil shuns the light; all good courts it. It is a homage which even the worst men pay to goodness, that they strive to hide their lack of it and pretend to share in it whenever such pretense is possible.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Goodyear, Elritch and Schilling Minstrels will be with us on Friday and Saturday, November 13th and 14th. There has been a long vacation in the dramatic line in this city. The lovers of dramatic entertainment are hungry for a good show.

C. P. Hall, the late manager of the Metropolitan and Clunie, has been confined to his bed for a long time by reason of an injury in the railroad accident recently on the Benecia route. We are pleased that he has so far recovered as to be able to be upon the streets.

THE SKELETON BRIDE.

A crowd of half-drunken students returning from a nightly revel in the town of Göttingen paused beneath a curtained window. One of them, observing a light was burning, murmured:

"A curse upon the head behind that light!"
 "Are you mad?" cried his companion.
 "That is Carl's window. No doubt he is chatting with his pretty bride. Happy fellow."

"A curse upon them both!" replied Victor, who had spoken first. "I loved them both once, till Heidele stole her away from me. I wish my sword had pierced his heart."

"What!" exclaimed one of the others, "have you and Carl crossed blades?"
 "Was she not worth fighting for?" sneered Victor. "I spared him. More fool I."

The others laughed mockingly. The watch at that moment interfered and ordered them to disperse. They obeyed and the street again became silent and deserted.

A few days previous to this midnight revel Carl Heidele had brought his youthful bride to his humble home. His generous heart throbbed fast, and his manly cheek glowed warm, as he gazed upon her sweet face and fair form.

Minna had just completed her eighteenth year. Brown, wavy hair shaded her smooth brow, and the azure light of heaven dwelt within her eyes. Her beauty had made her known to many in the city. But when she heard that reckless wooers had crossed swords and shed blood with her name upon their lips, then came a tinge of sorrow to dwell upon her sweet face.

Now, however, Carl's love chased every trace of grief away. Their hearts were bound together by the tenderest, purest affection.

The death of a distant relative called Carl from Minna's side. It was the first separation and brought tears to her bright eyes. She followed him to the door, clinging fondly and closely to his arm. He spoke to her cheerily and bade her be happy without him for a few hours.

"Oh, Carl," replied the gentle Minna, "this will be a long, weary day without you."

Carl smiled sadly and pressed his lips upon her pale brow.

"Come, Minna," he answered laughingly, "dry your tears and go change this dark-colored dress. You know my favorite, the present from your father—white and blue."

Carl bounded away and Minna slowly retraced her steps to her room. All that day a weight of leaden grief hung upon her heart. Her books and embroidery were thrown aside. There was nothing that could slant out gloomy thoughts from her mind. Night came at last. Meantime Carl had reached his destination, accomplished his design, and was hurrying back to his home and bride. As the horses toiled slowly up the hills he grew impatient, alighted from the coach and walked on ahead, lost in gloomy reverie. At last the dingy spires of the city churches caught his anxious eye. They seemed like black fingers pointing up at the stars.

"How late it is," he murmured, as the deep tones of the watchman's horn fell upon his ears. "Poor child! she'll be asleep."

With throbbing heart he bounded up the broad stairway, calling:

"Minna! Minna!"

"God keep our land from fire and brand," cried the watchman under the window. The sash rattled and stairs creaked; then all was still again.

"Minna! Minna!" repeated Carl in a loud and trembling voice, as he burst into the room. "I'm back again, Minna. Where are you?"

A lamp was burning upon the window sill. The coverlets were tossed here and there. A pistol lay upon the table. Carl reeled against the wall. An agonizing presentiment flashed through his mind. But catching a glimpse of the white and blue dress upon the sofa, he sprang wildly and joyfully forward and threw himself upon his knees, as he was wont to do.

"Oh, God!" he screamed, starting back, mad with sickening fear, for he had clasped two fleshless hands and arms between his own. They were covered with Minna's rings and bracelets.

Carl raised his eyes to look for his bride's sweet face, but a ghastly, grinning skull was there, with ear rings glittering upon it which Minna had received as a bridal present. The scraggy bones of the skeleton's neck and shoulders protruded through the beautiful

dress he had expected to find upon Minna's fair form.

"They've murdered her! they've murdered her!" groaned the wretched man. A shudder convulsed his frame. He strove to regain his feet, staggered and fell to the floor a corpse, his life blood issuing from mouth and nostrils.

The noise of the fall aroused the sleeping Minna, whom the fiendish skill of Victor had drugged and removed to an adjoining room. Her reason fled at the sight of Carl bleeding at the feet of the hideous "Skeleton Bride." She threw herself upon his body and clasped his livid face to her bosom in agony of grief. Thus their neighbors found them. Minna was torn from her husband's cold form, and in a few short weeks they laid her at his side in the silent churchyard.

To this day that house is called the "House of the Skeleton Bride;" and as the school children pass through the street they often look up at the window and murmur "Poor Minna Heidele."

Torturing the Poor Hog.

The pepsin sold in the drug stores is the veritable product of an animal stomach, and generally of the stomach of the hog. One factory in New York has the oddest method of preparing the article that ever entered into the human mind. A number of perfectly healthy hogs are fattened for market, and for thirty-six hours before killing time are deprived of all food, not even being allowed a drop of water. Then the trough from which they have been accustomed to eat is covered with strong wire netting and the most appetizing slops and hog delicacies, smoking hot, are poured into the trough. The fumes ascend with grateful fragrance to the porcine nostrils, the hogs all run to the trough and stand over it, ravenous with hunger, squealing and fighting with each other for a chance to get at the slops. The iron netting prevents them from tasting the food, and while they are still thinking about the matter they are killed, and their stomachs being taken out are found perfectly full of gastric juice, from which the pepsin is prepared. Now, if it was not the hog's imagination that made the gastric juice flow into his stomach in anticipation of a feast, what was it?—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Is Kissing Dangerous?

Some German physician who is evidently an old and weakened person is responsible for again bringing to notice the theory that kissing is a dangerous practice. After several years' study of bacteria he is convinced that osculation is a prolific factor of disease; that all sorts of troubles are conveyed through this enjoyable performance, and that the rapturous quarter of an hour in which a young man delays his fond adieu to his sweetheart is full of appalling possibilities which menace the happiness of the human race.

It is strongly suspected that the German doctor is croaking over sour grapes. He is probably too distempered, too old and hoary, too uncomely and bald ever to be kissed by any one of the fair daughters of Eve; and, like the tailless fox who wanted all the other foxes to amputate their tails, too, he would deprive his fellow-men of a delight in which he cannot participate.

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 J st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

METROPOLITAN THEATER.

HEAVENLY WONDERS!

PROF. BARNARD,

Of the Lick Observatory,

In a Beautifully Illustrated Lecture

—ON THE—

Revelations of Photography in Astronomy.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 11,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

The School of Design.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....35 Cents
 Family Circle.....25 Cents
 Children, 12 years and under,.....15 Cents

ST. LOUIS MARKET,

R. WEBER, PROPRIETOR.

SPARERIBS AND HOGS' HEADS,
 FRESH MEATS,
 SUGAR-CURED HAMS,
 CHOICE BACON,
 LARD, SAUSAGE, ETC.

Southwest Corner Eleventh and H Streets.

REMOVAL.

—OF—

Sacramento Trunk Factory

—TO—

515 K STREET.

California Exchange,

900 K STREET.

Southeast Corner Ninth, Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

→ WINES AND LIQUORS ←

KEY WEST AND IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

DR. MARY M. CRONEMILLER.

Office and Residence, 507½ J street.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 P. M.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON
CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street,

Sacramento, Cal.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

—IN—

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

→ Are the Leaders! ←

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Clayton Hamworthy & Co.
 Producers of the
ECLIPSE
 CHAMPAGNE,
 530 Washington St.
 SAN FRANCISCO.

Futterer's Saloon,

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.

A FINE POOL TABLE.

RUGGLES AND THE CHARCAT.

When Ruggles left the country town which had given him birth and went to London to improve his position, it was held that he had done a great deed and had even greater things in prospect. He had been the center of an admiring circle, composed principally of two maiden aunts and a privileged servitor, but local enthusiasm reached its height when he resigned his appointment as foreman in a bootmaker's shop and took up an agency for patent paper shoe soles. He himself was pre-empted with a sense of enterprise, and it was long before he could pass the bright gold letters which were placed above his door to herald a career of fame without almost painful thrills of exultation. The chambers in which he had taken up his residence were situated in a crowded part of the city, but no one else had to climb so high as the top floor; he reigned there alone, feeling supreme in his importance, and proud in the possession of a small round window which looked through a gap between two higher buildings, straight into the sky. The flights of stairs, which had at first seemed a drawback to the situation, proved after all to be no insurmountable objection. As a matter of fact, he only descended and ascended them twice a day for meals; never leaving his room during business hours, in case any one should call. No one ever did call, however; no living soul came onto the landing where he lived, so far as he saw, though the boots he put out at night were replaced in a satisfactory state of shininess, with a can of hot water in the morning, and though hasty cleanings and "clearings up" must have taken place during his short absences. After a while, when all his circulars were written—as many as he could afford to stamp—a sense of loneliness grew upon Ruggles and became almost intolerable at last. One day a bell which he had never noticed before, though it had hung opposite to him for six months, suddenly impressed itself upon his vision, and he wondered with an intensity more than adequate to the occasion what would happen if he rang it. Would any one come? It was a problem he felt impelled to solve, though he lacked courage to put it practically to the proof, and by a coincidence of events an opportunity of acquiring the desired knowledge presented itself that very evening as he was going out. A door on a lower landing stood ajar, and a man inside was gathering up his papers with a view to departure.

Ruggles stood on the threshold, hesitating. "I beg your pardon, but can you tell me if your bell rings?" he asked at last.

"Don't know, I'm sure. I have not tried it for five years."

"And then," with a feverish moistening of his lips.

"Nobody came. The charwoman had died in the night. That was the reason my boots and hot water had not come up to time. Fine evening?"

"It may be," returned Ruggles, and passed on his way out into the sunshine which he never saw, and through the fresh air which had no power to blow the cobwebs from his brain.

After that day he was never alone again. His bare walls became peopled with ill-visaged elfin creatures that ran up his window blinds and peered at him from behind the doors or through the bars of his empty grate. And there was no longer any silence, for his head was full now of loud buzzings, above which he heard at times more unfamiliar noises, and his name called in tones that he had not known before. He might close his eyes and ears but he could not shut out sight and sound; and the round window, whose light fell on his table, was like a great mocking eye which saw the anguish of his soul and was unsatisfied.

At last came a temporary reprieve. As Ruggles walked up and down his room one night in dressing-gown and slippers something came behind him, and looking over his shoulder nervously, he saw that it was a little black kitten playing with the tassels of his waist girdle that hung behind him on the floor. She patted them first with one paw then with another, and as Ruggles stopped to watch her gambols she rolled over with them in an ecstasy of delight. It was only the charwoman's cat, a half-starved, wretched animal, which had strayed upward in search of food, and had been beguiled into momentary forgetfulness of her wants; but to Ruggles it meant companionship, and that was salvation. From that time he used every effort to lure the cat to his rooms; and she, conscious that her lines had fallen at last into pleasant places, was not loath to be so lured. She was black with her own blackness and another outside blackness which she had contracted in coal cellars and odd corners underneath the stairs; yet Ruggles allowed her to lie on his bed, where she left distinct "forms" on the white counterpane that his maiden aunts had instructed him should only need washing once a year, and suffered her to drink over night the milk that he had brought in for his morning tea. For while she was there he could speak and hear his own voice, and his room was untenanted save for himself and his providentially-arrived companion. So the char-cat thrived and prospered.

But a day came when Ruggles watched the

door of his room in vain, and waited through the long uneventful hours with the odds and ends of meat that he had brought in with him from a neighboring restaurant, equally to no purpose. Night came, but the charcat was still absent, and with his loneliness all the old horrors returned, intensified by fears which had meanwhile grown in his mind concerning their origin and tendency. Toward the middle of the next day he penetrated to the dark regions under ground, where the charwoman in charge of the chambers was supposed to have her dwelling place. As his feet left the last stair and came on to the stone basement with a hollow reverberating echo, a woman emerged from the shadow of an arched doorway and stood in a defiant attitude, as though challenging his approach.

"I came to ask about the cat," said Ruggles.

"Then you needn't ask here; No. 45 settled her yesterday—threw a boot at her head—and a good job, too. She was skeered of a rat and never earned her wittles."

"Is she—dead?" was asked in hushed tones that would have been appropriate to a cathedral aisle, or might have been used by a widowed mother dreading the loss of her only child.

But the woman never heard. The darkness had once more swallowed her up; and this, with the heavy solitude, became so alarming to Ruggles that he turned hastily and went back, quickening his pace to a run as the sound of his own footsteps pursued and appeared to catch him up. He had no definite idea in his mind; it was that terrible agency called chance that brought him to a standstill, panting and exhausted, before a door that bore above it the number 45; and on impulse, as sudden as it was disastrous, he pushed it open and walked in without any knock as an announcement.

"The char cat"—he stammered out; then brought to a quick perception of the effect that his appearance might have upon a stranger, he tightened the girdle of his shabby dressing-gown and smoothed his thin, straggling locks. "I live on the top floor," he explained. "My name is Ruggles—James Ruggles, and I came to ask about a cat—the charwoman's cat."

"If you mean the little black devil that played about the stairs and turned over and broke my milk jug yesterday?"

"Yes!" breathed Ruggles breathlessly.

"Well, she won't trouble either of us any more."

"Is she—dead?"

"As a door nail," cheerfully.

"You—you killed her—you?"

A sudden red gleam shooting from Ruggles' weak eyes and a quick gathering together of his limbs as a tiger preparing for a spring warned the other of his danger, he had clashed the bell with all his might and shouted out a loud cry for help before Ruggles was upon him, struggling with maniacal strength to get his lean fingers round his throat.

It was all over in a few seconds. Half a dozen men had rushed to the rescue, and Ruggles, overpowered, lay on the ground in a fit and foaming at the mouth. But what had prompted this mad attack on a man he had not seen before, a man who could never have wrought him any wrong, is still a mystery.

Superstitions About Birds.

In many parts of Saxony the peasants will not raise chickens, even though they could double their investment many fold. They call the male of the barnyard fowl the "bird of ill-omen," from a notion that he "crowed for joy" at the time of the crucifixion.

The majority of sailors on the Atlantic ocean religiously believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak, with the trade winds, from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American coast. Ornithologists say that under favorable conditions the frigate bird will make 200 miles an hour.

In Sweden the turtle dove is looked upon as sacred. The Swedes call it "God's bird" and "Noah's bird," from a notion that it is the same species of bird that the commander of the ark sent out to bring back tidings of a receding flood.

In France the quail is called the "Bird of Prophecy;" this from an idea that the number of his calls foretells the price of wheat. If he calls twice without resting, the farmers expect but two francs per bushel for their grain; if the bird calls four times, they expect to realize twice the price which two calls insure. In olden times a bird called a "phoenix" was thought to live in the deserts of Arabia. His lease of life was said to be 500 years, at the end of which time he built a nest of spices and fanned it into a flame with his wings. The flame reduced the bird to ashes, out of which he sprang to live another 500 years. Richardson says that he had fifty orifices in his beak, through which he sung melodious airs.

The raven was also one of the chosen birds of mediæval superstition. Knapp calls him—

The hateful messenger of heavy things.
Of death and dolor telling.

Dayton speaks of—

The greedy raven that doth call for death.



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and

Elder Flower Cream

Creates Natural Charms of Complexion.

It makes the skin soft, smooth and velvety, and prevents the formation of wrinkles, blackheads, etc. Ladies who use it preserve a youthful appearance when they are no longer young. Delightful for cleansing the face from cosmetics or other impurities. Harmless as dew, and as nourishing and refreshing to the skin as dew is to the flower.

PRICE, \$1. All Druggists Sell it.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,
SACRAMENTO.

Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.



THE COQUETTE.

A Very Neat, Stylish Shape, from \$3.90 to \$6.00, at

Mrs. M. A. Pealer's, 619, 621, 623 J St.

Miss Mamie Castella,

Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

—All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.—

L. B. MOHR.

C. A. YOERK.

MOHR & YOERK'S

MARKET AND PACKING HOUSE

1024 and 1026 J Street, Sacramento.

Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats and all kinds of Sausages. On hand during the Packing Season: Spareribs, Tenderloins, Hogs' Heads, etc.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT

1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-Atlantic Points, by First-Class Steamers to and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN.

Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO Daily.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & CO.
410 J STREET.

—ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED—

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER.

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

Until Death.

"Will you wait for me? Will you be faithful?"

"I will wait for you, and I will be faithful."

"Until death?"

"Until death!"

In the shadow of a grand old southern home with the scent of magnolia blooms around them, two young lovers met to say good-bye. The time was May, 1861.

Three months before Bernard Awtry, a young engineer from Maine, had gone down to Louisiana to work at his profession. There he met and loved Ethel Wayne. His love was returned, but the young lovers' dreams of happiness were rudely disturbed by the alarm of war. Circumstances prevented their marriage at that time, and there was nothing left them but separation.

The call for men to save the union had been made. Bernard Awtry heard the call, and he loved his country too well to forget his duty. Ethel Wayne's sympathy was with the cause of the south, but she loved Bernard Awtry none the less because he was true to his country.

"I will wait for you until the war is over and then you will come back," she said.

"And you will be true to me?" he pleaded.

"Yes; I will be true until death!"

And so they parted while the night wind laden with the odor of flowers sang to the pines in a soft lullaby, "I will be true until death."

Near the close of one of the great battles of the civil war a captain in the union army was borne into a field hospital and tenderly laid on one of the rude couches. Blood was flowing from a terrible wound in his head.

The surgeons came to him after a long time. He looked at them and tried to speak, but they could only catch three words. Passing his hand over his eyes as if something obstructed his vision, he muttered feebly: "Ethel!—until death."

Hastily the surgeons examined the wound and then they shook their heads.

"He may recover," they said, "but his memory will be impaired."

A man whose step was slow and feeble and whose hair was prematurely gray, one day attempted to cross one of the crowded business streets of New York. There was a warning shout from the driver of a heavily laden truck, a cry of horror from the spectators, but the warning was too late. The man fell and in a moment he was terribly crushed by the wheels of the truck.

Gently he was laid out on a cot at the nearest hospital, but when the doctors looked at his mangled limbs they shook their heads and turned away. He was already dying.

A nurse, whose sad sweet face told of some great sorrow suffered in silence, was passing through the ward. She saw the dying man lying on the cot. The thin, wan face of the sufferer lighted up with something akin to pleasure at the approach of death.

With a startled cry the nurse sprang to the side of the cot and threw her arms around the neck of the dying man.

A smile came to his lips and above the death rattle in his throat the nurse heard him whisper: "Ethel, you have been faithful."

As her trembling fingers closed the sightless eyes, she kissed the pale, cold lips and whispered: "Until death."

A Chapter on Ghosts.

The dread of ghosts, so well known to all uncivilized and semi-uncivilized countries, is common in the aborigines of India to an unusual degree; the same may be said of their Aryau conquerors and the lower classes of Mohammedans. All Indian ghosts are supposed to be mischievous, and some of them bitterly malicious. The only means employed to appease the rancor of these unlaidd spirits is to build shrines for them and to make them offerings, such as a fowl, a pig, and, on grand occasions, a buffalo. Any severe illness, and more especially any epidemic disease, such as small pox or cholera, is attributed to the malignancy of certain of these spirits, which must be propitiated accordingly.

The "man-tiger" is, perhaps the most dreaded of all the Indian demon-ghosts; for, when a tiger has killed a man, the tiger itself is considered safe from harm, the spirit of the man being supposed to ride upon the beast's head and guide him clear of all danger. Accordingly, it is believed that the only sure mode of destroying a tiger who has killed one or more persons is to begin by making offerings to the spirits of his victims, thereby depriving the animal of the valuable services rendered by the ghostly guides. The ghosts most propitiated are the spirits of those who have met violent deaths, whether by design or accident, including death by poison and contagious diseases. Even wretches who have been hanged for their crimes are supposed to have the same power of causing evil to the living as those who have been killed by tigers or by lightning. In parts where serpent worship is common it is considered a great honor to die from the bite of one of the poisonous creatures.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTERS,

410 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Cards,
Circulars,
Ball Tickets,
Programmes,
Posters,
Billheads,
Statements,
Letterheads,
Noteheads,
Envelopes,
Show Cards,
Wedding Invitations,
Briefs and
Transcripts,
Legal Blanks,
Constitutions and
By-Laws,
Postal Cards,
Election Tickets,
Great Registers.

* Election Printing. *

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outside of San Francisco.

ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR
PROMPTLY FILLED.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

410 J STREET.

CALL ON THE

AGENT

OF THE

SUN INSURANCE CO.

AT

1014 FOURTH STREET,

WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.

Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46

THEO. J. MILLIKEN,
Manager Sacramento Branch.B. Ruhl Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding
neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J
streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and
Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J
streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

W. A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh
and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9,
Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth
and J Streets.ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and
J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all
Courts of the State.E. C. HART (City Attorney), Practices in all the
Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City
Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of JOHN GOULD, an insolvent debtor.—John Gould having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said John Gould is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said John Gould, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 4th day of December, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated October 30, 1891.

A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.
W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. 031-51

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE Notice.—That on the 4th day of December, 1891, at the opening of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, in Department One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections 1811 to 1821, inclusive. The nature of the business to be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento County, Sutter Township, and the name of my husband is J. L. Clark. KATIE E. CLARK.

The Latest Vision of Jules Verne.

M. Jules Verne has been speculating as to what will be the daily life of people a thousand years hence. As science extends her dominion it is noticeable how increasingly ambitious such forecasts become. Nothing will satisfy M. Verne but aerial trains traveling at the rate of 625 miles an hour; a transatlantic tubular service, conveying the traveler from London to New York in 295 minutes; a "telephoto," which enables persons in different hemispheres to dine with each other, or at least to see and converse with each other while eating; and accumulators for condensing and radiating at will the sun's rays. Such are the advantages to be enjoyed by the inhabitants of a certain city called "Universal City," the capital of the United States in the year of grace 2891. England by that time will, according to M. Verne, have become a province of the United States. The public will be kept informed of the latest political developments, not only upon the terrestrial globe, but upon Jupiter, Mars and Venus. Not that they will read newspapers. The newspaper of the day will be spoken. Brilliant descriptive writers will be retained to speak through the telephone to millions of subscribers, and daily installments of novels, to be continued to-morrow morning, will be given by popular authors. Man is to be fed on the choicest viands, laid out as New-river water is at present, and it will be sufficient to step into a toilet cabinet to be tubbed, shaved, dressed and brushed in the space of two minutes. Even a new digestive apparatus, "warranted for two years," will be obtainable. But one thing we, or rather our posterity, are told not to expect: they must not expect to live forever. A certain Dr. Faithburn's experiment in freezing his own body and causing himself to be kept for 100 years turns out a complete failure, so obstinately does he refuse to be resuscitated.

Had None in Stock.

Fair Customer—"I live in the suburbs and I want a watchdog."
Dealer—"Yes, mum."
"But of course I don't want one that will keep us awake all night barking at nothing."
"No, mum."
"He must be big and strong and fierce, you know."
"Yes, mum."
"Yet as gentle as a lamb with us, you know."
"Yes, mum."
"And he must pounce on every brutal tramp that comes along and drive him off."
"Yes, mum."
"But he mustn't interfere with any poor but honest man looking for work."
"No, mum."
"If a burglar comes prowling around at night, the dog should make mince meat of him in an instant."
"Yes, mum."
"But he mustn't attack a neighbor who drops in for an evening's call."
"No, mum."
"And of course he mustn't molest people who come hurrying in at all hours of the night to call my husband; he's a doctor, you know."
"No, mum. I see what you want. You want a mind-reader dog."
"Yes; I suppose so. Can you send me one?"
"Very sorry, mum, but I'm just out of that kind."

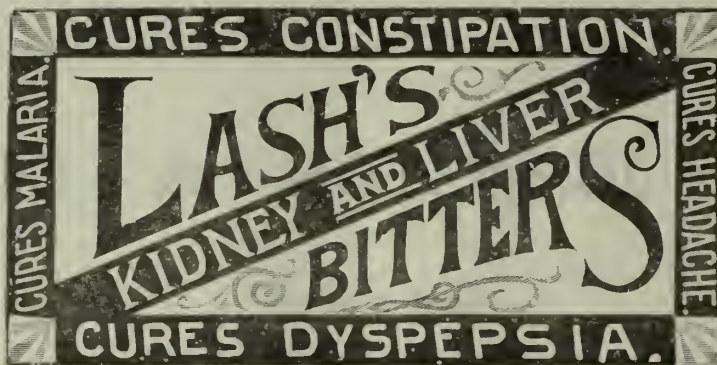
No Strength in Drink.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, England's great temperance apostle, as well as her noted member of parliament, is given largely to anecdote in his interesting addresses. The following is extracted from an English paper: "We are getting over the absurd idea that there is any strength in drink. It is called strong drink, not because it strengthens a man, but because it is strong enough to knock him down into the gutter. I heard the other day of a doctor who recommended a patient to take some liquor."

"The patient was rather surprised and said: 'Really, doctor, do you mean to say it will enable me to get through my work better?' The doctor said: 'Oh, yes. I am a very busy man and sometimes after dinner have had letters to answer, and a pint of champagne helps me wonderfully.' The patient said: 'Does the pint of champagne really help you to answer those letters?' The doctor replied: 'No, no; when I have had a pint of champagne I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not.'"

Tobacco is a great solace for men of a profession which is so largely sedentary. If its use is wicked, everything that delights the palate or pleases the eye is wicked also. Whether it is physically injurious to the user is for him to decide by his individual experience. Morally, the practice of smoking ranks with all the luxurious habits. In truth, it has no moral quality at all, except so far as it involves self-indulgence, and public opinion does not forbid all self-indulgence to the clergy. Let the clergymen smoke, then, if they are so minded.—*New York Sun*.

There are two kinds of women—one kind sits and weeps silently about her wrongs and the other storms and raves about her rights.



W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST and BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



A. H. ROTT. C. H. KREBS.
C. H. KREBS & CO.,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
Varnishes, Wall Paper, Brushes, Window Shades and Picture Mouldings.
Ready Mixed Paints and Building Papers.
House and Sign Painting, Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, Glazing and Gilding, Pictures, Frames and Mouldings.
626 J STREET,
Between Sixth and Seventh, SACRAMENTO.
TELEPHONE 267.

SACRAMENTO
FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,
FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.
WM. GUTTENBERGER, Proprietor.

R. DAVIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent.
Representing the following companies:
Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

SADDLE ROCK
Restaurant and Oyster House
1019 SECOND STREET,
Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.
First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.
BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

DAVE'S.
1022 FOURTH STREET.
Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO

EBNER BROS.
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Wines and Liquors.
CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.
116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CARPET & FACTORY,
802 M Street, Sacramento,
M. S. COWGER, - - - Proprietor.
Special Widths Woven to Order.

J. J. DUNCKHORST,
Interior Decorating.
LATEST DESIGNS IN
WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.
1225 J Street, Sacramento.

HOWE'S
High School and Normal Institute
SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a thorough education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

November 4, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6-50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11 05 A
3-05 P	Vallejo and Calistoga	8-40 P
10-50 P	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4-20 A
7-00 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7 20 P
7-35 P	Knights Landing and Oroville	7 40 A
10-40 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	10 25 A
11-55 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	6-45 P
10-00 P	Central Atlantic Express	7 40 A
3-00 P	Oroville, via Roseville Junction	10-30 A
3-00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10-30 A
10-35 A	Redding via Willows	4 00 P
4-35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11-05 A
6-50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11-30 A
8-00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8 40 P
3-05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	9 40 P
7-05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	10-30 P
*10-00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26-00 A
10-40 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2 50 P
10-40 A	San Jose	2 50 P
7-00 P	Santa Barbara	10 25 A
*6-50 A	Santa Rosa	11-05 A
3-05 P	Santa Rosa	*8-40 P
8-30 A	Stockton and Galt	10-25 A
10-40 A	Stockton and Galt	2 50 P
7-00 P	Stockton and Galt	7 30 P
11-55 A	Truckee and Reno	7 40 A
10-00 P	Truckee and Reno	6 45 P
*6-50 A	Vallejo	8 40 P
3-05 P	Vallejo	11-05 A
*8-20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2 40 P
*12 15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10-20 A
*4-45 P	Folsom	*8-00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:
PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:
C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - - 54,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,
San Francisco and Sacramento,
Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,
MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.
Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WE HAVE OVER ONE THOUSAND PASTEUR GERM-PROOF Filters in use in private residences, hotels, restaurants and saloons. If a single one of them is not giving entire satisfaction we have not heard of it.

Pure Wholesome Water
Every person who has a
PASTEUR FILTER
Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - - Manager.
OFFICE AND SALESROOM:
408 J Street, - - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,
CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THEMIS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1891.

No. 39.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

The new plan. Let us see, in order to understand the new plan, what the old plan was. We have shown in previous issues of THEMIS that the old plan, followed for twelve years or more, was to make way with the enormous revenues poured into the coffers of the fund commission by buying the bonds maturing in 1898 and 1903 and allowing those maturing in 1888 and 1893 to go delinquent. We proved that this was the settled and boasted plan of the manager of the commission from his own written statements, wherein, among other delusions, he *imagined* that when he paid \$1,000 in cash for a \$1,000-bond not due until 1903, he made a clear profit of \$725. Now, one of the results of this old plan, upon which some \$572,600 has been squandered, is that the delinquent bonds have been greatly depreciated in the hands of the holders, and the San Francisco syndicate has picked them up at very low figures. These delinquent bonds, including those that will be delinquent in fourteen months, amounting to \$581,800, exclusive of interest, are about all gathered in by the syndicate aforesaid. It has been one of the excuses frequently put forth in behalf of the old plan that it had the effect of reducing the market value of these delinquent bonds. The syndicate is waiting *patiently* now for the fruition of the *new plan*. It is waiting with a confidence, too, that has rarely been disappointed. Beatty's new plan, now that the objects of the old one have been fully realized, receives its hearty and *disinterested* commendation.

About the time this new plan was first conceived, Beatty, with a flourish, caused it to be announced in the *Bee* of April 18, 1890, that he had received a letter from San Francisco in which "Messrs. Meyer, Bates and Davis, the largest outside holders of Sacramento-city bonds, agree to such a modification of the Beatty plan for handling the debt, and loaning funds of the debt commission to the city, as will reduce the proposed yearly levy for the benefit of the commission from 35 cents to any sum not less than 20 cents." We emphasize one word in the above quotation with italics; not that it is necessary to draw attention to the authors of this scheme so vauntingly and blindly put forth as the new plan. There cannot be more than two men in this city who do not see that the president of the commission is the unwitting tool of the syndicate. One is excusable on account of his blind infatuation upon the subject; the other, because he is so ignorant upon the whole subject-matter that he can't see where the laugh comes in. Neither of them, we know full well, would promote any scheme to the disadvantage of the city, if he knew it. But that's what's the matter with the old man and his lone convert. Yet the former, amid a flood of wild notions, once in awhile distills a drop of genuine truth and wisdom. In one of his latest effusions he said: "But if we were to submit the question to the people, whether we should levy the 35-cent tax, there would be but two votes in the affirmative—Wells Drury and H. O. Beatty."

The new plan in a nut shell: Add \$4,000,000 to the assessment roll. Then add 35 cents to the tax rate of \$2 32 already made necessary by the greed of the syndicate, in this way grind out \$200,000 per annum more

from the taxpayers. For what? For whom? *cui bono?* Only this: to give the money to the deluded manager of the fund commission to enable him to carry on his dickerings with the syndicate on a larger scale. He now has about \$100,000 per annum—which by the way he ought not to have at all. But he wants \$250,000, and, as a bait for municipal gudgeons to bite at, he offers to loan the city \$500,000 of the \$875,000 thus raised, at five per cent interest. This scheme of robbing Peter to pay Paul would leave the city with an annual increase in its interest account of \$25,000 a year, and the \$500,000 in bonds would be "swapped off as soon as practicable for the old debt." All this proposed "swapping" to be conducted, of course, by the venerable manager of the fund commission, who is enthused by the delusion that "not one cent would ever have to come out of the city treasury to pay on the old debt." But the *new debt*, the bonds of which have been "swapped off" in the meantime to the syndicate, how is that to be paid without taxation? Right here it naturally occurs to ask how does Judge Beatty know that he can "swap" the bonds of this proposed new debt for the bonds of the old debt? He told a "Puzzled Citizen," on October 28, in the *Record-Union*, that "the 55 per cent. must be raised until the last dollar of the funded debt is paid." On what terms will the syndicate, whose bonds at *six* per cent. are worth par under a most stringent funding act which produces for the interest and sinking fund more than double the amount necessary to pay the annual interest, "swap" for *five* per cent. bonds unsecured by an interest and sinking fund, and dependent upon the mere pledge of a city "discredited everywhere in the civilized world, and believed by all strangers to be insolvent?"

That contract. In 1884, in the Circuit Court of the United States at San Francisco, the case of Kennedy vs. The City of Sacramento was decided in favor of the city. It was an action to recover upon interest coupons. The Court held that the funding act of 1858 was a contract between the city and its creditors, and the creditors could recover nothing except what was specifically provided for them in such contract. With regard to the right of a creditor to sue the city upon the bonds or coupons, the Court said: "This part of the contract is as important and as binding as any other. The provisions are that the city shall not be sued, and that none of its property, revenues or funds shall be taken upon any mesne or final process, and that none of the claims herein specified shall be liquidated or paid except in the manner herein provided." The fund created by the law, known as the "interest and sinking fund," provided only for the payment of the bonds and coupons, and not for any interest on the coupons. The Court concluded by saying: "The suit cannot be maintained in the face of the contract entered into, under the statute, and it is so ordered." This case is reported in 10 Sawyer U. S. Reports, page 29, and has long been known of all men except the head of the fund commission.

In 1885, in the Supreme Court of California (66 Cal. Rep., 658), the case of Davis vs. Porter, city treasurer, was decided in favor of the city. This suit was a mandamus to compel the treasurer to pay interest on past-due coupons, and the Court held, just as the circuit court had held in the Kennedy case, that the contract provided only for the annual interest, and did not provide for paying interest on interest; in other words, interest on overdue coupons. After reciting the terms of the

contract, the Court said: "It follows as a consequence of the foregoing that the duty enjoined on the treasurer by the law only extended to the annual interest, and did not extend beyond it. His duty did not embrace the payment of interest accruing on coupons which were not paid when they became due." And quoted two authorities from the old supreme court, as far back as 1870, directly supporting the same proposition. These decisions, also, were long known and understood of all men, with the exception before mentioned. The brief in behalf of the city is over the name of A. P. Catlin and contains thirty-one pages. We have space but for a few sentences, and quote them only to show the utter ignorance of the pretender who now claims that he is the original Jacob, the discoverer of the idea that, under the funding act, we are not liable to pay compound interest on our bonds; and not only that he is the inventor, but that he, and he alone, brought it into use and made it known to the Court and judges and attorneys. When it is stated that his pen was never wielded, and his voice was never heard, in the supreme court in any city-bond case, and that all this claim is based on the fact that in 1888, long after the legal conundrum had been solved and had become already quite a venerable chestnut, he was, through a solicited but imprudently granted courtesy, allowed to ventilate some of his vagaries in the form of a brief before Judge Hunt, [the character and size of this pretense, or delusion, whichever it may be, can be estimated.

But to the quotations referred to in the brief in 1885; the question is stated thus in the opening sentence:

The question is not whether coupons having all the quality of commercial paper draw interest after maturity; but it is whether under the funding act of 1858, under which these coupons were issued, they draw interest if not paid at maturity by reason of the fund provided by the contract failing to be sufficient for the purpose.

The creditors' attorneys argued that, because the city had failed for years to put in the interest and sinking fund the full amount required by the contract law, therefore the city was liable for interest on the coupons which were not paid when due by reason of such failure. Against this proposition the counsel for the city labored by citation of authority, and by argument and illustration in every form, contending that the city was not liable for interest on the coupons of the city bonds, and that such interest was not recoverable in any form of action whatsoever. He said:

There was nothing in the nature of the contract from which it could be implied that the creditors were to have interest upon interest. No provision was made for putting money in the interest and sinking fund to pay such interest in any event. There was no forbearance by creditors nor detention of money by the city. The city did not agree to pay the creditors any compensation or damages in case any of the sources provided for the supply of the contract fund should fail, either from causes beyond the control of the officers, or from misconception of the law, or neglect of duty on the part of any of its officers.

The counsel quoted from the Amador and Calaveras cases in 28 Cal. and 39 Cal. to show that the principle he contended for had been long before settled. We might quote much more to show that this question was then thoroughly and exhaustively presented to the Supreme Court by the counsel for the city long years before Judge Beatty "set his wits to work" upon it, but space will not permit, and besides, the importance of the matter does not justify it. The pretense which we have detected and exposed is a harmless delusion, not a mischievous one, like many others emanating from the same fertile source. We cannot forbear, however, from exposing one more. In his communication to the *News* of November 5, he says the court, in the case of Davis

vs. Porter, to which we have referred, in its opinion "suggested several different forms of action which he (Davis) might resort to in order to recover his interest." This was in 1885. Why has not Mr. Davis resorted to some one of these several actions thus suggested? There are four or five hundred thousand dollars in it for Mr. Davis. Perhaps Judge Beatty can "set his wits to work" and discover or invent an answer. As there is nothing in the opinion to justify this statement, we have characterized it as a delusion, for certainly it is a delusion to see that which so sharp a creditor as Davis cannot see, and which cannot be seen by anybody.

All roads do lead to Rome. Each of the plans of Judge Beatty lead inevitably to the oppressive taxation of this people. Surprised we are the press of the city should take stock in a scheme that can but result in a high rate of taxation. So prudent a business man as Major Weinstock foresees that with which we will be confronted if this "new plan" will be adopted. Sensibly Mr. Weinstock does remark: "While Judge Beatty's plan would hasten or expedite the payment of the city's funded debt, it would put taxes so high that all private enterprise would be checked until the time should arrive when, the debt being wiped out, taxation would drop. The citizen who might contemplate the erection of a building, for example, would naturally say that his interest would lie in waiting until the other fellows had paid the extra tax. Outsiders would also be deterred in like manner. These conditions more than offset any advantage that might come from hastening the payment of the debt." Let us look at this thing: To raise the assessment roll on personal property means an increase of revenue drainage from this people. The proposition to loan us \$100,000 per annum of our own money will wipe out no debt; it simply means putting that sum annually into the hands of Meyer, Davis and Bates, and we will still owe the money to other parties. If we will levy a special tax, why not direct it to that which we sorely need? Levy directly for the construction of a suitable city hall, for sewerage and levee improvements. The people will not object to that. The bonds of this city are quoted above par in the stock market of San Francisco. It is patent they are snapped up with avidity; we are solvent. Reduce the revenue to the bond fund and levy special taxes for that which we need. So long as the revenues the city is permitted to receive from the water rates do not maintain the works, why not cut down the rates and give the poorer classes a chance of escape from oppression? Upon principle, we do oppose the saddling of this iniquitous debt upon this generation. That the ultimatum is given us we must pay it in five years, may be pleasing to the financial cormorants that hover about us; we say, *Fight!*

The members of the California Press Association have started in to secure the next annual meeting of the National Editorial Convention for California, with bright prospects for the successful accomplishment of their efforts. The holding of this convention within the borders of our state would be productive of more substantial results than could possibly come from the gathering of any national political convention, as the benefits derived from political assemblages are generally reaped by the hotel and saloon keepers. Instead of benefiting our state the political convention will have a tendency to retard its progress and development. The politician of to-day is a cold, selfish, scheming individual, looking only to his own personal interest and aggrandizement. Delegates to these conventions will interest themselves in matters political only, and will be constantly on the lookout for political preferment, not caring for nor wishing to learn anything of the possibilities of the future of California. Not so with the National Editorial Association, as the gentlemen comprising its organization are not of the kind to be satisfied with information usually gleaned in bar-rooms and hotel corridors, for their mission will be to visit every section of our state, to see and satisfy themselves as to the fertility of our beautiful valleys, our vineyards and orchards, our gold and silver producing mines, and our sublime mountain scenery. The State Board of Trade are earnestly coöperating with the Press Association, appreciating the grand results which will follow in the wake of this editorial convention, should California be determined upon as their next meeting

place. The San Francisco merchants are loth to contribute from their purses to secure the national political conventions for their city. And they are right, for they will be called upon to house and feed a very large percentage of those who will be in attendance, and perhaps to pay the way home of a great number who hardly know nor care whether California is a state or a territory. Far better would it be for the merchant, the mechanic and the laborer in all parts of our state to join with the California Press Association to secure the editorial convention, as a truthful portrayal of their trip, description of their impressions of our state, will be read by millions of people, and which cannot fail to awaken in the minds of their readers a desire to visit the land so prolific and so promising of a bright and brilliant future. San Francisco should drop the political and lend her powerful influence to bring the National Editorial Convention to California.

The organization designated the "Farmers' Alliance" has made the fatal error of entering politics as a body. It might have been a power for good, but when it sunk its industrial and beneficial features into a machine to foist unworthy men, or, indeed, any men into office by reason of being members of the organization, it lost the respect of its own constituency. Such organizations as the alliance and federated trades unions are necessary, but when they enter politics for the purpose of securing office they prostitute their noble object with that of office-seeking and thereby absolve themselves from the true and golden bonds of sympathy of the masses. Such organizations should exert their beneficent influence toward securing good government without taking upon themselves the functions of a political party, with all the greed of office for what is in it. The late elections show that the alliance, as a political party, is on the decline, and will disappear before the great national campaign. In fact, there is no reason for its existence in that campaign, which is now fully outlined on the basis of protection and reciprocity on one side and free trade on the other.

Through the efforts of Mr. Jerry Lynch, the grand jury of San Francisco has found true bills against Chris Buckley and Sam Rainey for political corruption. When the blind white devil was at the zenith of his power this same Jerry was one of his most abject followers. He and Clarence Greathouse were the dis-bursers of the Hearst boodle, when that gentleman was before the democratic convention in San José seeking the nomination for governor. Later Jeremiah wanted to represent his district in congress, and was a constant supplicant for Chris' influence to aid him in securing the nomination, failing to obtain which he has ever since been endeavoring to pose as a great political reformer. In his methods Jerry Lynch has been as great a boodler as Chris Buckley—if anything worse; and if the latter could only be afforded an opportunity of making public the one-half of what he knows of Mr. Lynch's work in the field of politics Jerry in all probability would feel like skipping out for Montreal himself.

Lines Written in an Autograph Album by Noted Men and Women.

Every one who knows anything about Boston is familiar with the Parker House, one of the oldest and most popular hotels in the Puritanic city, writes a correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press*. So, too, they are probably acquainted with its clerk, F. M. Purmorth, one of the most genial and kindly men, and as far removed as possible from the popular idea of what a hotel clerk is. Mr. Purmorth has a very interesting autograph book which the writer had the pleasure of examining the other day. It has a plain rich binding, and is slipped into a sealskin case which fastens with a silver clasp. Do not for a moment think that Mr. Purmorth is an autograph fiend. He would be the last man in the world to thrust a book into the face of a celebrated person and demand this signature. These attentions were shown him in return for many favors done to these distinguished guests, and many kindnesses which were outside his duties as clerk of a large hotel.

You open the book and are at once in the society of eminent men and women. Some of them still in the flesh, others alas! gone to the great majority.

Poor old Dion Boucicault illumines one of the first pages with two sentiments. Nothing tells one if both were written at the same time, but I think not, for the first is as follows: "Every man has music in himself. Though he may have no ear nor voice for it. Love is

music—sweet when it is a duet—sad when it is a solo." That seems like an utterance when life and hope were still young. The other, as if they both had vanished and naught remained but Dead Sea fruit and ashes: "Ah! does life ever fulfill that which it promises? One begins so full of hope, and dashes forward, strong in faith, toward a sunny future, but each day an illusion vanishes, a pleasure melts away, until at last one finds one's self alone. The mask torn away and parched with a thirst for happiness one can never quench."

Here is something truly valuable. A verse from that most poetic poet, though caustic critic, William Winter:

"Beneath the midnight moon of May—
Though dark on either hand,
One sheet of silver spreads the bay,
One crescent yet the land.

The dark ships mirrored in the stream,
Their ghostly tresses shake—
When will the dead world cease to dream?
When will the morning wake?"

Nellie Bly, the plucky little journalist who beat the record in her trip around the world, wrote, in 1890, in a very school-girlish hand: "A strong determination, added to a certain amount of energy, will overcome any obstacle in life—except death."

Dear old William Warren, so long one of Boston's institutions; for Boston was nothing in his day without a sight of him and a hearty laugh at his real humor. His place knows him no more, and will never be filled. He wrote in 1886:

Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fixed forever to detract or praise.
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And folly loves the martyrdom of fame.

Here is Francis Wilson's sentiment. How truly it applies to all those who have "assisted" in his fun:

I laugh so heartily
That both my eyes were rainy.

While Lydia Thompson, true to her calling, says:

Let mirth go on;
Let pleasure know no pause.

Would you believe that Marie Jansen, tricky sprite, so full of music, fun and folly, as bright and active as a canary bird, writes as precise a hand as a New England old maid or an ancient schoolmarm? This is her quotation:

"Fame is but a breath of dust,
But—oblivion is solid mud."

Ed Sothorn scribbles hastily these naughty words: "A sentiment? What is sentiment without whisky?"

Wilson Barret quotes from Clito this truth: "Profoundest, saddest mystery of life: the ones we wound are always those we love."

Justin McCarthy, the great home ruler, writes the trembling hand of an old man, but his idea is strong and virile: "The coming of home rule for Ireland is an event as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun." 1887.

"Will sich days as these ever come ag'in?" asked Lotta in '85.

"No matter what you do if your 'art be true," says Rosina Volkes.

Geraldine Ulmer, now lost to us in her English home, wrote in '86 the familiar words she had so often and so fetchingly sung: "We're very wide awake, the moon and I."

Dixey, in '86, gave from his mascot, *Adonis*: "I never was born; I was quarried."

What do you suppose made golden-voiced Adeline Patti, whose life one would think was passed amid sunshine and flowers, inscribe this astute opinion, in a fine Italian hand?—"Go to strangers for charity, acquaintances for advice, and to relatives for nothing, and you will have a supply."

Below this is Nicolini's firm signature, while on the opposite page is Sara Bernhardt's autograph.

Salvini gives some thought in Italian, but so singular is the writing, one cannot translate it.

Now hear from Richard Mansfield, who quotes from *Beau Brummel*, his best play and finest assumption: "Did it ever occur to you how thoughtful the Creator was when he gave us bodies, to give them to us *naked* that we might dress and ornament them as we choose?"

Henry Neville, the English actor, who was such a social as well as dramatic success in Boston, copied the whole of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's well known poem, beginning: "Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

Wilton Lackaye gives a somewhat hackneyed quotation from one of Longfellow's poems.

Henry Irving and Marie Burroughs borrow from the immortal Shakspeare fitting phrases.

Emma Nevada avows, "J'ai foi."

Julia Marlowe in the largest and coarsest of scribble declares: "I come anon."

There are many mere autographs of noted actors and the only sentiment surrounding these one may evolve from his inner consciousness or the happy remembrances connected with their names. Among these are Ellen Terry, Nellie Farren, and Fred Leslie Judic and Pauline l'Allemand, with a bar of music from the score of Lakine.

But this precious book is not filled with actors' names alone. On one page are the names of ex-Pres

nt Cleveland and his lovely wife; but isn't it curious that he writes a fine, so-called lady-like hand, while his is bold and large?

The chirography of General Sheridan is also bold and prominent, while on the opposite page—strange juxtaposition—is Carmencita's queer scrawl.

Nearly all the members of President Cleveland's cabinet have inscribed their noteworthy names in this little book. Also the whole of the Stanley party, headed by Dorothy Tennant in the quaintest caligraphy, while at the bottom of the page appears the enigmatical Major Pond, the well-known manager. This is undecipherable to any but the initiated.

Robert G. Ingersoll tells us: "Love was the first to dream of immortality;" and Blanche Willis Howard takes that "Love is mightier than death or the fear of death. Love alone inspires and is the life of all."

George Augustus Sala in '85 wrote as follows: "I have always been of opinion that a mere signature is, of itself, a very unmeaning thing; so I have ventured to supplement my humble autograph by a slip of copy from a novel of my writing." But as the promised extract does not follow, perhaps it was intended for a joke.

Roscoe Conkling does not agree with him, however, for his contribution is: "An autograph may itself be a titmouse."

Edison, whose name is known all over the world, whose wonderful inventions have almost revolutionized the world's ways, writes like print with the blackest of ink and heavily shaded:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Doubtless Ho Shen Chee, of the Chinese legation, meant to convey some tender or wise saying in the "chicken tracks," which cover one whole page.

Capiolini and her suite left their names as a memento of their trip to Boston.

Next, the monarch of caricaturists, has filled another page with a sketch evidently intended to be humorous and with some occult meaning. It goes without saying that even if you don't know the joke the drawing is funny.

These names are the most noteworthy, though there are others of local significance; but haven't you been introduced to a charming company?

They say that Gen. Wise could swear with more fluency and volubility than any other officer in the Confederate army. Once when Gen. Lee, in mock seriousness, rebuked him for the failing, Wise said: "Well, general, you do the praying for the army and I'll do the swearing."

The Stage.

Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.

Quart Robson was married last Tuesday to Miss Mary Waldron, a handsome and popular young actress.

Pick Golden, "Jed Prouty," has become so addicted to drink that he is compelled to try the bi-chloride of gold cure.

A lady named Bohn was the successful competitor with two men for the position of harpist in the theater at Leipsic, a position never before filled by a woman.

Cardou's new play, *Raissa*, is Russian, like *Fedora*. The chief part will be created by Mme. Brandes. The story is from "Les Eprevues de Raissa," by Henri G. Ville, who is helping in the dramatization.

The great baritone Faure, once the pet of the Parisian lyric stage, leads a life of almost Arcadian retirement in a villa at Etretat. Every year in the village church he gives a benefit concert for the local clergy.

Someone has discovered a book in Dublin with the words of "The Messiah" as sold at the first performance in that city in 1741. It shows that "He shall feed his flock" was taken right through by one voice, the contralto, who was Mrs. Cibber.

The *Bee* says that Major Anderson and Billy Hamilton are liable to break loose with their awful amateurs. Well, if they do "break loose" Sacramento will have some choice dramatic entertainments. Sacramento is particularly noted for its talented amateurs.

The legitimate drama is not appreciated in rural Maine. A company that was organized at Fairfield last week to play *Romeo and Juliet* lived two nights. "Romeo" is now at work in a sawmill, while "Juliet" stuck a job in a plain, every-day cotton factory.

Among the eminent Jewish composers in this century the *Jewish Chronicle* names Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, Halevy, Herz, Hiller, David, Goldmark, Rosenham and Rubinstein. At one time Meyerbeer was sneered at for "putting Judaism in his music."

In musical circles there is a growing opposition to the "encore fiend," who is always sure to make his appearance at concerts. It is proposed that the words

"No encores" shall be printed in big type on concert programmes, and that managers shall adhere to the rule.

An Englishman of culture is alleged to have had the following conversation with Sol Smith Russell: "You are," said he, "an actor of real promise. I have enjoyed your performance so highly that I venture, in a spirit of admiration, to venture a suggestion. I trust I am not offending." "Oh, no; not at all," urged Mr. Russell. "Go on, my dear sir; I am only too glad to hear suggestions." "Well, then," continued the stranger, "it occurs to me that you would do well in comedy; have you ever tried to do a comic part?"

A theatrical manager who had a limited purse, and consequently a limited company, occasionally compelled some of the actors to "double"—that is, play two or more parts in the same piece. "Lancaster," he said one morning, addressing a very serviceable utility man, "you will have to enact three parts in *The Silent Foe* to-night—Henderson, 'Uncle Bill' and the 'Crusher.'" "Can't do it," replied Lancaster; "impossible; can't be done." "You can't do it? You won't do it? Why?" "Because it is impossible," returned the indignant actor. "No human being can play those three parts at the same time. In the first scene of the third act two of them have a fight and the third fellow runs in and separates them."

The American prima donna has become one of the institutions of Europe, where she seems to be better appreciated than at home. She may now be found in all the opera-houses of the continent. Mme Adiny (Miss Chapman, of Boston,) is leading dramatic prima donna at the Grand Opera of Paris, and has signed an engagement to sing at Covent Garden, in London. Miss Sybil Sanderson is impersonating "Nanon" at the Paris Opera-Comique. Miss Ella Russell is in Milan preparing for a series of performances in Warsaw, and Emma Nevada has recently had an immense success at Cadiz. Mme. Nevada's little daughter Mignon, when asked by a visitor how she managed to pass the time, said: "Sometimes I play with my dolly, but usually I meditate over mamma's career."

Book Chat.

"Have you read Holmes' 'At the Breakfast Table'?" "No, I don't have time—I have to leave on such an early train."

A new novel by a Chicago author is entitled "Edge-tools." This will be one of the Chicago articles that are dangerous to handle.

Walt Whitman in his declining years has escaped the fate that Dean Swift feared, that of "dying at the top" first. Though his bodily powers fail, the old poet's mind remains clear and vigorous.

At the recent conference of Bohemian and Hungarian authors held in Pesth, Hungary, there were poets and prose writers, young and old, renowned and unrenowned, some of them very handsome, and others not so. The growth of literature and the rights of authors were under debate at the conference.

After France we possess the greatest short-story writers in the world. This is a long step. Who knows that the novel in which England has excelled is not doomed to extinction? Our triumph in literature will come in due time—probably as soon as we cease to worry about whether we are going to have it or not.

American authors are beginning to find out that the international copyright law is not making them rich so fast as they fancied it would. American books do not sell in England; there are notable exceptions, of course, but, as a class, books made this side of the Atlantic are not in demand the other side of the Atlantic. The English people are not readers—or perhaps we should say they are not book-buyers. They patronize their circulating libraries, and these libraries are slow to introduce the works of American writers.

"The Shadow of Shame," is a Frenchy novel by Austyn Granville. The author is a cousin of Rider Haggard, and a good writer. The heroine is sketched after a living model, and based on facts. The book performs a mission for the improvement of society by the exposure of status of the marriage laws of France. It also denounces the prevailing custom of sending young messenger boys to places where they become accustomed to the sight of vice. While the story is somewhat flashy and Frenchy, it is readable.

The Ameer of Afghanistan can forgive a rascal who steals the public moneys, but he has no mercy on a literary thief who purloins verses from the Ameer's favorite poets. A few months ago an official was brought before him for trial on the charge of robbing the treasury. During the investigation it was proven that the fellow was a poetaster, and likewise a great plagiarist. "I may not punish him for the thefts of public money," said the Ameer, "but I cannot pardon him for literary thefts from the work of saintly poets like Saadi and Hafiz." So the Ameer ordered the tongue of the poor wretch to be perforated by long needles, and this remarkable sentence was carried out at once.

Froude, the historian, has finally concluded to defend his work against sundry assaults, and incidentally he defends Henry VIII, who stands badly in need of something of the sort. "I do not pretend to impartiality," he says. "I believe the Reformation to have been the greatest incident in English history. I am unwilling to believe more evil than I can help of my countrymen who accomplished so magnificent a work." It is pretty hard for one man to do full justice to the before-mentioned king's labors. Every day of his life, if he was not busy in marrying a new wife or killing an old one, he was constructing a system of theology to fit the conditions of the current week. As a marrying man and theologian he was clearly at the head of his profession.

Carruthers, a Scotch editor, looked so much like Thackeray, that upon one occasion when Carruthers called upon Thackeray, the maid who met him at the door laughed in his face because she thought her master in a fit of absent-mindedness had come home and asked for himself. The likeness must have been less remarkable, however, than that between a Southern Presbyterian minister and the elder of a neighboring flock. The two were constantly mistaken for each other, and finally one day when the elder was in New York he excused himself from an acquaintance upon the plea that he must go and speak to his friend, the minister, advanced toward a large mirror, and was actually about to hold out his hand when he discovered that he had mistaken his own reflection for his flesh-and-blood double. Both parson and elder have injured their reputations for veracity by telling this unquestionably true story.

Professional Chat.

The young graduate who takes up medicine finds it pleasanter than taking it down.

Lawyers never plead ignorance of the law. They make their clients do it for them.

Bishop Gaines, of Georgia, a Methodist, was once a slave of Robert Toombs' brother.

There is a law maxim that equity follows the law, which may be true, but she don't always overtake it.

Law business is so dull that one of the legal fraternity is reported to have filed a saw recently just to keep in practice.

That Philadelphia doctor who detects insanity by listening to the wind rustling in his patients' brains must be a graduate of Prof. Keely's wind-motor school.

"Well, doctor, suppose a man should come to you suffering from delirium tremens, how would you treat him?" "Well, if it were my treat I'd offer him a lemonade."

One of the notable students at Oxford is Cornelia Sorabji, an olive-skinned Hindoo girl. She is a remarkable scholar, especially excelling in her knowledge of the Roman law.

The fact that astute lawyer Hubbard was "trapped by a country attorney" in the legal battle over the Hopkins-Searles will should not cause any great amount of surprise. The country lawyer in his wide range of practice is obliged to enter into all sorts and conditions of litigation, and the result is that he becomes a well-rounded fellow and a dangerous opponent for the legal specialist from the city.

A clergyman from England, in an earnest address to his parishioners advocating the establishment of a cemetery, asked them to consider the "deplorable condition of 30,000 Englishmen living without a Christian burial." This suggests another clerical slip, says an exchange. "When do you expect to see deacon Smith again?" a gentleman asked a clergyman. "Never," replied the reverend gentleman, solemnly; "the deacon is in heaven."

Senator Pepper is now making speeches at local fairs in Kansas. Mr. Pepper is another picturesque illustration of the homely adage that water soon finds its level. What a contrast between this weakling and that brilliant statesman Ingalls. This is about the way all "reformers" fizzle out. There has never been a case where this class of men are thrown to the top wave by spasmodic action of the misguided masses that any good results have followed from their actions. We have experienced this fact in California through the "sand lot" upheaval and "people's" parties.

Great lawyers may not know how to make wills for themselves, but they know how to elope with their sweethearts sometimes. There was Chancellor Eldon, who carried away his "Bessie," the story goes, out of a second-story window. And our "American Blackstone," as he is sometimes called, the greatest lawyer in Michigan, Thomas M. Cooley, got his wife in the same way, against the will of her farmer father, more than thirty years ago. Judge Cooley would be high on a list of the half dozen best authorities on law in this country. He has recently resigned from the Interstate Commerce Commission and lives quietly at Ann Arbor.

NOTES.

Under our new election law every voter is bound to make his mark in politics. Here is one instance where the educated and ignorant are on the level.

Don't treat the poor man with disdain,
Though you're a man of note.
Some time for office you may strain;
Then you will want his vote.

In nearly all reforms in the political atmosphere there is invariably a preponderance of "hair-trigger jaws and flint-lock brains." Our municipal government can never be improved by any such influences.

There are two positive recipes in this world for unhappiness. One is idleness, the other accumulation. More than your share of anything makes you miserable, whether it be dirt, money, neckties, old papers, or poor relations.

The Pleiades appear to the naked eye to number six or seven stars. Viewed through a three-inch telescope you may see perhaps three hundred. If a sensitive plate is exposed for four hours it will show from the group 2,326 stars.

All Hohenzollern princes are baptized with water from the Jordan. A large porcelain jug of this water is kept in the shop of the castle apothecary, and after every baptism the water left in the fount is carefully returned to this receptacle.

One of the popular superstitions of the negro of antebellum days was that, if a honeysuckle had forced its way through the chinks of the cabin and was growing inside, as it often did, it was a sure indication that they had not led upright lives.

Public servants (office-holders), after election or appointment, become moral cowards. They fear to do what is right, fearful of some adverse criticism of newspapers or of some of their constituents. It is rare, indeed, to find independence in an official.

Johnny cake and other preparations of American corn appear as novelties. Mr. Phelps' bang will soon be as popular on this side of the water as was the late Roscoe Conkling's hyperion curl among his New York admirers. It will be a badge of honor.

A young lady at the lecture of Professor Barnard the other evening wanted to know why the professor did not speak of Adonis, and thought he was too partial to Venus. She evidently thought Adonis was one of the heavenly bodies. Perhaps, in the eyes of that beauty, he was.

There was too much beer at a New York wedding, and the result was the sending of the groom to the nearest police station and his best man to Bellevue hospital. The groom is being groomed and the best man is still the worst, physically, of the party. So much for immoderate joy.

The trustees of the Sacramento Law Library have organized by electing Hon. A. P. Catlin, President; Hon. W. C. Van Fleet, Treasurer, and W. A. Anderson, Secretary. It is proposed to use the room opposite the County Clerk's office for the library. Within a few weeks the library will be open, and will prove a great convenience for the courts as well as attorneys.

Shirley Dare says that fruit cake is more nourishing than modern bread, and that if one girl were to eat only fruit cake and another only bread for a week, it would be found that the cake-eater kept her strength better than the one who lived on bread alone. This may seem a daring statement for Shirley to make, but every schoolgirl will arise and call her blessed.

Our city is getting too good; we will soon become a first-class New Jerusalem. The energies of the city authorities are directed solely against some fellow who sells a glass of beer and sandwiches after midnight. Men can be knocked down and robbed in the residence portion of the city because the police force is so diligent, under orders, to watch the midnight-saloon men down town. No matter how many robberies, burglaries and murders are committed, the "moral" standing of the city must be looked after in the matter of selling crackers and cheese and beer after midnight.

Nothing is easier than to find fault. Almost everything we hear or see is open to criticism, and if we live to pick flaws we are readily kept busy. Conversation is defective. Few can express their exact meaning in words, and not a few say what they don't mean simply because they cannot say what they wish to. And if nearly all speech is imperfect, so is nearly all work. Do his best, man will yet do poorly enough. His greatest plans, his smallest schemes, will be but imperfectly accomplished; and if sensitive to criticism, the probability is that he will suffer when he hears what people have to say concerning his doings.

The uses made of the refuse of Paris streets are numerous. Little wisps of women's hair

are carefully unraveled and do duty for false hair by-and-by. Men's hair collected outside the barbers' shop serve for filters through which syrups are strained; bits of sponge are cut up and used for spirit lamps; bits of bread, if dirty, are toasted and grated and sold to the restaurants for spreading on hams or cutlets; sometimes they are carbonized and made into tooth powder. Sardine boxes are cut into tin soldiers or into sockets for candlesticks. A silk hat has a whole chapter of adventures in store for it. All this work employs a regiment of rag pickers numbering close on to 20,000, and each earning from 20 pence to a half a crown a day.

Man is rapidly causing the extinction of almost all land animals, at least the larger ones. As the frontiers of civilization are being extended further and further into the uninhabited regions, he is driving out of existence all of the large animals and many of the smaller ones. We have only to look ahead a comparatively short time to see the extinction of nearly all land animals, except such as may strike man's fancy to use or preserve. To what extent this may apply to other animals—to insects, marine animals, etc.—is not clear. But in the highest group of animals, the vertebrates, it is pretty clear that man is eventually to bring about, not only the end of advance, but also the practical extermination of all animals except such as he especially preserves. His mastery over the higher vertebrates is so unbounded that he is the only one who has any possibility of further advance. With the lower animals his competition is not so severe, but, as we have seen, these lower types have practically ended their evolution in the distant past.

"Old Hickory's" Indorsement.

Occasionally boarding-house keepers here have trouble in collecting their bills from government clerks. Occasionally they haunt the departments in order to get the money due them, making life more or less of a burden to the debtor and not particularly enjoyable to the officials in whose ears the plaintive tale is told with great volubility and at great length, says a Washington writer in the Brooklyn Eagle. The grim old hero of Tohopeka and New Orleans once paused long enough in his war on the United States bank and Nick Biddle to help a landlady collect a board bill from a long-delinquent debtor. The debtor in question held a responsible position in one of the departments. He was a man of fascinating address, and the landlady thought herself fortunate in securing so fine a man for a boarder. But he would not pay regularly nor would he pay in full. At the end of every month he would sometimes pay a part of his bill and sometimes he would pay nothing at all. At such times he would give the landlady what the boys nowadays call a "song and dance." Affairs went on in this way for two or three years, until the indebtedness threatened to bankrupt the landlady. In her despair she had recourse to a desperate plan. She went to the White House and was ushered into the president's presence. She told him her story, to which Old Hickory listened politely. He then said:

"I have Mr. Blank give you his note at ninety days for the entire amount of his indebtedness to you, and when that is done bring the note to me."

The landlady did so. Mr. Blank signed the note cheerfully, wondering what she would do with it, as he had no property and his salary was not subject to garnishment. When she took the note to the president he read it carefully, expressed his satisfaction, turned it over and wrote "A. Jackson" on the back of it. Handing it to the grateful landlady, he said:

"Put that in bank for collection."

She did so. In those days the banks here did not send out notices to the givers of notes when these interesting documents fell due. They waited till the day of doom, as it were, and then sent their collector out to hunt up the victim and get the money. When Mr. Blank's note fell due the collector called on him. Mr. Blank received him affably, took the note, read it leisurely and said, with a smile:

"My dear sir, I am not prepared to take this up to-day. I—"

Here he turned it over, saw "A. Jackson" boldly written across the back, gasped, turned pale and nearly fell out of his official chair. Recovering, he continued, with difficulty: "I will, however, meet it before the days of grace expire." He did, for he dared not go back on his indorsement.

On Atheism.

"I had rather," says Sir Francis Bacon, "believe all the fables in the Legend, the Talmud, and the Koran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. God never wrought miracles to convince atheists, because His ordinary works are sufficient to convince them. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth them back to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest on them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."

An Old Belief.

Hundreds and hundreds of years have passed away since it was first believed that a creature called the sea-serpent lived in the ocean. The wonderful stories related concerning this "horrid wiggler of the sea," as Dædmon calls it, made timid sailors tremble with fear and the heart of the bravest sea captain quail at the very thought of encountering the dreadful creature. Pliny, who lived and wrote at about the time of Christ, mentions it several times in his works, never neglecting to call it a horrid and wonderful amphibious animal. "It swims about in shallow shore water," he says, "until it grows to enormous proportions, when it floats out to sea, because it can then wriggle about its large body in perfect freedom." Pliny also states that it was a monstrous and dangerous creature, capable of destroying ships and devouring sailors. Belleforest, the French writer on natural history, adds testimony almost identical with that of Pliny. He says: "There is also a more terrible monster than that just described above (having just described a salamander), called a sea-snake, from its habit of frequenting the salt sea a great distance from land, where he lays in wait for the unwary seaman, wrecks the vessel and devours them all. * * *

In case the barque is too large to be easily managed by the serpent, he glides under it and, with the folds of his slimy body pressing against the keel, draws, or rather pushes, the ship onto a reef, where the crew are swallowed at leisure."

The most ancient Scandinavian writers never committed the heresy of doubting the North sea to be swarming with sea-serpents of all ages, sizes and kinds. In the popular Scandinavian belief the sea-serpent of the Northern ocean could very appropriately be styled serpents terrible, as he was usually described as being from 600 to 1,000 feet in length, with a head like a horse, a spiked tail, large black eyes and a flowing white mane. In early trips to Iceland large buoys of brush were towed in the wake of some vessels in hope of entangling sea serpent hairs. This was a practice usually followed in the spring of the year, the sea-serpent being supposed to change his skin and lose his mane on Easter Sunday, and to have them perfectly renewed by St. John's Eve, June 24th.

Dead Man's Island.

From time immemorial, says a southern California exchange, people have called the island at the end of our breakwater "Dead Man's island," and many traditions have been given as to the origin of the name. It is well to unearth all reliable local history; and it may be that we have now among us someone who can throw light on the real origin of the name. If so, it were well that he place his knowledge on record. One tradition says that the island takes its name from the fact that Fremont buried some of his soldiers there in order that their bodies might not be dug up by the coyotes which infested the mainland. This cannot be the origin of the name, for Dana, in his book, "Two Years Before the Mast"—written, we think, about 1835—spoke of the place already as Dead Man's island. However, as at least one of the headboards on the island was that of an American soldier belonging to a certain-named regiment, this theory as to name would have some color were it not for Dana's notice in 1835 or thereabouts.

Another theory is that the early Spanish settlers found some decomposing bodies washed ashore on the island and buried them thereon; hence the name.

Another tradition says that way back in the thirties the sailors of an English ship mutinied and murdered their cruel captain and buried him on the island.

Another tradition says that a pirate vessel marooned two sailors and that the dead bodies of the two men gave the island its name.

A Very Old Invention.

The typewriter was invented as long ago as 1714, by one Henry Mills, who in that year obtained a patent in this country for a device that "would write printed characters one at a time, one after the other." There is no description of this device to be had now, says the New York Press, but there is no doubt that Mills' invention was the parent of the present typewriter.

In 1833 a French patent was granted to M. Prognin (Xavier), of Marseilles, for a typewriter, which is called a typographical machine. The account of the machine is somewhat obscure, but enough is given to show that it was an operative one by which typewriting could be fairly well executed. M. Foucault sent to the Paris exhibition in 1855 a writing machine for the blind, and several typewriters were invented by Wheatstone. After successive improvements a manufacturer in America contracted to construct 25,000.

All Esquimaux are superstitious about death, and although they hold festivals in memory of departed friends, they will usually carry a dying person to some abandoned hut, there to drag out his remaining days without food, medicine, water or attendance. After the death of a husband or wife the survivor cuts the front hair short and fasts for twenty-five days.

A Pretty Wedding.

"It's just a year ago to-day," said she who told the story. "We had been schoolmates, and she had asked me to come on an early train and help her and her mother through the day. It was nine in the morning when I stepped under the woodbine that grew about the door of that angular little house on the edge of a New England village. She had a broad hat on and she said 'Come.'"

"We went out into the pasture land beyond the village and we filled our arms with golden rod and cardinal flowers. Then we walked back to the house and her mother fetched jars and vases and big bowls and we put our flowers about the rooms."

"He came by the noon train and she went to the gate in her print dress and her broad hat to meet him. We had a little dinner together, her mother, he, she and I."

"Then she went to dress and came down stairs again in half an hour in a simple little white gown. It was two o'clock when the neighbors began to arrive. She went to the door to meet them herself, and she took the minister's hat and showed the minister's wife where to put her things."

"Then by and by the minister said, 'Are you ready?' and she said, 'Yes.' And then the two of them stood before the minister, and she put one hand behind her and into the hand of her mother, who sat just there on the sofa. And when the minister began, 'Will you—' she said 'I will,' before he got half through."

"After that she put on a white apron and saw that we all had cake and ice cream. Then, when it was time for her to go away, she changed her dress again and we all walked to the railway station to see her started. When the train came pulling up she turned to me: 'Stay with mother till to-morrow and I'll get a letter for her by that time. She'll be lonely this evening.'"

"I never expect to again attend so pretty a wedding.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Superstition in Rome.

The death of the late Prince Barberini was popularly attributed in Rome to the effect of the evil eye of Pope Pius IX. Strange though it may appear, the spell of his mal oculo is believed to continue even to this day, fourteen or fifteen years after his death. Every year a memorial service is celebrated in his honor by his successor, Leo XIII, in the Sistine chapel. It is a magnificent ceremony and is attended by all the diplomatic corps and the principal dignitaries of the papal court. But on each occasion one of the leading Roman nobles who has been present has died a few days afterward. The last death of this kind was that of Prince Barberini, and, under the circumstances, it is hardly surprising that the Roman aristocracy are beginning to show a decided reluctance to attend the annual services in memory of Pius IX, and that the gallery reserved for their use in the Sistine chapel has been almost empty on the last three occasions.

The Death of Polygamy.

There are probably 150,000 Mormons in this territory; but of that number many are only nominally so. Amid the contentions between them and the Gentiles, many have sided with the church in which are their parents, relatives, and friends, without embracing its faith. It is idle now to think of disfranchising the Latter-day Saints. They are industrious, temperate people as a rule, and my observation has led me to believe that they are law-abiding since the church took its stand under the law against plural marriage. I am aware that now and then individuals will report violations of that law since the manifesto, but upon investigation such charges are seldom sustained. It would be strange if there were no breaches of it; there are some such cases among non-Mormons. I do not believe that such marriages have been authorized or sanctioned by the officers of the Mormon church since the manifesto.—Judge Charles S. Zane in November Forum.

Badge-wearing is the mania of the age, and the boothlark who cannot find some sort of a metallic label dignified by the term "badge" is certainly not up with his fellows. But badge-wearing in the dignified sense is confined to the more powerful orders and to college fraternities. A local jeweler who has observed the ways and customs of students who are also "frat" men says that no class of society men indulge in expensive and gaudy badges to the extent that these young fraternity men do. Badges to be worn during only a college course and then sold to a younger collegian at reduced rates, or else stowed away as an individual trophy, frequently cost as high as \$400 or \$500, and \$100 badges are quite common. The unpretentious "frat" man, however, usually contents himself with expending \$25 or \$30 and retains his badge long after throwing aside his Tacitus and Homer. The sororities (the college sisterhoods—the Kappa Alpha Theta, the Kappa Kappa Gamma, Delta Gamma, Pi Kappa Alpha) have taken up the craze for badge-wearing, and the jewels the enthusiastic college-society girls wear are even more gorgeous and costly than those worn by the fraters.—Albany Argus.

FLASHES.

The spirit of the social "400" is the spirit of Cain.

It is no sign of brightness to make light of everything.

Children, drunkards, and fools generally tell the truth.

An assumed name is not favored except in the case of a wife.

No girl in Norway is allowed to have a beau until she can bake bread.

The old pioneers used to live on flapjacks; perhaps that is the reason so many of them have frittered away these times.

A youth may sit up late with a girl and show exceeding gall, but the corset that goes around her waist is the greatest stayer of all.

When you're talking about your neighbors and the foolish things they do, do you ever think that somebody else may be criticising you.

No one ever entertained an angel unawares. Angels always announce their angelship. It is the devils who are entertained unbeknown to their hosts.

There is a bounty for the ears and scalps of certain animals. It would be a good thing to offer a bounty for the ears and scalps of some of our bipeds.

An herb that is reported to cure any kind of insanity has been found in Yucatan. We had better get a supply for our financiers and improvement committees.

She is painting, she is painting,
And her friends grow pale, and then
For fear she'll send them

Hollyhocks,
Or mullein stalks,
Or jabberwocks

On painted plaques
When Christmas time comes in.

A Fly in the Nose.

We have all experienced the torment of a fly persistently lighting on our nose, but a singular case of a fly entering the nasal cavity is reported by a physician from a neighboring county, in the *Occidental Medical Times*, as follows: On August 27th I was called to see a woman, suffering from an intense headache and high fever, of 48 hours' duration. The patient was suffering terribly; face flushed, temperature 103° F., pulse very full and bounding, pupils normal. She was perfectly rational, but was almost crazed with the pain in her head. The intense headache and absence of other causes of fever, made me suspect the onset of meningitis, although the usual symptoms were absent. Noticing her breath had a very foul odor, I syringed the nasal cavities with peroxide of hydrogen (Marchand's). This came out in the frothy state usually produced by peroxide in the presence of pus, and in this froth were two maggots. The patient then remembered that four days previous, when asleep during the afternoon, she had been awakened by a fly entering her nose. She squeezed her nostrils, but nothing came out. After a few minutes she again felt something in her nose, and this time succeeded in ejecting a large "blow-fly." Using a post-nasal syringe, I injected the nasal cavities with kerosene. This began to dislodge the invaders, and I succeeded in bringing away during the day about a hundred full grown maggots, mixed with a very disgusting mucus. I also insufflated calomel, by means of a gun for blowing insect powder. After persistent effort for five days, and expelling about 200 of the unwelcome guests, I could get no more. The fever gradually subsided, and with some further treatment of the inflamed mucous membrane, the patient recovered. The discovery of the maggots made the reason of the terrible suffering and the increasing noise very evident. She had for some time suffered from ozena, and this no doubt attracted the fly. It must have deposited about 200 eggs in the few minutes it was in her nose. These eggs must have developed into maggots sufficiently large to cause pain in 36 hours, and in four days they were about half an inch long.

The Pleasures of Old Age.

One forenoon I did prevail with my mother to let them carry her to a considerable distance from the house, to a sheltered, sunny spot, whereunto we did often resort formerly to hear the wood-pigeons which frequented the fir trees hereabout. We seated ourselves and did pass an hour or two very pleasantly. She remarked, how merciful it was ordered that these pleasures should remain to the last days of life; that when the infirmities of age make the company of others burdensome to us and ourselves a burden to them, the quiet contemplation of the works of God affords a simple pleasure which needeth not aught else than a contented mind to enjoy the singing of birds; even a single flower, or a pretty spot like this, with its bank of primroses, and the brook running in there below, and this warm sunshine, how pleasant they are. They take back our thoughts to our youth, which age doth love to look back upon.—*Diary of Lady Willoughby.*

DRAMATIC NOTES.

On November 20th the famous *Dr. Bitt* will be given at the Metropolitan. This is one of the drawing comedies of the day. The company is first class.

Goodyear, Elitch & Schellings minstrels played to a full house last night. The combination is thoroughly good. To-night the same company, with changes in the bill.

Sinbad and *Cleopatra* were both booked for Sacramento, but when the managers of the companies found that the scenery would not fit the Metropolitan stage they would not consent to play here. In each of these plays the scenery forms a very important factor in the performance, without which the effect would be greatly marred. For this reason the Sacramento public was deprived of the pleasure of witnessing two of the greatest attractions on the road.

A New Dance.

Devotees of dancing will be glad of the new waltz, the "Jubilee." It is certain to win a triumph—just as certain as society dons her dancing shoes. As a matter of fact, beginners want to waltz the first thing, and inability to reverse is apt to discourage them. Now the ardent swain, the college fellow, the apoplectic dandy in his second childhood, and the fair, fat and frisky widow who gets dizzy when she tries to go around backward will commence with the "Jubilee" master it in two lessons, and get a fine opinion of themselves all through a bit of trickery on the part of the composer.

There is no reversing, but a great deal of revolving to the right. The partners take waltz position and dance two "dips" to the side, separating, advance one step, then kick with the inside foot and again with the outside; join hands, swing in waltz position and take four waltz steps.

This mischievous, captivating dance will, in all probability, score a double success, for some rogue will be certain to write a song accompaniment.

St. Joseph's Academy.

This is to certify that we have for many years had in constant use six Mathushek Solid Iron-Frame Pianos, which have given the most perfect satisfaction, and more than any pianos we have ever used. Twenty years of extraordinary use has made very little, if any, change in their tone. We heartily recommend the Mathushek to anyone wanting a strictly first-class piano.

SISTERS OF MERCY.
Sacramento, Nov. 10th, 1891.

New Advertisements.

Jos. Thieben Crockery Co., fine glassware, lamps, crockery, etc., 518 J street; Sacramento Packing and Drying Co., superior canned goods, Sacramento; Phoenix Bakery, C. Schurr, proprietor, corner Thirteenth and J streets.

Curiosities About Coins.

Certain passages in the Iliad of Homer would lead to the inference that coins of brass were struck as early as 1184 years B. C. Tradition affirms that the Chinese had bronze coins as early as 1120 B. C. But Herodotus, "the Father of History," ascribes the "invention" of coins to the Lydians, about nine centuries B. C.; and there is no satisfactory evidence that coins were known prior to that date.

The original process of coining was very simple. A globular piece of metal, having a defined weight, was placed on a die, engraved with some national or religious symbol, and struck with a hammer until it had received the impression. One of the most ancient Asiatic coins was the Persians Daric, a gold coin struck during the reign of Darius, nearly five centuries B. C. The first coinage in Rome was about the year 600 B. C. The metal used was bronze, and the unit of value was one pound in weight. The coin was called an *as*; was brick-shaped, and stamped with the figure of a sheep or an ox.

Silver was first coined at Rome in the year 275 B. C. The first Roman gold coin was issued only about 74 years B. C.

The Saxons coined the first British pieces about the year 279 A. D.

The first Colonial coin issued in this country were struck in Massachusetts in 1652. They were 3, 6, and 12 pence pieces.

Bimini and the Fountain of Youth.

Bimini was a fabulous island firmly believed in by the Indians of the Antilles, though they could give no further clew to its location than that it lay some hundreds of leagues north of Hispaniola. On this island was the famous Fountain of Youth which had the power of restoring youth and giving perpetual health and vigor. It was the search for this fountain that led Ponce de Leon and Hernando de Soto to Florida, on the outskirts of which the island was generally supposed to be situated.

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

REGULAR

Republican Ticket

Election: Monday, December 7, 1891.

City Superintendent of Schools,

ALBERT HART.

School Directors,

First Ward,-----W. H. SHERBURN

Second Ward,-----E. A. CROUCH

Third Ward,-----WINFIELD J. DAVIS

Fourth Ward,-----O. W. ERLEWINE

A. J. JOHNSTON,

Chairman City Central Committee.

A. J. GALLIGAN, Secretary.

HAHN'S

Eau de Quinine,

Or, QUININE HAIR TONIC.

The stimulating effects of this tonic are unrivaled for removing dandruff, preserving the scalp in a healthy condition, rendering the hair soft, pliable and brilliant. It promotes the growth of the hair, prevents the same from falling out, and imparts to it an agreeable perfume.

JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,

Sacramento, Cal.

PHOENIX BAKERY,

C. SCHURR, Proprietor,

Southwest Corner Thirteenth and J Streets.

Bread, Pies and Cakes,

FRESH EVERY MORNING,

Delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

ASK YOUR GROCER

FOR THE

SACRAMENTO

Packing and Drying Company's

GOODS.

They Are the Best.

L. B. MOHR.

C. A. YOERK.

MOHR & YOERK'S

MARKET AND PACKING HOUSE

1024 and 1026 J Street, Sacramento.

Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats and all kinds of Sausages. On hand during the Packing Season: Spareribs, Tenderloins, Hogs' Heads, etc.

ST. LOUIS MARKET,

R. WEBER, PROPRIETOR.

SPARERIBS AND HOGS' HEADS,

FRESH MEATS,

SUGAR-CURED HAMS,

CHOICE BACON,

LARD, SAUSAGE, ETC.

Southwest Corner Eleventh and H Streets.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

REMOVAL

—OF—

Sacramento Trunk Factory

—TO—

515 K STREET.

California Exchange,

900 K STREET,

Southeast Corner Ninth,

Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

WINE AND LIQUORS

KEY WEST AND IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

DR. MARY M. CRONEMILLER.

Office and Residence, 507½ J street.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 P. M.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON

CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street,

Sacramento, Cal.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

—IN—

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

Are the Leaders!

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Liquid Humidity & Co.

Producers of the

ECLIPSE

CHAMPAGNE,

530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

Futterer's Saloon,

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.

A FINE POOL TABLE.

Heredity.

There is no thing we cannot overcome;
Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole
life forlorn
And calls down punishment that is not
merited.

Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
The Great Eternal Will! That, too, is
thine
Inheritance, strong, beautiful, divine,
Sure lever of success for one who tries.

Pry up thy faults with this great lever, Will!
However deeply bedded in propensity,
However firmly set, I tell thee, firmer yet
Is that vast power, that comes from Truth's
immensity.

Thou art a part of that strange world, I say!
Its forces lie within thee, stronger far
Thau all thy mortal sins and frailties are;
Believe thyself divine, and watch and pray.

There is no noble height thou can'st not
climb;
All triumphs may be thine in Time's futur-
ity
If whatsoever thy fault thou dost not faint
or halt,
But lean upon the staff of God's security.

Earth has no claim the soul cannot contest;
Know thyself part of the eternal source,
And naught can stand before thy spirit's
force;
The soul's divine inheritance is best.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Queer Italian Custom.

Would you like to hear of a queer thing
that would have been done to you if you had
been born a little Italian instead of an Amer-
ican? Then I will tell you about it.

Now, you don't remember your baptism,
but your mamma does. She made with her
own hands the dainty little dress that you
wore that day; it was the prettiest, the most
exquisite of all the whole drawer full. She
wondered with every stitch how the baby
would act during the service. Whether he
would cry and get red in the face when the
strange man would take him, and so make
all the people laugh; or whether he would
be a regular little gentleman and every lady
would say "the darling!" No, you don't
remember much about it yourself, I fancy.
And whether you screamed with fear so that
all the people became fidgety and eager to
have the ceremony over; or if you behaved
in such a manner that all they declared you
were a little dear and too sweet. I don't know
but your mother does, and she will tell you
all about it if you ask her. She was very
nervous about you that day; ask her if she
wasn't.

But you remember when your little baby
brother or sister went through the same cere-
mony. They took you to church, too, and
you wondered what it was all about. The
little thing you hadn't made up your mind
whether to love or hate (for nobody noticed
you after he came) was dressed in his sweet-
est slip and was carried up the long aisle to
the altar, where the minister took him and
said something you didn't understand; at the
end of it he sprinkled water on the tiny head.
You wondered how it felt and didn't see what
good it did, anyway, and thought that perhaps
it wasn't so nice after all to be "the baby."

Now, if you and that same baby were
Italians you would have been baptised too,
but in a very different way. There is an old
church in the city of Florence known as the
"Baptistry," and all the children born in
that city are christened there. This church
has existed for more than 1100 years, some
people say. Long ago baptisms took place
in it only twice a year, so many of the child-
ren were 4 or 5 months old before their
christening. Now it is the custom in that
country, as well as in this, to have the cere-
mony performed when baby is but a few
months old.

The Italian priest receives the child from
the nurse's arms. First he breathes in the
little fellow's face, then sprinkles a good deal
of powder in his mouth—enough to choke
an American baby. Then he waves his hands
back and forth over the child, afterwards
oiling him under the chin and at the back of
the neck while repeating some strange words.
Now it is time for the baptismal font to be
opened, and the baby to be placed on the
edge, where he will stand perfectly straight,
like a little soldier—ready to receive the
shower of water which is not sprinkled, but
literally poured over the baby. Then he is
rubbed and rubbed by the big priest, pow-
dered again by an attendant and passed to
the godmother. He throws a splendid silk
christening robe over the child who, poor
dear, must be very much bewildered by this
time.

At one of those Florentine christenings,
the great poet, Dante, of whom you will one
day hear if you haven't yet, saved from
drowning a little child who had fallen into
the font. In doing this he broke one of the
small basins which surround the altar, and
thus greatly disgraced himself. For so sacred
are the holy vessels that the loss of a child
is of small consequence compared with the
breaking of one of them.

You wonder how a baby a few days old
can stand up, perfectly straight? Here is

the secret. He is dressed in swaddling bands
(you have heard about them from the Bible),
something that American children never
wear. From the chest to the tips of the toes
they are bound tightly in these bands, which
are not removed until the child is six months
old. Then they are taken off. The legs are
very, very neat, because of never having
been exercised at all. It seems to us, does
it not, a very foolish custom? but they prob-
ably think it is just as queer that we do not
make little stiff bundles of our children. I
can't imagine a baby who doesn't kick and
scream, but perhaps he gets so angry when
he feels like kicking and finds he can't that
he screams twice as loud. I'll risk a baby
to make a fuss in one way if he can't in
another, won't you?—Margery Daw.

**The Way a Woman Reads a News-
paper.**

She takes it up hurriedly, and begins to
scan it over rapidly, as though she were
hunting for some particular thing; but she is
not. She is merely taking in the obscure
paragraphs, which, she believes, were put in
the out-of-the-way places for the sake of keep-
ing her from seeing them. As she finishes
each one, her countenance brightens with the
comfortable reflection that she has outwitted
the editor and the whole race of men, for she
cherishes a vague belief that newspapers are
the enemies of her sex, and editors her chief
oppressors. She never reads the head-lines,
and the huge telegraph heads she never sees.
She is greedy for local news, and devours it
with the keenest relish. Marriages and
deaths are always interesting to her, and ad-
vertisements are exciting and stimulating.
She cares but little for printed jokes unless
they reflect ridicule on the men, and then
she delights in them, and never forgets them.
She pays particular attention to anything en-
closed in quotation marks, and considers it
rather better authority than anything first-
handed. The columns in which the editor
airs his opinions, in leaded bifalutin, she
rarely reads. Views are of no importance in
her estimation, but facts are everything. She
generally reads the poetry. She doesn't
always care for it, but makes a practice of
reading it, because she thinks she ought to.
She reads stories, and sketches, and para-
graphs indiscriminately, and believes every
word of them. Finally, after she has read
all she intends to, she lays the paper down
with an air of disappointment and a half
contemptuous gesture, which says very
plainly that she thinks all newspapers mis-
erable failures, but is certain that, if she had a
chance, she could make the only perfect
newspaper the world has ever seen.

Beware of the Men.

If a girl lets a man kiss her at the garden
gate in the gloaming she may as well allow
the same privilege upon the front porch in
the glare of the noontide sun, according to
Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It is the mistake of
a life time, says Mrs. Wilcox, to give a man
any liberty which you would not want known,
and to expect him to keep the matter secret.
The exceptional man will sometimes hide
the indiscretion of a young girl whom he
believes spoke or acted from ignorance; but
the average man in the highest, the same as
the lowest walks of life, boasts of his success
with foolish women, and the rendezvous, the
letter, the embrace, or the souvenir which
she has given him, thinking it will never be
known to others than themselves, is shortly
the matter of gossip among a dozen people.

Women hide their secrets far better than
men do. They fear the censure of the world
too much to share their errors or indiscre-
tions with confidantes. But men are almost
invariably vain and proud of their conquests,
and relate their achievements with the fair
sex to one or two admiring friends. They
may not use names, but let the incidents
once be told, it is an easy matter to discover
the personages if one is at all curious to do
so.

The only way to keep men from betraying
our indiscretions is not to commit them. I
once made these remarks in the presence of
several ladies, and one of them replied, "that
she was glad she had never been acquainted
with the class of men I knew." At the same
time that lady's name had been used lightly
in a club-room not a week previous, and her
indiscreet actions had been commented on
by "the class of men" she did know.

"The Blue Hen's Chickens."

Everybody knows that natives of Delaware
are called the "Blue Hen's Chickens," but
not one in a hundred can tell you why they
are so called. The epithet is said to have
had its origin in the following:

One of Delaware's most gallant fighters in
the war of the Revolution was a Captain
Caldwell, who was notorious for his fondness
for cock-fighting. He drilled his men ad-
mirably, they being known throughout the
army as "Caldwell's gamecocks." This same
Caldwell held to the peculiar theory that no
cock was really game unless its mother was
a blue hen. As the months wore away Cald-
well's men became known as the "Blue Hen's
Chickens," a title which only increased their
respect for the old game-cock captain. The
nickname became famous, and after the close
of the war was applied indiscriminately to all
natives of the "Diamond State."



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term
is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It
creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by
daily use gradually makes the complexion several
shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the
effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and
freckles; and blackheads will never come while you
use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and
water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and
thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives
the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that
you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or
old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful ap-
pearance to any lady, and that permanently. It con-
tains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as
dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the
flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hair-
dressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establish-
ment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats
ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies
at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her
little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE
of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing.
Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GERVASE GRAHAM, "Beauty Doctor," 103
Post street, San Francisco.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,
SACRAMENTO.

Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautify-
ing the Complexion.

**THE COQUETTE.**

A Very Neat, Stylish Shape, from \$3.90 to \$6.00, at

Mrs. M. A. Pealer's, 619, 621, 623 J St.

Miss Mamie Costello,

Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

← All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction. →

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT

1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-
Atlantic Points, by First-Class Steamers to
and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE
and GREAT BRITAIN.

Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO
Daily.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of Califor-
nia Fruit and Produce, •

126 and 128 J STREET.

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St.

SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

**J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS**

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County
Coroner. Telephone 134.

CELEBRATED**WEINER LAGER BEER****CAPITAL BREWERY**

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & Co.
410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS
LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

UNCLE IKE,**THE DIAMOND BROKER**

302 K Street, Sacramento.

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

When We Are All Asleep.

When He returns and finds all sleeping here,
Some old, some young, some fair and some
not fair,
Will He stoop down and whisper in each ear,
"Awaken!" or for pity's sake forbear,
Saying, "How shall I meet their frozen stare
Of wonder and their eyes so woebegone?
How shall I comfort them in their despair
If they cry out, 'Too late! let us sleep
on!'"

Perchance He will not wake us up, but, when
He sees us look so happy in our rest,
Will murmur, "Poor dead women and dead
men!

Dire was their doom and weary was their
quest.

Wherefore awake them into life again?
Let them sleep on untroubled—it is best."

—Robert Buchanan.

Origin of "Illinois."

I frequently read disquisitions upon the names of western states and rivers in which the writers strive to show new and strange definitions. Not long since, I saw a compilation concerning the state of Illinois, which showed that the word Illinois had a very great variety of meanings in various Indian languages, all of which seemed to me to be entirely fanciful. If you will permit a suggestion I will state what appears to me to be the origin of the name.

There are in the Spanish language a very great number of words derived from the original Latin form. But a few of them have been changed. Some words that in Latin begin with the letters pl, in Spanish begin with the letters ll.

It is familiar to all writers, that, in western Texas, Captain John Pope, afterward major-general, surveyed and staked out a line of road through to the Rio Grande. The plains over which the road was surveyed afterward became marked upon the map as the "Llanos Estacados." In the army I had a companion who had been a member of that surveying trip, and he explained to me the name as meaning "The Staked Plains," saying that there was a dialect in Spain that pronounced the letters ll the same as pl. This man was a fluent Spanish speaker, and had lived in Spanish-speaking countries for several years, besides serving in the regular army. There may be some doubt about the special dialect to which he referred.

Shortly after receiving that information, nearly thirty years ago, I saw an old map of the United States, and across the place where Illinois now stands, were marked the words "Llanos Indians." These were the Indians of the plains, and the name came from the early Spanish settlement.

In the year 1800 the province of Louisiana was ceded by Spain to France, from whom we obtained it. The Spanish pronunciation of the word llanos might probably be represented in English by the word el-le-ah nos.

The following is a list of some of the Spanish words, with their Latin, French and English equivalents, showing that the word llanos is from the Latin, for a plain:

Latin.	French.	Spanish.	English.
Planus	Plaine	Llano	A plain
Plenus	Plein	Lleno	Full
Pluo	Pleuvior	Llover	To rain
Ploro	Pleurier	Llorar	To weep
Pluvia	Pluie	Lluvia	A shower

There is but a very small transition from the Spanish pronunciation passing up, as it did, through the French, and then converted into English. The name of Illinois, if so derived, is "plains," and the term is very significant, because there is no state in the Union that is leveler than the state of Illinois. It is vastly more level than either Iowa, Nebraska or Kansas. The latter state has variations of over 3000 feet in its levels, and is mountainous as compared with Illinois. Its vast inland prairies, inhabited by Indians, very properly gave to those Indians the name of the "Llanos" Indians. Hence it is reasonable to believe that the word Illinois is of Latin origin, and has no derivation whatever from Indian languages.—E. F. Ware in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Names Grow.

It is currently related in New Bedford that several generations ago a ship was wrecked near there and only one boy saved. As they did not know his name, they called him Johnny Crapaud, and the descendant of this boy was Congressman from Massachusetts, Hon. Mr. Crapo.

To these may be added the case of Judge Poland, of Vermont, of whom the story is told that his family were Poles, and bore an unpronounceable surname; they were called the "Poles" and the "Polanders," so that the name gradually crystallized into "Poland." There is also the name common in the south, "Dabney," which is supposed by the aristocratic owners to be a corruption of the French, "D'Aubigne," and probably first imported by some noble Huguenot exile.

All readers of Walter Scott are familiar with the village of Lasswade, near Edinburgh, the home of his early married life.

When there was nae brig to cross the Esk river,
On Jenny's braid back they a gaed thegither;
For Jenny was honest, stout, sober, steady,
She carried the Laird, she carried his Leddy,
When he was richt seated, the doggie first gaed,
Then waving his stick he cried, "Jenny, lass, wade!"

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTERS,**410 J STREET,****SACRAMENTO.**

Cards,
Circulars,
Ball Tickets,
Programmes,
Posters,
Billheads,
Statements,
Letterheads,
Noteheads,
Envelopes,
Show Cards,
Wedding Invitations,
Briefs and
Transcripts,
Legal Blanks,
Constitutions and
By-Laws,
Postal Cards,
Election Tickets,
Great Registers.

*** Election Printing. ***

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outside of San Francisco.

ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR
PROMPTLY FILLED.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,**410 J STREET.**

CALL ON THE

AGENT

OF THE

SUN INSURANCE CO.

AT

1014 FOURTH STREET,

WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.

Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46

THEO. J. MILLIKEN,

Manager Sacramento Branch.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Attorneys at Law.**A. L. HART,** Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J streets.**JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,** 504 J street**CHAS. T. JONES,** 607 I street, between Sixth and Seventh.**CHAS. N. POST,** 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.**R. M. CLARKEN,** southwest corner Fourth and J streets.**MATT. F. JOHNSON,** 607 I street.**W. A. ANDERSON,** No. 209 J street.**JAMES B. DEVINE,** 604 I street.**W. A. GETT, JR.,** Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J streets.**HOLL & DUNN,** Fifth Street, between I and J.**C. W. BAKER,** Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.**A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,** Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Post-office Building.**GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,** 405 J Street, up stairs.**J. W. HUGHES,** Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.**MCKUNE & GEORGE,** Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.**ROBT. T. DEVLIN,** Southwest corner Fourth and J Street.**CHAS. H. OATMAN,** No. 418 J Street, up stairs.**J. W. ARMSTRONG,** No. 405 J street, up stairs.**GEORGE G. DAVIS,** Room 26 Postoffice Building.**PHILIP S. DRIVER,** 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.**H. L. BUCKLEY,** Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.**E. C. HART (City Attorney),** Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.**ISAAC JOSEPH,** N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of JOHN GOULD, an insolvent debtor.—John Gould having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said John Gould is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said John Gould, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 4th day of December, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated October 30, 1891.

A. P. CATLIN,

Judge of the Superior Court.

W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. 031-5t

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE Notice.—That on the 4th day of December, 1891, at the opening of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, in Department One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections 1811 to 1821, inclusive. The nature of the business to be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento County, Sutter Township, and the name of my husband is J. L. Clark.

KATIE E. CLARK.

An Ancient Race.

The Guanches, the inhabitants of the Canary islands, are said to be the remnants of the ancient race who, 10,000 years ago, peopled the drowned continent of Atlantis. They are reported to have been strong and handsome, and of extraordinary agility of movement, of remarkable courage, and of a loyal disposition; but they showed the credulity of children and the simple directness of shepherds. So tall were they that the Spaniards speak of them as giants, and their strength and endurance were so great that they were conquered by strategem, but not by force. They ran as fast as horses, and could leap over a pole held between two men five or six feet high; they could climb the highest mountains and jump the deepest ravines. Their endurance as swimmers was so great that they were accustomed to swim across the nine-miles strait between the Lancerote and Graciosa; having no boats their method of fishing was to strike the fish with sticks, or catch them in their hands while swimming. The skulls, which are preserved in the museums of the islands, show marked cerebral development, the frontal and parietal bones being well developed, and the facial angle good. In the early days of the conquest, before rapine and murder had done their vile work, the Guanches are spoken of as being musical and fond of dancing and singing. These arts, together with those of basket weaving and pottery making, were a few relics of a great and remote civilization, and were preserved in the same way as if Europe were submerged the shepherds of the Tyrol, the Alps and the Pyrenees would preserve the national airs and village dances of their respective countries. The Guanches were, it is supposed, but the mountain shepherds of a submerged world. Though so strong, physically, the Guanches were, nevertheless, a very gentle race; they rarely made war on one another, and when the Europeans fell into their hands they did not kill them, but sent them to tend sheep on the mountains. So tame were the birds in this happy land that when the Spaniards first landed they came and fed out of their hands. To kill an animal degraded a man; the butcher was a reprieved criminal and an outcast, and lived apart, and his assistants being supported by the state. No woman was allowed to approach the shambles, and in such horror was killing held by these gentle giants that no man could be ennobled until he had publicly declared that he had not been guilty of killing any animal, not even a goat. Their standard of morality was high; robbery was almost unknown among them, and drunkenness not yet invented.

He Was Under Cover.

There was one feature of the fight between the seventh cavalry and the Sioux at Wounded Knee which indicates in the most unmistakable manner the effect of modern firearms on the defensive, and which is, as far as I know, without a parallel in history. After the fight was over and the Indians had been killed or captured, the cavalry set to work to bury the dead. Suddenly a shot was heard and a horse fell, wounded.

The troops were puzzled to know where the shot came from, but their mystification was soon ended by a puff of smoke from the top of a chimney-like rock on a neighboring bluff, the ring of rifle ball followed by the whip like crack of a Winchester. An Indian shot through the shoulder had managed to drag himself to the rock and was firing upon the troops as fast as he could pull the trigger in his disabled condition. A squad was detailed to silence him, but so well was he covered that not a shot could reach him, while his bullets were sent to all parts of the battle ground.

The fact was finally recognized that the solitary wounded Indian with his Winchester completely dominated the field, and that it would cost half a dozen lives to dislodge him. As it was not considered worth while to go to this expense, the only thing to be done was to march off. The regiment accordingly withdrew, having been fairly driven off by one wounded man. I know of no similar incident in authentic history.

A Six-Foot Bell.

The largest bell in America is that of Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal, which hangs in the south tower. It is six feet high, eight feet seven inches in diameter, and weighs 24,780 pounds. It is ornamented with images of the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist, together with emblems of agriculture, commerce, and industry.

It was cast in London, and bears this inscription in Latin: "I was cast in the year of the Christian era 1847, the two hundred and second since the foundation of Montreal, the first of Pius the Ninth's pontificate, and the tenth of the reign of Victoria, Queen of England. I am the gift of the merchants, the farmers, and the mechanics of 'Ville Marie.'" In the opposite tower hangs a clime of ten bells, the smallest weighing 897 pounds, the largest 6,011 pounds; total, 21,695 pounds.

Plutarch says Lucius Paulus, conqueror of Perseus, last king of Macedonia, was the author of the famous old proverb, "None but the wearer knows where the shoe pinches."

CURES CONSTIPATION.

LASH'S

KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS

CURES HEADACHE.

CURES MALARIA.

CURES DYSPEPSIA.

The Live Crockery House

HAS DEMONSTRATED BY ITS
INCREASE IN BUSINESS
THAT IT CARRIES BY FAR THE

Best Selected Stock of Crockery and Glassware and Lamp Goods

EVER CARRIED IN THIS CITY.
ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

JOS. THIEBEN CROCKERY CO.
518 J Street.

W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN WATERS

"SHASTA" WATER

TRADE MARK.

MT. SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

BOTTLED FOR EUROPEAN TRADE

TRADE MARK.

SMC

TRADE MARK.

MT. SHASTA, ELEVATION 14,442 FT.

GENERAL OFFICE 908 & 910 2ND STREET, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA U.S.A.

A. H. ROTT.
C. H. KREBS.
C. H. KREBS & CO.,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,

Varnishes, Wall Paper, Brushes, Window Shades and Picture Mouldings.
Ready Mixed Paints and Building Papers.
House and Sign Painting, Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, Glazing and Gilding, Pictures, Frames and Mouldings.

626 J STREET,
Between Sixth and Seventh, SACRAMENTO.
TELEPHONE 267.

SACRAMENTO
FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,
FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.
WM. GUTTENBERGER, Proprietor.

DAVE'S.
1022 FOURTH STREET.
Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO

SADDLE ROCK
Restaurant and Oyster House
1019 SECOND STREET,
Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.
First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.
BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

J. J. DUNCKHORST,
Interior Decorating.
LATEST DESIGNS IN
WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.
1223 J Street, Sacramento.

CARPET & FACTORY,
802 M Street, Sacramento,
M. S. COWGER, - - - Proprietor.
Special Widths Woven to Order.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

November 4, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.45 A
8.00 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.45 A
3.05 P	Vallejo and Calistoga	8.40 P
10.50 P	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.70 A
7.00 P	Denning, El Paso and East	7.40 P
7.35 P	Knights Landing and Oroville	7.40 P
10.40 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	10.25 A
11.55 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	6.45 P
10.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	7.40 A
3.00 P	Oroville, via Roseville Junction	10.30 A
3.05 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.35 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.05 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.30 A
8.00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	9.40 P
7.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	10.30 P
*10.00 A	San Francisco via Livermore	26.00 A
10.40 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.40 A	San Jose	2.50 P
7.00 P	Santa Barbara	10.25 A
*6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	*8.40 P
8.30 A	Stockton and Galt	10.25 A
10.40 A	Stockton and Galt	2.50 P
7.00 P	Stockton and Galt	7.40 P
11.55 A	Truckee and Reno	6.45 P
10.00 P	Truckee and Reno	8.40 P
8.00 A	Vallejo	11.05 A
3.05 P	Vallejo	*2.40 P
*8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*10.20 A
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*8.00 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted.
A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:
PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:
C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - \$225,500.00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - \$4,253.26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WE HAVE OVER ONE THOUSAND PASTEUR
Germ-proof Filters in use in private residences, hotels, restaurants and saloons. If a single one of them is not giving entire satisfaction we have not heard of it.

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - - Manager.
OFFICE AND SALESROOM:
408 J Street, - - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,
CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THE EMERSON



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1891.

No. 40.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

Human nature is generally selfish, grasping, domineering, tyrannical. Greed is the story of human ambition at the present day; indeed, it has always been so, and is always greater than patriotism. The brightest genius, if stricken with poverty, has a poor chance in the struggle for advancement in the political world. The power and influence of wealth steps in to favor those whom they desire to elevate to the high political station. It is rare indeed that patient merit receives the consideration of the powerful as against their favorites. It is this element exerting its influence in all matters of the government that constitutes a menacing danger to free institutions. A poor man with ambition and patriotism, but without the influence of the power of wealth stands a very limited chance for the gratification of an honest ambition. This is the fault of our present system of politics. We may not be believers in what is called idolatry, but at the same time the majority worship idols just the same as the heathens did of old. They had their idols of gold and silver, and we have our idols of gold and silver—and what sacrifices do we make to those idols. The rich man transgresses the laws of decency and morality, and averts criticism by holding up his idol of gold or silver. Women bow down before these idols, even when held by the most unscrupulous of men. Men and women are not rated by the hearts within their breasts, nor by their culture, genius or attainments, but by their idols of gold or silver. No questions are asked how they became possessed of their riches—it is all sufficient if they are so possessed. The courts, the law, the juries, the merchant, in fact all bow down to these idols. Is it not time for manhood to assert itself and destroy these idols which are rapidly making true ambition and true patriotism a mockery in our government. We know worthy men of brains and ambition, who, when their names are mentioned for some post of political honor, are promptly cast in the shadow of these idols, that others who bear their glitter, though less worthy, may become senators, judges, or other important officers of the state or nation. That infernal institution, "The Pull," which is the demon servant of these idol bearers, must be destroyed before ambition and patriotism can command proper recognition.

The manager of the funded debt commission is arrogating to himself such importance and so much power, it might be well to advert to the fact, that this august body exists only at sufferance. In reality, all its legal functions have been abrogated through its zeal to acquire more power, and a broader field of operation. The constitution of 1879 prohibited all such commissions which assumed to have municipal powers, or in any way interfered with taxes or revenues, or in any wise exercised municipal functions. The funded debt commission was tolerated only from the fact that it was a body prior to the adoption of that constitution. When the amendment to section 6 of the funding act was passed in 1887, and the amendments, so-called, to sections 1, 5, 7, 8, 10 and 11 were adopted in 1889, the abrogation of that commission was made complete. All the original sections were repealed, which the legislature had the right to do, but in attempting to bestow additional powers by these, so-called, amendments the

legislature exceeded its power. The Supreme Court of this State has repeatedly held that this class of legislation is special, and therefore the "law" under which the commission is acting is unconstitutional and void. In the latest cases on this question it certainly appears that the alleged amendments to the funded debt act of 1872, having been passed *subsequent* to the adoption of the constitution of 1879, are in direct conflict with the organic law. This being the fact, it might be well for that august body to call a halt, before the city is entangled into any of the "new plans" formulated through that agency. Any taxpayer has the power to set the machinery of the law to work to enjoin this commission from any further action.

The Chicago anarchists have again proclaimed their infamous purposes. The men who are engaged in the abuse of the American principles are chiefly foreigners, the unwelcome intruders who do not value the beneficent rights conferred upon them by our liberal institutions. They are the ones who are crowding the American workingmen out of employment, fill our jails and almshouses, and continue to threaten our land with riot and bloodshed. These ignorant and debased people come here under the freedom of citizens and at once proceed in their efforts to overturn our grandly liberal institutions. It is difficult to understand why people who never had any freedom at home should bear such animosity to the freedom of America. This howling mob of ingrates, who can scarcely make themselves understood in the language of Americans, and who are grossly ignorant of the spirit of freedom, are bent upon the destruction of law and government. It may become necessary for the administering of some more forcible and impressive lessons to these ingrates.

The uniformity of laws in the several states of this union is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." There is a necessity for simplicity and an abandonment of idle technicalities. How supremely absurd it must appear when we contemplate that we have a different code of laws for each state. While we are a people of one nation, having uniform coinage and customs duties and postal facilities; governed by the same national executive, legislative and judicial bodies, we have forty-two different sets of laws, full of conflicts and inconsistencies. We might profit by the Code Napoleon, which is less bulky than one of our codes, yet has applied to the government of empires. The hardship and lack of uniformity is especially patent in marriage and divorce laws; what is permissible in one state may be construed as a crime in another. The immense volume of law reports that is published could be greatly reduced if there was a uniform system of laws. While it might be impossible to make an absolutely uniform system, there could at least be a much greater harmony than now exists. When we find a supposed precedent in the decision of some other state, an examination of the constitution or statutes of that state discloses an entirely different condition; thus what appeared to be a case in point proves quite the contrary. There is no good reason why a better degree of harmony might not be attained.

It was a wise provision in our organic laws, national, state and municipal, to have the separate departments of government—legislative, executive and judiciary. The grand idea was to have the system so arranged that neither one of these departments should encroach upon the other, thus protecting the citizens' rights completely. If it should be held, however, by the

court of *dernier resort* that the judiciary can, at will, select grand and trial jurors, presumably in accord with the mind of the court selecting them, it might be very dangerous in its results. This would be too great an encroachment on the other departments of government, and the rights of the citizen would be correspondingly limited to the mere whim and power of the court. The founders of our government never intended such to be the case. While there might be no abuse of such a power, there is an opportunity for arbitrary and despotic power. True it is, there has been a vast amount of corruption in our jury system, but it does not warrant despotism. The people can always be relied upon to ultimately regulate such evils in the proper avenues of administrative government.

There are rumors upon rumors concerning the Pope and Rome. It is certain, however, that the Pope will not be satisfied with anything short of the restoration of his temporal independence. Italy cannot grant that restoration without admitting that the king representing the Italian people is a usurper in Rome. Rome will not be given up save to superior force. Italians—and ninety-nine out of every hundred are catholics—are determined that Rome shall continue to be the capital as long as Italy retains her place among the nations of the earth.

Only the wise people know the credit that should be accorded to a primary school teacher. The general impression seems to be that it does not require much ability or education to conduct a primary school. There never was a greater mistake. Skill, patience, a thorough knowledge of human nature, is requisite for this teacher. "Lift your hat reverently," says the New York Recorder, "when you pass the teacher of the primary school. She is the great angel of the republic. She takes the bantling fresh from the home nest, full of pouts and passions—an ungovernable little wretch whose own mother honestly admits that she sends him to school to get rid of him. This lady, who knows her business, takes a whole carload of these little anarchists, one of whom, single-handed and alone, is more than a match for his parents, and at once puts them in a way of being useful and upright citizens. At what expense of toil and patience and soul weariness! Lift your hat to her!"

There is no sight so truly pitiable as that afforded by a rising family of children under the guardianship of an ignorant mother. We would be understood in the use of the term *ignorant*, as wishing to convey the picture of a mother whose maiden days were devoted to the acquirement of fashionable accomplishments, to the exclusion of solid mental culture and acquirements. The woman who reigns the queen of the ball-room is very seldom found capable of being the governess of her own children; and the time spent at soiree and rout will be bitterly regretted when age brings experience and consequent remorse for the evil she has inflicted and her incapacity to discharge properly the interesting and important duties of her station, when it was her natural duty to be at once an instructor and example. The maiden who casts aside her book for the cotillion will never win the love and esteem of a sensible man; and should she select a partner for life among her partners in the dance, she will find, when it is too late, that her choice has been as unfortunate as the place where she first attracted his notice was injudicious. We look with pain upon that young wife who enters upon her second era with fashionable ideas of

society. Her first era has been devoted to the attainment of certain rules and systems which are scarcely pardonable in the girl, certainly censurable in the wife and criminal in the mother. The following remarks by Hannah Moore so forcibly express our views on the subject that we give them in lieu of anything farther from ourself: "When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion he wants, not an artist; it is not merely a creature who can paint and play, sing and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him—one who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in the drawing-room and attract the admiration of the company, but she is entirely unfit for a help-mate to a man, or to train up a child in the way it should go."

THE TRAPPER TRAPPED.

The antelopes led me a long chase, so I was eager to get to camp, for it was very dark and the forest was full of dangerous animals. I continued my way until I thought it must be near morning, but no signs of camp yet. I was weary and footsore, hungry, and so thirsty! My lips were dry and parched, and my throat could not have felt worse had melted iron been poured down it. Just as the thirst became almost intolerable I espied the dim outlines of a tree but a short distance ahead. How my drooping spirits revived; for in that region a tree is almost a sure indication of a water-course. Forgetting my fatigue I quickened my steps and was soon drinking my fill from the little creek. Oh, how delicious! now invigorating! One cannot imagine the exhilarating influence of a draught of water. It is a pleasure so exquisite that no one knows when one is satisfied.

Feeling much refreshed I sat down for a moment to "compare notes." I had traveled far enough, I was sure, to have reached camp. If such was the case I was certainly out of the way, and perhaps going further and further all the time. It could not be long till morning, and feeling sure that I was "off the track," I thought it best to remain where I was until daylight. Seating myself by an old sycamore I leaned back against its smooth body. I did not intend to sleep, but my eyes closed in spite of me, and when I awoke the night had passed. The gentle breeze was that blowing when I fell asleep had increased to a gale, heavy black clouds rolling up from the south and big drops of rain were already falling. I cast my eye about for a shelter, but saw nothing that offered greater inducement than the old tree by which I had been sitting. Hugging close to its trunk I awaited the coming tempest.

The wind rose higher and higher. The great white limbs of the sycamores which lined the banks of the creek on either side were twisted to and fro, and now and then a crash told plainly that some one of them had yielded to the fury of the storm. I was all the while on the lookout, for no one could tell which one would go next. Suddenly the tree against which I was leaning trembled and crackled and the ground began to heave under my feet. I jumped for my life and escaped that peril, but another awaited me. The huge tree in its descent struck a little sapling that stood near, partially uprooting it, and bending it to the earth. Before I was aware I was caught, thrown to the ground and pinioned there as in a vise. The little tree lay just across my breast, fast by a few remaining roots at one end and the giant sycamore at the other.

The pressure did not seem heavy, at least not painfully so, but it was sufficient to hold me firmly down upon my back with the rain beating in my face, and, worse than all, the trees falling around me. The tree seemed hardly larger than my wrist, and I thought of my knife to cut it. It was in the sheath at the back of my belt, and consequently under me. I reached first one side, then the other, but I was held too close to the ground to get it without digging away the soil. I commenced with my hands, and after an hour's work I got my hand upon the sheath. It was empty. Instinctively I turned my head and there it was, not six feet from me, but beyond my reach. It might have been as many miles for all the good it was to me. I puzzled my brain to devise some means to get it within my grasp, but all my yankee ingenuity could not surmount the difficulty. There was no other way but to dig myself out, and I went at it with a will. I worked away until the flesh of my fingers' ends was nearly worn off, yet it seemed that I was making but little progress. And then my time was limited to a few hours. The storm had ceased and the sun, which was shining brightly, had long since passed its meridian. Full well I knew my peril if I should be forced to spend the night in that helpless condition, and I resumed my digging, though with but little hope of being

able to free myself before the darkness came on. Then I was so nearly exhausted and my hands were so sore that I was obliged to rest every few moments.

During one of these intervals I heard a slight rustling among the leaves and looking up saw a most welcome sight. It was the professor's faithful dog, Jack. He bounded toward me, licked my face and hands and jumped about me with every demonstration of joy at finding me. I had supposed, when I first saw the dog, that some of my companions were with him, but this proved not to be the case. Then, of what use is he, only as a companion and a sentinel? He could not release me. Ah, couldn't he? He could bring me the knife. I had often seen him, at his master's command, carry different objects and lay them at his feet. Would he not do the same for me? It was worth a trial.

"Jack, go bring it," said I, patting him on the head and pointing to the knife. Away he bounded and brought a stick. Again and again I sent him, but with the same results. Once more I made the trial.

"Go get it, Jack. Get the knife." Away he went again. Another stick—no, it's the knife. Ah! he drops it and again takes—the stick—no, thank God! the knife is firmly between his teeth, and he laid it in my hand.

If there was not some "tall" whittling within the next half hour and a fervent "thank God" as the little sapling parted, then my name is not Max Munson.

Once more upon my feet, I found that I had received more serious injuries than I had supposed, but I managed to reach camp, which was not more than a mile distant, just as my companions came in from their search for me.

THE THREE WISHES.

There was once a wise emperor who made a law that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice if, when a stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other. If he did he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death. But by a great stretch of imperial clemency the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life.

Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when one day a count and his young son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the count had removed all the fish from one side he turned it over and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom. Sorrow-stricken, the count's young son besought the emperor to allow him to die in the place of his father, a favor which the former was pleased to accord him.

The count was accordingly released from prison and his son was thrown into his cell in his stead. As soon as this had been done the young man said to his jailers:

"You know I have a right to make these demands before I die: Go and tell the emperor to send me his daughter and a priest to marry us." This first demand was not much to the emperor's taste; nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the princess had no kind of objection. This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave or in a tower set apart for the purpose—like the emperor of Morocco in these days; and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the king's treasures.

If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so; still, an emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it, and the treasures of gold and silver and jewels were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them, he distributed them profusely among the courtiers, and soon he had made a host of friends by his liberality.

The emperor now began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went with fear in his heart to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be. "Now," said he to his prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once and you may be hung out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered the prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your majesty, which, when you have granted, I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the emperor, "your demand is but natural and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I, sire," cried the chamberlain, "I did not see anything; it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized, then," said the emperor.

But the steward protested with tears in his eyes that he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been one of the valets. In short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen

the count commit the offense, upon which the princess said:

"I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offense committed, the count cannot be guilty and my husband is innocent."

"Let it be so," said his majesty. "Let him live; though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offense than his. But if he is not hanged he is married. Justice has been done."

In the Valley of Death.

"I visited 'The Valley of Death' when on the island of Java three months ago," said Lieut. Leon Bancroft when talking to a Chicago *Tribune* reporter. The lieutenant is connected with her majesty's service in India and registers from Calcutta.

"The place is called the Valley of Death," explained the officer, "on account of the deadly fumes there. But the natives cannot account for the poisonous odors, nor has their presence ever been explained. The deadly place is about thirty-five feet below the surrounding ground, looks like the dry bed of a stream, and is about one mile in circumference. As I approached the place I noticed a suffocating smell, and was attacked with nausea and dizziness. A belt of this fetid atmosphere surrounds the valley. I passed through it, and in purer air was permitted to view the awful spectacle—for it was awful. Before me I saw scattered all over the barren floor of the valley skeletons of men, wild hogs, deer and all kinds of birds and small animals. The entire bed of the valley is one great rock, and I could not discover a crack or crevice in any place from where the poisonous fumes came. The hills surrounding this desolate strip are covered with vegetation; and although the neighboring mountains are volcanic, they do not emit sulphurous odors or present any indication of a recent eruption.

"There is no apparent cause for the strip of deadly fumes surrounding the valley. After I passed through it I became bolder and approached the edge of the deadly place. I was anxious to reach the bottom of the valley if possible, but was afraid to make the attempt, as I had been warned to give the place a wide berth. I determined, however, to see what the fumes smelled like, and started to descend. My pet Irish terrier was with me, and as soon as he saw me step over the side of the bank he rushed down ahead of me. I endeavored to call him back, but was too late. As soon as the little animal reached the rocky bed below he fell over on his side. He continued to breath for ten minutes. I don't believe I was ever nearer death's door than I was at that time. Four or five times I was tempted to rush down to rescue him, but I subsequently learned that such a move on my part would have been certain death. For ten minutes I suffered the agony of seeing my dog die, and then turned and fled from the spot. While there I saw a bird fall a victim to the deadly fumes. It evidently intended to fly to the bottom of the valley, but before it reached the ground it fell dead. I don't believe it lived half a minute after entering the deadly atmosphere.

"No one has yet been able to explain the cause of the fetid emanations from the earth, the natives say, and so many lives have been sacrificed in attempting to explore the valley that they have determined to keep away from the spot forever."

Didn't Lose Much.

The recent death of Mr. C—, a well-known publisher, recalls the following incident: One day a gentleman named Fleming called on Mr. C—, and both being members of the same society the conversation drifted in that direction.

"You were not at the last meeting," said Mr. C—to Fleming.

"No," replied the latter; "I was unavoidably absent. I have lost my wife."

Now, Mr. C—, who was somewhat deaf, failed to hear the last remark, and said, emphatically, "Well, you didn't lose much!" referring, of course, to the meeting of the society.

When Miss C—, who was present, explained the situation, her father was overwhelmed with shame, and made most humble apologies. Fleming understood at once, and had no thought of being offended, as Mr. C— was known to be scrupulously polite and tenderly considerate.

The oldest newspaper published in England was established in 1662, by Nathaniel Butter. The oldest paper in France was commenced by Theophrastus Renaudot in 1632, in the reign of Louis XIII. The first Scotch paper was dated January 8, 1656. The first Russian paper was published in 1703. The first in North America was the Boston *News Letter*, dated April 24, 1704. It was half a sheet of paper, twelve inches by eight, two columns on a page. B. Green was the printer. It survived till 1776.

"I sh'd think after your paying that newspaper feller \$10 to write a speech for you agin the corporations, that you would 'a' either delivered it or got your money back." "I did better'n that," answered the Hon. Hayes Seed. "I traded it to the president of the P. D. Q. & N. G. railroad for an annual pass."

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And bold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower
Which boys do flout us with; but yet I love thee;
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy lues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
Oh, no, it is that other gentle bird
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember in my early years
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire—all of them were tailors.
They had an ancient goose—it was an heir-loom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me—oh, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap, elastic, from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom; I can feel,
With all around me; I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle; and you quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

There's pitch in the voice, and that's why some singer's notes stick.

The uglier a show manager is the more he insists upon having his picture printed on all the bills.

Theaters are most common in the United States, where there are about sixty-five to every million inhabitants.

Five hundred theaters have been burned down all the world over in the last one hundred years, entailing a loss of about four thousand lives.

The once well-known contralto of Beecher's church, Antoinette Sterling, has become a Quaker, and recently electrified the silent audience of a first-day meeting by singing "O, Rest in the Lord," while the elders were waiting for an inspiration.

From the Galveston *News* we obtain the following reminiscence of Adah Isaacs Menken: General Geo. F. Alford recently contributed some interesting reminiscences of his school-boy days in primitive Texas, including several incidents in the school-lives of the famous Texas beauties, Augusta Raguett, Lucy Holcomb (now Mrs. Governor Pickens of South Carolina), and Marcellite Thorn, the mother of Lady William Gordon Cumming of London. He now contributes the following interesting sketch of another of his school-mates, one of the most famous women of modern times—Adah Isaacs Menken: It is not generally known that this extraordinary woman, the sweet songstress, the famous actress, the charming poetess, the goddess of beauty, the eccentric, wayward, daring genius, was a native of Texas, born and reared in the old Spanish pueblo of Nacogdoches. The writer was her schoolmate, and knew her well in the halcyon days of her innocent and lovely girlhood, when she was considered, par excellence, one of the most beautiful, accomplished and fascinating women in all the wide world. For years she held at her feet in resistless enchantment the most noted men of two continents, and was the favorite toast in palace, bazar and club in all the capitals of the world. It is doubtful if any woman ever taced a camera so often. At least 250 different likenesses of her were in existence a few years ago, the collection being owned by Henry Gilsey, the wealthy owner of the Gilsey House, Hermann's and Fifth-avenue Theaters in New York, and probably could not be tempted to part with them for their weight in gold. Two of these pictures, indeed, he considered as priceless as "the books of the Sybill," for they would bring any sum demanded from either of the men whom Eu-

rope holds in the highest esteem—Charles Swinburne, the poet, and the younger Dumas. Swinburne posed with her before a Parisian photographer, and the elder Dumas is represented in one of the photographs with the curly head of the beautiful actress affectionately reposing on the shoulder of the great novelist. She was the first, the cleverest and the greatest of all American actresses who found liaisons and sensational exploits the keystone to fame and fortune. She was brilliant, handsome, daring, irresistibly magnetic and endowed with extraordinary mentality and amazing power, either on or off the stage. As a girl she was an exquisite beauty, with pearly teeth; dark, wavy hair, large, lustrous, laughing eyes, and matchless, rich, red lips; dimples that chased each other over her fair, fresh face, and a voice that rivalled in melody the song of the birds when they circle around in the bright, glad sunlight in the early blushing spring morning. Her first matrimonial adventure was with Alexander Isaacs Menken, whom she married in Nashville in 1859, at the age of 24. Then followed in successive rotation numerous legal and irregular alliances with the great giant pugilist, John C. Heenan (better known as "The Benicia Boy") whom she passionately loved, and to whom she bore a son; then R. H. Newell, the "Orpheus C. Kerr," of old-time journalism, who was as brilliant as his wife was fascinating and erratic; then the morose, wealthy and cultivated gambler and passionate lover, James Barkley; then—but it is difficult to follow her erratic career through the intricate mazes of the altar and divorce courts; but after turning America and Europe topsy-turvy with her affairs with the most illustrious men of both continents, her last conquest was a veritable king of one of the smaller German royalties, with whom she contracted a morganatic marriage. Swinburne was one of her warmest admirers. Charles Dickens, the greatest of novelists, often sat at her breakfast table, praised her literary skill and edited her poems, which were published in Europe in half a dozen different languages. She gave dainty breakfasts, dinners and suppers, the lavish cost of which never entered her mind, and Charles Reade, Oxenford, Swinburne, Fechter, Dickens, George Sand, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Wellington, D'Israeli, Earl Derby, Jenny Lind, Wratts, Phillips, Boucicault, Prince of Wales, Thiers, Gambetta, the elder Dumas, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Carlyle and other brilliant literary lights, whom she held in willing captivity by her seductive personality, esteemed themselves happy in being her guests. In London, which she held captive in silken meshes, she had her own splendid team, with liveried coachman and footman, and a horses head surmounting four aces, was her crest when she drove within the very sanctified shadow of Parliament house and Westminster Abbey. At the Gaieties, in Paris, her receipts for one week reached the enormous sum of 350,000 francs, and royalty itself graciously applauded her, in the sacred presence of Napoleon III and Princess Jerome and Lucien. Indeed, Eugenie's jealousy was a subject of comment at all the fashionable clubs and rendezvous.

Book Chat.

Dickens pictured 1125 characters in the books that he wrote.

Ten thousand Moslem students attend the university of the Great Mosque of El Aga, in Cairo.

Oliver Goldsmith's grave in the Temple churchyard, London, has been cleaned of weeds, and the name re-cut on the tombstone.

In her new book *Manuela* (the Duchess d'Uzes) makes her hero fall overboard into the Pacific ocean on one day from a ship that anchors in a Spanish port on the next.

John Strange Winter (Mrs. Stannard) having written a novel and called it "Justice," discovered that Mr. Herbert Spencer had already used her title. The philosopher permitted the retention of the name on condition that it should appear as "Justice: A Story."

Robert Harrison, who has been librarian of the London library for more than 34 years, has had a remarkable opportunity to meet and know personally many of Great Britain's greatest men and women. Among his acquaintances have been Thackeray, Lord Lytton, Charles Reade, George Eliot, Carlyle and Gladstone.

The production of books is now carried to an extent unknown in the past, and there is every reason to suppose that the rate of increase will be maintained. As only a relatively very small number of these can be used by any one person, and as the best should, of course, be preferred, every means which tends to cultivate our critical faculties should be encouraged. One with no literary discrimination left among the ever-increasing masses of printed matter is certain to fall a victim to intellectual mal-assimilation and inanition.

A few weeks ago a Boston editor received a letter from somewhere in the wild and woolly west, addressed Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in his care, he having reprinted one of her poems which had attracted the writer's attention. This instance is now surpassed, for the

other day a Boston publishing house, which had recently brought out an edition of "The Complete Angler," received a letter addressed to Izaak Walton, Esq. It was from a clipping bureau, informing that gentleman that his book was attracting considerable attention, and requesting to be allowed to send notices from all papers in the United States and Canada.—*New York Sun*.

Professional Chat.

Gladstone delivered his maiden speech June 3, 1833.

It has been keenly said that a good sermon is not one that the people judge, but one which judges the people.

You can cheat most people some of the time; you can cheat some people most of the time; but you can't cheat all the people all the time.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

If heresy hunting is to continue after the manner now in vogue, the brainy ministers of the Presbyterian and all churches will simply have to stop thinking and preaching.

"Married flirts," of which so much are heard in these days, should remember what the poet Willis said of them. "Flirtation," said he, "is a circulating library in which we seldom ask twice for the same volume."

The Supreme Court of Michigan has decided that intelligence is no bar to serving on a jury, even in a murder trial.—*Kansas City Star*. Unfortunately the lawyers in the case have something to say as to who shall serve on the jury.

Judge Field, of Kansas City, caught a lawyer bullying a witness the other day and quietly remarked: "Gentlemen, if any one is deliberately insulted in this court-room I will not fine him for resenting it. This court will not further protect a man who gives an insult."

Jay Gould and Mr. Ingalls entered active life about the same time. The former walked down Wall street with a patent mouse trap. He set it and came near catching the earth. "After thirty years of untiring toil," says Ingalls in one of his lectures, "I, on the other hand, am a statesman out of a job."

"That was a strange will that old Jackson made," said one friend to another, referring to a wealthy citizen who died not long ago. "Why strange?" replied the other. "Why, he left his money to the bartenders." "He did? I thought he left it to his sons." "Well, so he did, nominally, but the bartenders will get it all."

Scarce had I captured my M. D., and hung my modest

shingle,
When a maid I chanced to see made all my pulses tingle;
And when my malady grew worse, on careful diagnosis,
I found—'tis hard to tell in verse, a case of die—o'know—sis,

I did as any other man—prescribed an introduction,
And soon I came to look on Ann with chronic heart affection.

At last I ventured to propose, and tell my tale pathetic,
And she consented to the dose—she is my Ann—æsthetic.

Herbert Spencer was once advised by his physician to live for awhile in a boarding-house, in order that he might be rested mentally by the light, cheery and brainless conversation at the dinner table. He took the advice, but did not stay long. A lady who was accustomed to sit next to him at dinner was asked her opinion of the house, and spoke of it generally with favor. "But," said she, "there's a Mr. Spencer here who thinks he knows something about science and philosophy. I have to correct him every night."

Daniel Webster once told the following anecdote, as illustrative of the fine distinctions on which we build our judgments: A tailor being examined in a capital case in which Webster was engaged was called upon to prove that he made a certain coat for the criminal. On cross-examination he was asked how he knew the coat was his work. "Why, I know it by my stitches, of course." "Are your stitches longer than those of other tailors?" "Oh, no!" "Well, then, are they shorter?" "No, they are no shorter." "Is there anything peculiar about them?" "No, I do not think there is." "Then how do you dare come here and swear that they are yours?" This seemed a poser, but the witness was equal to it. Casting a look of contempt upon the examining lawyer, the tailor threw up his hands, and exclaimed: "Mercy on us! As if I didn't know my own stitches!" The jury believed him, and Webster said they were right.

Girls, says Marie, writing in *Music and Drama*: Don't believe implicitly everything he tells you when he is wooing you. Don't let him win your love too easily; men do not like that; they would rather have a little trouble to gain you. Don't worry the life out of him by asking, "Why do you love me?" He does not always have an answer for you. Don't bother him too much about your hats and gowns; a man likes to think you dress to please him, but he has other things to talk about. Don't ignore the fact when he wears a new necktie; if a man has a tender spot of vanity it is generally his tie.

NOTES.

We hear of the various cures for drunkenness, but the real genuine cure is to stop drinking, and stay stopped.

It is more than probable that the next Speaker of the House of Representatives will be some one who was in the confederate army.

If the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions the smell will be entirely removed. Onions may be peeled under water without offense to eyes or hands.

Kaiser Wilhelm has invented a pudding, the formula of which has been duly published. It is not stated that he proposes to get it into the vitals of his enemies—but Willie is sly, as everybody knows.

It is said that it requires two years to make a bottle of champagne. We can drink it in two minutes, but it often takes more than two days to get over the effects—if we are to believe the evidence of the experienced.

The English papers accuse the United States of "bullying" Chili. How about the "bullying" process by the British towards China? Our island neighbors evince a perpetual hatred to America and American institutions. With them everything done by our government is wrong.

A colored preacher has located hell, and of course it is down. His idea is that volcanoes, oil and gas wells are the output of hell, and that some day his Plutonic majesty will emerge through one of these avenues and claim his own. Our gas-well committees had better keep a sharp look out.

So thrifty have the farmers of Missouri become that a southwest man grafted a tomato vine into a potato vine in order that two crops could be grown on one vine. Not to be outdone in an effort to lift a mortgage from his farm, a Centralia man crossed his bees with lightning bugs so they could see how to work by night.

Governor Markham, following the President's Thanksgiving proclamation, has fixed November 26 as the day for returning thanks for the bounteous blessings we have. No matter what apparent misfortunes occur, there is always something to be thankful for. In California, particularly, there is abundant reason for thanksgiving.

An Englishman has a "system" of playing the bank at Monte Carlo, and he has won fabulous sums. The great advantage of a system is that it stays by its owner. At the end of his gambling career that Englishman will still have his system with him. This is more than can be said of anything else he now has, including his watch, his self-confidence and his clothes.

Lord Salisbury has again announced with reference to England's foreign policy, "that there is not a single speck of cloud upon the horizon foreboding danger to the peace which prevails." This confirms the impression that what some of the European correspondents need is a little bichloride of gold treatment. England's course in the Chili matter would deserve a little more emphatic treatment.

Bob Ingersoll says he would give a divorce to every man whose wife had violated her contract, and to every woman who wanted one. If Ingersoll's idea should prevail in this state there would be a splendid opportunity for the application of the doctrines announced by Gertrude Atherton, wherein wives could take on or cast off the marital relation at pleasure. The great agnostic and Mrs. Atherton evidently agree in this matter. By the way, what is the necessity, under such conditions, to go through the useless formality of marriage at all?

To the teacher is committed the training of the body, the development of the mind, the arousing of the dormant faculties of the child. Character-molding, the inculcation of noble ideas, the development of the individual, the making of future citizens are all within the province of the teacher. In fact, not only the welfare of the individual pupils, but the very destiny of our republic is contingent on the conscientious and successful performance of the duty of the teacher. When we consider the grave responsibility so vested in teachers, we are discouraged to find that, with numerous exceptions, the teachers do not meet the requirements so imposed.

The people of this city are very anxious to have the work on the new post office building proceed as rapidly as possible. While we favored the Ione stone, and still favor it, there is evidently not an adequate supply that meets the requirements of the specifications. In addition to this, during the winter months the stone cannot be taken out and delivered. This being the case, there is no good reason for delaying the work on the building, when other stone of as good, if not better, quality can be obtained. The department at Washington should permit a deviation

from the specifications to the extent of allowing other stone to be used in order to hasten the construction of the much needed building. We understand that Congressman McKenna has been addressed on the subject, and as the post-office appropriation was championed by him, he will undoubtedly act so as to hasten the work of construction by the adoption of other stone than that from Ione.

A. J. Rhoads, "Frank," as he is familiarly known, has been a very sick man. For a number of days his life was despaired of, but his iron constitution and wonderful will and recuperative powers have baffled the grim destroyer. His many friends will be delighted to learn of his rapid recovery. An incident of his critical illness shows the characteristics of the man: It was during the period when the hope of his recovery was nearly gone, when he managed to secure a refreshing sleep. When he awoke he felt so much better that he remembered having some fine cigars in the house when he was taken ill. He called "Tillie," that is his wife, and said, "Tillie, where are those cigars I had awhile ago?" Mrs. Rhoads having received the orders of the physicians not to allow him to smoke, replied evasively, "that she did not know where she had put them." "Why don't you say that you don't want to get them for me?" said Frank. "Well," said Mrs. Rhoads, "the truth is, the doctors don't want you to have them." "Oh," said Frank, "to hell with the doctors, I want a smoke." It was evident that his indomitable spirit served him well in the crisis; and when a man who had barely escaped the grave, wanted to smoke, it was a sure sign that he was not ready for the undiscovered country.

A Good Word for the Extravagant.

I think upon the whole I rather like extravagant people. If I had to take my choice between a person who spent money lavishly or one who saved it up strenuously for a possible rainy day, with no happy medium between the two, I would link arm with the spendthrift, and go off on a happy-go-lucky lark. Folks who are always looking out for a fortune that may never come and laying by nest-eggs for occasions that may never materialize are stupid folk to have around. They are like Webster's dictionaries as a basis for reading; they no doubt embrace the possibilities of all the wit and wisdom in the world, but I will take my alphabet in more versatile and attractive form. I would not for a moment decry prudence, or run down caution, but too much of either of those most excellent attributes in any individual make-up would be like a pudding made entirely of dough without plums or sweetening. A suitable regard for to-morrow is an excellent thing to cultivate, and a reckless expenditure of money for the mere gratification of the appetite cannot be too severely censured; but there are grades of folly, and the generous, free and easy, live-as-you-go fellow may be allied in a certain measure to a fool, but he is only fifth or sixth cousin, and I would rather hold that relationship than maintain the same kinship with a prig. Next time you have a Christmas present to make or a birthday to remember don't pinch a penny for the wife you love, the daughter you are proud of, or the girl you adore; just sweep out the cash and make an extravagant outlay. I am sick of your "useful" presents, such as underwear, umbrellas, hosiery, and shoes! Give a jewel now and then, or a lovely picture, or a costly trifle in lace, that by its very extravagance shall show how much your heart outweighs your head.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Layman as Pope.

Constantine II, who was a layman, filled the papal chair for thirteen months (767-768), succeeding Paul I and being followed by Stephen IV. His name is not included in all catalogues, as he was not regularly chosen, but was elevated to the apostolic seat by his brother Toto, duke of Nepi, who compelled George, bishop of Præneste, very reluctantly, to consecrate him. Soon after the ordination George fell sick and became so infirm that he never afterward sang mass; and his right arm was palsied.

A year after Duke Toto was assassinated Constantine was deposed (August 6, 768), and Stephen lawfully elected. Not long after this Constantine, with some of his adherents, was seized by a band of ruffians and deprived of sight. His humiliation was completed by a synod of bishops assembled in the church of St. Saviour (April, 769), which unanimously condemned him and decreed "that no layman or person of any order should be raised to the papedom except by passing through the regular orders, and that all which this Constantine had sanctioned in ecclesiastical affairs and divine worship should be performed anew except baptism and holy unction.—*American Notes and Queries.*

A teacher gave out words for analysis. "Bank-note" was one of them, and the teacher's astonishment may be imagined when one young lady brought the following unique analysis: "Bank-note is a compound, primitive word, composed of 'bank' and 'note.' 'Bank' is a simple word, meaning the side of a stream; 'note,' to set down. 'Bank-note,' to set down by the side of a stream."

EDITORS THEMIS:

In your last issue the following extract from the pen of "Margery Daw," appears as a description of the manner in which a child is baptized at the baptistry in the city of Florence:

The Italian priest receives the child from the nurse's arms. First he breathes in the little fellow's face, then sprinkles a good deal of powder in his mouth—enough to choke an American baby. Then he waves his hands back and forth over the child, afterwards oiling him under the chin and at the back of the neck while repeating some strange words. Now it is time for the baptismal font to be opened, and the baby to be placed on the edge, where he will stand perfectly straight, like a little soldier—ready to receive the shower of water which is not sprinkled, but literally poured over the baby. Then he is rubbed and rubbed by the big priest, powdered again by an attendant and passed to the godmother. He throws a splendid silk christening robe over the child, who, poor dear, must be very much bewildered by this time.

It would be difficult to find a more perfect parody of one of the most solemn rites of the Catholic church. At the said baptistry in Florence, I have assisted several times. And the baptisms differed not one whit from those administered elsewhere in our day by the church in all lands.

The priest does not receive the child from the nurse's arms, for it is held throughout by the godfather or godmother. The priest "breathes in the little fellow's face" to signify the new spiritual life which is to be breathed into his soul. No powder "is sprinkled into the child's mouth;" but a grain of salt, emblem of wisdom, is put there. There is no waving of hands back and forth over the child. As athletes for the arena were of old anointed, so is the new Christian to be prepared for the good fight. This is described by the writer as "oiling him under the chin and at the back of the neck." Can she have forgotten that kings, priests, and prophets were anointed under the Old Law; and that in the New, as ordered by the apostle St. James, the sick are to be? The shower of water "literally poured over the baby," is pouring water three times on the forehead of the child. Baptism by sprinkling, or by pouring, or by immersion, is equally valid; and each has at times obtained in the church. The rubbing and rubbing "by the big priest, powdered again by an attendant," is a pure myth on the part of the writer. The christening robe thrown over the child is emblematic of the purity of soul begotten by baptism.

It is difficult to see what purpose the writer can have in sowing broadcast such a travesty of one of the most solemn rites of the church which numbers millions of adherents among English-speaking peoples. Probably it is most charitable to think and say that not knowing catholic teaching, the author describes what was seen by her untutored eyes. The readers of Cardinal Newman's works will recall an equally absurd description of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament by a Methodist missionary. Apologizing for this long trespass on your space, permit me to be respectfully yours,

MONSIGNOR T. J. CAPEL.

Arno, November 19, 1891.

A Remarkable River.

On the African shore, near the gulf of Aden, and connecting the lake of Assal with the main ocean, may be found one of the most wonderful rivers in the world. This curiosity does not flow to, but from, the ocean toward inland. The surface of lake Assal itself is nearly 700 feet below the mean tide, and it is fed by this paradoxical river, which is about twenty-two miles in length. It is highly probable that the whole basin which the lagoon partly fills was once an arm of the sea which became separated therefrom by the duning of loose sand. The inflowing river has a limited volume, being fullest, of course, at high tide, and has filled the basin to such an extent that evaporation and supply exactly balance each other.

The Nizam of Hyderabad, who rules over what is probably the last stronghold of feudalism in the world, is the most extravagant of earthly potentates. He is said to spend \$10,000,000 a year, and has a collection of jewels worth three times that amount, including the biggest diamond in the world. He is a handsome man, of oriental aspect, still under 30, an eager sportsman, and one of the most daring tiger-takers in the east. He is forbidden by the law of the land to marry, but has a harem of 500 concubines.

Gamblers' Suicides.

"If we could but obtain accurate statistics, we should find that gambling was of all vicious habits, not even excluding hard drinking, the one which most predisposed its victims to suicide. Yet," continues this writer, "one does not quite see at first why gambling should so greatly predispose to suicide. The gambler prima facie ought to be a man trained by his life to bear ill luck with fortitude." This, of course, is true only if there be nothing in the very conditions of his life secretly disintegrating that fortitude. Let us see. It is probable that an intelligent jury will always account for the gambler's suicide by supposing that, ere he consummated the awful deed, he had come under the resistless control of temporary insanity. Hence we must try to discover those facts in the gambler's inward history which lead to this insanity. I believe they are of two classes, according as we study his experience in the light of ethical or of psychological and physical laws. In the region of moral consciousness I do not think we need seek far for the cause of the insanity. The loss of the man's whole possessions by gambling must work upon him, like a sudden accident upon a drunken man—it awakens him. And now, as he looks at the result of his career, at the obligations he has ignored, the relatives he has wronged, even the riches he has lost in pursuit of the gambler's passion, only one word can rise to his mind, and that is "Fool!" As he glances around the men with whom he has been gambling look at him in pity and mutter "Poor fellow!" or "Poor fool!" The very servants who have watched his ruin gaze now at one poorer than they, and call him in their hearts, "Poor fool!" I believe that this word of scorn, echoing within or without, filling the atmosphere for that man's ear, accurately describes the shame which he feels. Ashamed, crushed, ruined, despised by the associates who need him no longer, and called to no new and congenial surroundings by any human voice the wonder is not that so many become insane, but that every ruined gambler is not drawn in the hour of his awakening into the terrible vortex of insanity. The man who loses his all in a legitimate commercial undertaking retains at least his self respect, and self respect is the soul of fortitude.—*Contemporary Review.*

A Fool's Advice.

Never argue with an angry woman or a setting hen.

Be progressive. Those who head the parade do not take the dust.

Beware of the person who is always looking on the dark side of things. An honest man has no use for a dark lantern and a jimmy.

He who waits for all things to come to him, under the impression that all things come to him who waits, will get fooled. Success seldom stops to tip the waiter.

The man who wants to get something for nothing is watching for another man on the same track; when they meet the confidence game is the result of it. Keep out of it.

A hard head sometimes passes for a wise one. If you are wise, don't give yourself away.

It is always wise to appear patient when the other fellow is the larger.

Don't dispute the right of way with a cyclone.

Don't try to beat a man at his own game; the chances are that he understands it better than you do.

The theory to give and take is a great one, but never be so situated that you have to give excuses for taking what is not your own.

Eating in Russia.

The Russian eats on an average once every two hours. The climate and custom require such frequent meals, the digestion of which is aided by frequent draughts of vodka and tea. Vodka is the Russian whisky, made from potatoes and rye. It is fiery and colorless, and is generally flavored with some extract like vanilla or orange. It is drunk from small cups that hold perhaps half a gill. Vodka and tea are the inseparable accompaniments of friendly as well as of business intercourse in the country of the czar.

Russia and Sweden are the only countries in which the double dinner is the rule. When you go to the house of a Russian, be he a friend or a stranger, you are at once invited to a side-table where salted meats, pickled eels, salted cucumbers and many other spicy and appetizing viands are urged upon you with an impressiveness that knows no refusal. This repast is washed down with frequent cups of vodka. That over, and when the visitor feels as if he had eaten enough for twenty-four hours, the host says: "And now to dinner." At the dinner table the meal is served in courses, with wines grown in the Crimea and in Bessarabia, where excellent clarets and Burgundies are made and sold for from a shilling to half a crown the bottle.

It was reported that when Pompeius Silo, an officer of the greatest eminence and authority among the allies, said to Marius: "If you are a great general, Marius, come down and fight us," he answered: "If you are a great general, Silo, make me come down and fight."

FLASHES.

The lover should light out when the old man turns off the gas.

Crooked management often produces straightened circumstances.

That is a good hand which never wrote anything of which it is ashamed.

Man's stockings do not cost so much as woman's, because they do not come so high.

The majority of religionists have their religion in their heads in place of their souls.

It is hard to make our shylocks understand that money bears no interest in the world to come.

The fact that President Harrison attends cabinet meetings does not make him a spiritualist.

A liquid laugh may be infectious, but it is not considered as stimulating as a liquid "smile."

How much easier it is to sit by the fire and resolve to do good than it is to go out in the cold and do it.

When a man undertakes to drown trouble in drink, he is making a permanent investment—in trouble.

It is a sign that her husband is making money when a woman begins to get the look on her face of looking at you without seeing you.

Black night upon her bat-like wings,
With shades impendent draws more nigh;
But see! some angel straightway flings
The spangling stars across the sky.

Death of P. F. Dolan.

The community was greatly surprised at the sudden death of our old-time fellow-citizen, P. F. Dolan, on last Monday. No man had a finer physique and sounder bodily health than Mr. Dolan. Strictly temperate in his habits, and always careful of his health, it would seem that he would be the last man in this city to yield to disease. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and he was suddenly summoned to his long home. He was a kind and generous man and a devoted friend. He was very prominent in Odd Fellowship, being a member of El Dorado lodge, Vice President of the Sacramento Veteran Odd Fellows' Association, President of the Odd Fellows' General Relief Committee of this city, and Grand Marshal of the I. O. O. F. Grand Lodge of California. He was also a member of Concord Lodge, F. and A. M., and an exempt fireman.

For several years he has been the license collector of this county, which position he held at the time of his death. He leaves a wife, aged mother, a brother and sister, to mourn his apparent untimely end.

To show how little he contemplated death, Mr. Dolan, about three weeks ago, met Albert M. Johnson, who had been seriously ill, and said: "Well, Albert, I'm glad to see you out again; you had a pretty close call." Mr. Johnson replied: "Yes; but if I had your physique and sound body, I would consider that I had a lease on life for very many years." Yet that great sound embodiment of health and manhood was the first to yield to death's call.

St. Joseph's Academy.

This is to certify that we have for many years had in constant use six Mathushek Solid Iron-Frame Pianos, which have given the most perfect satisfaction, and more than any pianos we have ever used. Twenty years of extraordinary use has made very little, if any, change in their tone. We heartily recommend the Mathushek to anyone wanting a strictly first-class piano.

SISTERS OF MERCY.

Sacramento, Nov. 10th, 1891.

New Advertisements.

Sacramento Glass and Crochery Company, holiday goods, 629 J street; Miss L. Schubert, art needlework for Christmas presents, 1014 Eighth street; Harry Roth, Peerless Saloon, 809 K street; People's Savings Bank of Sacramento, \$100,000 to loan.

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

It has been discovered by some anonymous investigator that the man with the mild blue eye is the man for deeds of daring and general heroism, and Grant, Custer and Thomas are cited as illustrative examples. King Arthur and his Round Table knights, Norse sea kings without limit, and quantities of early German heroes might have been mentioned as additional examples; but it will be noticed that all the possessors of the blue eye have it as a race characteristic accompanying blonde hair and fair cheeks. Caesar and Hannibal, Bayard and the Paladins and all the heroes from south European countries will probably be found to have had the dark eyes that accompany the swarthy faces of the southerner. The trouble with the theory, like many others, is that it is too limited in its application.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Tom Keene will occupy the Metropolitan on November 25 and 26. Mr. Keene now stands among the leading artists on the stage. His support is said to be good.

Yon Yonsen is booked for November 27. It is a dialect personation, and the Swede is the character assumed in the role. The San Francisco engagement was a success, and the papers spoke well of the piece.

"Once let a woman or girl," said a theatrical manager, "appear in tights before the public and be told that she makes a pleasing appearance, and from that moment she has a mania for that kind of dress."

Last night *Dr. Bill* was given to a full house. It is one of the best comedies and companies on the road. On Thursday night the company opened the Auburn Opera House. A large delegation from Sacramento witnessed the dedication of the temple of the drama.

William J. Florence, the noted actor, died at Philadelphia on Thursday night, after a very brief illness. No artist on the American or English stage was more popular. As a man and actor he was a favorite. Florence's first great success was "Bob Brierly," in *The Ticket of Leave Man*. The old-time actors are fast leaving the world's stage.

Stage Definitions.

Hero—A virtuous young man who is such a fool that he walks into traps that a day-old blind kitten would avoid.

Heroine—An exemplary young woman who gets turned out of doors because she refuses to marry the villain.

Villain—The average man; only he gets found out in the last act and is either killed or sent to prison for life.

Super—A person who is put on the stage to fill up; one who doesn't know what to do and gets 25 cents a night for not doing it.

The heroine's mother—An old lady who is perpetually putting her foot in it and saying "God save our poor child."

The heroine's father—A white-whiskered party who is very, very brutal in the first act and a broken-down, forgiving man in the last act.

The villain's chum—A tough-looking fellow who aids the villain materially in the first three acts, but who gives the whole thing away before the final curtain falls.

The old home—A piece of stock scenery always shown in the last act to soft-music accompaniment, and at sight of which the hero always brushes away a tear.—*Philadelphia Music and Drama*.

Methodical Work.

A man who has so much to do that he will work nights and Sundays, as well as week days, is not likely to do as much in the long run as the man who rests at God's appointed times in order to fit himself for effective work between these times. Many a busy man breaks down a great deal earlier than he needs to because he insists on working when rest is his first duty. And many a man who observes God's law of the night and the Sabbath, written in man's very nature, accomplishes far more in series of years than he could have wrought with any violation of that law.

Mr. Gladstone, speaking not long ago of his own experiences in busy life, said of the high privilege of "Sunday rest": "Personally, I have always endeavored, so far as circumstances have allowed, to avail myself of this privilege; and now that I am arriving near the goal of a laborious public career of close on fifty-seven years, I attribute in great part to this practice the prolonging of my life and the preservation of my faculties."

A true man can do more in six days than he can in seven, week by week, as he can do more in sixteen hours than in twenty-four, day by day, for a lifetime.

Danger in Cold Baths.

The coldest natures take the hottest baths, and are not enfeebled by them. It is blood heated by youth or the fire of full life which likes the cool dip or spray, but beware how you have to nerve yourself to endure it. A cold bath may be a risky experiment. The rule that cold bathing is safe when followed by good reaction is not wholly sound. I recall a woman who used to take baths of the coldest well water daily and find great refreshment from them, who afterwards charged weakness of the heart and general debility to this excessive stimulus. Dr. Shoemaker says all the persons he has known who boasted of breaking a film of ice to take their baths died early, yet doubtless they felt good reaction at the time. It is doubtful if any grown person allowed free choice ever persisted in cold bathing which left a chill. It is safer to say take a cold bath only when it is absolutely delicious in anticipation and actual enjoyment.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Long before London coined money, or possibly had a tower to coin it in, Winchester, under King Athelstane, possessed six mints for coining as many different denominations of metallic currency.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

OF SACRAMENTO.

\$100,000 TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE. Semi-annual Dividends on Deposits. Correspondence promptly answered.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

MISS L. SCHUBERT, 1014 Eighth Street, Sacramento. CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

AS FOLLOWS:

Handkerchief Cases, Embroid. Suspenders,
Glove Cases, Crochet Neckties,
Necktie Cases, Drapers,
Hat Bands, Cushions,
Hat Crowns, Sachets, Etc.

Stamping and Designing, Monograms, Etc.

HARRY ROTH, PEERLESS SALOON, 809 K Street (Next to Opera House), Sacramento.

STEAMED CLAMS AND CLAM NECTAR

EVERY NIGHT.

REGULAR

Republican Ticket

Election: Monday, December 7, 1891.

City Superintendent of Schools,

ALBERT HART.

School Directors,

First Ward,-----W. H. SHERBURN

Second Ward,-----E. A. CROUCH

Third Ward,-----WINFIELD J. DAVIS

Fourth Ward,-----O. W. ERLEWINE

A. J. JOHNSTON,

Chairman City Central Committee.

A. J. GALLIGAN, Secretary.

PHOENIX BAKERY,

C. SCHURR, Proprietor,

Southwest Corner Thirteenth and J Streets.

Bread, Pies and Cakes,

FRESH EVERY MORNING,

Delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

ASK YOUR GROCER

FOR THE

SACRAMENTO

Packing and Drying Company's GOODS.

They Are the Best.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

J. J. DUNCKHORST,

Interior Decorating.

LATEST DESIGNS IN

WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.

1225 J Street, Sacramento.

REMOVAL

—OF—

Sacramento Trunk Factory

—TO—

515 K STREET.

California Exchange,

900 K STREET,

Southeast Corner Ninth, Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

WINE AND LIQUORS

KEY WEST AND IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

DR. MARY M. CRONEMILLER.

Office and Residence, 507½ J street.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 P. M.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

—IN—

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

Are the Leaders!

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Grand Hamworthy & Co.

Producers of the

ECLIPSE

CHAMPAGNE,

530 Washington St. SAN FRANCISCO.

Futterer's Saloon,

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.


A FINE POOL TABLE.

A New Poem by Whittier.
Between the gates of birth and death
An old and saintly pilgrim passed,
With look of one who witnesseth
The long-sought goal at last.
"O thou whose reverent feet have found
The Master's footprints in thy way,
And walked thereon as holy ground,
A boon of thee I pray.
"My lack would borrow thy excess,
My feeble faith the strength of thine;
I need thy soul's white saintliness
To hide the stains of mine.
"The grace and favor else denied
May well be granted for thy sake."
So tempted, doubting, sorely tried,
A younger pilgrim spake.
"Thy prayer, my son, transcends my gift;
No power is mine," the sage replied,
"The burden of a soul to lift,
Or stain of sin to hide.
"Howe'er the outward life may seem,
For pardoning grace we all must pray;
No man his brother can redeem,
Or a soul's ransom pay.
"Not always age is growth of good;
Its years have losses with their gain;
Against some evil youth withstood
Its hands may strive in vain.
"With deeper voice than any speech
Of mortal lips from man to man,
What earth's unwisdom may not teach
The spirit only can.
"Make thou that holy Guide thine own,
And, following, where it leads the way,
The known shall lapse in the unknown
As twilight into day.
"The best of earth shall still remain,
And Heaven's eternal years shall prove
That life and death, and joy and pain
Are ministers of love."

A CURIOUS LOVE STORY.
Mrs. Lightfoot was a widow; not by any means a "lone, lorn, widdly woman," but an ideal of bereaved femininity, dressed to perfection, and her conversation tinged with just sufficient misanthropy to appear cynical to some and to warn others that she learnt enough as Jack Lightfoot's wife to render her careful how she again entered into bondage.
Jack Lightfoot, always restless and excited, made much of everything except his wife, and when he made the mistake in the race for the Rumtipore Ladies' Plate, which cost him his life, everyone said that nobody but he would have broken his neck in so gratuitously unnecessary a manner.
In London she always enjoyed herself thoroughly, and in a modified way in the country. She was, and is now, much in request; but she distributed her favors pretty equally.
One day she had promised to go for a drive with Maj. Bittlestone. "Do you like Maj. Bittlestone?" said Maud de Villars, looking out of the window to see if the drag was in sight yet. She was under Mrs. Lightfoot's chaperoning wing for the day, and they were waiting in her drawing room.
"Yes, I do," said Mrs. Lightfoot, frankly, "he's so big and quiet."
"He's big enough," said Maud, "and I like big men;—but as for quiet!"—she shrugged her shoulders expressively—"he never even speaks to me."
Mrs. Lightfoot, perhaps, did not think that an insuperable fault in his character, for she smiled sweetly, and said: "I am sure that is not your fault, dear; and I daresay you would like him if you knew him as well as I do."
"I always think he would do very well for you, said Miss de Villars, turning and facing her chaperon. "You like him, and he has money."
Mrs. Lightfoot turned a little pink and said nothing; she often wondered if Maj. Bittlestone liked her; but in communing with herself she was inclined to admit that he sometimes carried silence to excess, and she felt doubtful on the point.
So she sat and wondered still more instead of answering, with her eyes fixed upon her trim little patent-leather shoes. She was invariably "chaussee" to perfection, which is always desirable, and when coaching, necessary. Most men notice how a woman is shod. But a coach horn interrupted her meditations.
They drove in silence down Piccadilly. The streets were crowded and the near leader was rather fresh. Half-way down St. James street, however, he broke silence. She was conscious of his deep voice saying, "Do you remember?" which was an auspicious beginning.
She was conscious that he was looking down into her eyes; then suddenly he glanced forward again and she heard the drag go on and knew that he had stopped the coach in an incredibly short distance; beyond that she cannot speak with certainty—for, though she has never confessed it, she admits to herself she shut her eyes.
When she opened them both leaders were down in a struggling heap; the wheelers and the coach were almost on them, the wheelers beginning to plunge; the grooms were running

forward with dismay on their faces in evident doubt where to begin.
And Maj. Bittlestone—he was looking down at the confusion with very much the same expression of tranquil interest on his face which it had worn when addressing her; and certainly his voice was as unmoved, though a trifle louder, as he said to the groom on his left (the other was doing what he could at the heads of the horses on the ground to check their frantic struggles) "Unhook the near leader!"
The man was handy enough when he knew what to do; he unhooked the splinter bar. "Unhook the off leader!" said his master in the same serene tones; and the man ran round and obeyed. The moment it was done Maj. Bittlestone took the drag off, got his wheelers steady and backed them; they struggled, were almost down, but gamely did their work, and got the coach a few feet up the hill and themselves out of the neighborhood of the leaders' heels.
Unhurt, the leaders were on their feet in a moment, and Mrs. Lightfoot had hardly realized that all danger was over, and that she had not had another drive brought to an abrupt conclusion, when the same quiet voice remarked: "Hook on the rear leader—hook on the rear leader—let them go."
They picked up another passenger in Pall Mall, a man for Miss de Villars to talk to; she gave him a detailed account of all that had taken place, which lasted half an hour, only omitting to mention that when the horses went down she had stood up and screamed.
It was on a breezy part of Wimbledon Common with the horses swinging along at a fast trot, with Miss Villars in the middle of an anecdote which, though she intended it for the man beside her only, interested her chaperon in front quite as much, that he bent his head towards Mrs. Lightfoot and said—"Nine women in ten would have screamed; why did not you?"
Before Maud's story began she had been thinking of what Lord Rosherville had said to the butcher-boy who had driven into him three days before, while she was on the box-seat. Mrs. Lightfoot, even after three years' training in Jack Lightfoot's society, had been a little horrified; so she answered, dropping Maud from her thoughts in an instant, "Nine men in ten would have sworn; why did not you?" "I like to take things quietly," he said. "So do I."
His team was going beautifully. He shifted his reins to his right hand, and for a moment she thought he was going to put his arm around her waist. She thought he had forgotten that there was any one behind, and looked around apprehensively at Maud de Villars.
"All right," he said, with a half laugh, "I know I'm not in a dog-cart; but you know what I'm going to say."
And then he got a trifle flushed and redder, and in a voice which was a good deal louder than that in which he had spoken to his groom, he said: "Will you?"
And Mrs. Lightfoot, with all her experience and all her nerve, was so taken aback she could only smile weakly and murmur, "Won't I!"
"I haven't a notion," he confessed when they were at Monte Carlo on their honeymoon, "what I ever said to make you marry me, little woman." And the puzzled look with which he was trying to recall his flight of eloquence grew deeper as she answered sententiously:
"Unhook the near leader!"

EBNER BROS.
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Wines and Liquors.
CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.
116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
HOWE'S
High School and Normal Institute
SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.
Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.
R. DAVIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent.
Representing the following companies:
Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.
1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.


MRS. GRAHAM'S
Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream
Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles; and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hair-dressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.
MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, "Beauty Doctor," 103 Post street, San Francisco.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,
FRENCH DRESSMAKER,
No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,
SACRAMENTO.
Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.
Miss Mamie Costello,
Fashionable Dressmaking
821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

HAHN'S
Eau de Quinine,
Or, QUININE HAIR TONIC.
The stimulating effects of this tonic are unrivaled for removing dandruff, preserving the scalp in a healthy condition, rendering the hair soft, pliable and brilliant. It promotes the growth of the hair, prevents the same from falling out, and imparts to it an agreeable perfume.
JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,
Sacramento, Cal.
G. W. Railton,
RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT
1004 FOURTH STREET.
Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-Atlantic Points, by First-Class Steamers to and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN.
Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO Daily.

MOHR & YOERK'S
MARKET AND PACKING HOUSE
1024 and 1026 J Street, Sacramento.
Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats and all kinds of Sausages. On hand during the Packing Season: Spareribs, Tenderloins, Hogs' Heads, etc.
ST. LOUIS MARKET,
R. WEBER, PROPRIETOR.
SPARERIBS AND HOGS' HEADS,
FRESH MEATS,
SUGAR-CURED HAMS,
CHOICE BACON,
LARD, SAUSAGE, ETC.
Southwest Corner Eleventh and H Streets.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.
LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.
400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co
Established 1852.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,
126 and 128 J STREET,
San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester
DEALERS IN
IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,
Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,
SACRAMENTO.
J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS
1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.
EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.
GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

CELEBRATED
WEINER LAGER BEER
CAPITAL BREWERY
LOUIS NICOLAUS,
Corner Twelfth and I Streets
SACRAMENTO.

Grubler's Saloon
No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.
A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.
ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.
With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.
CHOICEST VIANDS,
Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTING D. JOHNSTON & Co.
410 J STREET.
ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED.
Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER
WISSEMAN'S SALOON,
Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,
1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.
GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.
Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.
BOHEMIA PILSENER,
BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

UNCLE IKE,
THE DIAMOND BROKER
302 K Street, Sacramento.
RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE
On European Plan.
Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.
ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

A Parisian Tragedy.

The Paris *Figaro* says: A distinguished pulmonary specialist of London was lately consulted by a skeleton in appearance. After a careful examination the doctor said: "I can do nothing for you; in a month you will be dead."

With the calmness of despair the young man, aided by a servant, prepared to depart. As he was about to cross the threshold Dr. B. asked: "Are you rich?"

"A millionaire," replied the wretched man.

"Then order your coachman to drive you to the Victoria station, start for Dover by the 11 o'clock train, take passage on a steamer for Marseilles, and thence by rail to Nice. For six months—should God spare your life—eat neither bread, nor fruit, nor meat, neither drink wine, but eat cress, and only cress. The cure is doubtful, but I offer it to a dying man."

Six months later a robust young man crossed the anteroom, where a number of patients were waiting, and entered the office of Dr. B. At sight of the famous physician he rushed up and embraced him.

"Are you crazy?" asked the doctor.

"No, no; I am sane, but I realize that you have saved my life. Don't you know me? I am P., the millionaire, whom you saved from an inevitable death by your wonderful treatment. My improvement was miraculous. I am now in excellent health." And, to verify his remarks, he beat his chest with his fist.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished physician, "you are the man upon whom I experimented with cress?"

"Yes, I am he," responded the young man.

The doctor signed to his assistant to retire, and then, quickly drawing a small revolver he leveled it, and in an instant his patient fell dead at his feet.

Without a moment's delay he commenced to make a post-mortem examination. When the police arrived he was carefully examining the lungs of his victim with a microscope and studying the effects of the cress upon the diseased parts. To the officers of the law he said: "I killed this man for an immediate autopsy, to discover a mystery which may be a boon to all mankind."

Legend of Bottle Hill, Ireland.

A poor man was once driving his only cow to Cork to sell her. As he was going up the hill he was suddenly joined by a strange-looking little old man who finally induced the poor owner of the cow to exchange her for a bottle, which, according to the stranger, had magical properties. Going home he decided to use the bottle as the little old man had directed, and see what would come of it. Placing it on the table he commanded the bottle: "Do your duty!" and immediately two little beings rose out of it and covered the table with gold and silver dishes filled with food of every known variety. The next day he sold the dishes and became wondrously rich. The secret of his bottle finally leaked out, and the landlord induced the poor foolish man to part with it. Soon after this his prosperity vanished, and he was again reduced to one cow and obliged to drive her to Cork for sale. As he journeyed up the steep side of the same hill he was again accosted by the little queer-looking man, who offered another bottle in exchange for this second cow.

Returning home the poor man made the usual preparations, and then said: "Bottle, do your duty!" But instead of the tiny lads, with their gold and silver dishes, two huge fellows with cudgels arose from the depths of the bottle and fell to thrashing the whole family, presumably because the man had been so foolish as to part with his first treasure. When they had finished their task and had gone back into the mysterious confines of the curious bottle, the owner of it put it under his coat and went to the home of the greedy landlord who had taken the first bottle. That worthy personage was entertaining company, but when he heard that his tenant had another bottle to sell he forthwith admitted him. Of course, the bottle did its duty, and the landlord and his friends were beaten until the former agreed to return the original bottle. Years later, when tenant and landlord were equally rich, both bottles were broken in a row at a funeral.

An Abashed Marchioness.

A very popular but blind count lives in the Champs Elysees. Being witty and musical, his society is much sought after. He left Paris three months ago, and on his return called on a fashionable marchioness, who was preparing to go to a fancy ball. She begged to be excused, but as he had an important message to deliver he was shown in, and being, of course, blind, he was asked to take a seat in her boudoir. Gossip ensued, and during all the time the marchioness, assisted by her maid, executed the mysteries of her toilet.

Being ready to descend to her carriage, the count stated that he had been absent in London, and had undergone a successful operation for cataract, and could now see as well as the marchioness. The latter shrieked and jumped into her carriage without even an au revoir to her unwelcome visitor.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTERS,**410 J STREET,****SACRAMENTO.**

Cards,
Circulars,
Ball Tickets,
Programmes,
Posters,
Billheads,
Statements,
Letterheads,
Noteheads,
Envelopes,
Show Cards,
Wedding Invitations,
Briefs and
Transcripts,
Legal Blanks,
Constitutions and
By-Laws,
Postal Cards,
Election Tickets,
Great Registers.

*** Election Printing. ***

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outside of San Francisco.

ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR
PROMPTLY FILLED.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,**410 J STREET.**

CALL ON THE

AGENT

OF THE

SUN INSURANCE CO.

AT

1014 FOURTH STREET,

WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.

Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46

THEO. J. MILLIKEN,

Manager Sacramento Branch.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Attorneys at Law.**A. L. HART,** Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J streets.**JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,** 504 J street**CHAS. T. JONES,** 607 I street, between Sixth and Seventh.**CHAS. N. POST,** 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.**R. M. CLARKEN,** southwest corner Fourth and J streets.**MATT. F. JOHNSON,** 607 I street.**W. A. ANDERSON,** No. 209 J street.**JAMES B. DEVINE,** 604 I street.**W. A. GETT, JR.,** Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J streets.**HOLL & DUNN,** Fifth Street, between I and J.**C. W. BAKER,** Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.**A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER,** Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.**GEORGE A. BLANCHARD,** 405 J Street, up stairs.**J. W. HUGHES,** Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.**McKUNE & GEORGE,** Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.**ROBT. T. DEVLIN,** Southwest corner Fourth and J Street.**CHAS. H. OATMAN,** No. 418 J Street, up stairs.**J. W. ARMSTRONG,** No. 405 J street, up stairs.**GEORGE G. DAVIS,** Room 26 Postoffice Building.**PHILIP S. DRIVER,** 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.**H. L. BUCKLEY,** Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.**E. C. HART (City Attorney),** Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.**ISAAC JOSEPH,** N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of JOHN GOULD, an insolvent debtor.—John Gould having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said John Gould is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said John Gould, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 4th day of December, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated October 30, 1891.

A. P. CATLIN,

Judge of the Superior Court.
W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. 031-51

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE Notice.—That on the 4th day of December, 1891, at the opening of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, in Department One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections 1811 to 1821, inclusive. The nature of the business to be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento County, Sutter Township, and the name of my husband is J. L. Clark. KATIE E. CLARK.

She Drew the Line.

There was an oldish couple—man and wife—crossing over on the Pavonia ferry to take an Erie train. She wanted to go out on the bow of the boat, but he refused and kept his seat in the cabin. She went out alone, but soon returned and said:

"William, the sight out there is worth seeing, and you'd better come out."

"I don't care for sights!" he bluntly replied.

"You don't, eh!" she exclaimed, as she sat down beside him. "Now you look a-her! You can pudge and pudge all you're a mind to, but you'll have to take it out in pudging!"

"Who's a-pudging?"

"You are!"

"I hain't, neither."

"Yes, you are! You wanted to buy a pair of red suspenders of a street-peddler for 25 cents and I said it was foolish. So it is. You've bin wearing a hold-back strap taken out of the harness for over thirteen years, and the idea of your gettin' up all of a sudden and wantin' red suspenders looks as if you was gittin' in your second childhood."

"I hain't as old as you be!" he testily replied.

"Well, you needn't throw that up, 'cause it won't do you any good. We've got along without red suspenders all these years, and we ain't goin' into no such extravagance now. If you want some lemonade or soda water I won't say no, though it's throwin' money away, but there ain't no use in talkin' red suspenders to me. Do you want to see the sights?"

"No."

"Then you sit right there and watch them bundles and I'll do the lookin'. You kin act up all you want to, but I've put my foot down and it's goin' to stay there."—*M. Quad in N. Y. World.*

Commas.

The London *Journal of Education* says that a Prussian school inspector appeared at the office of the burgomaster of a little town to ask him to accompany him on a tour of inspection through the schools.

The burgomaster was out of sorts, and was heard to mutter to himself, "What is this donkey here again for?"

The inspector said nothing, but waited his time, and with the unwilling burgomaster set out on his tour. At the first school he announced his wish to see how well punctuation was taught.

"Oh, never mind that," said the burgomaster. "We don't care for commas and such trifles."

But the inspector sent a boy to the blackboard and ordered him to write: "The burgomaster of R— says, the inspector is a donkey."

Then he ordered him to transpose the comma, placing it after R—, and to insert another one after inspector, and the boy wrote: "The burgomaster of R—, says the inspector, is a donkey."

It is probable that the refractory official gained a new idea of the value of "commas and such trifles."

The Diamond Snuff-Box.

The czar's snuff-box is as sacred as the imperial crown itself; no one is allowed to touch it. One of the imperial pages wagered that he would take a pinch out of it. One morning he walked up to the table which stood near the bed on which the czar still reclined and boldly took from it the majestic snuff box. Opening it noisily he inserted his fingers, and while Paul I. was watching him in stupefaction at such audacity he sniffed up the fragrant powder with evident satisfaction.

"What are you doing there, you rogue?" exclaimed the czar, excitedly.

"Having a pinch of snuff, sire. I have now been on duty eight hours, and feeling drowsy I thought it would keep me awake, for I would rather break the rules of etiquette than neglect my duty."

The emperor burst out laughing and merely replied:

"That's right enough, my lad, but as the snuff-box is not large enough for both of us you can keep it for yourself."

Some First Things.

Melons were first called canteloupes from being cultivated at Canteluppi, a village near Rome, where they had been introduced from Armenia by missionaries.

Spectacles were invented in the year 1320, but were not in general use until nearly 200 years later.

Musical notes, as now used, were invented in 1380.

Cannons were first used in the year 1342. Two centuries and seven different men claim the invention of gunpowder.

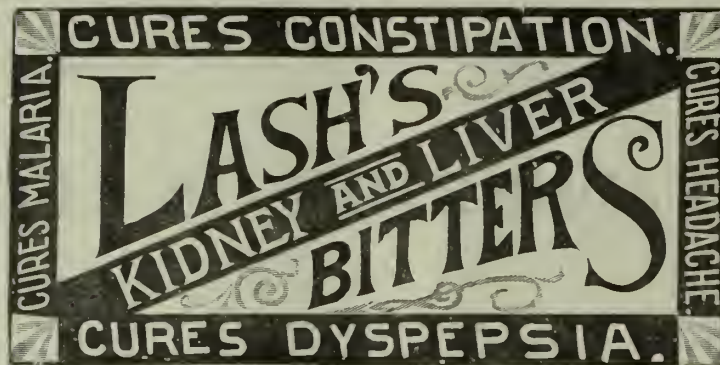
Printing was invented at Meitz, by Gutenberg, in 1450; introduced in England in 1471.

Post offices were first established in France in 1464. The first English post office was opened in 1581. The first German office in 1641.

The first coach was made in England in 1594.

Potatoes were introduced into Ireland in 1589.

The first English clocks were made in 1608.



The Live Crockery House

HAS DEMONSTRATED BY ITS
INCREASE IN BUSINESS

THAT IT CARRIES BY FAR THE

Best Selected Stock of Crockery and Glassware and Lamp Goods

EVER CARRIED IN THIS CITY.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

JOS. THIEBEN CROCKERY CO.

518 J Street.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth

FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!



1891. HOLIDAY GOODS! 1891.

New Stock, Open and Ready for Sale, Consisting of

Bisque, Royal Worcester, Doulton, Dresden, Terra Cotta.

Also, an attractive lot of DECORATED CHINA DINNER and TEA SETS, and open stock goods in great variety. We Solicit Careful Inspection.

Sacramento Glass and Crockery Company

629 J STREET.

JOHN WEIL, Manager

A. H. ROTT.

C. H. KREBS.

**C. H. KREBS & CO.,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,**

Varnishes, Wall Paper, Brushes, Window
Shades and Picture Mouldings.

Ready Mixed Paints and Building Papers.

House and Sign Painting, Plain and Decorative
Paper Hanging, Glazing and Gilding,
Pictures, Frames and Mouldings.

626 J STREET,

Between Sixth and Seventh, SACRAMENTO.

TELEPHONE 267.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room
separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

CARPET & FACTORY,

802 M Street, Sacramento,

M. S. COWGER, - - - Proprietor.

Special Widths Woven to Order.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

November 4, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.05 A
7.00 A	Calistoga and Napa	
7.05 P	Vallejo and Calistoga	8.40 P
10.50 P	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.20 A
7.00 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7.30 P
7.35 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7.40 A
10.40 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	10.25 A
11.55 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	6.45 P
10.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	
	Ogden and East	7.40 A
3.00 P	Oroville, via Roseville Junction	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.35 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.05 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.30 A
8.00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	9.40 P
7.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	10.30 P
*10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamers	26.00 A
10.40 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.40 A	San Jose	2.50 P
7.00 P	Santa Barbara	10.25 A
*6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	*8.40 P
8.30 A	Stockton and Galt	10.25 A
10.40 A	Stockton and Galt	2.50 P
7.00 P	Stockton and Galt	7.30 P
11.55 A	Truckee and Reno	7.40 A
10.00 P	Truckee and Reno	6.45 P
8.00 A	Vallejo	8.40 P
3.05 P	Vallejo	11.05 A
*8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2.40 P
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10.20 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	*8.00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted.
A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - \$225,500 00
RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - \$4,253 26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WE HAVE OVER ONE THOUSAND PASTEUR
Germ proof Filters in use in private resi-
dences, hotels, restaurants and saloons. If a single
one of them is not giving entire satisfaction we have
not heard of it.

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed
in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THE EMERSON

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1891.

No. 41.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

And as she looked around she saw how Death, the consoler, Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.

So Longfellow did write in "Evangeline." Irony! That death does console; that heart of mortal is healable from the smite! True it is, we do bow to the will of the overruling Power; an acknowledgment rather of its supremacy than of its justice. Death does not console. Time, credited with the healing of all misfortune, fails in its mission as against the calamity of death and its injustice. Years since we did read an ephemeral article written by the talented Bowman, entitled "Give us Back Our Dead"—a production that should have been preserved in the literature of our day. In it he did express the feeling of the very many. Years may pass, yet the thought of man does revert to the silent mounds in the cemetery, and to the loved ones that rest beneath them. A child—can the heart wound be healed? Has not our favorite passed away? A wife—can another fill her place and be the confidant? A mother—before her do all men bow in reverence, that her life has been one of sacrifice. A father—it seemeth different, yet in degree severe. We do appreciate the feelings of the many of our townspeople who have of late been bereaved; do feel how empty sound words of consolation. Death doth deal injustice.

George W. Chesley, a pioneer business man, died Monday evening, after a long illness. He had been prominently connected with business here since 1850. For three terms he was president of the Sacramento Pioneer Association, and was among its most popular members. We well recall the last time we met the deceased at Pioneer Hall: the afternoon of July 4th, at the annual banquet. He was much enfeebled from his protracted sickness, and it was manifest that he had a premonition that it would be the last annual gathering he would attend.

During the week death has claimed a most estimable young lady, Miss Jennie M. Anderson. It was the lot of the writer to have been a member of the same class with her in the grammar school, and in common with our fellow-classmates we shall keep in fond memory our stricken sister. In her lifework she chose a vocation which perhaps more than all others does benefit mankind and give luster to our civilization. She was a teacher, and had been for many years. The reverence in which she will be held by her pupils will remain a monument more telling for her commemoration than the stately shaft of chiseled marble.

Sad indeed, too, was the summoning of Mrs. Peter Flaherty, a young lady and the mother of interesting children. She died at a time when they did most need a mother's guidance and care.

Still another has been added to the death roll since we did write the foregoing lines. Joseph Wiseman died on Wednesday. He was an old resident of Sacramento, and in his life made many friends who do regret his death.

Sydney Smith was a pioneer Sacramentan. A worthy man. In our early history he did much to promote the interests of horticulture.

When our board of trustees hearkened to the siren strains of the bondholders, that they would generously allow the city to use the license money exacted from saloon keepers, we warned the board to beware of our enemies bearing gifts. With the aid of the funded debt commission the bondholders have only one object, and that is to enforce the utmost dollar from the taxpayers. Had our advice been followed in the past, these cormorants would never have secured such a grip upon the treasury. Had the debt commission been relegated to oblivion, our taxpayers would not have been so heavily burdened. The demand of certain bondholders upon the trustees to replace in the interest and sinking fund the money already used from the proceeds of licenses, and to desist in the future from the use thereof, other than to pay bond coupons, is evidently the latest act of this head of the debt commission. It was through him that the first threats were made, and this demand is only the result of his threat. Now, it is high time that the trustees should at least make the effort to free the water-works revenue from the bondholders' grasp. Let the board order 55 per cent. only of the net water rents placed in the interest and sinking fund, instead of 55 per cent. of the gross receipts. If the bondholders want to inaugurate a contest on this, based on a former decision of the Supreme Court rendered by a bare majority of the court, let them. We will be on the defensive, with justice and right on our side, and such judges as Paterson and McFarland with us from the start, while the judge's who decided adversely have been retired from the bench.

It is an anomaly, as peculiar as it is disastrous, that in the history of government, whenever reforms have been suggested by well-meaning men (those men, too, who most clearly see the necessity for such movements) for the amelioration of their fellow-beings—that wherever reforms or beneficial changes have been attempted, it almost invariably results in a civil upheaval or revolution that throws to the surface of the occasion, and into short-lived power, a class of men who are, by far, worse than those who have been overthrown and driven from power; and they have foisted into official importance either ignorant, tyrannical wiseacres or intollerant cranks, whose radical views on questions of governmental reform make them dangerous managers, and hence invite a return to the old system of affairs, almost before the suggested reforms have been tested. Witness the many efforts to upset the ancient systems in the governments of Europe, century after century; see the blood, ankle-deep, in the streets of Paris, a sanguinary sequel to the efforts of the naked *sans coulottes* as he seized the government urged to its oblivion, amid the cry of *A la lanterne!* and the screams of the condemned as they were hurried to the guillotine. And the result? The "Reign of Terror" such as no civilized country ever experienced, till those same reformers were in turn overthrown, by reason of their inability to manage what they had undertaken, and their refusal to allow the intelligent from their own ranks to guide the new system.

But to come to more modern events as examples of the failure of those spasmodic attempts to better existing conditions. Twelve years ago the country was aroused by the appearance of Kearnyism in the west. The times were ripe for reform, and had the movement been marshaled by intellectual ability as it was by physical force, doubtless great good would

have evolved from the hatchings of the Sunday sandlot gatherings. But as usual, the evil element of the multitude prevailed, and could only be suppressed by the pick-handle brigade. The good, the sincere, the well-meaning, had but little force; ignorant, and often brutal men, were put into office, only to become more corrupt than those who preceded them, as an easy method of growing rich at the expense of the government they thought marching to ruin before they acquired power. Their rapacious anxiety to hold office pushed aside what little leaven of good was in their ranks, and one administration, with part of the state and the entire municipal government of San Francisco, aroused the state to smut them out of being at the next election. The new-born abortion was a fearful failure because the very men of honesty of purpose and patriotic in desire were kept in the rear of the movement, lest their superior merit would elevate them to official station. The intention in the beginning was good, but the leadership was in bad hands, and a failure ensued. So it was with the anti-Chinese crusade of the state a few years ago. The citizens at large were enlisted and meant well. It was in a good way to succeed, and a gradual expulsion of the Chinamen would have resulted; but the ever-present fanatic, to be found in all efforts toward reform, undertook to do too much, so that the firmest friends of the cause became disgusted and abandoned the effort, and the curse still remains. So it will forever be in all schemes for reformation, when the intelligent, the honest of purpose, the true lover of his country, refuses or neglects to take his share of the burden and consequences; he must look for and expect dire disaster and ignominious defeat.

We of California can fully appreciate the sentiments expressed by the New York *Sun* on the opportunities for the spread of that loathsome contagion, leprosy. Says the *Sun*: "'The plague spot of Asia' is known to every one who has read descriptions of the leper quarter in the city of Bokhara. In this district lepers have been permitted to marry other lepers, and the number of victims has increased until, by order of the government, marriages have been forbidden, husbands have been torn from their families, and the greatest misery has come upon the poor outcasts, who have now been bereft even of the consolation which the companionship of their unfortunate friends afforded them. Communities that have given little regard to the question of public health are waking up to the fact that the scourge of leprosy requires rigid regulation. The most appalling carelessness has prevailed in some regions where leprosy has a foothold. It is said that a leper was until recently employed as a school teacher in a West Indies island, and that lepers are still permitted to sell fruit on the highways of Jamaica. The fact that the disease has recently spread to hitherto uninfected districts shows that the world in general has an interest in an intelligent and humane restriction of the liberty permitted to the victims."

Now that Minneapolis has been agreed upon as the place for the Republican national convention in 1892, some plan should be formulated for a fitting reception of the National Editorial Association which will undoubtedly meet in California in May next, and the country press of the state should take hold of the matter and impress upon their readers the great good which will result to our state in having so important an assemblage meet within her borders. Every sec-

tion of the union will be represented in this convention, and that by gentlemen who will be constrained to truthfully give their impressions of our state's resources. Our mineral and agricultural lands will be personally visited and critically analyzed by these representative men, and through their journals will be eagerly read by millions of readers throughout the United States, who will become convinced of the truthfulness of all that has heretofore been written of the wonders of California. Immigration is what is needed to build up our state, and this convention of the National Editorial Association is what will bring it; and that of a very desirable class. Committees should be organized in all the towns of the state, and invitations extended to the convention to visit their localities in order to aid them in setting forth the advantages held out by California to the homeseeker. Sacramento has always been noted for her hospitality to the stranger within her gates, and she can be relied upon to contribute her share toward the entertainment of the press association.

SOME UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

Sacramento in Embryo—How Government Was Formed Out of Chaos.

PART XXI.

The city council met on January 2d, 1850, on call of the president. Present—Councilmen Winn, Rogers, Smith, Gillespie, Worbass and Miles.

In No. XIX of this series we referred to the fact that a communication from Governor Burnett was received concerning the raising of funds to construct a city hospital. It was ordered filed, but as the paper is lost its contents cannot now be given.

The council at this meeting accepted the resignation of Ambrose Hadly as city assessor of real estate. C. W. Coote was at that time city engineer (surveyor). He presented a bill for services as such for \$361, which was allowed, but as the bill is lost the particular character of the surveys made by him cannot now be stated.

At the period of which we now write many persons were found in the city destitute of means of support; the sick were numerous, and the means of caring for them were scant. The city council, at its meeting of January 2d, appointed a committee consisting of councilmen Miles, Gillespie and Worbass to raise means for the relief of the destitute found within the limits of the city.

The council at this meeting filled the vacancy in the office of the assessor of real estate of the city, caused by the resignation of Ambrose Hadly, by the election of John A. Tutt, and assessor Hadly and his sureties were released from all obligations on the bond filed by Hadly on his election to that office.

The city council again met January 7, 1850. It received a communication from C. W. Coote, city engineer, notifying the city council of his intended absence from the city for a short time, and that he had appointed Mr. Snowden as his deputy during his absence.

The harbor-master reported to the council that he had collected the sum of \$199 90, which he then had on hand; and, on motion, the report was received, and he was ordered to pay that amount to A. M. Winn, who seems to have acted as treasurer as well as president of the council.

The bills of W. Grove Deal; Brother, Center & Co., and Thomas Bamsted were received, and the bond of John A. Tutt, as assessor for real estate, was submitted and approved.

On motion of councilman Rogers, it was resolved by the Council that hereafter the secretary, Wm. Glas-kin, receive the sum of \$400 per month for his services; and it was also resolved that the secretary make out for use of the council a list of all accounts allowed, or presented for allowance—giving their dates, and for what service the bills were rendered—for use of the committee on ways and means.

The city council seems to have been specially active about this period, for it again convened on the 10th of January, 1850, on call of the president, who stated the object to be that, inasmuch as the city was inundated, it was necessary, in his opinion, for the city council to take some measures for the relief of those in distress; and he presented a draft for an ordinance to be entitled "An ordinance providing for the relief of the suffering during the overflow of the city," which was read a first time, and the two other readings being dispensed with, it was passed. This ordinance is not extant, and its provisions cannot now be fully ascertained; but we can infer that relief marshals were to be appointed, with captains, authorized to act on behalf of the city, because the president then and there appointed as "captains of relief marshals," N. C. Cunningham, Charles H. Miller, E. Mekonnekin, Geo. H. Wright, B. Hadley and Barton Lee. And each councilman was, by order of the council, clothed with powers similar to those granted by the ordinance to the "captains."

Sacramento city had at this time a severe struggle

for existence. It is situated at the confluence of two large rivers draining an immense water-shed, and the waters of the Mokelumne and San Joaquin rivers had a distinct influence in swelling the volume of water which annually flooded the lands in the vicinity of the city. The Sierras are high and the descent steep. The water which falls on the western slopes reaches the valley of the principal rivers in a short time. The river at and south of Sacramento is nearly on a level with the waters of the bay of Suisun. The water approaching the city is rapid, whilst on its course to the ocean the current is comparatively sluggish. The city was not located with the best attainable advice. The northern boundary of the city was the American river, and for all time the waters of that river, at the season of its flood, found an outlet across the land now occupied by the city. The general tendency of the water, after it reached the low lands, was to the south, and to protect the city from overflow it would be necessary to force that water north and west.

We have in a former number of this series shown how the city came to be located where it is, when a better site for it might have been found at Sutterville. The inhabitants of the city, in January, 1850, had but little conception of the actual state of the case. Their engineers had little or no experience in such matters and they did not estimate the rainfall on the water-sheds and compare such data with outlets to the ocean. They had invested their money in city lots, and their goods were for sale in fragile houses located on land liable to overflow. We cannot now have a full knowledge of the details of the calamities which fell upon the pioneer citizens. I, J and K streets were then from five to fifteen feet lower than now; the houses were largely of canvas, stretched on poles, and the floors were very near the ground.

About December 20, 1849, the rainy season set in with fury, a southeast rainstorm giving the citizens a new experience in California life. The streets of the city were then without paving; the soil was black, and when wet became almost impassable for loaded teams; the frail shelters scarcely kept out the rain, and communication with the mines, our main source of income, became daily more difficult, and at times impossible. The city was then intersected with large sloughs, which became impassable except by boats hastily constructed to meet the emergency. The influx of miners, driven from their claims, was great, and some of them being destitute the sick could not be well cared for. There were then three hospitals in the city—one at the fort, under the care of Wm. Grove Deal; one kept by Dr. T. J. White (who was at San Jose as a member of the assembly), and one in charge of doctors Morse and Stillman, and located at the corner of Third and K streets. The charges for treatment at this latter institution are stated in the advertisements to be: In main ward, \$10 per day; in private ward, \$20 per day.

The money market was then reported to be tight. Gold dust was the main currency, and for its use the borrower paid from 10 to 20 per cent. per month. The retail price of provisions was, for some of the leading articles of consumption, as follows:

Fresh pork,	per pound	-----	\$ 75
Bear meat,	"	-----	\$1 to 1 25
Elk and deer	"	-----	50
Irish potatoes,	"	-----	30 cents to 35
Sweet "	"	-----	40 " 50
Onions,	"	-----	1 25
Flour,	"	-----	18 cents to 20

The rain ceased between the holidays, December, 1849. The ground was, however, full of water; the sloughs were also overflowing. The water in the river receded and the people felt relieved that an overflow had been averted.

About the 3d of January, 1850, another southeast rainstorm commenced. To the inhabitants of the city it was a real calamity. The lower parts of the city were submerged by the first storm; the water flowed into the low lands through numerous sloughs connected with the Sacramento and American rivers; Burns' slough became a river. But Front street could still be used, and the main business could still be conducted along that thoroughfare, though with difficulty. The storm still continuing, the banks of the river and margins of the slough north of I street could no longer restrain the waters; the city, except a few acres near the fort, was a body of water. Most of the business houses had but one story, and this was in water to different depths. The goods were, so far as possible, piled above the water. The levee became a principal place of resort; vessels, old hulks, boats and barges, were in demand. No pen can describe the scene, and no chronicler can (or ever could) set down the individual instances of heroism and suffering brought about by the calamity. Under the leadership of the marshals appointed by the council, everything was done that could be to relieve the distressed, visit the sick and bury the dead, during the continuance of that overflow.

The weather cleared up about the 13th of January; the water ceased to rise and finally commenced to fall, and by the 20th something like order was again restored from the chaos caused by the overflow. About the 25th of January a meeting of leading citizens was called to meet at the city hall to devise ways and

means to save the city from further injury from overflow. Barton Lee was chosen chairman and J. L. L. F. Warren secretary. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. R. Gelsten, Barton Lee and S. C. Hastings, and on motion the chair appointed J. H. Giles, J. S. Fowler, J. R. Snyder, B. Jennings, H. Bigelow, J. L. L. F. Warren, Sam Brannan, Thomas McDowell and T. L. Chapman a committee to examine the necessary work to be done in the construction of levees to protect the city. That committee was authorized to appoint an engineer to make surveys and estimates and to report to the committee.

The meeting also appointed Messrs. McDowell, Ormsby and Mecumken a committee to solicit funds and to commence and superintend the work.

The committees met at once and proceeded to business, making Barton Lee president and C. W. Coote secretary. H. P. Woodworth, an engineer, came before the committee and stated that he had explored a line for a levee and had made an estimate of its cost. He fixed the number of cubic yards to be put in place to be 50,874. He added that, "from the above examination and estimates, it will be seen that Sacramento can be easily protected against inundations, and that, too, at comparatively small expense;" but he did not specify what the expense would be, or the exact line of the levee. On motion of Major Snyder, a committee was appointed to wait upon the city council in relation to the subject of construction of levees, and the chair appointed H. Bigelow, R. Gelsten and J. H. Giles.

The next morning the meeting again convened, and Mr. Bigelow informed the chairman that the committee had waited upon the council and had secured the passage of the following resolutions:

Resolved by the President and Council of Sacramento City, That the communication this day read by a committee of the citizens regarding the leveeing of the city be received, and that the city engineer be hereby instructed to take the necessary level and other surveys therewith connected, and to report to the Council a full statement of his operations, as well as an estimate of the expenses necessary to effect the same.

Resolved, That four committeemen be appointed, two from the city and two from the council, to act in conjunction with the city engineer in locating the proposed levee around the city.

Thereupon the president appointed H. Bigelow and B. Lee from the city, and T. A. Worbass and Col. Smith from the council, as such committee.

This matter is entered on the minutes of the city council at its meeting February 5, 1850, and will be further mentioned in a future number of this series.

Woman in the Literary World.

When one looks over the list of the literary women writing to-day, it is astonishing how successful a galaxy can be brought together. The truth comes home to one every day that women are, in reality, making more money out of literature at present than are men. For every man who makes a good living by his pen there are almost two women. Take Mrs. Burnett, and no literary man of the present day equals her income. Mrs. Humphrey Ward will make a small fortune out of her "David," whether it is a success or not. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps commands the highest prices from all the magazines. Mrs. Margaret Deland sets her own figures, and gets them, too. Sarah Orne Jewett receives as much for a short story as does the most successful male author. Anna Katharine Green sustains a comfortable home solely from the proceeds of her pen. Ella Wheeler Wilcox sells everything she writes, and could easily support herself in comfort from her work if it became necessary. Anelie Rives writes little, but what she does write and sell brings her the best prices. Maria Parloa lives on the income of her pen, and a neat income it is. Mary J. Holmes receives a larger yearly check from her publisher than does many a bank president. Amelia E. Barr is kept busy supplying stories and articles at flattering figures. "The Duchess" makes several thousands of dollars each year with her pen, while "Mrs. Alexander" does the same. "Octave Thanet" has more than she can do, at the most remunerative rates of payment; and one might go through an almost endless list of women, such as Julia Magruder, Elizabeth B. Custer, Frances Courtenay Baylor, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Miss McClelland, Mollie Elliott Seawell, Louise Chandler Moulton, Ellen Olney Kirk, Grace King, and a score or two of others.

Nothing Like It.

"Well," said a teacher in one of our public schools to a bright, persistent scholar in a grammar class, "if you are sure matrimony is an adjective, will you compare it?"

"Brother Tom, who has just got married, says it can't be compared to anything in the world," rattled off the scholar.

"Then compare it by the rule," insisted the teacher, quite good-naturedly.

"Positive, Miss," said the scholar, "comparative, Mr., superlative, Mrs."

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Epitaph for an actor—Played out.

The tired actor smiles when the curtain drops, and so do a good many in the audience.

The theatrical mechanic is not quarrelsome, but he often finds it necessary to raise a scene.

Scalchi and Patti don't speak now-a-days. Scalchi even goes so far as to say she won't sing on the same stage as Patti.

Mrs. James Brown Potter and her friend, Mr. Higgins, alias Kyrle Bellew, are to sail for South Africa on December 24.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, a Chicago celebrity, is to appear in *Miss Heylett*, a play which is said to be not only naughty but nasty. A divorce court experience hardly fits a celebrity for anything else.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt's memory will be kept alive, among other ways, by a musical scholarship, to establish which a large number of eminent artists have agreed to take part in a concert, which will be given in London early in the coming spring.

Rose Coghlan carries a theatrical dressing-room along her route. It is about eight feet in height and ten feet square. It is made of papered canvas and pine boards, and can be taken apart and shipped with the scenery. It is usually set up in the wings.

Dora Wiley is now singing in the Palace Theater in Boston at 10, 20 and 30 cents. She was one of the leading artists in the Carlton opera company, and is the wife of Richard Golden. Dora Wiley is a Sacramento county girl, having resided at Georgetown in this county.

She had risen several times to let a little man pass out between the acts. "I am very sorry to disturb you, madam," he remarked, apologetically, as he went out for the fourth time. "Don't mention it," she replied, pleasantly. "I am happy to oblige you; my husband keeps the bar."—*Detroit Free Press*.

There is a revival of the rumor that Lillian Russell, the queen of comic opera, is again about to wed. As Miss Russell has already ventured twice on the sea of matrimony it is apparent that she is not quite ready to pronounce marriage a positive failure. She may be a believer in the base-ball proverb, "three times and out."

They gazed at him with respectful awe
As he walked a-down the street,
They followed him in a little crowd
Behind his hurrying feet.
I asked the reason for the throng,
But this is all they'd say:
"He's the only man in New York town
Who isn't writing a one-act play!" —*Mirror*.

The *Epoch* tells this story of Edwin Booth: In Detroit he once took a fancy that he would no longer be advertised as "Mr." Booth. "Go to the printers," he said to his manager, "and tell them to put simple Edwin Booth on the handbills and posters." I did as I was told, and explained to the foreman of the printing office that Mr. Booth wished simple Edwin Booth put whenever his name occurred in the copy. What was my astonishment and Ted's horror next day when all the billboards were placarded with the cast of *The Apostate*, headed by "Pescara, Simple Edwin Booth." When I went to the printer to raise Cain I was informed that the bill had been set up strictly in accordance with my instructions, and that it was a printer's business to follow copy even if it took him out of the window.

In a London interview Mr. Augustin Daly says that his present company is the third one that he has owned. In the first company Miss Clara Morris was the bright particular star; in the second Miss Fanny Davenport shone with a light superior to all the others. Miss Rehan is, of course, the glory of the present company. She has been playing with Mr. Daly for ten years. Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis have been with the company since 1869, and Mr. Drew since 1874. Miss Rehan is quoted as saying that Lord Tennyson's new comedy will please and surprise the poet laureate's world-wide admirers very much. It is utterly different in form and expression to Lord Tennyson's other dramas. It is a story laid in green fields and shady woodland scenes. And it is a costume play in the most delightful acceptance of the word. It is enriched with a number of exquisite lyric poems which will shortly be set to music. In thus introducing songs into the text of his comedy, Lord Tennyson is only following the example set him by William Shakspeare. The poet laureate is taking the most active interest in all the preparations for the forthcoming production of the play. The costumes are to be designed in England, and the sketches are all to be submitted to Lord Tennyson before anything final is to be determined upon.

There are many people who remember better to borrow than to return books.

Book Chat.

There is no blessing that can be given to an artisan's family more than a love of books.

The poem is not as ornamental, perhaps, as the prettily ribboned waste-basket, but it generally "gets there, all the same."

"Ouida" is Louise de la Ramme. A child's pronunciation of her Christian name led the author to adopt her sobriquet.

"Montezuma's Daughter" is the title of Rider Haggard's new novel. This is the book framed during his visit to Mexico.

Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of ancient saints, full of true virtue, and without delusion or imposture, are preserved.

Mrs. Theresa J. Freeman, a Missouri writer whose work is well known in the west, is a descendant in the seventh generation of Pocahontas, the Indian princess of song and story.

One of the earliest published works of China is the "Book of Changes." It is also the most revered, because the least understood of the nine classics. This work was written by Wan Wang in the year 1150 B. C.

Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, who is the latest New York society woman to break into literature, is said to possess \$1,000,000 in her own right. Most women possessing such a fortune would rather spend their time writing checks than books.

The oldest libraries of which we have any certain knowledge are those recently brought to light by excavations among the ruins of the east. Among these are the Babylonish books inscribed on clay tablets, supposed to have been prepared for public instruction about 650 B. C. It is said by Aristotie that Strabo was the first known collector of books and manuscripts—this about the year 330 B. C.

The demon Asmodeus, who lifted up the roofs of the houses in Madrid and showed the young student of Alcala all that was going on within, has long been famous. It cannot be said that the stories which are told in the book are always of the most pleasant character; and yet, if Dr. Cleopas' experience was to fall to the lot of someone to-day it would probably result in equally strange revelations. Le Sage was a moral surgeon and a keen satirist; and human weakness, greed, hatred and hypocrisy have seldom been laid so bare as in his fanciful story.

"The Lady of Cawnpore," by Frank Vincent and Edmund Lancaster, is a romance that links the Occult east with the New east, inasmuch as the scene shifts from New York to Benares. The hero is a young clergyman, Marmaduke Allen, who is betrothed to one of his parishioners, a girl of birth and position. His religious faith is crushed by the combined influences of occultism, agnosticism and Pantheism, and he loses his fiancée, Beatrice Orme, through the tactics of Dr. Billington, his father's executor, who desires her for his son. The narrative is frequently interrupted by religio-philosophical dissertations.

Paesiello did most of his composing while lying in bed wrapped up to the ears in the bed-covers. Cimerosa is said to have received the inspiration of his most beautiful operas while in the midst of mirth and the bustle of the street. Mezerai worked on his histories only in the daytime, but always by the aid of lighted wax candles. Ampere declared that he was only inspired while standing and in motion. Descartes required perfect stillness. Cujas studied most satisfactorily while lying at full length, face downward, on the floor. Milton always composed with his head thrown far back, generally with closed eyes. Gnido Reni was incapable of inspiration unless magnificently dressed. Haydn never attempted composition without first putting on the valuable ring given him by Frederick II. The poet Mathurin always stuck a wafer on his forehead, just between his eyebrows, before taking up his pen.

No American poet, says the Philadelphia *Record*, ever received a more enviable compliment than one paid to John Howard Payne by Jennie Lind on his last visit to his native land. It was in the great National hall of the city of Washington, where the most distinguished audience that had ever been seen in the capital of the republic was assembled. The matchless singer entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies—"Casta Diva," the "Flute Song," the "Bird Song" and the "Greeting to America." But the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The singer suddenly turned her face toward that part of the auditorium where John Howard Payne was sitting and sang "Home, Sweet Home" with such pathos and power that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Webster himself lost all self-control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric.

Professional Chat.

Doctors are the ones who can afford to smile every time they see men drinking each other's health.

Justice is blind, but not so much so as the man who goes to law with the idea that he is sure to get justice.

Why is it said that the doctor pays visits, when every one knows that it is the visits which pay the doctor?

J. T. Chesney, a Natchez, Miss., lawyer, has been sentenced to serve two years in the Detroit house of correction for pension frauds.

"There is the poultice; put it on his stomach." "But I thought you said that it was his heart that was affected, doctor?" "Well, you always reach a man's heart through his stomach, don't you?"

There is a prominent doctor in Boston who insists upon his wife dusting and sweeping one room in her house every day without one stitch of clothing on. He says it is the only way to give every muscle full play.

Doctor (to first patient)—"Suffering from indigestion, eh?" "Yes, sir." "How about tobacco?" "Well, I smoke." "Ah, and you'll have to give it up." Same doctor (to second visitor)—"Stomach trouble, eh?" "Yes, sir." "How about tobacco?" "I don't use it." "Well, you'd better smoke."

"Uncle David" Gray, of Utica, whose name is pretty well known in New York state politics, and who was a personal friend of Roscoe Conkling, says that the future senator attracted attention from the very first law case he handled. Conkling was then a rosy-cheeked young man of twenty-one, and he plunged into the case with so much dash and brilliancy, and fought the opposing lawyers with so much vigor, that it nettled the older members of the Utica bar. But within a few years they had learned to respect him for his talents. Conkling was then, says Mr. Gray, as proud as a peacock and a man of indomitable will.—*N. Y. World*.

We are reminded, says Eugene Field, in the Chicago *News*, of a speech made at one time by Roscoe Conkling. It seems that in one of his communications to the senate President Hayes dilated upon what "we" intended to do. Conkling properly despised Hayes, and he saw here an opportunity for a sarcasm. "I am sure," said he, "that the senate shares my desire to get an understanding of what the president means when he uses this pronoun 'we.' There are, as we know, three classes of people who, by common consent, are privileged to use that pronoun in communication with the public. They are sovereigns, journalists and people with tapeworms. Let us ascertain, if we can, to which of these classes President Hayes belongs."

The evil repute of Halifax came to it by inheritance from Halifax in Yorkshire, England. Halifax law, as may be gathered from a letter of Lord Leicester quoted by Motley in his "History of the United States," was that criminals should be "condemned first and inquired upon afterward," a law which, in that one particular at least, resembled "Jedburg Justice." Halifax lay within the forest of Hardwick, where the law was that if a felon was taken with 13½ pence worth of stolen goods he should be tried by four firth burgers from four of the precinct towns, and if condemned by them be hanged the next day. After this proceeding had been carried out to the letter the case might be sent to a jury! Halifax is also credited with being the home of the guillotine, which the regent, Earl Morton, introduced into Scotland only to have his own head chopped off with it.

Opie Reed has been telling a good story to the "Munchausen" of the Chicago *Press*: It was about Dr. Collins, a friend of his. It appears the doctor had just graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Chicago, but had not made up his mind where he would locate and practice. While thinking this matter over he became interested in telegraphy, and he learned to both send and receive messages. He had a quick ear, and taking by sound was simply a delight to him. He became very expert. He finally heard of a town where they needed a doctor, and he determined to go and see the place. He was much pleased, and about decided to locate there, but he must come back to the city to make arrangements. While waiting in the depot for his train he heard the telegraph instrument tick, and he began taking the message mentally. It was the turning point in his life. The message was the final closing up of a deal that had been going on for some time, and the message revealed to the doctor the fact that a branch railroad was to be run into a certain town not far away, and that certain shops and factories were to be at once erected there. There was a caution in the dispatch to keep mum, as the owners of the property had not as yet even heard of the scheme, and they would double up on the price of the land if they knew of it. What did he do? He had some property, and knew where he could get a fairly big sum of money. He got together what cash he could raise and bought up the best part of the town to be improved. He is now worth \$15,000,000. "That was luck," said Opie, "and good luck, too."

NOTES.

Our local politicians should make up a team for the tug-of-war contest. They know when, where and how to work a pull.

Brooklyn, N. Y., was threatened with a water famine. They would simply "smile" over such a calamity as that at Sisson.

San Francisco cut a very sorry figure in her bid for the national republican convention. Another wrong for the traffic association to right.

The king of Siam has a half-brother who is Prince Damrong. That's the trouble with most of those foreign princes, and our American girls are just so themselves when they marry for title. It is regretted that we can never find a prince who is damright.

I believe, if two women were cast together upon a desert island, they would spend each day arguing the respective merits of sea shells and birds' eggs, considered as trimmings, and would have a new fashion in fig leaves every month.—*Jerome K. Jerome.*

Convincing proof of the ability of the ancients in chemistry is the experiment with which Cleopatra entertained Antony by dissolving before him, in a kind of vinegar, a pearl of very great value (about £45,450 sterling). At present we know of no vinegar that can produce this effect; but the fact is well attested. Probably the queen added something to the vinegar, omitted by the historian.

St. Orlando's stone, which stands about a mile northeast of Glamis Castle, England had the reputation, in years past, of prophetically revealing the events of the future, either by speech or sign from itself, or inward response felt by those who invoked its aid. Maidens therefore repaired to its hallowed shrine for information as to their future destiny; and lovers plighted their solemn troth there.

The mace, the ensign of authority at present in the house of representatives, has been in use for seventy-five years. It is the third since the formation of the government. The first was stolen by the British when they burned the capital in 1814; the second was an inexpensive and temporary mace. Every day at noon, when the house meets, the mace is borne to the hall by the sergeant-at-arms and placed upon its pedestal.

The first duty of everyone is to be himself. He must think his own thoughts, have his own ideals, use his own powers. One of the defects of our education is, that it does not make one conscious of his own mind, master of himself. There is always a desire, as well as inclination, to lean on someone else. Our modern youth are not as self-reliant as they should be; more particularly is this the case with those of affluent parentage.

Earl Bulwer Lytton, son of the great English novelist, and at the time of his death ambassador to France, died in Paris November 24th. In poetic circles he was known as "Owen Meredith." He was a skilled diplomat as well as a superior man of letters. The genius of the father, in this instance, descended to the son. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was the first among the writers of the world, and Robert held a high place in the literary world.

There is said to be a family in Grayson, Ky., four children of which bear a remarkable resemblance to snakes. "Their heads are pointed at the crown, eyes small and beady and located near the top. When excited or angry, they run their tongues out with great rapidity, exactly like a snake. Their skin is scaly and sheds off in patches, exactly the same time each year," it is reported. The parents show nothing uncommon in appearance.

Much there is of responsibility upon an attorney who defends a mortal charged with the crime of murder; it means the playing of high cards for a fearful stake—a life. There did occur in our courts the trial of August Fourgous for the homicide of his wife. He will, perhaps, never realize the narrow escape he had. His life was only saved that he had an attorney who was not daunted by what was, seemingly, a hopeless case. But meet it is to compliment Grove L. Johnson.

Some fellow, young and giddy, doubtless, travels up J street every night, after his game of pedro, and disturbs the atmosphere of his route by yelling "Bring back my bonnie to me" in a tone that must arouse all the coyotes on the grant. Will not that vagrant damsel take compassion on a suffering community and return to that forlorn swain, and not forget to accompany herself with his voice?—for he seems as much in need of that as of her comforting presence.

The youth of this city, boys especially, are growing up in the streets, with apparently no one to control or manage them, until they are not only pronounced nuisances on every corner long after midnight, but are really a dangerous element in the city. Their con-

duct is disgraceful, and they seem to defy the law and the police. A strictly enforced curfew law would remedy the evil. Such an ordinance was enacted a few years ago, but became a dead letter simply because the officers did not do their duty; so the law was repealed by the trustees, to save to the city the \$20 per month given to the man who rang the 9 o'clock bell.

There is a splendid crayon picture of the late William Arlington, the favorite police officer, at Capt. Stevens' saloon. The work was executed by Miss Mabel Stevens, the 14-year old daughter of Capt. Stevens. The picture is true to life, and one looking upon it would think he was in the actual presence of the popular and genial officer. It would be a good idea for the police department to secure the picture and add it to the gallery of officers. Miss Stevens discloses a natural talent for art work. Among her art works is another fine picture, an oil painting of Mount Shasta, which is the best portrayal on canvas of the scenery around Mount Shasta we have ever seen.

He Bossed the President.

Abraham Lincoln was always the friend of the man who did his duty, as many a good soldier and official discovered to his lasting benefit. Mr. Chittenden, in his "Recollections," tells a story that illustrates this fact. It was when the president paid a visit to Fort Stevens, when an attack was expected upon Washington. A young colonel of the artillery, the officer of the day, was in great distress because the president would expose himself. He had warned Mr. Lincoln that the confederate sharpshooters had recognized him and were firing at him, and a soldier near him had just fallen with a broken thigh. The officer asked Mr. Chittenden's advice, saying that the president was in great danger.

"What would you do with me under similar circumstances?" asked Mr. Chittenden. "I would civilly ask you to take a position where you were not exposed."

"And if I refused to obey?"

"I would send a sergeant and a file of men and make you obey."

"Then treat the president just as you would me or any civilian."

"I dare not. He is my superior officer; I have taken an oath to obey his orders."

"He has given you no orders. Follow my advice and you will not regret it."

"I will," said the officer. "I may as well die for one thing as another. If he were shot I should hold myself responsible." He walked to where the president stood. "Mr. President," he said, "you are standing within range of 500 rifles. Please come down to a safer place. If you do not, it will be my duty to call a file of men and make you."

"And you would do right, my boy," said the president, coming down at once. "You are in command of this fort. I should be the last man to set an example of disobedience."

The president was conducted to a place where the view was less extended, but where there was almost no exposure.

Hairy, Hollow Crystals of Bamboo.

One of the most famous and fatal poisons used in Japan and Java is obtained from the bamboo. The young shoots of the cane, when they first push through the ground, are covered with fine, brownish hairs, which under the microscope appear to be bayonet-like spikes of crystals of silex, infinitely sharp, and hollow. Small quantities of these hairs administered daily in the food bring on ulceration of the whole alimentary canal, simulating malignant dysentery. The action must be of a mechanical rather than chemical nature, just as the spores of the common puff ball act upon the eyes. The bamboo crystal is greatly dreaded by all European residents of Java. A Dutch official report says that scores of deaths among European planters are due to the bamboo hairs and to the jealousy of native women, who, whenever they take a fancy to a white man, will either have him or poison him on bamboo hairs, if it takes months to accomplish the job. The infinitesimal hollow through these hairy crystals is the most remarkable thing in connection with them, they being the only known hollow vegetable or mineral thorus or crystals.

"I don't often laugh outright in the school-room," said a down-town teacher the other day, "but I have to struggle hard to suppress an audible smile sometimes. For instance: I was instructing my class one day last week in the events just preceding the revolutionary war, and after I had read and explained the lesson I began to ask questions about it. I asked one boy to name one of the causes that led to the revolt of the colonies against Great Britain. 'Tea,' he answered. That was all right, so I said to another, a colored boy, by the way, 'Name another cause.' After a pause, he replied, 'Coffee.' On the same day I gave my boys a short talk about Columbus, and then asked, 'Who can tell me the nationality of Columbus?' A half dozen hands were raised, and selecting one of my brightest scholars, I told him to answer. Judge of my surprise when he said, triumphantly, 'Dago.'—*Philadelphia Record.*

Horace Greeley on Debt.

Among the many good things which Horace Greeley wrote for the New York *Ledger* is the following vivid article on the misery of being in debt:

To be hungry, ragged and penniless is not pleasant; but this is nothing to the horrors of bankruptcy. All the wealth of the Rothschilds would be a poor recompense for a five years' struggle, with the consciousness that you had taken the money or property of trusting friends—promising to return or pay for it when required, and had betrayed their confidence through insolvency.

I dwell on this point, for I would deter others from entering that place of torment. Half the young men in the country, with many old enough to know better, would "go into business"—that is, into debt—to-morrow, if they could. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or manufacturer whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, who is driven to constant "shining," and who, from month to month, barely evades that insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business, so that it has been computed that but one in twenty of these achieves a pecuniary success.

For my own part—and I speak from sad experience—I would rather be a convict in state prison, a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt.

Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support or solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have earnestly sought to impress upon them is: "Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligations as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar!"

Of course, I know that some men must do business that involves risks, and must give notes and other obligations; and I do not consider him really in debt who can lay his hands directly on the means of paying at some little sacrifice all he owes; I speak of real debt—that which involves risk of sacrifice on the one side, obligation and dependence on the other—and I say, from all such let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore!

He Was a Bit Bashful.

It is a story of a bashful young man. He was very bashful; so much so that it was a positive agony for him even to meet a young lady acquaintance on the street, and excommunicating torture for him to make a social call. Although he faithfully sent regrets in response to all the invitations he received, this did not relieve him from the onerous duty of a party call.

One evening he went to call upon a young lady for whom he had as much regard as he dared think of. He had less trouble in screwing his courage up to the sticking point, for the lady had a couple of brothers about her age, on whom he depended to relieve him of the responsibility of conversing. But he was disappointed. As soon as he was ushered into the parlor the spirit of mischief seemed to take possession of the two brothers and they excused themselves. The young man dropped into a seat, his face suffused with a four-ple blush, and began to suffer. He looked at his feet, and they seemed frightfully conspicuous. As he studied the pattern of the carpet the figures seemed to dance before his eyes. His collar suddenly became about two inches taller and threatened to saw his head off; and all the while he was racking his brains for something to say.

Finally the young lady began an interesting conversation with herself. She discussed the latest operas and books. She asked questions and answered them herself. A hysterical determination to amuse her caller took possession of her and she worked hard. The bashful young man ventured a pianissimo monosyllable once in awhile, but he still suffered. Had he heard the latest song, she asked. He replied with a shake of the head and a movement of the lips. Then she offered to play it for him. As she rose from her chair, her dress caught on a little stand which supported a Royal Worcester jar. Here was his chance to say something; and, bracing himself for the effort, he exclaimed, in a husky voice:

"Look out, there!"

That was the most extensive remark he made, and having delivered himself of it, he relapsed into his painful silence again for the remainder of the call.

Greatest Battles of History.

Burke, in his letter on "Natural Society," says that Sylla destroyed 300,000 men in each of three battles, one being at Cheronea. The Persians are said to have lost 230,000 men at Plataea. II Chronicles, xiii: 17, records 500,000 slain on one side; which, however, may not have been in a single battle. I Kings, xx: 26, tells of 100,000 men being killed on one side in a single day.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THERE WILL BE AN ELECTION HELD IN this city

Monday, December 7, 1891,

When the following School Officers are to be elected to serve full terms of two (2) years each: City Superintendent of Common Schools. Four School Directors—one from each ward—and also Fifteen Freeholders, to frame a Charter. The election will be conducted under the General Election Law and power conferred by the City Charter.

The qualification of voters is that their names are on the Great Register of Sacramento County.

The Polls will open at sunrise (7:03 A. M.) and close at five (5) o'clock P. M.

The polling-places, boundaries and Boards of Election will be as follows:

FIRST WARD.

North of the center of K street and west of the center of Seventh street. Polls at No. 306 J street. Inspectors, J. J. Bauer and H. F. Dillman. Judges, J. F. Dreman and I. Boysen. Clerks, George W. Ficks and J. W. Hughes. Ballot Clerks, Thomas Haiper and J. W. Tryon.

SECOND WARD.

South of the center of K street and west of the center of Sixth street. Polls at Armory Hall, Sixth and I streets. Inspectors, C. M. Harrison and W. R. Jones. Judges, Joseph Hopley and Wm. Coyne. Clerks, D. J. Long and E. A. Boyver. Ballot Clerks, Chris Green and J. C. Kelly.

THIRD WARD—First Precinct.

North of the center of K street, east of the center of Seventh street, and west of the center of Twelfth street. Polls at Meister's, Ninth, between I and J streets. Inspectors, Dugald Gillis and John Riley. Judges, C. W. Baker and M. J. Burke. Clerks, Martin Devine and V. W. Hartley. Ballot Clerks, R. B. Harmon and Fred Neary.

THIRD WARD—Second Precinct.

North of the center of K street, east of the center of Twelfth street, and west of the center of Thirtieth street. Polls at No. 203 J street. Inspectors, W. H. Bradley and H. D. Nash. Judges, Benj. Leonard and E. D. Shirland. Clerks, A. H. Rott and Louis Nicolaus, Jr. Ballot Clerks, C. H. Todd and W. D. Lawton.

FOURTH WARD—First Precinct.

South of the center of K street, east of the center of Sixth street, and west of the center of Tenth street. Polls at Rose's, Ninth Street, between K and L. Inspectors, S. W. Butler, Sr. and Hugo Hornlein. Judges, S. J. Jackson and H. M. Beruand. Clerks, E. R. Tiel and Joseph McGuire. Ballot Clerks, James Scadler and Wm. H. Devine.

FOURTH WARD—Second Precinct.

South of the center of K street, east of the center of Tenth street, and west of the center of Thirtieth street. Polls at New Pavilion. Inspectors, John Weil and Thos. W. O'Neil. Judges, W. K. Cochran and Fred Day. Clerks, Geo. P. Royster and Ed. F. Smith. Ballot Clerks, W. D. Knights and R. M. Clarken.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

J. D. YOUNG, Clerk.

Sacramento, November 18, 1891.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION

—TO BE HELD—

DECEMBER 7, 1891.

CANDIDATES TO BE VOTED FOR:

CITY SUPERINTENDENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS.

A. HART, Republican and Citizen.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS:

FIRST WARD—W. H. SHERBURN, Republican and Citizen; ROBT. A. FISHER, Democrat.

SECOND WARD—EUGENE A. CROUCH, Republican and Citizen; JERRY N. PAYNE, Democrat.

THIRD WARD—WIN J. DAVIS, Republican; JOHN HANTZMAN, Democrat and Citizen.

FOURTH WARD—O. W. ERLWINE, Republican and Citizen; J. M. HENDERSON, Sr., Democrat.

MEMBERS BOARD OF FREEHOLDERS:

J. W. ARMSTRONG, Republican.

E. A. BURR, Citizen.

N. GREENE CURTIS, Republican, Democrat and Citizen.

FRED CON, Republican, Democrat and Citizen.

R. T. DEVLIN, Republican, Democrat and Citizen.

CHRISTOPHER GREEN, Republican.

T. B. HALL, Republican, Democrat and Citizen.

C. H. HUBBARD, Republican, Democrat and Citizen.

MATT F. JOHNSON, Republican, Democrat and Citizen.

W. F. KNOX, Citizen.

W. F. KNOX, Jr., Republican.

H. M. LA RUE, Republican, Democrat and Citizen.

J. H. ROBERTS, Republican, Democrat and Citizen.

G. L. SIMMONS, M. D., Republican, Democrat and Citizen.

SAMUEL B. SMITH, Citizen.

H. WEINSTOCK, Republican, Democrat and Citizen.

C. L. WHITE, Republican, Democrat and Citizen.

Sacramento, November 24, 1891.

J. D. YOUNG, Clerk Board of Trustees.

FLASHES.

Charity is often distributed amid the bugle blast.

It is always the lucky person that believes in luck.

We never look to the "smart set" for good manners.

A man must stand very high to be above suspicion.

It is easy to be a philosopher, but hard to make it pay.

There is nothing too silly these days for "society news."

In adversity true friends do not wait for an invitation to call.

The phonograph must be female—it always has the last word.

Women should learn to love one man truly, rather than a dozen just a little.

It was only a question of time for Germany to get hungry for American pork.

When a man or woman falls into contempt, it is pretty sure that they deserve to.

Conceit is almost an incurable disease; we have some badly afflicted in that way in this city.

"Bah" is partial to the kiss of brotherly love, provided it is with somebody else's brother.

Bi-chloride may be a cure for the evil of drinking; in fact, gold is usually a cure for any evil.

The man who has never made a fool of himself has lost the luxury of an opportunity; he was probably a fool to start with.

Nuptials.

Our young friends, Frank Meckfessel, Jr., and Miss Nellie Davis, have assumed the union of unions. On October 27th, at San Francisco, they were united in the holy bonds. The groom is a young business man, and the son of our prosperous fellow-citizen Frank Meckfessel. The bride is Miss Elenor Davis, sister of Winfield J. Davis. Both bride and groom were born, reared and educated in this city. Frank evidently believes that it is not well for man to be alone, and Nellie agrees with him. With two honest, loving hearts, there is no room for even a discussion of the alleged problem, "Is marriage a failure?" To the newly married couple we say: The world is yours; all you have to do is to go forth boldly and take it. Apply the homely old admonition: Stick together, love one another, share each other's joys and sorrows, be brave in adversity, faithful in prosperity, and the true object of marriage will be realized.

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

Couldn't Frighten the Squire.

There comes from the town of Baldwin, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, a story of gruff, square-edged old Squire Thompson, one of the first settlers of the neighboring town of Cornish and father of the late Dr. Thompson, for many years a prominent physician in that part of the state. It was a local saying about Cornish that Squire Thompson had never been scared. Many plots had been laid by practical jokers, but all had come to naught.

Finally some Cornish wags made a last effort. One night Squire Thompson attended a husking at which the festivities were somewhat prolonged. It was midnight before the squire started for home, his way being by a path through the cemetery. The wags had been busy digging a big hole across this path, and as the squire proceeded home he suddenly tumbled in. At the same instant a sheeted figure appeared on the edge of the hole and exclaimed in measured, sepulchral tones:

"What are you in my grave for?"

"What are you out of it for at this time of night?" retorted the doughty old squire, as he scrambled out and proceeded on his way.

"Pride sleeps in a gilded crown, contentment in a cotton night-cap," says an old Chinese proverb; and there is a volume of truth in the sentiment. Still it is not the mere possession of wealth which produces misery, but the use to which wealth is put by its possessor. The man of generous and noble impulses who by a long course of untiring industry, backed up by fair and honest dealing, has amassed wealth may, of course, purchase the purest happiness which mankind can know by acts of charity and benevolence. So long as man makes money his slave he is safe enough; but when he allows money to make a slave of him, then at once happiness departs. So that, after all, it is not wealth but contentment that produces pure happiness; and the poorest man may be as rich, figuratively speaking, with a clear conscience and a crust as the possessor of millions.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

On December 2d *Skipped by the Light of the Moon* will be presented at the Metropolitan. It has been many years since we saw Gourlay and the Harrisons in this little comedy. The comedy has been revised with new and catchy music.

Last Wednesday and Thursday was a season of the "legitimate" drama. Thos. W. Keene can be ranked as one of the great actors. His rendition and interpretation of *Louis XI* can be classed as great. Mr. Keene deviated from Sheridan's portrayal of the cruel, crafty and vengeful Louis by smoothing down the repulsively hateful character in the last act. Where other actors make the king die with that love of power so great that he seizes the crown as the dauphin is about to place it upon his head, Mr. Keene softens the hardened and cruel character. In place of seizing it, he gently pushes it towards the dauphin, showing that he has no longer his desire to retain it. There is no play on the stage that affords such a wide range of passions and crafty hypocrisy. In it is cruelty as well as courage. While endowed with cunning, the king is a victim of superstition. He has the weakness of vanity, which the village maidens play upon with profit. The actor has a grand opportunity in the character of "Louis XI," and Mr. Keene has added to its greatness. History makes Louis XI a great statesman as well as a cruel and perfidious monarch. It is related of him that during his reign France prospered greatly. He was the enemy of the rich and the friend of the poor, despite the evident romance of the cruelty to the people. We think Mr. Keene's idea of softening the character at the last a good one, and true to history, although an innovation on other actors' interpretation. Mr. Keene's "Richard" is not his best, although in line with other great actors. It is certain that an impetuous rendition of the lines of Shakspeare always produces a jar. The words and sentences are run together so, that there is not a distinct articulation of the words and sense. Mr. Keene often lets his impetuous passion render the words indistinct. He gives, however, a grand conception of the cruel monster "Gloster." In his hands the character is made to follow Forrest and Chas. Kean. We rather like Fred Warde's rendition. He is quiet and intense where Keene is tumultuous and passionate. Be it said that Thos. W. Keene belongs to the trimvirate of great actors.

Let the Babies Be Babies.

The wrong that is the most deplorable of all that is committed against the baby is forcing it out of babyhood; subjecting it to a hothouse development and depriving it of the rarest joy, the sweetest memories that could visit it when the glow of morning has faded forever from life's sky. The baby will see enough of society, if it lives; and if it does not live, it will probably be introduced into far better society than we could afford it here. Wherefore the need, then, of dressing it up in imitation of his foolish elders, allowing it to dance, flirt, eat late suppers and fancy itself a grown woman when little more than a dozen years old? Why should the mind that naturally delights in the mysteries of the woods and fields, the sports and interests of childhood, be directed to lovers, to intrigue, novels and all manner of vanities, before the moral sense is sufficiently developed to distinguish the false from the true? Why should the attention that ought to be devoted to the studies and amusements of youth be turned to the vices and inconsistencies of unmanly manhood?

He Kept Inside the Rules.

A man while fishing, suddenly fell into the water. A fellow-fisherman of benevolent aspect helped him out, laid him on his back, and then began to scratch his head in a puzzled way.

"What's the matter?" asked the bystanders. "Why don't you revive him?"

"There are sixteen rules to revive drowned persons," said the benevolent man, "and I know 'em all; but I can't call to mind which comes first."

At this point the rescued man opened his eyes and said faintly: "Is there anything about giving brandy in the rules?"

"Yes."

"Then never mind the other fifteen."—*London Figaro.*

Few people know the significance of the figures in playing cards. In olden times hearts represented "choirmen," or ecclesiastics, and the early cards of that suit have a cape, which in form resembled a heart. The spade was originally a pikehead, typifying the nobility of the soldiery. The artisans were represented by a stone tile, now known as a diamond. Farmers were represented by a trefoil, or clover leaf, now called a club. The four kings were originally David, Alexander, Caesar and Charlemagne, representing the four great monarchies. The queens were Argine, Judith, Esther and Pallas, representing birth, fortitude, piety and wisdom. The knaves were either knights or servants to knights.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

OF SACRAMENTO.

\$100,000 TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE. Semi-annual Dividends on Deposits. Correspondence promptly answered.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

MISS L. SCHUBERT,

1014 Eighth Street, Sacramento.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

AS FOLLOWS:

Handkerchief Cases, Embroid. Suspender, Glove Cases, Crochet Neckties, Necktie Cases, Drapers, Hat Bands, Cushions, Hat Crowns, Sachets, Etc.

Stamping and Designing, Monograms, Etc.

HARRY ROTH,

PEERLESS SALOON,

809 K Street (Next to Opera House), Sacramento.

STEAMED CLAMS AND CLAM NECTAR

EVERY NIGHT.

REGULAR

Republican Ticket

Election: Monday, December 7, 1891.

City Superintendent of Schools,

ALBERT HART.

School Directors,

First Ward,.....W. H. SHERBURN

Second Ward,.....E. A. CROUCH

Third Ward,.....WINFIELD J. DAVIS

Fourth Ward,.....O. W. ERLEWINE

A. J. JOHNSTON,

Chairman City Central Committee.

A. J. GALLIGAN, Secretary.

PHOENIX BAKERY,

C. SCHURR, Proprietor,

Southwest Corner Thirteenth and J Streets.

Bread, Pies and Cakes,

FRESH EVERY MORNING,

Delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

J. J. DUNCKHORST,

Interior Decorating.

LATEST DESIGNS IN

WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.

1225 J Street, Sacramento.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

REMOVAL

—OF—

Sacramento Trunk Factory

—TO—

515 K STREET.

California Exchange,

900 K STREET,

Southeast Corner Ninth, Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

WINE AND LIQUORS

KEY WEST AND IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

DR. MARY M. CRONEMILLER,

Office and Residence, 507 1/2 J street.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 P. M.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

JOHN D. SHEARER & SON

CONTRACTORS.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks

Latest Designs and First-class Work.

Estimates Furnished for Residences.

Wood or Iron Foundations

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street,

Sacramento, Cal.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

—IN—

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

Are the Leaders!

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

Futterer's Saloon,

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.

A FINE POOL TABLE.

The Three Bells.

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast,
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.
Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out,
Dear God? was that thy answer,
From the horror round about?
A voice came down the wild wind—
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry;
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall stand till daylight by!"
Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights—
The lights of the Three Bells.
And ship to ship made signals;
Man answered back to man;
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The Three Bells nearer ran.
And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry;
"Take heart! hold on!" he shouted,
"The Three Bells shall stand by!"
All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer,
And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

—J. G. Whittier.

"IN ONE YEAR, DOROTHY."

"Yes, there she is. Oh, Molly, we are so glad to see you. And how sweet you look, doesn't she, Dorothy?"

Half an hour later the three same girls were sitting in a pretty room in a large, old-fashioned house situated on the main street of one of the quaint old towns in New Hampshire, which has lately received the dignified title of city, much to the astonishment of the staid old inhabitants.

"The three" had not been together since their boarding school days, and the present and future of all had to be discussed.

Cecil was a maiden with brilliant color, hair as black as night, and a never-ending flow of language. Dorothy Crownshield was directly opposite in her personal appearance, but, though as innocent as a dove, much mischief lurked in the depths of her blue eyes, and a more bewitching little flirt could scarcely be imagined. Sweet Molly Percival was a simple beauty, a home girl, with no special attraction beyond her lovely eyes and beautiful hair.

"You are not too tired, girls, to begin festivities at once, are you? Senator Rice's niece is visiting him now, and we have invitations to-night to some private theatricals and a little dance given in her honor."

"Tired! Oh, no; we shall be charmed," they both said in one breath; "and tell us, Molly, shall we meet our fates?"

"Just wait and see; all the fellows are home from college, and there will be plenty to choose from at all events."

At nine o'clock the Senator's handsome parlors were filled with a gayly-dressed throng eagerly watching the doors of the spacious dining hall, which was devoted to the actors.

The three girls were ensconced in luxurious chairs, placed at precisely the best point to gain a view of the play, and soon Dorothy was completely absorbed, so much so that she was ignorant of the half-amused, wholly admiring gaze of a handsome man of eight and twenty, who was leaning against one of the folding doors.

"Oh, was not that pretty?" she turned and said to Molly; "and did they not act beautifully? How I wish I could—" and then she stopped and colored a vivid crimson, for she had caught the gaze of Jack Coolidge, who was slowly moving towards them.

"Why, what is the matter?" said Molly.

"Oh!" as she caught sight of Jack, "now, Dorothy, do be careful; Jack is the worst flirt I ever knew, and has broken no end of hearts."

Dorothy made no reply as the young man was close upon them and begging Miss Percival, in an undertone, "to render him supremely happy for at least one moment, by introducing him to that dear little fairy in blue at her side."

Molly, in her heart, was glad, for, notwithstanding his many faults, Jack was a thoroughly good-hearted fellow, as well as noble and unselfish; and if he could only fall in love with a girl like her friend, she was convinced he would prove himself to be the man she believed him to be. But she said to him in a low tone, as she granted his request: "Take care, Jack, Dorothy can meet you on your own ground to perfection."

Apparently she did, for after that Jack Coolidge absolutely devoted himself to "the pretty girl in blue."

"Well, Jack, I really believe you are hit at last," Ned Sylvester said as they rode home together after the party, and he looked curiously at his friend, who, for once in his life, was absolutely silent.

The next day a number of the young men whom they had met at the dance called on "The Three," among them Jack Coolidge, but there was no doubt in the minds of any present then or through the week that followed who it was who occupied his thoughts, for he was always at her side.

It was the last night of the week that they were to be together, and all were sitting on the piazza in the moonlight, when a carriage drove up to the door and a man alighted and came slowly up the steps. In the moonlight "the three" could see his face was ghastly white, and it was the face of Jack Coolidge.

"Good evening," he said, with a low bow. "Miss Percival, may I be so selfish as to take your friend from you on the last night for a little drive?" and he looked pleadingly at Molly.

"Why, certainly," Molly said, with a pitying look, "if Dorothy cares to go."

Dorothy scarcely dared look into the eyes which were fastened so eagerly upon her, but she answered carelessly: "Why, yes; much as I dislike to leave you girls for even a moment a ride on such a night as this would be perfection, and I cannot resist it. We will not be gone long, will we, Mr. Coolidge?"

They drove rapidly down the street, by the river, and out in the open country; then letting the reins drop loosely on the horse's back, Jack leaned back and looked at his companion, who had been as silent as he had himself. He reached out and took one unresisting hand in his while he said: "Dorothy, darling, I love you, will you be my wife?"

Dorothy made no reply, only a half smile rested on her lips.

"Dorothy, Dorothy, will you not answer? Do you not believe me? You surely do not doubt me. Oh, my darling, you do not dream what you are to me, how much you are to me, how much I care for you, what a paradise this week has been to me. Oh, Dorothy, tell me you love me or my soul will sink into utter darkness—tell me, darling," and his eyes sought hers.

"No, Mr. Coolidge, I do not love you; can never be your wife. I have never cared for any man, and I never, never shall." And she looked steadily into his eyes; but even as she did so, a mist came between her and the man whom in her soul she knew was more than life itself to her.

He turned a shade paler, but he pleaded no longer, simply saying: "You do not believe me now, Dorothy. Some time you will believe me; trust, me and know that I love you with a love that no other man can give you."

They drove home as silently as they came. "I will see you at the station to-morrow," he said in parting, and she silently bowed and ran lightly up the stairs into her little room. Then, taking off her hat and bathing her eyes, she went down into the parlor where the gay company was assembled, just the same sweet Dorothy as ever.

There were laughter and tears at the station next day, and various little tokens in packages and flowers from the gay party who came to see them off. Jack's gift was one perfect rose, in the heart of which hidden among the petals, was a tiny slip of paper, with the words: "In one year, Dorothy."

Just one year after, as Dorothy was sitting on the porch in the soft twilight, a man came rapidly up the walk and paused looking at her. "Is it my Dorothy?" he said, holding out his arms.

Dorothy started to her feet, gave one look at the man standing so close to her and then, "Yes, Jack, dear, if you can love such a bad little girl." Then Dorothy felt herself gathered into the arms of the man she loved.

"And why would you not tell me one year ago to-night?"

"Because—because, Jack, dear—oh, Jack, it was my foolish pride. My heart had never been touched by any man, and I could not endure then the thought that there was one whom I had to confess life would be empty without, and without whom I could not be happy."

"But now, darling?"

"Oh, Jack, dear," with a happy little sigh, "so many times I have been so lonesome."

Mamma: "Why did you pull that hair from mamma's head? Didn't you know that it would hurt poor mamma?" Little Innocent (who has just pulled out a gray hair from her mamma's raven tresses): "I didn't pull out no hair, mamma, 'twas only a bastin' fread."

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

R. DAVIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Representing the following companies:

Manchester of England; Caledonian of Edinburgh, Scotland; London and Lancaster, England.

1002 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles; and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hairdressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, "Beauty Doctor," 103 Post street, San Francisco.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.

Miss Mamie Costello,

Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

—All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.—

HAHN'S

Eau de Quinine,

Or, QUININE HAIR TONIC.

The stimulating effects of this tonic are unrivaled for removing dandruff, preserving the scalp in a healthy condition, rendering the hair soft, pliable and brilliant. It promotes the growth of the hair, prevents the same from falling out, and imparts to it an agreeable perfume.

JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,

Sacramento, Cal.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT

1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-Atlantic Points, by First-Class Steamers to and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN.

Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO Daily.

L. B. MOHR.

C. A. YOERK.

MOHR & YOERK'S MARKET and PACKING HOUSE

1024 and 1026 J Street, Sacramento.

Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats and all kinds of Sausages. On hand during the Packing Season: Spareribs, Tenderloins, Hogs' Heads, etc.

ST. LOUIS MARKET,

R. WEBER, PROPRIETOR.

SPARERIBS AND HOGS' HEADS, FRESH MEATS, SUGAR-CURED HAMS, CHOICE BACON, LARD, SAUSAGE, ETC.

Southwest Corner Eleventh and H Streets.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1832.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED.

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & Co.
410 J STREET.

—ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED—

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S St. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

Death in the Kitchen.

Trim, thou art right!—'Tis sure that I,
And all who hear thee, are to die.
The stoutest lad and wench
Must lose their places at the will
Of death, and go at last to fill
The sexton's gloomy trench.

The dreary grave!—O when I think
How close ye stand upon its brink,
My inward spirit groans!
My eyes are filled with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones!

Yes, jovial butler, thou must fail,
As sinks the froth on thine own ale;
Thy days will soon be done!
Alas! the common hours that strike,
Are knells, for life keeps wasting, like
A cask upon the run.

Aye, hapless scullion! 'tis thy case,
Life travels at a scouring pace,
Far swifter than thy hand.
The fast-decaying frame of man
Is but a kettle or a pan
Time wears away with—sand!

Thou need'st not, mistress cook, be told
The meat to-morrow will be cold
That now is fresh and hot;
E'en thus our flesh will, by and by,
Be cold as stone. Cook, thou must die;
There's death within the pot.

Susannah, too, my lady's maid,
Thy pretty person once must aid
To swell the buried swain!
The "glass of fashion" thou wilt hold
No more, but grovel in the mould,
That's not the mould of form.

Yes, Jonathau, that drives the coach,
He too will feel the fiend's approach—
The grave will pluck him down;
He must in dust and ashes lie,
And wear the churchyard livery—
Grass green, turned up with brown.

How frail is our uncertain breath!
The laundress seems full hale, but Death
Shall her "last linen bring."
The groom will die, like all his kind;
And e'en the stable boy will find
This life no stable thing.

Nay, see the household dog—even that
The earth shall take; the very cat
Will share the common fall;
Although she hold (the proverb saith)
A nine-fold life, one single death
Suffices for them all!

Cook, butler, Susan, Jonathan,
The girl that scours the pot and pan,
And those that tend the steeds—
All, all shall have another sort
Of service after this—in short,
The one the parson reads!

The dreary grave!—O when I think
How close ye stand upon its brink,
My inward spirit groans!
My eyes are filled with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones!

—Thomas Hood.

Why Nellie Gave the Kiss.

"A pretty compliment I heard for you the
other day, Miss Nellie," I said as we started
down the lake, skating the long roll. Miss
Nellie's color heightened, while her eyes
danced.

"A certain gentleman told me, Miss Nellie,
that yours were the sweetest lips he had ever
kissed."

Miss Nellie proceeded to make a great fuss.
"What an infamous story! Who ever dared
—well," she continued, pouting, "I will never
forgive you unless you tell me at once the
man's name who had the impudence!"

I refused while we skated a mile, and then,
down below the bend, relented.

"I will tell you, Miss Nellie, if you in re-
turn will—will!"

"Will what?" she said, pretending obtuse-
ness.

"Will let me find out for myself."

Ten minutes later we were gliding back up
the lake, skating slower now. The pout on
Nellie's lips was replaced by a dancing smile.

"But, see here, she said, 'you haven't told
me yet, you haven't kept your word, though
—I've kept—mine' (furious blushes here).

"Well," said I, playing my last trump
card, "nobody ever said such a thing to me;
but now I say it to you, and I know whereof
I speak."

The Girls of Buda-Pesth.

A correspondent writes: "In two days in
Buda-Pesth I have encountered more pretty
women in face and figure than in a whole
month in other places. Their vivacity is also
remarkable, and it is no more than natural
that gallants are so numerous. Romeos and
Juliets after sunset pass you at every turn.
To prim and precise individuals like myself
it is positively startling to come unexpected
upon two persons of opposite sexes with their
arms around each other or hands tightly
clasped. Somehow, when you recover your
equanimity, the spectacle does not appear so
shocking. However it might be with other
nationalities it has not the semblance of
coarseness with these people. Their demou-
strations are exhibited in such a spirit of un-
consciousness and of Arcadian simplicity as
to be exquisitely refreshing."

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTERS,

410 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Cards,
Circulars,
Ball Tickets,
Programmes,
Posters,
Billheads,
Statements,
Letterheads,
Noteheads,
Envelopes,
Show Cards,
Wedding Invitations,
Briefs and
Transcripts,
Legal Blanks,
Constitutions and
By-Laws,
Postal Cards,
Election Tickets,
Great Registers.

*** Election Printing. ***

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outside of San Francisco.

ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR
PROMPTLY FILLED.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

410 J STREET.

CALL ON THE

AGENT

OF THE

SUN INSURANCE CO.

AT

1014 FOURTH STREET,

WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.

Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46

THEO. J. MILLIKEN,

Manager Sacramento Branch.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-
ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J
streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and
Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J
streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

W. A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh
and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9,
Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, np stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth
and J Streets.ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and
J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all
Courts of the State.E. C. HART (City Attorney), Practices in all the
Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City
Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY
of Sacramento, State of California. In the mat-
ter of JOHN GOULD, an insolvent debtor.—John
Gould having filed in this Court his petition, sched-
ule and inventory in insolvency, by which ap-
pears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said John
Gould is hereby declared to be insolvent. The
Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby di-
rected to take possession of all the estate, real and
personal, of the said John Gould, debtor, except such
as may be by law exempt from execution, and
of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and pa-
pers, and to keep the same safely until the appoint-
ment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are
forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to
deliver any property belonging to him or to any per-
son, firm or corporation or association, for his use.
The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or
deliver any property until the further order of this
Court, except as herein ordered. It is further or-
dered that all the creditors of said debtor be and ap-
pear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior
Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court,
at the court-room of said Court, on the 4th day of
December, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to
prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of
the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that
the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper
of general circulation published in the County of
Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published
before the said day set for the meeting of the cred-
itors. And it is further ordered that in the mean-
time all proceedings against the said insolvent be
stayed.

Dated October 30, 1891.

A. P. CATLIN,

Judge of the Superior Court.

W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. 031-51

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE
Notice.—That on the 4th day of December, 1891,
at the opening of the Superior Court of the County
of Sacramento, State of California, in Department
One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can
be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an
order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting
me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader
as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections
1811 to 1821, inclusive. The nature of the business to
be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling
milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento
County, Sutter Township, and the name of my hus-
band is J. L. Clark. KATIE E. CLARK.

Coolness Saved His Life.

Dinner was just finished in the mess room and several English officers were sitting around the table. The conversation had not been animated, and there came a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The Major of the regiment, a clean-cut man of fifty-five, turned toward his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar smoke at the ceiling. The Major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with sudden alertness and in a quiet, steady voice, he said: "Don't move please, Mr. Caruthers, I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle."

"All right, Major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes. "Haden't the least idea of moving, I assure you! What's the game?"

By this time all the others were listening in a lazily expectant way.

"Do you think," continued the Major—and his voice trembled just a little—"that you can keep absolutely still for, say two minutes, to save your life?"

"Are you joking?"

"On the contrary, move a muscle and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?"

The subaltern barely whispered "Yes," and his face paled slightly.

"Burke," said the Major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer and set it on the floor here just at the back of me. Gently, man! Quiet!"

Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table and set it down where the Major had indicated on the floor. Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra de capello, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor and glided toward the milk. Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the Major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor.

"Thank you, Major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly; you have saved my life!"

"You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior, "but you did your share."

A Live Doll.

The following true story is told in the "Journal of Emily Shore."

A little girl near us was one day playing before the house when a woman appeared and begged a few pence. She had a baby in her arms, and the child was so delighted with the little thing that she asked the woman if she would sell it to her.

"What will you give for it, miss?" was the counter question.

"Half a crown."

"Very well," said the woman. "Let's see the money."

It was produced and the sale made. The little girl took the baby, carried it upstairs, and laid it on her bed, and, after she had fondled it "enough for once," scampered downstairs, calling to her mother:

"Mamma, mamma! I've got a live doll! I always wanted one, and now I've got it!"

The baby was found and the story frankly told; but, though the beggar woman was sought all over the town, no trace of her could be discovered. Meanwhile the baby's little "owner" begged so hard that it should be kept that the parents yielded, and the living doll became a household blessing.

Protection.

I believe in the doctrine of protection because the facts of our national experience thoroughly exemplify its truth. No great American statesmen, except the half forgotten leaders of the slave power, have disowned the protective system. The importers' trust and the slave trust have been alone in their hostility to that system, each for obvious reasons peculiar to itself. If the doctrine of protection is not true, our people have blindly followed a blind leadership. If the policy of protection is not wise, it indicates that the human race, outside of England, has not sense enough to take care of itself. I will not thus disparage the average common sense of our own country, nor thus discredit the average common sense of mankind.—J. P. Dolliver in *American Economist*.

Good Advice From Two Sources.

"Wait on the Lord and keep His way, and He shall exalt thee to inherit the land."

"Watch your hat and overcoat; the proprietor is not responsible for them."

These are the inscriptions on two placards that hang near each other on the walls of a Philadelphia lunch house.

Weighing machines and scales of some kind were in use 1800 B. C., for it is said that Abraham at that time "weighed out" shekels of silver, current money with the merchant, to Ephron, the Hittite, as payment for a piece of land, including the cave and all the standing timber "in the field and in the fence." This is said to be the earliest transfer of land of which any record survives, and that the payment was made in the presence of witnesses.

CURES CONSTIPATION.
LASH'S
KIDNEY AND LIVER
BITTERS
CURES HEADACHE.
CURES MALARIA.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.

The Live Crockery House

HAS DEMONSTRATED BY ITS
INCREASE IN BUSINESS

THAT IT CARRIES BY FAR THE

Best Selected Stock of Crockery and Glassware and Lamp Goods

EVER CARRIED IN THIS CITY.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

JOS. THIEBEN CROCKERY CO.

518 J Street.

W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth

FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN WATERS
 A NATURAL MINERAL WATER
 OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT.
"SHASTA" WATER
 BOTTLED FOR EUROPEAN TRADE
 MOUNT SHASTA, ELEVATION 14,442 FT.
 TRADE MARK.
 MOUNT SHASTA MINERAL SPRING CO.
 GENERAL OFFICE 508 & 510 2ND STREET
 SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.
 BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS
 TRADE MARK. COPYRIGHTED

1891. HOLIDAY GOODS! 1891.

New Stock, Open and Ready for Sale, Consisting of

Bisque, Royal Worcester, Doulton, Dresden, Terra Cotta.

Also, an attractive lot of DECORATED CHINA DINNER and TEA SETS, and open stock goods in great variety. We Solicit Careful Inspection.

Sacramento Glass and Crockery Company

629 J STREET.

JOHN WEIL, Manager

A. H. ROTT. C. H. KREBS.
C. H. KREBS & CO.,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
 Varnishes, Wall Paper, Brushes, Window
 Shades and Picture Mouldings.

Ready Mixed Paints and Building Papers.

House and Sign Painting, Plain and Decorative
 Paper Hanging, Glazing and Gilding,
 Pictures, Frames and Mouldings.

626 J STREET,

Between Sixth and Seventh, SACRAMENTO.

TELEPHONE 267.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

SADDLE ROCK
Restaurant and Oyster House
 1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.
 First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room
 separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

ASK YOUR GROCER

FOR THE

SACRAMENTO

Packing and Drying Company's
 GOODS.

They Are the Best.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

November 4, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
 SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.05 A
7.00 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.05 A
7.05 P	Vallejo and Calistoga	8.40 P
10.50 P	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.20 A
7.00 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7.00 P
7.35 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7.40 A
10.40 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	10.25 A
11.55 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	6.45 P
10.00 P	Ogden and East	7.40 A
3.00 P	Oroville, via Roseville Junction	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.35 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.05 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.30 A
8.00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	9.40 P
7.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	10.30 P
10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26.00 A
10.40 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.40 A	San Jose	2.50 P
7.00 P	Santa Barbara	10.25 A
6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8.40 P
8.30 A	Stockton and Galt	10.25 A
10.40 A	Stockton and Galt	2.50 P
7.00 P	Stockton and Galt	7.30 P
11.55 A	Truckee and Reno	7.40 A
10.00 P	Truckee and Reno	6.45 P
8.00 A	Vallejo	8.40 P
3.05 P	Vallejo	11.05 A
8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	2.40 P
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10.20 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	*8.00 A

*Sunday excepted, †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted.
 A for morning, P for afternoon.
 RICHARD GRAY, Gen'l Traffic Manager.
 T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
 OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
 VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
 CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
 ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
 Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
 W. E. Gerber.

People's Savings Bank

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP - - - \$225,500.00
 RESERVE AND SURPLUS, - - - \$4,253.26

Term and Ordinary Deposits Received.
 Dividends Paid Semi-annually.

Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WE HAVE OVER ONE THOUSAND PASTEUR
 Germ proof Filters in use in private resi-
 dences, hotels, restaurants and saloons. If a single
 one of them is not giving entire satisfaction we have
 not heard of it.

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed
 in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

THEMIS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

No. 42.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

There is much truth in the remark made by State Superintendent Anderson in his address before the teachers' institute of this county, that he did doubt whether, with our vast improvements in buildings and apparatus, children are taught to think any better than they were when he was a young man; that he did not believe in judging a child's mental capacity by the percentage he gets on his report card; and that both parents and teachers are in too great haste to give the children an education. We did recently express our views upon the subject of crowding children, and did contend it did result in many instances in permanent impairment, and that the present system has in cases resulted in premature fatality. Unquestionably, the child should have an opportunity for reasonable physical exercise, and it should not be the years of immaturity should be harassed by the extreme mental strain, that in many instances does amount to punishment. In truth does the superintendent remark that the child of to-day is not taught to think any better than the child of forty years ago. There is too much of the artificial about the education of the present; too little of the practical. Boys, particularly, should be educated, in degree at least, with view to the avocation their inclination indicates they will follow. We have never realized the sense of the theory that to teach one all has advantage that it disciplines the mind. It does often happen that a thorough education in mathematics is of no practical benefit to one whose tastes eventually incline him to professional life; naturally, with such a mind, grammar, history and literature are the favorite studies. Different it is with one of a commercial bent.

There is no good reason for not supporting the entire republican ticket at the school election on Monday. So excellent is the nomination of the republicans for superintendent of city schools—Albert Hart—that he has no opponent. The selection for school directors for the several wards was of the very best and most competent citizens, who command the respect of the entire community. To them, like the superintendent, there can be no valid objections. Let the friends of the public schools, therefore, on Monday put an X at the top of the republican ticket and we can be assured of a competent board of directors and a faithful and economic administration of the pride of American institutions—our public schools.

There is liable to be some confusion at the respective polling places on Monday, in this: That there have been no precinct registers, or supplementary register, printed for the school election. So far as the same is applicable the old precinct lists will be used, but this, unless there is a thorough understanding among judges and officers of election, will lead to confusion. Electors who were residing in one precinct last election may now have a legal residence in another precinct. Thus the dilemma will appear of being registered in one precinct and actually residing in another, where his name does not appear on the precinct register. As a matter of law, the elector can only exercise his franchise at his legal residence. If he has resided in the precinct 30 days, and is duly registered on the great register, the

fact that the county clerk and board of trustees have not printed new precinct registers, cannot deprive him of his right to vote. Therefore, when a qualified elector has gained a residence in another precinct from that in which he was registered a year and a half ago, it will be the duty of the officers of election to accept his vote at the precinct where he has secured that residence, provided he has been registered on the great register, although his name may not appear on the last printed precinct register for that precinct. For illustration: Suppose an elector resided at Folsom at the last state and county election, and three or four months ago acquired a residence in this city; his name would be on the great register, and the precinct register for Folsom, yet, having acquired a legal residence in this city, and there not having been any precinct registers printed for the school election to take place on Monday, this citizen could not be deprived of his vote by that failure.

Our contemporaries occasionally "slop over" on the question of alleged "fixing" or "squaring" of criminal cases in the police court. They do not seem to understand that when a case is dismissed in open court by the court on the motion of the prosecution, or on the motion of the judge himself, that it is perfectly lawful, and the exercise of a discretion that has always lodged in the court. It is unjust for newspapers to indulge in intimations that there is something wrong in such action. There are many criminal charges that have great mitigating circumstances which properly address themselves to the discretionary powers of the court and the mercy and humanity of the prosecution. There is a very great difference in the character of criminal charges although the law makes little distinction, but through wise provisions of the statutes there is a large discretion made to rest in the judge, particularly in misdemeanor cases. Where a person, of hitherto good character, has been tempted to commit some crime, say the larceny of some article of trifling value, and the prosecution of the case to a conviction would result in making a damaging record against him for life, and cause his utter ruin, then it is proper and right that the court should avert this ultimate result by the exercise of a sound and humane discretion.

Christianity and religion, when professed by honest, sincere and well-meaning people, are characteristics and attainments that are not only commendable and laudable in the human family, but without which the world would soon be a chaos. But when that christianity and religion are represented by your insincere, canting hypocrite, or sensational pulpit acrobat, or maudling sentimentalist, then, indeed, has religion fallen from its high estate and become a mockery and a snare to catch the unwary. We have in California some of just that latter kind of "christians," who, so far from being of benefit to their race, are a source of annoyance and an obstruction in the march of life.

We have constantly in our midst examples of those so-called missionaries who forever live in a lachrymose state for the unfortunate heathen who is compelled to live in far-away lands without the benign light of the Gospel. These remarks are suggested by reading in one of the San Francisco papers of last Monday the following: "Reverend Mr. Sunderland, secretary of the Foreign Mission society, nearly shed tears at this morning's weekly conference of Baptist ministers in Y. M. C. A. hall, when he spoke of the thousands of savages in distant lands who are dying without hav-

ing been evangelized or receiving the spirit of God." Has this reverend humanitarian no lachrymal duct wherein is concealed an unshed tear for the poor thousands who daily beg bread, not bibles or tracts, in the streets of his own city? Has he no word of encouragement for the Magdalens of his home Barbary coast, without outfitting a fleet for that of African shores? Has he ever dwelt on the thought of the good that might be accomplished among the denizens of the "House of Blazes," "Hell's Delight," the "Rock House," "Battle Row," "Murderer's Corner"—representative headquarters of the very lowest of humanity in the city of his adoption? Or when on bended knee in his oratory, while he tearfully contemplated at what post of apostolic duty his God-like mission might be best subserved, has this crying evangelist once considered what a field of missionary labor is opened before him and his co-workers in the vineyard of the Lord and to be found in the lodging houses, "no questions asked," of Kearny, Montgomery, Market, Grant avenue and nearly every other street in his own dear, sanctified city? If he has not, we would commend to his sorrowing soul that trite yet most appropriate Biblical injunction, that "charity begins at home," where he will find evangelical work for the remainder of his years, were they of the duration of those of Mathusala many times multiplied.

While we are a strong believer in the instruction in the classics, and that the benefits far outweigh any labor and time spent in their pursuit, we cannot ignore the fact that the practical application thereof in the ordinary affairs of life is very small. Particularly is this true of the Greek. Very few men or women, in the after years, remember more than the alphabet, and would find it difficult to render a single passage in Xenophon or the Iliad. James Payn, the eminent English writer, in a somewhat humorous vein, gives his ideas of "Compulsory Greek": When the next struggle against "Compulsory Greek" comes on, I should like to see two witnesses put into the box, both of tender years, but whose testimony would be much more to the point than any mere academical arguments. What is most strongly dwelt upon by those who would release us from Greek bonds (not a very promising—or at least performing—phrase of itself, by-the-bye) is that the study is an unpractical one; but much more serious objections would be advanced by the witnesses in question. The elder would be a young man of twenty-five, the younger a boy of fourteen, both of the ordinary type. The latter (if he told the truth) would say: "I have suffered more from Greek than from any other study; it has been the cause of most of my school-troubles; it has deprived me of more holidays than all the rest together; I have never understood it, never! or, except from a crib, got the least notion of its meaning, and I have seen nothing to admire in it when I did. If it were not for Greek, and its particles and its aorists and its irregular verbs, and all the beastly things that belong to it, I could get along pretty well, though I know I am not clever. I hate the language more than I ever hated a master; but it's no use saying 'I wish it was dead!' because it's dead already." The young man (if he spoke truth) would say: "As the thing is over and done with, thank heaven! so far as I am concerned, I don't want to make a fuss about it; but when I had to learn it, I must confess Greek seemed to me a most infernal language. You gentlemen inform me that it is full of beauties, but I never got so far in it as to perceive them. I still recognize

the Greek letters when I see them, but everything but the alphabet has entirely left my mind; and yet I must have spent whole years in the fruitless attempt to acquire it. I am told, nevertheless, that that attempt has 'improved my logical faculties and formed my literary taste.' Of this I have only to observe that a man who believes that will believe anything." As these two witnesses represent nineteen-twentieths of those who in youth are compelled to study Greek, their testimony strikes me as of some value.

[Written for THEMIS.]

Professional men seem to have accustomed themselves to sacrifice their conscientious scruples, their individual regard to what is true and just and good, to obtain success in their respective callings. They have all been required to go contrary to their judgments and consciences in order to obtain their respective places. They have been obliged to make false vows or professions; they have been obliged to conform to laws which they believe to be vicious, or to go in some other respect contrary to their feelings and convictions. We know that men frequently try to keep their private conscience distinct from their professional conscience, but they cannot always succeed. When people accustom themselves to what is wrong, in the way of business or in the routine of their professions, it would be foolish to expect them always to do what is right in their private transactions. People who accustom themselves to violate the truth in their professions will hardly be truthful in their private and social intercourse. Men cannot do wrong in any case without injuring, to some extent, their moral feelings, their dispositions, their characters. As the dyer's hand assumes the color of what it works in, so do the natures of professional men take on the character of the profession by which they live. You know the lawyer, the doctor, or the professional clergyman, when you see them, by their unnatural manners. They are not simply men, but particular sorts of men; and, unfortunately, they are not as they often seem to think themselves, or as they appear to wish others to think them, more than men, but something less than men—men who have sacrificed their own selves to become the paid instruments of a vicious and unnatural system. True, there are some exceptions—some men who, although they conformed to the unreasonable and unnatural requirements of their professions during the early period of their professional life, do at length assert their dignity as human beings, emancipate themselves from the trammels of their professions, set at nought the evil principles of their respective callings, and begin to act like rational and moral creatures—men who, after having been for a time slaves of a sect, a system, or a profession, emancipate themselves and begin to regulate their conduct by a regard to their own sense of right, and their own views of truth. But men of this description are exceedingly rare. We seldom meet with them. It is only men of superior powers—men of unusually vigorous intellects—men of genius, spiritual giants, that can thus rise above the errors and vices of their profession and free themselves from the horrible and unnatural thralldom to which their parents or their friends consigned them. And even those few who, by the exercise of their superior powers, have succeeded in the world, would have succeeded still better—would have succeeded still more—if they had never belonged to a profession; if they had begun at first, as they are obliged to begin afterwards, to act on their own individual judgments. And see how the men who thus disenthral themselves are persecuted and hated by men whose professions and unnatural conventionalities they have dared to set at nought. It is now that the common herd of professional men reveal the most odious and pitiful traits of their professional characters. With but little minds themselves, they dare to censure and condemn the greatest minds of the age. With spirits that dare not question the greatest errors, the most palpable inconsistencies, the most unnatural customs, the most ridiculous authorities, they venture to wage war with the very spirits of heaven—with the bravest and divinest of all God's creatures. They fabricate and circulate the grossest falsehoods. They fabricate and circulate them wholesale. They give their united testimony to known and notorious calumnies. They will join even to prosecute at law superior virtue and superior skill, charge the very saviors of men's bodies with murder or manslaughter, and the saviors of men's souls with leading people to damnation.

No faith can be placed in professional men. In vain shall we look to them for truth and justice; in vain shall we look to them for the beauties, the excellencies, the virtues, which adorn and glorify humanity. It is a strange thing that so many should sacrifice themselves, should throw themselves away, for such slight and doubtful advantages. It is a strange thing that the

temptation to men to throw themselves away should be so fearfully strong. It is a strange thing that so few, so very few, should preserve their self-respect; that so few should choose to please themselves rather than to please others; that so many choose to undo themselves, to war with themselves, to war with their better selves, through life for the sake of obtaining the doubtful honors and advantages connected with trades or professions. We know of nothing that afflicts us more than the thought that there are so few true men in the world; so few who act in accordance with their own thoughts and their own feelings, their own convictions and their own consciences. We know no more melancholy thought than the thought that even the men who stand at the head of affairs, the men who take the lead in society, who rule the hearts and sway the destinies of the multitudes—the rulers, the doctors, the lawyers, the priests, the soldiers, the policemen, the magistracy and the leading tradesmen, with multitudes of others, should all accommodate themselves to systems which they more or less disapprove, which their judgments and their hearts condemn; that they should all act upon the principle of expediency, the principle of compromise, the principle of sacrificing their truest thoughts and their divinest feelings to convenience, the wish or will of others, to a gainful, easy, social life. We know nothing more melancholy than the thought that the true, good man, the man who will not lie, the man who will not sin, the man who will not bow down to the world's will against his own convictions and feelings, the man who is determined to be a man, to be himself, to think and speak and act with freedom, with courage, with respect to God, to truth and to duty only; we say we know nothing more melancholy than the thought that such men as these, who are in truth the most excellent, the most lovely, the most deserving, the most venerable, the most truly human and the most truly divine—we know nothing more melancholy than the thought that men of this description, whose only fault, if we may call it a fault, is that they are too pure, too good, too holy, for this world, should, instead of meeting with respect and love and reverence; instead of being honored for their truthfulness and virtue; instead of being rewarded with the thanks and praises of mankind as the best benefactors of their race, meet with coldness or hate, shy looks or frowns, contempt or reproach, persecution and insult. Yet so it is. The best of men meet with the cruellest of treatment; the worst of men, the men who in truth unman themselves to false and unnatural systems, meet with rewards and favors, with smiles and plaudits.

CONTENT IN A LIGHTHOUSE TOWER.

A Little Island Where a Handful of People Work and are Happy.

The life of a lighthouse keeper is not thrilled with novelty at the best of times, but when winter comes on, with its storms of sleet, wind and driving snow, a black gloom settles over his white tower which not even his bright beacon light can pierce. Then the days are short, and the night watches are long, and filled with the tumult of the roaring sea and the loud-voiced wind. The sun's rays have no sooner warmed than they are folded in the shroud of twilight, and when daylight breaks, the pale beams of the morning fall on churning, black waves beating against snow and ice encrusted rocks, and there is a slate-color of cheerless atmosphere over the sea. But the keeper's life is not all dead monotony and lifeless toleration.

Straight out of the sea that washes the coast of Maine, off the mouth of the Kennebec river, rises a small island which is a mass of rock, tree fringed, but black-looking. From its top for over a century has gleamed a light for coasting vessels and ships making for the Kennebec river. The tower where the bright eye shines from twilight till sunrise is 200 feet above the face of the ocean when it is calm, and its streaming path of yellow beams is seen for miles by those who sail under the stars while the rest of the world sleeps. There is no more rugged, dangerous coast along the seaboard of Maine than here, and when a southeast gale rages, the waves pound on the cliffs and reefs with a roar that goes rumbling up the quiet Kennebec or breaks faintly among the pine forests inland.

In summer the sea is dazzling in its glassy smoothness until it rolls in where a broad beach stretches below Fort Popham, and curving, breaks in a shower of foam, flashing with salt drops under the hot sun rays. Then the coast is picturesquely beautiful and quiet. Summer cottages showing on the slopes and heights, or nearer down where the beach runs away to shelve through the foam-frosted breakers into the sparkling blue, are pleasingly peaceful, and the veranda and shade look attractive to those who are skirting along without on the heat-reflecting water. You can see on the paths trailing over the cliff, among trees and fern-grown rocks, or the ample foliage of shrubs or bushes, the gay colors of women's summer gowns. At the base of the cliff, on dripping, black-faced rocks, more of them are walking, where the water comes up to their feet. There is not a great deal of life; just enough to show the stranger that there are people who

enjoy life of this sort and are content to get away from the busy rush of cities or the feverish heat of fashion's favorite summer places.

But when fall is turning into bleak winter it is all very different. Storms tear up the shining beach and strip the cliff of its foliage. They send the ocean, straight up like a gray wall, thundering against the grim heights. They batter down projecting rocks and send avalanches of white-whirling foam and deep-colored water with a sweeping rush over the black-topped reefs and the rock-points. The fair-weather visitors have fled weeks before from the unforbidding place, but just as in the summer, when the ocean was placid and the shore was brilliant in color, the bright light over on Seguin's stern rock shines steadily every night, only through a blacker night and across high swelling water.

"I don't find it so lonely here in winter as you might think," said the keeper to the writer one summer. "You see I have my wife and family here and the two assistant keepers and one of them is married. We make a good working community and get along very nicely together. You see how comfortable I am. We have a pleasant home. It isn't a palace, but there is one thing about it—its foundations are solid. It won't blow away if a little breeze should spring up, and we do have breezes once in awhile," he added with a quiet smile.

"Of course it is pretty hard to get to shore in winter. The winds are terrific and the seas run high, and when a heavy storm sets in, getting across is out of the question. But in these times we are kept pretty busy. You see it's a big job to keep the light clean. There's all that glass and then there are the lights themselves. We have to watch them carefully. It wouldn't do to have anything happen to the light," he said, seriously. "Vessels would go astray for miles around and no one knows what would happen."

"Yes, that's a good light, one of the best in the country, and it's known to every sailor who was ever in these waters. I suppose tens of thousands of ships have marked their course by it. If anything happens to the lamps I can put in new ones in no time. No, that glass isn't easily broken. There is none better in the world, and it costs a lot of money. We are polishing it all the time. We keep these silk curtains over it in the day time."

"When we have a storm with fog and sleet, there is more to do than to look after the light. We get up steam and the old fog-horn howls all night and all day. It makes an awful noise, but we like it. We have two boilers to make steam and two horns, in case of accident."

"Lighthouses are expensive. Lots of oil and miles of wick are used, but they save millions of dollars every year. Then it gets chilly up here," he added, with a twinkle in his eye. "It takes a good deal of coal to keep warm. If you are in need of exercise when the weather is unusually nasty, you can get it climbing these stairs up into the tower when you are attending to the light. It's a nice little jog up and down, and you can take it as often as you like. Some nights up here, when a gale is howling, something happens which makes your heart come up in your throat, no matter how used you are to it. You will hear a sudden thud on the glass, where the gale has swept a gull or a shore bird through the air until, seeing the light, it struggles to turn its course, and is thrown up against the glass. Yes, it kills them. Sometimes they flutter weakly against it and then slip down and are killed in the fall. It makes one sorry for them, but you can't save them; they are on the outside and you are in."

"We live very well here. I have a good little farm up on this rock. You see it's hardly more than a rock; but we have the surface of it under cultivation. There's our garden, and we raise corn, good potatoes and vegetables. It gives us pleasant work in the summer and a good store of luxuries to draw on in winter."

"Accidents? Well, last winter I slipped on the ice and went off that cliff there. It was a long fall, and the only thing that saved me was that I landed among the ice and snow covered branches of the trees, over 100 feet below. They stuck holes into me until I was a sieve; and when they found me I had a half a dozen ribs broken; but, you see, I'm all right now."

"No, I wouldn't give up this life for any other that I know of. I was raised in Seguin, and my children will be raised here. We have everything that we want and are perfectly contented. It's as big an affair for us to sail over to Popham as for some people to go to Europe. That's what makes the difference, I suppose. We are used to this life, and we like it."

So here is a community finding work enough to do to keep from the discontent of idleness, and making for itself amusement and comfort enough to inspire that much-sought pleasure, content; and all on a little rock island in the ocean, where in winter nature is so brutally proud and masterfully arrogant that within the memory of those who live on that coast to-day a great clipper ship coming there, after sailing the seas of the world, was caught up in a black sou'easter, whirled out of her course and dashed to fragments on the roaring coast, every man on board being swallowed from the earth in the boiling ocean.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Few actors can do "Shylock," because it is always so difficult to do a Jew.

Miss Lotta Crabtree denies the tender impeachment that she is going to be married to Douglas Shireley, of Louisville.

People will cry at a theater who are less moved at, or entirely indifferent to, the real sorrows of their next-door neighbor.

"Thespian mansions" are to be built in Liverpool, Dublin and Glasgow, for the purpose of providing better lodgings for touring actors than are available at present.

Dick Golden has been entirely cured by the bi-chloride of gold process, and says he will never touch whisky again. Since his recovery he is drawing crowded houses in *Jed Prouty*.

That jolly fun-maker, Bobby Gaylor, is said to have found his happiest creation in the part of "Sport McAllister," the leader of the "400." It gives him plenty of scope for his inimitable songs and funny sayings.

Mme. Albani-Gye is described by one of her admirers as amiable, unaffected, sincere and jolly. She is very charming as well as very bright, is absolutely devoid of vanity, and is one of the few stage women who have made happy marriages.

The noted French singer Paulus, who is at the head of European variety-vocalists, receives the largest salary paid to any such singer or comedian in years. Paulus is described as an extraordinary mimic, who acts his songs through realistic gestures. He possesses an excellent baritone voice.

Ginia Ravagli, who has made so pronounced a hit as "Orpheus" in Gluck's opera with the Abbey company, is a lovely woman with a spirituelle face. She and her sister Sofia are inseparable, and are great pets in musical circles in London. They are excellent pianists and accomplished players on the mandolin.

The first theatrical company that came from England to the United States landed at York, Va., and made its first public appearance at Williamsburg, Va., September 5, 1872. This is said to be the first company of any kind to present dramas on American boards. Sterne's *Conscious Lovers* and the *Fair Penitent* were the plays produced.

A fraud that would not be possible in the minor cities of America has been perpetrated upon French country people. The famous Coquelin, the elder, has a physical counterpart in the person of a provincial double, who has been going about one of the interior districts proclaiming himself to be the renowned actor of the Comédie Française. Thanks to his resemblance to the great player, the country fraud drew full audiences in the theaters of the district, whose benighted playgoers for a long time believed they had the real thing and not a vulgar impostor. The charlatan even became bold enough to represent himself for awhile as the elder Coquelin in Madrid, but he was identified, exposed and arrested.

When Miss Leiter, the Chicago beauty, was in Venice recently she was shown the palace within which the famous pillow scene is said to have been enacted, and was shown the room in which Desdemona slept on that fatal night when Othello took her life. There is a story that at night, when the fatal hour comes, strange things appear to occupants of the room; so no one is allowed to occupy it. It is told that the Moor, with jealousy, love and anger on his swarthy face, hangs over the couch and repeats the evil deed for which his soul still must wander and know no rest. Miss Leiter desired to sleep in that room. American gold overcame the objections of the owner, and the American belle spent the night in the room with no vision of the fair Desdemona to disturb her slumbers.

Marie Jansen, the actress, emphatically denies that she drank or frolicked with Harvard students, as stated on the authority of a Kentucky undergraduate in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Miss Jansen says: "Indeed, I only know Cambridge as a place through which I have driven several times, and all I know of Harvard students is not worth mentioning, though such of them as I have met are of a very different type from the ones he represents. If the Louisville paper has for an editor one of those local creations, a chivalrous son of Kentucky, ever ready to rush to the aid of womankind, I hope he will say to that young curled darling's papa that what the youth needs most can best be administered by the paternal side of the house, and while Harvard can teach him a curriculum well enough in its way, there is a fundamental matter that needs correction through the medium of a heavy hand and a well-soled slipper. A strict regard for truth can best be inculcated at the mother's knee or over the father's."

Book Chat.

The average country newspaper comes out in a new dress about as seldom as the editor's wife.

We are soon to have a flood of syndicate or serial novels and romances from five or six second and third rate English story tellers.

Edwin Arnold, it is said, smokes when he writes editorials. He differs in this from some editors who make other people "smoke."

There are eighty-seven daily papers in Paris, against twenty-five in London. The Parisian sheets are usually very small, and most of them are subsidized.

It has been generally supposed that the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Bronte, was dead, but he is still living in an obscure parish of Ireland, where he occasionally preaches.

The idea of Miss Amelia B. Edwards that the secret of success in the writing of fiction is to be summed up in the single word "sincerity," may be correct from her point of view, but in the fiction of politics sincerity gets mauled around in an iconoclastic cyclone.

A good book, whether a novel or not, is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. If, when you read it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimulated desire for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book.

The most popular Turkish poetess is a Russian lady. Her name is Olga Lovedoba, but she is known by her pseudonym, "Hulaere," to the Turks, who delight to recite poems. Besides her original productions she makes translations from the Russian poets into the modern Arabic.

And now comes Walter Besant, as the lawyers say, to champion the cause of the people who declare that dancing is not sinful. "It is the most innocent of all amusements," says Mr. Besant, "and to the young the most delightful." Many people who stigmatize dancing as immoral lose sight of the fact that it had its origin in the religious festivals of the ancients.

Another Kipling has written a book. It is Rudyard's sister this time, who has taken advantage of the success of "one of the family" in his literary ventures, to secure a publisher for a very commonplace volume. It is entitled "The Heart of a Maid," and the scene is laid in India. However, it has no local coloring whatever, and the whole story is tame and insipid.

"I suppose no man who handles a pen is paid such large prices for his work as Mr. Gladstone," says Edward W. Bok, in the Philadelphia *Times*. "For an article of average length he receives \$1,000 and has been paid \$2,000 for one piece of work of 5,000 words. Not long ago he penned an article for a friend of mine. It was barely 1,000 words in length, and yet he was paid \$500 for it. Fifty cents a word, and how quickly a word is written! A man could be a Cæsar in no time at that rate. But, then, there is only one Gladstone."

The books of to-day will fall to pieces before the middle of the next century, say the experts. The paper in the books that have survived two or three centuries was made by hand of honest rags and without the use of strong chemicals, while the ink was made of nut galls. To-day much of the paper for books is made, at least in part, of wood pulp treated with powerful acids, while the ink is a compound of various substances naturally at war with the flimsy paper upon which it is laid. The printing of two centuries ago has improved with age; that of to-day, it is feared, will within fifty years eat its way through the paper.

The following is after the style of Amelie Rives, and is from the *Bradford Era*:

"In the swatling swirl of the soughful wind, as the gust goes glooming by, I sit by the bole of the baneful borch, with a moan and a soulful sigh. The mellowing mists of the eve are low, and the frog in the dankful marsh chirps chirpingly sad in the ghoulsome gloom, in a swivering voice and harsh:

"Oh, where is the swing of the swoonful swish,
And the voice of the flim flam fowl?
Methinks it maans from a murky mould
And the home of the hootful owl."

"Now, swivel me swift from the surging spring. I'm weary of wold and wind; the grewsome graik of the jobberwock comes jimmering to my mind. The feeble song of the sportsome frog comes solemnwise, soughing slow, and again I hear by the bournful birch the wail of his wimpled woe:

"Oh, where is the swing of the swoonful swish,
From the land of the springful sprole?
Must the blue mists blur on the drinkful drale,
And freight with their frought my soul?"

"I dreamed I dreamed of Amelie Rives, in the dim of the danksome dark, and methought I rode on a moonful main in the prow of a pullful barque. I wrought a rhyme as I roamed along, in the stream of the starful grote; I woke at dawn in the dimful day, and above is the rhyme I wrote."

Professional Chat.

Suit-able reward—Lawyers' fees.

Law is like physic, they that take least of it are best off.

Sometimes the schoolmaster learns more than all his books have taught him from the simple-minded, seventeen-year old girl who sets in one of the back seats and looks at him shyly without speaking when he asks the dates of the Punic wars.

Is it fair that a court of law should be called upon to determine the question of the sanity of a deceased gentleman who insisted during his lifetime that all lawyers were rascals? Could the learned court decide a matter of that kind without bias?

Several gentlemen were sipping wine and enjoying a good dinner at a city hotel, when the conversation turned to the subject of good feeders. "I don't think it is true," remarked one of the men, "that a large man eats more than a small one. I understand Grover Cleveland, who is sensitive about his fat, doesn't devour as much food daily as a thin, lank man like Senator Evarts."

Justice Daniels, who lately retired from the Supreme court of New York, began life as a cobbler. He is about 70 years old, and has been somewhat eccentric in the matter of dress. He always appeared in low shoes and white socks, and never wore an overcoat. During his term he has sat on the bench with Justices Noah Davis, George C. Barrett, George L. Ingraham and George P. Andrews.

To a layman up a tree it looks as if that rantankerous heretic, Dr. Charles A. Briggs, were running matters and things pretty much his own way in the New York presbytery. The latest heresy put through by this alarming innovator is a resolution abolishing the ancient doctrine of infant damnation. Briggs seems to differ from his brother preachers not so much in faith as in the particular of moral valor. He speaks what he thinks, and the others hasten to his reinforcement as soon as he starts the ball to rolling.

John Randolph, of Virginia, once had occasion to spend the night at a country inn. The landlord tried several times to ascertain the destination of his distinguished guest, without success. Mr. Randolph turned upon him, and, in a very decided tone, said: "Landlord, do I owe you anything?" "Nothing, sir," was the reply. "Well, then, I am going where I please." The road forked not far from the tavern, and it so happened that Mr. Randolph was at a loss which road to take, and sent a servant back to inquire which of these roads led to the village of —. The landlord, standing in front of the tavern, cried at the top of his voice, "Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me a cent! Take just which road you please."

About fifteen years ago "Clint" White was one of the boys, and never lost an opportunity for a "little time," or a "night off." Of late years "Clint" has been a "reformer," and his reform notions are so ultra in some particulars that many are inclined to denominate them bordering on crankism. But a few evenings ago, in company with a party of gentlemen, we recounted the following reminiscence of Clint White, during the days wherein he was engaged in sowing wild oats. On the night before the glorious 4th of July, something like 16 years ago, Clint White and a number of jovial companions were preparing for a burlesque celebration, and, of course, the crowd were out late, frequently stimulating for the occasion. The sinews of war were the proceeds of an appropriation made by the general committee on celebration, and White was chairman of the burlesque committee, while another member of the party was treasurer. When funds ran low the chairman would draw an order on the treasurer, who was always present, thereby insuring funds for "another round" for the boys. Well, this was kept up until the crowd became pretty well primed up, and as the early morning hours approached most of the saloons had closed. In the absence of other means of excitement, it was proposed to run a footrace down J street, from Fourth to Second. The proposition was at once acted upon. The night was a beautiful moonlight. The party, consisting of a dozen or more, steadied themselves into line, and one of the number gave the word to "go." Clint White was considerable of an athlete, and could easily outrun the rest of the party, and led the race until he came about the middle of the block between Second and Third, when he observed what he thought was an obstruction across the sidewalk, he stopped and tried to duck under it, while engaged in this the rest of the party passed him. The fact was that the moonlight cast the shadow of an awning-post across the sidewalk, and Clint White thought somebody had put an obstruction there. It was a long time before the boys let up on him for mistaking the shadow of an awning-post for an obstruction. He declared, however, that he would have won the race had it not been for the supposed obstruction. Of late years Clinton L. White is much more devoted to the substance than the shadow.

NOTES.

The only fish that never sleep are salmon, pike and goldfish.

Five things are essential to success in life. One is a good wife; the four others are money.

An English peer cannot resign his peerage. The American democrat can resign his office, but he never does.

Reconciliation, Reciprocity and Republicanism are the three R's that will unite North and South America.

Chinese doctors make a reduction in their charges when the patient is old. It doesn't take so much medicine to kill.

A woman of Thibet who chooses to remain single and to earn her own living is regarded as an object of scorn and derision.

For Red Hands—Apply every night a cream consisting of 10 ozs. lanoline, 3 ozs. vaseline oil, 1 grain vanillin, 5 drops otto of rose.

In the stomach of a crocodile lately shot on the Daintier river was found a temperance medal. The poor thing reformed just in time to die.

It is stated that tigers' bones pulverized are used as a tonic by Chinese, the belief being that the invalid thereby has some of the animal's strength imparted to him.

E. Stone Wiggins is to the front again, scattering the theories of astronomers to the four winds. Wiggins should die; and then, maybe, his theories would have consideration.

In Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Holland, Russia, Sweden, and Norway, the whole or a portion of the railroad system is controlled by the government.

Prof. R. J. Roberts, of Boston, a successful instructor in physical exercises, says people "sleep themselves fat," and that "more work, less food and less sleep," is his prescription for obesity.

A lady in Vincennes, Ind., has been examined by physicians for heart trouble, and it was discovered that her heart was on the right side. There is nothing left to complain of, if "her heart beats true to Pol."

The rage for blonde locks has infected Italy to such an extent that even the children's heads are blossoming out in golden curls. At this rate, the raven tresses of Italian song and story will soon be a misnomer.

A thing to remember: That you are not the only one who believes that if you were "only given a fair chance" you would be sure to make a big mark in this world, and be duly appreciated in consequence. Everybody thinks that.

"Does a man forget his first wife?" is the question a brilliant woman is now discussing in print. Which, the same, reminds us of the fellow who said his wife was "the sunshine of his existence" because she made it so hot for him.

Women have not monopolized quite all the vanity that escaped with the other ilk from Pandora's casket. A gilt-edged darling in New York keeps a private tailor, to whom he pays a large salary to cut out suits of clothes from the dandy's own designs, which he studies out and produces in water colors.

A parent who sends his child to a school at which the rules provide that all letters sent to a pupil are to be first opened and read by the school authorities, has no redress by the postal statutes for an opened letter. When he sends his child to the school he agrees to its rules and authorizes the principal to open the child's mail.

Some mathematician of leisure has been estimating the number of islands in the world, and has succeeded in counting some hundreds of thousands. He says there are over 1,000 islands under the flag of Japan. Strangely enough he makes no reference to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, or to the thousands in our own Georgian bay, some of which are of considerable size.

A Georgia editor created a sensation in church while they were singing a well-known hymn by bawling out in a spirit of absent-mindedness:

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball
Put down their dollar and subscribe,
And we'll receipt for all!

He was promptly expelled, without even a chance to take up a collection.

Father McGlynn, the priest who was ejected from St. Patrick's church, in New York, because he would not go to Rome to answer charges of preaching false doctrine preferred by Archbishop Corrigan, says it is wrong to call him an unfrocked priest, because he still has his frock and no power can take it from him. It is also wrong to call him an

ex-priest, as according to strict theology he will be a priest for all eternity, in heaven or in hell. He is simply a priest out of a job.

That was a deserved compliment when Superintendent of State Printing A. J. Johnston appointed J. O. Funston foreman of the bindery department. Mr. Funston, by reason of his skill and experience in book binding, is the right man in the right place.

The wrecking of the fortune and the life of that eminent man, Cyrus W. Field, by the reckless acts of his son, is deplorable. No man stood higher in the estimation of the American people than Cyrus W. Field. This event is a shock alike to the people as well as the eminent family of Fields.

At a great dinner by the shipping exchange in London, Thursday, there seemed to be a very warm feeling expressed for the United States by our English cousins. The leading toast on that occasion was: "We must love our dear cousins across the water, and should stand shoulder to shoulder and whip creation." This does not look much like an unfriendly sentiment from our mother country.

A "Consolidated Black Cat Company" has been incorporated at Fair Haven, Washington. One of the Puget-sound islands is to be devoted exclusively to the development and multiplication of black cats. The projectors expect to make millions out of the fur of the sable felines, and this mercenary view of the case seems to be the only redeeming feature of the project. We have learned, to our cost, some salutary lessons regarding rabbits and English sparrows, and those Washington speculators should go slow on black cats.

A sandbag is one of the most useful of household articles. Its virtues are equal if not superior to the hot-water bag, and the cost is considerably less. The sand should be fine and clean and should be thoroughly dried out before being "bagged." It is better to cover the flannel bag which holds the sand with a cotton one, as this prevents the sand from sifting out. A bag not larger than ten inches square is an available size. Mothers whose children are subject to earache will find these bags invaluable. They hold the heat a long time, and their composition is such that they are easily adjustable to the affected parts.

"They that plow iniquity and sow wickedness reap the same. There is a common expression that is very often used, but not applied properly. When a young man is a little bit wild and inclined to run around and drink, it is remarked that he is only sowing his wild oats; he will be all right after awhile. Just there is where the mistake is made. The wild oats sown in youth will spring up when least expected. There is a certain species of grain called wild oats that never loses its vitality; it will lay on the ground for years, through heat and cold, rain or shine, but when in the course of events it is turned over by the plow, it will take root and grow and spread so fast as to choke the good grain. Just so with the young man in sowing the so-called wild oats. A few of the seeds may fall and lay dormant for years, and when least expected take root and grow. Then is when he reaps the fruits of his early indiscretion, and he begins to understand the expression 'Sowing his wild oats.' Be warned in time, for who can tell, if you sow ever so little, it will increase fourfold in the end?"

Literary Work and Writers.

There are to-day more chances than ever for special literary work. There are more papers and periodicals than ever devoted to special trades, occupations, arts and pursuits. The store, the farm, the garden, the mine, the worker in wood or metal or cloth, the electrician, the sailor, the railroad, and a hundred other interests are all now represented by publications. All these make places for editors. There are people who have great talent for putting words and sentences together, yet who know relatively little. There are others who know a great deal, but can neither put their knowledge on paper nor talk it out to others. Can there not be an exchange of talent managed somehow between these two classes? If any man or woman has really anything to tell, they can learn to tell it properly on paper. If they keep on learning, as they become fuller and fuller of knowledge they must talk it. There is a great deal of nonsense lying around loose to the effect that the writing talent is an especial gift of the "pen," and that it is impossible for those who cannot write with ease to do so. This is not to be believed. No man or woman knows what power is latent in them until they set to work to dig it out.—*The Inland Printer for December.*

She sat on his lap, and, quite bursting with pride, He asked: "Ain't this lovely?" and thus she replied:

"Why, my boy, I've seen chairs that were better by half, But, still, I admire those upholstered in calf."

Boarding Houses and Boarders.

A woman, driven by the vicissitudes of life to throw her home open to boarders, finds the experience, as most other women who try it do, difficult, to say the least. But she says, philosophically: "I am learning human nature. I have discovered that the soft-voiced, refined-looking woman often carries tigerish claws beneath her velvet, and that the frank-looking, well-dressed man may develop into a 'Meddlesome Matty' before my eyes. I don't know why humanity should become brutal when it essays boarding, but it seems to. A woman called recently, liked my apartments, and returned to the parlor to 'talk business,' as she said, with an engaging smile.

"Business" meant a series of searching, relentless questions and exactions which set my cheeks aflame and filled my eyes with hot tears of mortification. Did I intend purchasing a new carpet for the parlor? Were my stairs and halls usually kept somewhat cleaner than they appeared that day? Were my beds clean? Did I have two kinds of meat for dinner? Use home-made bread entirely? and, finally, 'Did a maid open the front door as a rule? This was a gratuitous impertinence. I was taking the letters from the postman as she came up the steps, and naturally received her. And then she went away, after taking three names as references. I insisted in turn that she should give me one, that of a former landlady, and it was one of the small compensations of my lot, when she wrote me a week later that she found my references satisfactory and would take the rooms, to reply that I had found her reference most unsatisfactory, and was sure I could not tolerate her exactions.

"A man came to me the other night, and, after forcing my price down as low as he could, asked me if my husband was a Christian? If my family attended church and Sunday-school? If my other boarders were God-fearing people; and if Sunday was observed with religious quiet by everybody in the house?

"People ask me to take them cheaply because they are saving to buy a home, or because the husband has extra office expenses, or, as one gushing creature told me, 'because we want to go to Europe next summer.' The more they want the less they want to pay. Look at the advertisements for 'board wanted,' 'everything unexceptionable,' and 'terms moderate.' Would these people think of going into a shop and saying, 'I want your most expensive goods at a low price? Yet they do precisely that with me. Surroundings, appointments and service that mean a serious outlay they demand and are not willing to pay for. They cannot afford to keep up an establishment to their liking, and they ask me to do it for them without adequate compensation. The average man or woman seems to part with his courtesy, sense of justice, and humanity when he starts out to become a boarder."—*N. Y. Times.*

Scolds, Male and Female.

It was the old tradition that only women were scolds. "Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "we have different modes of restraining evil: stocks for the men, a ducking-stool for the women and a pond for beasts." And a ducking-stool was for the purpose of cooling the temper of shrews.

I'll speed me to the pond where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool;
That stool, the dread of every scolding queen.

Then there was the bridle for the scold;
Still for women.

Chester presents Walton with a bridle
To curb women's tongues that talk so idle.

But man has in these later years been discovered to be possessed of vanity and other erstwhile feminine vices; and while statistically inclined persons have discovered that more men than women look at themselves in the mirrors of ferry boats, we have also more than one recent and well-authenticated example of the male scold.

What a Kiss Has Done.

Was not Voltaire publicly killed in the stage box by the beautiful Duchess de Villars, in compliance with the demands of an enthusiastic pit, to thus reward the author of *Merope*? The kiss has been the bribe of politics; for when Fox was contesting the hard-won seat at Westminster the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire offered to kiss all who would vote for the great statesman.

And the inspiration of patriotism is the kiss; for did not the fair Lady Gordon turn recruiting sergeant when the ranks of the Scottish regiments had been depleted by Salamanca, and tempted the gallant lads by placing the recruiting shilling between her lips for all who would take it with their own?

One of the wars of the roses, the fiercest and deadliest of them all, was fought on a field where, curiously enough, a rose peculiar to the spot grows, or used to grow, says the *London News*. It is a rare plant now, there. They are said to have been plentiful at the commencement of this century, but the visitors have taken them away in such numbers that they have become rare. The little roses are white, with a red spot in the center of each of their petals, and as they grow old the under surface becomes a dull-red color.

The Hen and the Parrot.

Our next-door neighbor owns an amusing parrot, which is always getting into mischief, but usually gets out without much trouble to herself. When she has done anything for which she knows she ought to be punished she holds her head to one side, and, eyeing her mistress, says, in a sing-song tone, "Polly is a good girl," until she sees her mistress smile; then she flaps her wings and cries out, "Hurrah! Polly is a good girl." She has been allowed to go free in the garden, where she promenades back and forth sunning herself and warning off all intruders.

One morning a hen strayed out of the chicken yard, and was quietly picking up her breakfast, when Poll marched up to her and called out "Shoo!" in her shrill voice. The poor hen retreated to her own quarters, running as fast as she could, followed by Poll, who screamed "Shoo!" at every step.

A few days later Poll extended her morning walk into the chicken yard. Here, with her usual curiosity, she went peering into every corner, till she came to the old hen on her nest. The hen made a dive for Poll's yellow head, but missed it. Poll, thinking discretion the better part of valor, turned to run; the hen, with wings wide-spread, followed close after.

As she ran, Poll screamed in her shrillest tones, "O Lord! O Lord!"

A member of the family, who had witnessed the performance, thought it time to interfere in Poll's behalf, as the angry hen was gaining on her. He ran out, and, stooping down, held out his hand. Poll lost no time in traveling up to his shoulder. Then, from her high vantage ground, she turned and, looking down on her foe, screamed, "Hello, there! Shoo!"

The frightened hen returned to her nest as rapidly as she had come.—*Ashland Item.*

Dishonesty.

If the adage be true, that the people have the government they deserve, we, as a sovereign people, have little to congratulate ourselves upon, as our sovereignty is in name only; but we rely upon—the professional politicians.

Perhaps we do not deserve a better government, since we are not over scrupulous, not to say dishonest. There is the dishonesty of conventionalism in which two persons spend their energies in deceiving each other premeditatedly. There is the dishonesty of the merchant who by strained effort induces his customers to purchase what they do not care for, and then offers his merchandise as of a different character to what they had supposed. Butterine, pepperine, adulterated liquids, inferior graded goods, spurious merchandise, alleged fire and bankrupt sales, mythical imported goods—all bear on their surface deceit. This same dishonesty is carried on in the walks of life. Love is feigned where the mercenary is an inducement. Men of learned professions are erudite as dissemblers; philanthropists, so-called, in reality gratify their desire for notoriety; agitators and professional foreigners engage in expressions of patriotism for revenue only; clergymen mistake their vocation by converting their pulpits into political rostrums; newspapers, ostensibly the expression, but in reality the repression, of public sentiment, are published to gratify the whim and fill the pockets of their proprietors. Deceit, from the cradle to the grave, seems the order of the day.—*Chicago Press.*

Settling a Duel.

An amusing story used to be told of a man who accepted a challenge to fight a duel. On the appointed day he sent word to his opponent to chalk on a board an outline of his (the challenged party's) figure, and if the challenger hit it he would consider himself wounded or dead, as the case might be.

This story may possibly have originated from one told of a certain irascible inn-keeper named Bardwell.

He was often at variance with his neighbors, and once he and a guest having quarreled agreed to fight a duel. At the appointed hour the adversary appeared armed with a gun. Bardwell loved a joke, and being very busy said to him:

"Tom, I'll tell you what I'll do; you go up and set up a board about my size, and shoot at it, and if you hit it I'll acknowledge myself killed, and invite the whole crowd to dinner."

The ludicrous proposition made everyone laugh and thus ended a farce.

The Story of the Black Tulip.

A story is told of a tulip fancier, in the time when the tulip fever raged in Holland, who, seceded, after years of cultivation, what had, up to that time, been deemed unobtainable, namely, a black tulip. He got only a single bulb, but it was worth thousands of dollars. Laying it on his table he left the room for a few moments, and coming back he found a friend waiting for him. The tulip bulb was gone.

"Where is my black tulip bulb?" he inquired anxiously.

"Do you mean that thing I found on your table a moment ago?" replied his friend. "I thought it was some sort of an apple, and I ate it."

There has never been a black tulip since.

FLASHES.

Fashion might be tolerated if it was set by the wise.

Fashionable society is frequently "horsey" and "doggy."

We sometimes think that love makes a fellow a "blooming idiot."

Matches may be made in heaven, but they often end in the other place.

It is easy to criticise those who have no use for your acquaintance.

Colonel Watterson says the next house of congress is "dangerously democratic."

There are too many very small potatoes, rotten as well, trying to be leading politicians—bosses.

The reputation you have been a lifetime in earning you can throw away in a moment unless it happens to be a bad reputation.

A man's conscience is like a restless baby; he no sooner gets it to sleep than something happens to wake it up again.

The best and most precious of gifts are without price, and come to mortals sometimes unsought, because before unknown.

There should be a law to discipline women who are afflicted with mischievous tongues. Private defamation is often worse than public.

People may become intelligent if they will, but they must take time to feed their minds. Information does not come unsought.

The Reaper, Death.

There is no death! an angel's form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
He bears our best loved things away.
And then we call them "dead."

The grim old ferryman has moved his muffled oar often within the past few weeks. No power can stay him on his silent course or melt his iron heart to pity. M. S. Cushman, one of the early citizens of this city, after a long and useful life, passed away Saturday night.

Edwin L. Hesser, a popular young man, just upon the threshold of life, yielded to the reaper's sickle.

Mrs. Dora Wining, an estimable lady, the mother of W. H. Wining, has been summoned to the dark unknown.

Mrs. Grace Hunt, widow of Hiram Hunt, was called to her rest last week. She was the daughter of L. C. Jordan, and had only been married two years when her husband died.

J. Fred Parsons, a popular young man, was stricken down by the unrelenting hand of death on Tuesday last. No man had a brighter future, and it seems that Fate has been cruel in this case.

Valuable Compilation.

State Librarian W. D. Perkins continues in the work of systematizing documents in the state library. He has just completed and published an index to bills introduced in the legislature of California during the twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth sessions—from 1887 to 1891. There is a constant demand for information concerning legislation, so that this compilation became an absolute necessity. This volume contains over 300 pages and includes the titles of all bills, arranged under the name of the introducer, with references to their history and where they appear in the statutes. The bills are also arranged by subjects. It becomes an easy matter to obtain the desired information concerning any bill introduced, by consulting this handy reference. There is also a list of senators and assemblymen from 1887 to 1891. A table of all code sections affected by the many bills introduced precedes the index.

Advertisement Mention.

Wm. B. Miller, watches, jewelry, diamonds, etc., 628 J street; E. W. Melvin, photos enlarged, engravings, etchings, picture frames, etc., 718 K street; Sun Wing Company, Japanese fancy goods, Christmas novelties, stamping, etc., 815 K street.

Chang Yao, governor of the province of Shantung, in China, says the *New York Tribune*, who died a few weeks ago, was one of the biggest and mightiest officers in the Flowery Kingdom. His career was adventurous in the extreme, and recalls the tales of "The Thousand and One Nights." He was born in the lowest grade of society, and was obliged to flee from his native town when little more than a boy, on account of the murder of an old man. He became a brigand, and was soon leader of the "Free Knights," who made the province of Hanan dangerous for men of family and means. During one of the revolutions in China, according to foreign papers, the rebels were about to capture Krusze, capital of the province. The governor, obliged to adopt drastic measures to save his city and life, issued a proclamation offering the hand of his daughter to the man who would rescue them. Chang did so, won the prize, and eventually became the mandarin and then governor of the city in which he had been a robber.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Noss Jollities held the boards of the Metropolitan last night, and will repeat the programme to-night.

Skipped by the Light of the Moon is a dismal failure in the hands of the troop that essayed it Wednesday night. There never was much merit to the skit anyway.

Sunday night Cleveland's Minstrels will give one of their fine entertainments at the Metropolitan theater. The combination has a good reputation, and it is said the company has been augmented.

This is the way the *New York Times* speaks of Hoyt's *A Trip to Chinatown*: The sort of reality marking Mr. Hoyt's other farces is quite lacking, and the stately "student of the drama" will find in it nothing to study. Be he never so stately, however, he will find a vast amount to laugh at—much that is funny and not a little that is humorous. For instance, an invalid who prefers a horse doctor to the ordinary practitioner, because the former is not accustomed to consult the whims of his patients, but gives them what will do them good—that is decidedly a quaint idea. Then to say that Richard III. was a cigarette victim—died of a Richmond straight cut—is, to say the least, not hackneyed. There are numberless things like these during the progress of the trip. The general tone, perhaps, is not lofty. Now and then the young person might be startled, not seriously, but just a little. Of Ollie Archimere (Della Berry) the *Times* says: A small young person named Ollie Archimere danced in a way that made everybody wish she would do it some more.

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

Our Old Grandmother.

What childhood is perfect without the existence and association of grandparents? Among the choicest memories of youth which every human being cherishes with a fondness that only increases as the years pass on is the revered form of grandmother.

How noiselessly the slipped feet move about the house, how softly the cadence of the quivering voice, how gentle her remonstrance, how unobtrusive her questioning, how anxiously does she search for the truant spectacles, and what shining silver pieces does her little old steel purse contain. Surely no one can fill grandmother's niche in the youthful heart.

No one has such supplies of forgiveness and such ready excuses for juvenile offenders; no one has such soft cambric handkerchiefs to wipe away baby tears; no one so sweet a linen cloth to wash soil from infant face; no one so much patience to separate tangled curls.

Where else would a boy whittle on rainy days but by grandmother's hearth? Whose pocket contains such rare lozenges of peppermint or wintergreen to allay childish woes? Who else has red-cheeked apples hidden away to grow rosier? Who has time to so carefully bind up bleeding fingers?

Who else would think to put away dainties for a hungry boy, and what other work basket contains so coveted a piece of well worn beeswax girdled about with tiny tooth prints—the little work basket that on the Sabbath day is hidden away in some mysterious corner and the bible takes its place—grandmother's bible—how sacred are its pages!—*N. Y. Recorder*.

They Were Not Lighted.

An amusing story is reported from a cathedral town on the coast of England. For many years half a dozen devout old ladies have been in the habit of going, in fine weather or in foul, to the early morning service in the cold minster. Recently it was decided to warm the church, and the old ladies, with one voice, protested against the innovation.

"We shall be suffocated," they declared; "we shall be carried out fainting."

One morning when they arrived for their devotions they found half a dozen stoves set up in various nooks and corners of the cathedral. In the course of the service, therefore, three of the old ladies fainted.

"We knew how it would be," they afterwards said to the dean. But the dean confounded them by assuring them that the new stoves had never been lighted.—*Tid-Bits*.

The violets that I send to you
Will close their blue eyes on your breast;
I shall not be there, sweet, to see,
Yet do I know my flowers will rest
Within that chaste, white nest.

Oh, little flowers, she'll welcome you
So tenderly, so warmly! Go,
I know where you will die to-night,
But you can never, never know
The bliss of dying so.

If you could speak! Yet she will know
What made your faces wet, although
I fain would follow you and tell her.
There; go and die, yet never know
To what a heaven you go.

—*Kate Vannah, in New York Tribune*.

Philosophy of the Street.

Hot tempers are like burning strawpiles, principally exhausting to themselves.

There are times when it really looks as though people traveled on their helplessness.

The acme of laziness is to lean on the back of a worker's chair and suggest amendments.

Nothing destroys influence in male or female so fast as getting the name of being a scold.

Persistent waiting on a man will make a helpless imbecile of him faster than filling him with narcotics.

The first indication a woman gives of having a special regard for a man is when she begins to tidy him up.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

GO TO

E. W. MELVIN'S,

718 K STREET, SACRAMENTO.

—PHOTOS ENLARGED.—

Engravings, Etchings, Photogravures Autotypes, Pastels, etc. Framing Pictures a Specialty.

WM. B. MILLER,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

628 J Street, near Seventh, Sacramento.

Importer and dealer in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware. American Gold and Silver Watches a specialty.

JEWELRY MANUFACTURED AND REPAIRED.

Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. The Repairing of Watches a specialty.

SUN WING COMPANY,

DEALERS IN

JAPANESE FANCY GOODS.

—STAMPING—

Done free of charge for all customers the first two weeks in December.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT

Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs

From 25 Cents Up.

TOYS, JEWELRY, NOTIONS, ETC.

No. 815 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to NOAH J. BEUFORD, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 17th day of November, 1891, in which action, Lizzie L. Beuford is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds of desertion and failure to provide, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL] and affix the seal of said Court, this 17th day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By E. S. WACHHORST, Deputy Clerk.
W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. dec5-81

MISS L. SCHUBERT,

1014 Eighth Street, Sacramento.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

AS FOLLOWS:

Handkerchief Cases, Embroid. Suspenders,
Glove Cases, Crochet Neckties,
Necktie Cases, Drapers,
Hat Bands, Cushions,
Hat Crowns, Sachets, Etc.

Stamping and Designing, Monograms, Etc.

REMOVAL

—OF—

Sacramento Trunk Factory

—TO—

515 K STREET.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

REGULAR

Republican Ticket

Election: Monday, December 7, 1891.

City Superintendent of Schools,

ALBERT HART.

School Directors,

First Ward,.....W. H. SHERBURN

Second Ward,.....E. A. CROUCH

Third Ward,.....WINFIELD J. DAVIS

Fourth Ward,.....O. W. ERLEWINE

A. J. JOHNSTON,

Chairman City Central Committee.

A. J. GALLIGAN, Secretary.

DR. MARY M. CRONEMILLER,

Office and Residence, 507½ J street.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 P. M.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

—IN—

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

Are the Leaders!

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. J. DUNCKHORST,

Interior Decorating.

LATEST DESIGNS IN

WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.

1225 J Street, Sacramento.

Tempus Omnia Revelat.

Beyond the clouds—
Away and afar o'er the wood and wold,
Through the misty haze and from mortal
ken,
We will pass away like a tale that's told,
From the sylvian scenes and the marts of
men.

Behind us we'll leave all the sin and pain,
And the dross corporeal and base alloy,
That has soiled our souls. And never again
Shall we look in vain for the face of joy
Beyond the clouds.

Beyond the clouds—
Away and afar through the star strewn ways,
Where the day is bright and the sun ne'er
sets

On the glorious glamour that meets our gaze,
Where the night is dead, and its gloom
ne'er frets
Our hearts with its somber and sullen pall—
With its moaning winds and its sobbing
rain;

And the mournful voices that come to all,
Shall be hushed for aye and for aye again,
Beyond the clouds.

Beyond the clouds—
Away and afar through the realms of space,
No longer misjudged or misunderstood,
When our dole is done and we take our place
As an airy memory, then let the good
That we tried to do in this vale of tears,
And not what we failed in, be our meed,
While down through the dim of the coming
years,
With our sins forgiven, our souls will speed
Beyond the clouds

THE BOTTOMLESS POOL.

The following is the story of a village legend, as told by Walter Besant: It had only one. Most villages have none. This village was proud of its legend; if a cyclist stopped at the public inn for bread and cheese and beer, the landlady, after advising him not to go away without seeing the church, which she understood was very fine, told him of the legend. Like most folk lore it was confused with details. There was a wicked lord and a beautiful lady—his daughter. There was also a young gentleman, poor and proud, who was madly enamored of the young lady. Several variants followed, but the story ended in the drowning of the hapless pair in the Bottomless Pool, no more than ten minutes' walk from the inn. Also, to commemorate the event and keep its memory green, a thunder storm came that very night and carried the church bells out of the tower, and cast them down into the Bottomless Pool, where they still ring knells on stormy nights. After hearing this tale the cyclist would stroll out and visit the Pool, which lay in the corner of a certain field overhung with trees, weird and dark and black—a bottomless pool of the deepest dye. Now, one day there came along two cyclists, and they heard the story, and they went forth to see the Bottomless Pool. Then one of them being a curious and incredulous person—his name was Jack Didymus—pulled forth from his pocket a small ball of twine.

He tied one end of the string to a tree by the side of the pond and walked round to the opposite side, where he placed the other end in the hand of his friend. He then tied a stone to another piece of string, cast it over the first piece and walked half way round so that the stone was over the center and deepest part of the pool. Then he gently lowered the stone. It touched bottom at the prodigious depth of four feet six. He repeated this experiment in various parts of the Bottomless Pool. His soundings gave an average of three feet eight, and at the deepest, four feet eight. "So much," he said, "for the Bottomless Pool." Then they went back to their inn. On the way they met the vicar and dumfounded him with the intelligence. He was a great antiquary and had written a paper on the Bottomless Pool and on analogous legends and similar pools found in Madagascar, Sumatra, Finland and Tasmania. This paper was going to bring him immense fame. He went home and leaned his head upon his hand for an hour or two, feeling very sick. Then he sat up and wrote a sermon, moving enough to convert a cow, on the "Vanity of Human Things." The iconoclastic Didymus and his friend next told the sexton, an ancient man accustomed to lord it over all neighboring sextons on account of the Bottomless Pool.

This poor old man was fain to crawl as far as the inn, where he fortified his failing spirits with a dram, and then another dram and presently another, such was the effect produced upon him by the shattering of his idol. In the evening he was borne home, insensible with grief, by four friends. Next they told the landlady, who immediately sat down with her apron over her head and was left in that posture. And they told the school-mistress on her way to school. She instantly went home, sat down and penned her resignation, for she desired to live in that village no longer. This mischief done, they mounted their iron nags and rode away, heedless of the havoc they had wrought. They have gone. But have they destroyed that legend? No. It still remains. Nothing is ever said about the measurement and the depth of the well. The school-mistress

remains at her post. The sexton still takes visitors to see the wonderful pond. The legend, with its Malay, Malagassy and Siberian analogues, has been printed, collated, classified and preserved from possible loss by the Folk Lore Society, and the Bottomless Pool looks blacker, darker, deeper than ever. But the man who measured it died young.

A Naughty Painting.

The painting by Rochegrosse of "The Fall of Babylon," which took up nearly a whole side of one of the biggest rooms in the "Salon," in the Palais de l'Industrie, this year, it is said is coming to the United States for exhibition in all the principal cities. It is a wonderful picture; not quite successful, perhaps, as a whole, but amazingly clever in its way. There has been a grand orgie among the Assyrians, from which but few of the scores of persons represented have recovered, as Cyrus, at the head of his Persian hosts, is seen at the gates of the palace by the gray light of the early morning. Scantily attired dancing women and voluptuaries of the court of Belshazzar, in drunken sleep, fill up the foreground, and the king himself upon his lofty throne is suddenly aroused to the doom that awaits him. The picture is sure to give offense from its daring disregard of American ideas of propriety.—*Montezuma, in The Art Amateur.*

The Plain Woman.

The women who have been famous in the world have not always been beautiful women, an exchange remarks. A woman who today is very popular among a large circle is never spoken of as a beauty; but whenever anything is got up, whenever any pleasure is to the fore, whenever anybody is in sorrow, whenever anybody wants a confidante, it is Kate who is called for. A man who was asked the explanation of this replied: "It is because she always has a pleasant word for everybody; it is because she always is courteous and considerate; it is because she always looks lady-like and refined, as she is a lady; and, really, it is because she is what a woman would call a 'thoroughly nice girl.'"

There'd be a great deal less fun in the world if there weren't any Irishmen in it. They're always doing something to amuse other people, and not knowing it themselves. There was one of them once watching a German who was playing a trombone. Presently Dutchy laid down his instrument and went out for a beer. Paddy investigated, and promptly pulled the horn to pieces. Dutchy returned. "Who's meddled with my trombone?" he asked, indignantly. "O did," said Paddy. "Here ye've been for two hours tryin' to pull it apart, and I did it in one minute."—*Marshall P. Wilder.*

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

California Exchange,

900 K STREET.

Southeast Corner Ninth, Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

WINE AND LIQUORS

KEY WEST AND IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

HARRY ROTH,**PEERLESS SALOON,**

809 K Street (Next to Opera House), Sacramento.

STEAMED CLAMS AND CLAM NECTAR

EVERY NIGHT.

Futterer's Saloon,

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.

A FINE POOL TABLE.



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles; and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hairdressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE mailed free to any lady on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, "Beauty Doctor," 103 Post street, San Francisco.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.

Miss Mamie Bartella, Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

—All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.—

HAHN'S Eau de Quinine,

Or, QUININE HAIR TONIC.

The stimulating effects of this tonic are unrivaled for removing dandruff, preserving the scalp in a healthy condition, rendering the hair soft, pliable and brilliant. It promotes the growth of the hair, prevents the same from falling out, and imparts to it an agreeable perfume.

JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,

Sacramento, Cal.

G. W. Railton, RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT 1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-Atlantic Points, by First-Class Steamers to and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN.
Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO Daily.

L. B. MOHR.

C. A. YOERK.

MOHR & YOERK'S MARKET AND PACKING HOUSE

1024 and 1026 J Street, Sacramento.

Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats and all kinds of Sausages. On hand during the Packing Season: Spareribs, Tenderloins, Hogs' Heads, etc.

ST. LOUIS MARKET,

R. WEBER, PROPRIETOR.

SPARERIBS AND HOGS' HEADS,
FRESH MEATS,
SUGAR-CURED HAMS,
CHOICE BACON,
LARD, SAUSAGE, ETC.

Southwest Corner Eleventh and H Streets.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

**J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS**

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

CELEBRATED**WEINER LAGER BEER****CAPITAL BREWERY**

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

Grubler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & CO.
410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER.

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

Roumanian Folk Song.

"What dost thou seek in this world by night?
I seek my youth, and I do not know
What path she took, for with footsteps light
She fled, and fast. I can see her go,
Yet never can reach her; and now again
I catch a glimpse through the forest trees
Of her white dress fluttering in the breeze;
I can hear the chink of her dancing chain,
And the ring of her laughter, and see her
stay
By the brook to drink; and then I say:
"Dear youth, let me thy distaff touch,
And from thy pitcher drink with thee;
These berries take—thou lovest such!
And on the grass come dance with me." "

—Carmen Sylva.

The Two Misers.

A miser living in Kufa heard that in Basora also there dwelt a miser more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither and presented himself to the great master as a humble beginner in the art of avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student.

"Welcome!" said the miser of Bassora; "we will straight go into the market to make some purchases."

They went to the baker.

"Hast thou good bread?"

"Good, indeed, my masters; and fresh and soft as butter."

"Mark this, friend," said the man of Basora to the one of Kufa, "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be the cheaper, and we shall therefore act more wisely, and more savingly, too, in being satisfied with butter."

They then went to the butter merchant and asked him if he had good butter.

"Good, indeed, and flavory and fresh as the finest olive oil," was the answer.

"Mark this also!" said the host to his guest, "oil is compared with the very best butter, and therefore by much ought to be preferred to the latter."

They then went to the oil vender.

"Have you good oil?"

"The very best quality; white and transparent as water," was the reply.

"Mark that, too," said the miser of Basora to the one of Kufa, "by this rule water is the very best. Now, at home I have a painful, and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you."

And, indeed, on their return nothing but water did he place before his guest; because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread.

"God be praised!" said the miser of Kufa, "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain."

Shy Womankind.

The women have a great propensity for sitting on one foot in a street car as well as in the seclusion of their own homes. It's a great failing of the sex. The ordinary observer would never notice it, probably, because their skirts come too low to tell whether two precious little feet or one are dangling down; but if, when one gets in a car, he will just casually glance along the line, ten chances to one he will find one young lady at least who to all appearances is a hero of the battle of Gettysburg. They do it so skillfully and deftly that nobody but a woman is likely to detect them at it. It is done when she first sits down.

Just as she is about to sit she gives a quick little hitch, which motion is employed to bring the leg up to the seat, and then the rest of the performance proceeds as usual. Thus, like the Turk at his pipe or the tailor at his work, she rides comfortably from the starting place to the destination. There are many advantages in this mode of sitting and few disadvantages. It economizes space in a crowded seat and makes room for one more passenger, so that the gentleman who graciously rises to give up his seat to the lady who has just entered finds to his astonishment that there is still room for him after she has settled down to riding position.

The only great disadvantage is that frequently a lady may tear her skirt when she gets up to leave the car. Or, worse still, she may catch her shoe-heel in the dress or other garment and trip herself. A lady arose from a Pennsylvania car seat the other day and there seemed to be a tugging and a pulling going on under her dress. In a moment there was a long, ripping sound, and she had fallen flat on her face in the bottom of the car. When she arose to her feet to go she trailed about two yards of red braid after her.

What a Woman Can Appreciate.

It takes a woman to appreciate—
An indulgent word when she is peevish
and "out of sorts."

A tender word when she has failed in
some undertaking.

A gracious word when she has made some
slight mistake.

A generous word when she is tired out
with petty worries and says something un-
kind.

An ingenious word when she asks advice
upon some important event.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTERS,

410 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Cards,
Circulars,
Ball Tickets,
Programmes,
Posters,
Billheads,
Statements,
Letterheads,
Noteheads,
Envelopes,
Show Cards,
Wedding Invitations,
Briefs and
Transcripts,
Legal Blanks,
Constitutions and
By-Laws,
Postal Cards,
Election Tickets,
Great Registers.

* Election Printing. *

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outside of San Francisco.

ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR
PROMPTLY FILLED.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

410 J STREET.

CALL ON THE

AGENT

OF THE

SUN INSURANCE CO.

AT

1014 FOURTH STREET,

WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.

Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46

THEO. J. MILLIKEN,

Manager Sacramento Branch.

B. Ruhl Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-
ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J
streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and
Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J
streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

W. A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh
and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9,
Post-office Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth
and J Streets.ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and
J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all
Courts of the State.E. C. HART (City Attorney), Practices in all the
Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City
Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY
of Sacramento, State of California. In the mat-
ter of JOHN GOULD, an insolvent debtor.—John
Gould having filed in this Court his petition, sched-
ule and inventory in insolvency, by which ap-
pears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said John
Gould is hereby declared to be insolvent. The
Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby di-
rected to take possession of all the estate, real and
personal, of the said John Gould, debtor, except such
as may be by law exempt from execution, and
of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and pa-
pers, and to keep the same safely until the appoint-
ment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are
forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to
deliver any property belonging to him or to any per-
son, firm or corporation or association, for his use.
The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or
deliver any property until the further order of this
Court, except as herein ordered. It is further or-
dered that all the creditors of said debtor be and ap-
pear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior
Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court,
at the court-room of said Court, on the 4th day of
December, 1891, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to
prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of
the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that
the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper
of general circulation published in the County of
Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published
before the said day set for the meeting of the cred-
itors. And it is further ordered that in the mean-
time all proceedings against the said insolvent be
stayed.

Dated October 30, 1891.

A. P. CATLIN,

Judge of the Superior Court.

W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. 031-5t

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE
Notice.—That on the 4th day of December, 1891,
at the opening of the Superior Court of the County
of Sacramento, State of California, in Department
One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can
be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an
order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting
me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader
as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections
1811 to 1821, inclusive. The nature of the business to
be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling
milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento
County, Sutter Township, and the name of my hus-
band is J. L. Clark. KATIE E. CLARK.

MISCELLANY.

The stingy man is, after all, a brave fellow; he is never known to re-treat.

Whether or not a cheap coat makes a cheap man, there is no question that a seal skin sacque becomes a dear girl.

Troubles are like colds. The only way you can cure them is to wait until they get through of their own accord.

An exchange speaks of a man who "is not a physician but a simple druggist." We had supposed that a druggist was a compound fellow.

The sermon seemed never so long before As once when I waited outside the door In order to see her home in the rain, Then I found my rival had beat me again.

The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and I never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarreled with it but it was he, not it, that was wrong.—*Thackeray.*

There is a time in every boy's life, when he is about sixteen years old, that he needs one good licking. If he doesn't get it he will believe for the rest of his life that he can lick his father.

That must be one of the beginnings of the millennium, when the progress of "man's humanity to man" has, through the flight of years, swept want and wretchedness into the vale of the past.

The Khedive of Egypt neither smokes nor drinks, and though allowed many wives has only one. He is very learned in Arabic lore, and knows the Koran so thoroughly that he can recite it from memory.

The man who thinks his wife, his baby, his horse, his house, his dog, and himself severally unequalled, is almost sure to be a good humored person, though liable to be tedious at times.—*Holmes.*

Distressed young mother (with crying baby in railway carriage): "Dear, dear! I don't know whatever to do with this child." Kind and thoughtful bachelor (on the opposite seat): "Shall I open the window for you, madam?"

Time never wrote lines of beauty on a face that carried behind it a double impulse of action, one for the world and one for private life. The face tells the story of the double life and the lines contradict each other. The wayfarer is never tempted to stop them for aid and comfort on his journey.

"The man I wed must be handsome, brave and noble; he must have no bad habits, and must love me devotedly." "But, my dear, that is impossible, you know; quite impossible." "Why?" "Because there is only one such man in all the wide world and he is going to marry me."—*Chicago Mail.*

The smallest crust may save a human life; The smallest act may lead to human strife; The smallest touch may cause the body pain; The smallest spark may fire a field of grain; The simplest deed may tell the truly brave; The simplest skill may serve a life to save; The smallest draught the thirsty may relieve; The slightest look may make a kind heart grieve;

Naught is so much but it may still contain The rose of pleasure or the thorn of pain.

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said, dreamily. His heart beat tumultuously. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hand in his own; "and why?" he repeated, imperiously. "Oh!" she said, with a brooding earnestness that fell freezing upon his soul, "because then you would come round only once every fifteen years?"

The tragedy of our lives is not created entirely from within. "Character," says Novalis, in one of his questionable aphorisms, "character is destiny." But not the whole of our destiny, Hamlet, prince of Denmark, was speculative and irresolute, and we have a great tragedy in consequence. But if his father had lived to a good old age, and if his uncle had died an early death, we can conceive Hamlet's having married Ophelia and got through life with a reputation of sanity, notwithstanding many soliloquies and some moody sarcasms toward the fair daughter of Polonius, to say nothing of the frankest incivility to his father-in-law.—*George Eliot.*

Origin of Asia, Europe, Africa, Etc.

Asia means morning or east; Europe, evening or west; Australia means lying to or in the south. Hence, we may consider that these names mean Eastern Land, Western Land, and Southern Land. Asia is a Greek word; Europe is the Hebrew *ereb*; Australia is a Latin word. The origin of the word "Africa" is uncertain. Some conjecture that it is a Semitic word, meaning "Land of Wanderers."

A Wise Maxim.

Our life is determined for us; and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do.—*George Eliot.*

CURES CONSTIPATION.
LASH'S
KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS
CURES HEADACHE.
CURES MALARIA.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.

The Live Crockery House

HAS DEMONSTRATED BY ITS

INCREASE IN BUSINESS

THAT IT CARRIES BY FAR THE

Best Selected Stock of Crockery and Glassware and Lamp Goods

EVER CARRIED IN THIS CITY.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

JOS. THIEBEN CROCKERY CO.

518 J Street.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth

FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN WATERS
A NATURAL MINERAL WATER OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT.
"SHASTA" WATER
BOTTLED FOR EUROPEAN TRADE
MOUNT SHASTA, ELEVATION 14,442 FT.
TRADE MARK.
MOUNT SHASTA MINERAL SPRING CO.
GENERAL OFFICE 908 & 910 2ND STREET.
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA U.S.A.
BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS
TRADE MARK. COPYRIGHTED

1891. **HOLIDAY GOODS!** 1891.

New Stock, Open and Ready for Sale, Consisting of

Bisque, Royal Worcester, Doulton, Dresden, Terra Cotta.

Also, an attractive lot of DECORATED CHINA DINNER and TEA SETS, and open stock goods in great variety. We Solicit Careful Inspection.

Sacramento Glass and Crockery Company

629 J STREET.

JOHN WEIL, Manager

A. H. ROTT.

C. H. KREBS.

C. H. KREBS & CO.,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,

Varnishes, Wall Paper, Brushes, Window Shades and Picture Mouldings.

Ready Mixed Paints and Building Papers.

House and Sign Painting, Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, Glazing and Gilding, Pictures, Frames and Mouldings.

626 J STREET,

Between Sixth and Seventh, SACRAMENTO.

TELEPHONE 267.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

SADDLE ROCK
Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET.

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

ASK YOUR GROCER

FOR THE

SACRAMENTO

Packing and Drying Company's
GOODS.

They Are the Best.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

November 4, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.05 A
7.00 A	Calistoga and Napa	
7.05 P	Vallejo and Calistoga	8.40 P
10.50 P	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.20 A
7.00 P	Denting, El Paso and East	7.30 P
7.35 P	Knights Landing and Oroville	7.40 A
10.40 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	10.25 A
11.55 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	6.45 P
10.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	7.40 A
	Ogden and East	
3.00 P	Oroville, via Roseville Junction	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.35 A	Kedding via Willow	4.00 P
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.05 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.30 A
8.00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	9.40 P
7.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	10.30 P
10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26.00 A
10.40 A	Sau Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.40 A	San Jose	2.50 P
7.00 P	Santa Barbara	10.25 A
6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	8.40 P
8.30 A	Stockton and Galt	10.25 A
10.40 A	Stockton and Galt	2.50 P
7.00 P	Stockton and Galt	7.30 P
11.55 A	Truckee and Reno	7.40 A
10.00 P	Truckee and Reno	6.45 P
7.00 A	Vallejo	8.40 P
3.05 P	Vallejo	11.05 A
8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	2.40 P
12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	10.20 A
4.45 P	Folsom	8.00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

OF SACRAMENTO.

\$100,000 TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE.
Semi-annual Dividends on Deposits. Correspondence promptly answered.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

Geo. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

PHOENIX BAKERY,

C. SCHURR, Proprietor,

Southwest Corner Thirteenth and J Streets.

Bread, Pies and Cakes,

FRESH EVERY MORNING,

Delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of Iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

THE EMERSON



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1891.

No. 43.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

Rev. Joseph Krauskopf, of Philadelphia, delivered a beautiful lecture last month, taking as the subject the review of one of the late Lawrence Barrett's personations of "Shylock." The learned divine makes his text "Shylock—the unhistoric Jew." After some caustic reflections on Christian charity, as disclosed in the grand drama, he thus closes: With all his genius, Shakspeare was after all but a child of his age. Even his knowledge, vast as it was, was hampered by the limitations of the times in which he lived (1564-1616). His knowledge of the Jew was necessarily deficient. It is questioned whether Shakspeare ever visited the continent, where he might have come in contact with Jews. From his own country they had been banished (1290) 300 years before his time, and into it they were not re-admitted till after his death. His knowledge of the Jew he must, therefore, have derived from what he read or heard of them, or from what he saw on the stage, and that was, in his time, almost universally derogatory to the Jewish character. In book, in folk-lore, on stage, the Jew was invariably the villain or the miser. That there were good and respectable Jews, Shakspeare had no chance to know. He knew that the villainous traitor, Judas Iscariot, was a Jew; he probably never knew that the good Jesus, as well as his parents, and brothers, and first apostles and disciples and followers, were also Jews. He knew that the fictitious Barabbas was a Jew, and probably never thought of it that the historic Richard III and King John were Christians. That he was caught by the Jew-hating infection of his time—though, to his credit be it said, in a slighter degree than any other English writer before him, and than many after him—we are assured, when, in his writings, we come across passages such as "a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting" (conveying the idea of the stone-heartedness of the Jew), or when in the witch-scene of Macbeth he requires the "liver of a blasphemous Jew" for their hellish concoction, or when he depicts to us the ravenous craving of the Jew after the Christian's pound of flesh.

He may not even have known that the story of the pound of flesh, which he developed in *The Merchant of Venice* (written in the year 1598), was an old one, almost as old as myth and legend, and, in one form or another, quite common among ancient oriental and occidental peoples. He may not even have known that in the earlier renditions of this story the villain is never a Jew; that only in the latter renditions, in those made during the times of the bitterest Jewish persecutions, the non-Jewish villain of the earlier stories is suddenly turned into a Jew. He may not even have known that in the only historically recorded event that bears a striking similarity to the Shylock story, and which seems to underlie his own plot, the villain is a Christian, and not a Jew. The story is related in connection with the biography of Pope Sixtus V. (1521-1590). Sechi, a Christian, and Cenade, a Jew, enter into a wager, in which the stake is a pound of flesh, if the Jew loses, and a 1,000 *scudi*, if the Christian loses. The Jew loses. The Christian swears he will have the pound of flesh. The Jew appeals to the governor, and he appeals to Pope Sixtus, who imposes a heavy fine

on each—on the Christian for attempting manslaughter, and on the Jew for hazarding his own life. Thus, the historical (and, at that cruel and persecuting age, the only possible) Shylock is Sechi, the Christian, and the historical Antonio is Cenade, the Jew.

But whether Shakspeare changed the plot to suit the stage-requirements of his time, knowing that with a Christian villain against a Jewish hero, his play would be doomed the very first time brought upon the stage, or whether his plot came to him already falsified, his intentions certainly were not to wrong the Jew any more than he had been wronged; on the contrary, as we were made to see above, if anything, he rather favored the Jew than otherwise. His genius and sense of justice rose, perhaps even unconscious to himself, above his mercenary talents. While his mercenary talents gratified the Jew-hating public, his genius drew in Shylock the briefest, the most classical, the most eloquent, the most widely read and witnessed story of the martyrology of the Jew. So magnificent a piece of workmanship is this play, so subtle its division into an *exoteric* and an *esoteric* meaning, that, while the superficial, amusement-seeking reader or auditor laughs or growls at the worsted blood-thirsty Jew, the thoughtful weeps over the unutterable wrongs to a persecuted race. Thanks, many thanks, to the noble Bard of the Avon for his play. Ranking with the best of all his dramas, and one of the purest of them all, free from those shocking murders that mar the beauty of some of the best of his other plays, blending happily the serious with the comic, full of diverse action and picturesque scenery, affording highest histrionic scope for the best actors and actresses, it will continue to hold the boards as one of the most popular of all his plays. And with its continuance the Jew will have a constant and faithful advocate. The unhistoric in its falsified plot will become wider and wider known. The historic part will stand out as a lasting witness to Jewish persecutions and sufferings, and as a constant summons for just and noble reparation.

The poet Dryden must have been impressed with the idea that there is an affinity between genius and insanity when he wrote—

Great wit is sure to madness near allied,
And their partitions do their bounds divide.

Our classics always taught us that genius is the gift of the gods, and is bestowed upon but few mortals. The price they pay for this greatness is often the gift of their lives to some great project, at a total disregard of all the other affairs of life. This fact, perhaps, gives rise to the poetic fancy that with great genius comes an indifference to all other objects than the one which commands their immediate attention; thus being considered insane by reason of those seeming idiosyncracies which, in the ordinary person, would never be noticed. It was one of the doctrines of Plato that delirium was not an evil, but, coming by the gift of the gods, was a benefit. Pascal wrote that extreme intelligence was nearly allied to extreme madness; that the line dividing great genius and insanity was very faint. Genius has been, by our classics, considered a flower immortal blooming on Mt. Parnassus, whose fragrance was the joy of the world. When we come to consider the acts of our greatest inventors and scientists, in a majority of cases they are the most impracticable and simple-minded—actually oblivious to the ordinary concerns of life. In the demonstration of some great scientific matter they do some of the most

absurd and ridiculous things. From such acts arises the sentiment that genius and insanity are of kindred and bequests of the gods. How frequently do we find persons who excel in some one accomplishment who are veritable simpletons in the ordinary affairs. A man or woman whose whole soul is wrapped up in music rarely ever possesses any other accomplishment. So with eminent professors of science; they are so absorbed in their pursuits that they are unversed in anything else. There is in this city a young woman about eighteen years of age who is a marvel in mathematics; yet her mind seems to be almost a blank on everything else; indeed, she is physically and mentally a weakling, save only her remarkable gift in mathematics.

Philologists have sought for our primitive mother tongue for centuries on the banks of central Asia. Darwin attributes our origin to the monkey, and now comes Prof. Garner, who proposes to go to the fountain head of our primeval speech. "Monkey talk" is the object he has in view, and he intends to go to Africa where communion will be held with apes, gorillas and members of the monkey family, through the medium of the phonograph. What ultimate good can result from this enterprise it is difficult to comprehend.

The President's message is a lengthy state paper. It is difficult to condense or make very brief such a document at this time, when there are so many grave matters to consider. The President has, in a clear and unostentatious manner, and without an indulgence in platitudes, given a resume of the situation of all the departments and affairs of national importance. The Chile question is presented to congress with the conclusion that unless Chile promptly makes reparation the matter will be again the subject of a message which will mean extreme measures. The two great questions—tariff and silver—the President recommends that all the existing laws relating thereto be given a full trial in order that the great business interests may be spared the distressing influences which accompany radical changes. Free coinage of silver would, under existing conditions, disastrously affect our business interests at home and abroad. Suitable legislation is recommended regarding the Chinese exclusion in order that courts may not conflict in the construction of the act. He considers the interpretation placed upon the act by some courts, that it means that the Chinamen shall be returned to the immediate country from which they came, as incorrect, and that they must be returned to China. The consideration of the rights of railroad employes, and that railroad companies should provide for the better protection of their employes from death and injury, certainly addresses itself to the intelligence as well as the humanity of congress. Under most of the state statutes there is no redress for the injury or death of an employe. A very careful consideration is given to the question of the method of choosing presidential electors, and the abuse that might follow the district plan through the process of gerrymandering. The message will be instructive reading to all citizens, who cannot fail to obtain much information on governmental affairs therefrom. It is not within the compass of an editorial article to review such a document, as the subjects treated therein are as briefly mentioned as it would be possible in an editorial.

The first election held under the new ballot system in Sacramento transpired on Monday. It did happen an editor of this paper occupied the dual position of a

citizen and a candidate. Truly, the office for which he had been named was of little consequence, if judgment is to be based upon the sparsity of the votes that were cast. However it was, opportunity was afforded to judge of the workings of the new system. There is nothing wrong with the system itself, but like all new things in legislation, some did criticise unjustly. It is impossible that a law can be devised that will carry with it the furnishment of brains to those who will be selected to execute. Our observation was that the voters understood it better than did some of the election officers, whose duty it was to have posted themselves in advance. In 1884 the writer ran for the office of assemblyman, the compensation being but \$480. Though the campaign did last but three days, it cost more to us than the entire salary. Beset we were with strikers on every hand; against the dictates of conscience we were compelled, under the menace of defeat, to yield up our money; felt the extortion, too, as more cowardly than highway robbery, in that, in the latter case, in resisting, the victim has the advantage of the protection of the law should he kill the robber. On Monday we found it different. Our assessment, which, of course, was legitimate, amounted to but \$10. We presume the experience of the opposing candidate was about the same.

In the third ward by mutual agreement between the competing candidates, an opportunity was afforded, so nearly as they could conserve, to practically demonstrate the workings of the new law. Immediately when the deliberations of the nominating bodies had reached culmination, a compact between the candidates was entered into, in general effect that each would protect the other against calumnious attack; that the canvass would be conducted as between gentlemen, and that at the hour of the opening of the polls, so far as each was concerned, the case would be submitted to the jury—the people. Manifestly, there was wisdom in this action, in that any man of sense does know that defamation, when used by one, becomes a sword of double edge, and that under the new election law it is useless to attempt to influence the voters on election day. The strikers were not in it; the candidate was permitted to feel that he stood on equal footing with his fellow-men, and that he could not be bled by conscienceless money-bleeders.

Will there ever be a man perfect? An unhappy philosopher, if we remember aright our earlier reading, did pass through the streets of Athens in the hours of darkness; did carry with him a lantern, and did look inquiringly into the countenances of his fellows. To their inquiries he did reply: "I seek an honest man." There was irony in the philosophy of the sage. Were he now in life, perhaps he would be impelled to travel from Athens to Sacramento to find a perfect man. Perfection in humanity hath never been attained; it never will be. From the estimate we are compelled to draw in the sacred scroll, Adam was a coward, in that he did wrong and sought to cast the blame upon a woman. The time did come when the taint of corruption did necessitate the destruction of all mankind, save Noah and his immediate relatives. Noah was not perfect, in that he did celebrate his return to dry land by a debauch. Lot was the purest man of Sodom and Gomorrah; his record is not beyond adverse criticism. Diogenes, after having wasted his younger life in revelry and dissipation, did become the cynic philosopher, and made his permanent residence in a tub; he was too wise for the age in which he lived, and too pure to mingle with the common herd. It would not surprise us if on some morning we will discover the leaders of what is known as the great "reform" sandwiched in a hogshead, and that to the people they will say: "Behold the embodiment of purity! the touch of the Philistines will be to us contamination; we will, however, do the thinking for you." We esteem it, did a monarch of the world now exist; one who had cried that he did find no other nations to conquer, it would hardly be he would exclaim, when he would look into the Sacramento barrel: "Were I not Alexander the Great, I would be one of the owners of the great reform." The chances are, as we esteem the sentiment of this people as it was expressed on Monday, Alexander would have quietly directed that the barrel be securely headed and cast into the river. These

remarks may seem severe; they are, however, just. The few who did assume to control the action of the persons we refer to did meet in secret and did attempt to stigmatize a candidate for a public office, without affording him an opportunity for a hearing. Concerning this action, that candidate did during the canvass maintain silence; felt as did Mr. Seward when the threat of the know-nothings was directed against him: "I am an American citizen; to no secret power do I kneel, save one—my God." It is rather gratifying there has been a public protest against the revival of the inquisition of the dark ages, and against the transplantation to the soil of America of Russian injustice—secret condemnation, without a hearing.

To the people of the third ward an editor of this paper renders a sincere acknowledgment of gratitude. He does fully realize the responsibility cast upon him; forsees the harassments with which he will be beset. At times there will be the appeals of sympathy, on the one hand—appeals that to refuse will smite the heart of man; on the other hand the stern mandate of public duty. Easy enough it will be to offset political intrigue, in that it will come in most cases in the envelope of selfishness.

The weirdest manifestation of the spiritual influence to which the human body is subjected is to be found in the expression of a blind person's face. If you want to arrive at a real understanding of the mysterious life within life, which surrounds us, and which is upon us, search studiously the lineaments of the blind, and you will then know what kind of hidden force is the soul that has wrought so ineffable an expression. The natural air of a blind face is that of repose. It is right that this should be; for we believe silence to be with darkness, and peace to be with silence. There are few faces that have light upon which, in their hours of repose, may not be found an expression as of hungeriness, waxing fainter or more powerful as we search down the gradations of intellect. Life communicates to the eyes of those that can see a light which beams upon you with a sense of want—an expression of unrest—a thirsty desire to solve fresh mysteries. The suggestiveness of being finds a reflected inquisitiveness in the open eyes of all. Take the meanest eyes that ever gazed upon the enduring glories of God's universe, and, keenly scrutinizing them, you will read an intelligence incorporated with their own normal consciousness which stamps on the face a thirstiness not to be found on the face of the blind. This incorporated intelligence is the knowledge of things inspired by the world's show. It has slid into the expression of their eyes unknown to themselves. It lives within the light of the eyes like the memories with which some glances are pregnated. It is the life of the eye that is two-fold; firstly, the light with which it has been created; secondly, the light which it has had communicated. This second light is the deeper mystery. By it the expression of the lineaments is stated, and because this light is the embodied, deep inquisitiveness inspired by the suggestiveness of the surrounding life, so the faces of those who are not blind have ever upon them an expression of desire which grows with the time through which they live.

The peace interpenetrating the lineaments of the blind is the fruit of the silence which is upon their spirits through the darkness with which they are encompassed. A sense of this surpassing peace is only communicated to you when you watch the blind in the hour of their repose. The sounds of life, the accents of human voices, the murmur of innumerable things will agitate this repose; and at such times its weird beauty is without impressiveness. We glean these facts from the experience of those who have had the care of the blind. There are periods when repose will descend upon the spirit like a sense of sleep; it is in this slumbrous wakefulness that the true expressions of all come out, just as the images of things in water will grow visible as the agitation on the surface subsides and a calm settles upon it. Then the manifestations of the inwrought peace upon the face of the blind takes place in all its startling mystery of beauty. The yearning look which the blind sometimes wear, when you meet them in the streets, or watch them listening amidst audiences, is not the true expression of their

spiritual being; it is an expression that is born from a renewal of their ancient inner activity by the sounds that are about them. Their true expression is to be found in the brow which seems to shine out of the very darkness of the mind that imparts to it its wondrous peace; in the lips that are parted and motionless; because what whispers go on within are uttered in darkness, and need no movement of the lips to render their significance intelligible, for the blind do not talk to themselves; in the eyebrows which are contracted with no sense of light, no consciousness of scorn, no eagerness of knowledge, no rigor of meditation. The mystic beauty of the expression of the blind face is full of the deep poetry of pathos.

The seeing can have no feelings in common with the sightless—with those whose spirits seem living a life inconceivable and unknown to us who bask in the light of the all-brightening sun, find joy and music and poetry in the flushing of flowers, the voluptuous swaying of summer trees, the hazy glory of stars and skies. The souls of the blind live the life of deep consciousness, which is self-listening, self-inspiring, self-acting, owing nothing to outer suggestions, instructive or absolute; arguing with spiritual logic, which is consequential only to itself, because it ignores all principles of positive and relative, of precedent and comparison. They live in the world of darkness, where the black skies of those who were not born blind are streaked across with the unilluminating, mystic, pale light of memory. In this darkness they converse with the echoes of palpable voices; they hear the vibration of incommunicable music; dreams of form and substance float before them and inspire them with all the thoughts they have. The mystery that follows the departure of light is upon them. They live and move and have their being in a weird, phantom world of thought that has no relation with the thought of the lighted life. Their expectancy is not ours. It is the expectancy that is born, not of the sights of the world, but of things that move in darkness. Yet there are well-loved spirits that throng that limitless universe of darkness; familiar faces, whose light is communicated by the spiritual eyes that gaze and woo, look from the impalpable profound and speak in voices whose tones resemble the innumerable moans that fill the air when we sit and think upon a summer's sleeping night. The world of blackness is still a world of love. Into darkness as well as into light the heart will carry its own beautiful affections. The new life into which the blind enter changes these affections into likenesses that bear no resemblance to our own, because they are purged, perhaps, of much of their materiality. But if they are more refined, more immaterial, more divine in their essence, they are not less strong in their hold, less inspiring in their presence, less wonderful in their creativeness. So here we behold in operation the sublime and generous law of compensation. At the sacrifice of their sweet, subduing fancies, the weirdly, lovely affections, the spiritual faces, the vague array of subtle and impalpable dreams, with which the blind have accustomed the world of darkness to their hearts, how many would return to the life of the light of the sun?

AGE AND SONG.

In vain men tell us time can alter
Old loves or make old memories falter,
That with the old year the old year's life closes.
The old dew still falls on the old sweet flowers,
The old sun revives the new-fledged hours,
The old summer rears the new-born roses.

Much more a Muse that bears upon her
Raiment, and wreath, and flower of honor,
Gathered long since and long since woven,
Fades not or falls as falls the vernal
Blossoms that bear no fruit eternal,
By summer or winter charred or cloven.

No time casts down, no time upraises
Such loves, such memories, and such praises,
As need no grace of sun or shower,
No saving screen from frost or thunder,
To tend and house around and under
The unperishable and peerless flower.

Old thanks, old thoughts, old aspirations,
Outlive men's lives and lives of nations,
Dead, but for one thing which survives—
The inalienable and unpriced treasure,
The old joy of power, the old pride of pleasure,
That lives in light above men's lives.

—Algernon Charles Swinbourne.

Never contradict a painter in a theater. He always wants to make a scene.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Although managers pay a popular singer big prices, they do not conceal the fact that they want her services for a song.

If a man is to be judged by the company he keeps, some theatrical managers will have a "red hot time" in the next world.

The greatest success of the twenty years has been the *Cloches de Corneville*. It ran in London for 600 nights. Comic opera scored the second place as well as the first. The *Mascotte* and *La Fille de Mme. Angot* ran for over 400. When we get into the 300-night pieces, we have again comic opera, in the *Petit Duc* and in *Miss Helyett*, a piece still running at the Bouffes, Paris, and running in the London Criterion under another name. Then at last we get to a real play, and the *Maitre de Forges* appears on the list. But it is not the plays that run longest that make most money. *Michael Strogoff* caps the list with receipts of nearly 3,000,000f.; after it comes *Mme. Angot* with 2,500,000f.; then Offenbach's *Orfee*, and then, and not till then, *Theodora*, with Sarah Bernhardt.

There are many songs which were composed in the time of Charles II, whose music is in vogue to-day, whose words were of the most infamous description originally. Henry Purcell, to the shame of the epoch be it said, brought forth many of these. But since even Shakspeare at times descended to the level of his age we need not too bitterly blame the musical genius (the greatest that England ever produced) for trying to earn an occasional shilling by turning out such wicked musical compositions. Some of the early English ballads tell of times of persecution, of bigotry and of intolerance. Naturally these musical works have undergone transformation in modern times; but one, "The Jew's Daughter," has remained intact, and tells of the murder of Hugh, of Lincoln, which took place A. D. 1255, and was charged upon the Jews of Lincoln, of whom over 200 hundred were brought to London and tried with torture for a mythical crucifixion of the unfortunate lad. The tale of ancient jealousy has come down to our time in the song, "O Waly, Waly, Up the Bank," which refers to the separation of Lord Jamie Douglas from his wife. The original tale reads much like the plot of Shakspeare's *Othello*, for there was an Iago in the shape of a certain Lowrie of Blackwood, secretary to Douglas, and in default of the fatal handkerchief which plays so important a part in the Shakspearean tragedy this wicked man placed a pair of boots in such wise that the jealousy of the marquis was aroused and a pathetic separation followed, of which few who sing the song know anything. Some of the odd transformations of songs are due to what must originally have been something very like theft. Thus "Willie, We Have Missed You," is only a paraphrase of the famous Scotch song, "Jock o' Hazeldean." The yet more celebrated "John Anderson, My Jo," is suspiciously like "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home Again," a popular song of war times. But sometimes these resemblances to the Scotch music come about very innocently. A strathspey is changed into "Oft in the Stilly Night," and this is by no means a distant relative to "Nearer, My God, to Thee," thus making a favorite hymn tune first cousin to an ungodly and very energetic dance. Such changes might occur through the unconscious retention of a tune in the mind, as once happened to Mendelssohn while composing "Elijah." He had heard "Auld Robin Gray" sung to Leever's tune (this popular melody is not the original tune which went with the words), and the melody clung to his memory without his being aware of the fact. When, therefore, he set the words of "Oh, Rest in the Lord," to the extreme horror of the publisher he used Leever's tune without in the least being conscious of plagiarism. When his attention was drawn to the fact he altered the melody, but the careful observer will still discover something of the flavor of "Auld Robin Gray" in "Oh, Rest in the Lord." Many of the songs of the German students have been stolen and reproduced in new guises on this side of the Atlantic. "Maryland, My Maryland," for example, is note for note the old German song "O Tannebaum," a song in praise of fidelity. The simple little song so often heard in kindergarten or Sunday school as "Oh, Come, Come Away," is one of the most popular of the student songs, but in Germany it represents the merits of a very fiery punch called "Crambambuli." Our national music is full of metamorphoses akin to those mentioned above. "Yankee Doodle" being old English, "The Star-Spangled Banner" a jovial drinking song, and "America" the English national anthem. Even the hymnology is not exempt from these importune resemblances, for "Sun of My Soul" is not very far from Mozart's "Se Vuol Bellare," and many other instances of metamorphoses might be cited, but enough has been noted to prove that Solomon's saying, "There is no new thing under the sun," may be very strongly applied to music.

Book Chat.

The author of those touching lines entitled "Beautiful Snow" will probably receive treatment in a separate chapter of Superintendent Porter's forthcoming census report. No single locality can claim the honor of his, or her, birthplace.

Robert J. Burdette, the humorist, is to go into the editorial harness again. With January 1 he will become a salaried editor on the staff of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and will conduct a regular department in each issue of that periodical.

The letters of General Sherman to his daughter, now running in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, throw a new light upon the character of the man who is known to his generation as a warrior. Theodore Davis, who sat at Sherman's mess table during the campaigns of which he writes, supplements the Sherman letters by a very interesting paper of his own, and a number of sketches which he made at the time.

The cabalistic book of Sohár gives a parable to illustrate the approach of truth to man. Truth is a beautiful woman, who first gives a gentle hint which none but a true lover can discover; next she whispers through a thick veil that hides her entire form; then she converses through a thin veil which discloses the outlines of her beauty; at last she shows her glorious face and intrusts him with the secrets of her heart.

In the sixteenth century we find the greatest extravagance displayed in the titles of books. These may be taken as examples: "The Spiritual Snuff Box, to Lead Devoted Souls to Christ;" and "The Spiritual Seringa for Souls Steeped in Devotion." A work on Christian charity published in 1587 is entitled "Buttons and Button Holes for Believers' Breeches." The editor of this department has Father La Chaucie's work, entitled "Bread Cooked on the Ashes; Brought by an Angel to the Prophet Elighah [Elijah] to Comfort the Dying." Another was issued with the curious title of "The Lamp of S. Augustine, and the Flies that Flit Around It." The following very attractive title appeared in a book published at Newcastle in 1605: "Some Beautiful Biscuits Cooked in the Oven of Charity and Put Aside for the Fowls of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit and the Swallows of Salvation."

Mr. Clarence King, of New York, himself a charming writer, takes a very melancholy view of literature in the east. He says that Boston has been dead, as a producer of literature, for ten years, and that New York is in a moribund condition. The society mania, he asserts, is working evil in New York. The rage is continually for balls, parties, receptions, and those other hollow flatteries to which men naturally incline and which fashionable society loves to tender. As soon as a young writer is recognized in New York he is pounced upon and lionized by society. That means an end to work. The club and the drawing-room are thus killing off literature; vanity and ostentation are driving out the muse. Mr. King estimates that for the next hundred years no literature worth mentioning will be produced in the east. To the west he looks for all of merit that is to come. "Why is it," asks Mr. King, "that the love stories of the present time are so lacking in virility? The love of which our literature treats nowadays is a sickly, superficial sentiment; there is neither manhood nor womanhood in it. It is false, and therefore bad. Why doesn't somebody kick out of the traces and give us a healthy, natural, strong, virile love story?"

George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, entertained Sir Edwin Arnold at dinner recently, at his private residence near Philadelphia. Two Japanese ladies graced the festive board, and the distinguished guest is said to have fairly scintillated in the Light of Asia. At the banquet tendered him in New York last week, Sir Edwin pronounced himself "a darn Britisher who rejoices to think that her majesty, the sovereign, is the best and noblest of all noble ladies," but he puts this country up alongside of England. "Between these two majestic sisters of the Saxon blood the hatchet of war is, please God, buried." Regarding the English speech, he said: "Let us all try to keep in speech and in writing as close as we can to the pure English that Shakspeare and Milton, and, in these latter times, Longfellow, Emerson, and Hawthorne have fixed. It will not be easy. To the treasure house of that noble tongue, the United States have splendidly contributed. It would be far poorer to-day without the tender cares of Longfellow, the serene and philosophic pages of Emerson, the convincing wit and clear criticism of my illustrious departed friend, James Russell Lowell, and the Catullus-like perfection of the lyrics of Edgar Allan Poe, and the glorious, large-tempered dithyrambs of Walt Whitman. These stately and sacred laurel groves grow here in a garden forever extending, ever carrying further forward for the sake of humanity the irresistible flag of our Saxon supremacy." The editor of the *Daily Telegraph* is evidently ingratiating himself with the Americans, and if he keeps up this sort of thing his visit will be a great success.

Professional Chat.

"Now," began the lecturer, "if we take consumption in its incipency"—"Is it ever taken any other way?" interrupted the frivolous student.

The Emperor of Germany, the Grand Duke of Baden and the Prince Regent of Bavaria have all become members of the German Shakspeare society, whose headquarters are in Weimar.

Justice Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court, shows his continued interest in his alma mater, Rutgers College, by establishing a prize in Roman law, a course in which forms a part of the work in the Latin department in that institution.

A poor young lawyer of Boston has just taken unto himself a bride worth fourteen millions dollars. How strange a man must feel buried all at once under an avalanche of such riches and bliss.

Judge—"So you want a divorce simply because your wife won't speak to you when she gets angry?" Mr. Growler—"Yes, that's it." Judge (severely)—"This is positively the most frivolous complaint I ever listened to. Don't you know when you're well off?"

Mr. Brooks Adams, in a speech in Boston the other evening, related that when the great Calumet copper mine was first opened in the wilderness of Michigan the miners struck for higher wages. "But won't higher wages ruin the company?" was asked. "Not at all," was the reply; "we don't care what we pay the miners so long as we own the grocery store."

An interesting little war story has Gov. Jones, of Alabama, for its hero. At the time Gordon was resisting Sherman's advance, Jones, then a staff captain, was delivering a message from his chief, when he saw a little child, clad only in night clothes, hiding in terror behind a frame house in the direct tracks of the bullets from each army. Jones rode forward, took the child on his horse and galloped back with her to the confederate line. When the union forces saw the act they ceased firing, and there was an impromptu cessation of hostilities until the child had been carried to a point of safety.

The epicurean philosophy is the religion of pleasure—a popular religion nowadays. The ancient founder of this school, Epicurus, condemned religion in every form, as do his modern disciples. He taught that this life is the only one, and made pleasure the *summum bonum*. Yet he recommended the practice of the virtues, not on their own account, but for the sake of pleasure. He was himself practically temperate, ate sparingly of the plainest food, drank little and always attested that this was best for health, and therefore for enjoyment. He framed this maxim: "He lives most pleasantly who lives most temperately."

In a recent English case an enthusiastic amateur played daily eight hours on a violoncello, and on Sundays sometimes a little longer. To add to the misery caused, the player lived in a flat. The judge before whom the case was tried, decided that three hours was long enough for any human being to play on a violoncello, and issued the injunction. In another English case a chime of bells at Deptford was not allowed to ring, because the noise was offensive to the majority of the property-owners in the vicinity. In New York a person was brought up before the Court of Common Pleas some time ago for trundling in a carriage overhead his teething baby, both by night and by day. The judge, who must have been a married man, held that the noise was not unreasonable, and refused to interfere. The newspapers recently mentioned the sad case of a discharged chorister, who took a horrible revenge on the congregation by sitting in a pew and purposely singing out of tune. Whether he was indicted or not for disturbing public worship does not appear. Many annoying sounds have from time to time been alleged as nuisances, but the courts have held that some of them must be endured.

"About a year ago," says a Brooklyn clergyman, "a woman who had been deceived by her lover by means of a 'mock marriage,' and who had discovered the fraud, came to me with her tale of woe and asked my advice. She was living with the man she supposed to be her husband, but believed that he was about to desert her. I thought the matter over and told her to arrange a little party at her house and to invite me as her friend, but not as a minister of the gospel, and at an opportune time propose to her lover that they show their friends how they were married 'in fun.' She was a bright little woman and carried out my instructions to the letter. The people in the house, when I went there, knew of the existing conditions and readily entered into the scheme, prompted by curiosity to see how a 'mock marriage' was performed. I was pressed into service by the woman on the plea that I had a brother in the church. I took a bible she provided and married them fast, and made out the certificate in due form. Then I had an interview with the man. He was very angry at first, but came around all right, and he and the little woman are now living together very happily. That isn't the way most 'mock marriages' end, but it would be a good way to do it."

NOTES.

An old discussion, whether canvasback or redhead are best is on again. Meanwhile many are content with pork and beans.

No animal has more than five toes, digits, or claws to each foot or limb. The horse is one-toed, the ox two-toed, the rhinoceros is three-toed, the hippopotamus is four-toed, and the elephant and hundreds of other animals are five-toed.

Some senseless fellow started a rumor against the Sacramento Bank which caused a run yesterday afternoon. There was no possible foundation for any alarm, and the bank authorities quietly paid every depositor who presented his book.

Civilization does not seem to be friendly to bird life. Ten specimens of North American birds are put down by the ornithologists as "missing." Of these two—the great auk and the Labrador duck—are believed to have become extinct within the memory of living men.

We are apt to think that superstition is dead, or at least confined to the ignorant and illiterate. But this is far from being correct. Recently, for instance, in St. Louis, a large building in one of the best business streets of the city was torn down simply because it was thought to be "hoodooed."

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris that she has seen in a jeweler's shop there the most marvelous pearl necklace of modern times. It took its former possessor twenty years to collect the pearls of which it is composed. The necklace is valued at \$120,000, and is designed to be a present by the Czar to his wife.

A novel residence, which has just been finished, and is situated in Hamburg, has been made entirely of paper boards, which, it is said, are of the hardness of wood, but possess an advantage over the latter material in that they are fireproof, this desirable end being effected by impregnation with certain chemical solutions.

Celery is a splendid nerve stimulant, besides being cooling and refreshing. It is a fact, that when one of our men of muscle is training for an encounter, he will eat as much as three bunches of celery at each meal. Lima beans, peas, spinach, and oyster plant, all deserve a word of commendation for their usefulness to mankind.

Victoria's favorite flower is the dark-red rose; not the Jaque, but a deeper red than that. Prince Albert loved the first gay yellow primrose of spring; and Victoria now, in adoration of his memory, causes primroses to be plucked by the river's brink, or wherever else they can be found, and orders that they be brought to her to divide favors with the dark-red love rose of which she is so fond.

We are having our periodical wonder in the person of a woman who has the marks of the crucifixion. This silly nonsense about anything supernatural is tiresome. However, just about Christmas time these little fictions arise, and the devout look wise and say: "How wonderful is this visitation." That there could be any religious significance in such cases is too absurd for even a thought.

The excess of women and girls over men and boys, in Great Britain, is 900,000, an increase of 200,000 in ten years. In Germany the number of females in excess of males is about 1,000,000. In Sweden and Norway the "weaker sex" is in the majority by about 250,000; in Austro-Hungary by 600,000, and in Denmark by 60,000. In the United States, Canada and Australia the males are in the majority. In this country there are about 1,000,000 more men than women.

There is something queer about a woman who has not a fear of cows, mice, burglars and Gypsies. It does not affect the matter that vicious cows are seldom met with, that the mouse is perfectly harmless, that burglars are few and generally innocuous, and that Gypsies who steal children are to be met with only in novels or theatrical performances. It would be logical if strange servant girls were substituted for Gypsies in the catalogue of terrors, as a result of the Beals abduction in Kansas City, but the logical will not follow.

The custom of covering with cloth or turning to the wall the pictures and mirrors in a house on the occasion of a death therein takes us back to early Greek and Jewish times, and is a modernized expression of some sentiment that caused Jews and Greeks to rend their clothing and to put ashes on their heads when they lost a dear friend. These people, to express their sorrow at such times, receded as far as possible in habit and behavior from their ordinary customs, and this same sentiment operating in more modern times attacked the pictures and mirrors as the brightest and most enlivening objects. The custom is becoming obsolete.

A New York preacher has evinced a little light of reason and common sense in denouncing the practice of allowing young girls to teach the "heathen Chinese" at the mission schools. There is about as much probability of instilling into the mongolian mind Christian religion as there is to teach a monkey any religious faith. These foolish and sentimental maidens are only made the object of ridicule by this same heathen after her vain endeavor to teach him the ways of the Christian doctrines. Attractive young ladies are the attraction that draws the wily heathen, not religion. It is the desire to sit beside these pretty teachers that causes them to assume a devout manner. The wonder is that there have not been some strange sensations emanating from this mockery of religion. Indeed the reverend gentleman warns parents against permitting their daughters to teach in these alleged missions. Our young ladies could find better occupations than attempting to teach these heathens.

We have been frequently asked for the census returns of this county. The following is the population of Sacramento county by townships: Alabama, 414; American, 648; Brighton, 1,282; Center, 383; Cosumnes, 443; Dry Creek, 963; Franklin, 1,885; Georgiana, 1,311; Granite, 1,970; Lee, 541; Mississippi, 316; Natoma, 318; Sacramento city, 26,386; San Joaquin, 1,383; Sutter, 2,096. Total, 40,339. The town of Folsom has 699; Elk Grove, 202; Walnut Grove, 212; Galt was not segregated by the local enumerator. The seven wards of Oakland has 48,682. If we include the surroundings of Oakland there should be added 12,040, which would make 60,722. The population of San Francisco is 298,997; Los Angeles, 50,395; San Diego, 16,159; San José, 18,050; Stockton, 14,424; Woodland, 3,069; Marysville, 3,991; Napa City, 4,395; Grass Valley, 6,798; Nevada City, 2,524; Fresno, 10,622; Eureka City, 4,858; Berkeley, 5,101; San Rafael, 3,290; Salinas, 2,399; San Bernardino City, 4,012; Santa Barbara, 5,864; Santa Clara, 2,891; Petaluma, 3,692; Red Bluff, 2,608; San Buena Ventura City, 2,320; Tulare City, 2,697; Chico, 2,894; Oroville, 1,787; Martinez, 1,600.

Another Homily on Poker.

W. J. Florence was very fond of the game of poker, and was regarded as a most excellent player. In some very interesting notes on the game written by him occurs the following:

As in any game of chance or speculation, there are in poker opportunities to cheat. Long before poker, however, was even invented cheating at chance games was practiced by the unprincipled. I have seen loaded dice taken from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum and now preserved in the government museum at Naples. So poker is not responsible for all the charges brought against it.

It is well, however, to be careful about going into a game of poker on an ocean steamer, in a railway carriage or a western hotel without some knowledge of your companions.

Whatever its origin, poker is now conceded to be one of the most intellectual, as it is doubtless the most fascinating of card games. Attack and defence are in it developed to an amazing perfection, the opportunities of seizing strategic advantage being wonderful.

Cable says: "A man who can play delightfully on a guitar and keep a knife in his boot would make an excellent poker player." And it is just as well to remember that it is not at all necessary to talk. In making bets the simple pushing up of the chips registers the bet. The father of American poker, Gen. Bob Schenck, said: "The main elements of success are good luck, good cards, plenty of cheek and good temper." Richard Guernale, in his "Poker Book," adds: "and plenty of patience." To these it is not misplaced here to add this: "Push your luck when winning, stay out when losing, until a little better hand than the average comes to you."

A great many players of experience recommend standing pat occasionally on two small pairs. This is unwise, as the only hand which is liable to be driven out is a hand which is just a little better. Almost any player with "aces up" or three of a kind will call a pat hand, particularly if the pot be a large one, and to stand pat on two pairs against an inferior hand is to waste your resources.

To play a hand pat, the limit should be raised both before and after the draw, and the game will seldom be found to be worth the candle. The only hand to stand pat on, other than a genuine one, is a hand without a pair and nothing to draw to.

In the southern states players consider it almost a point of honor to stand pat on a hand called a "killer"—that is, a hand with the nine for the highest and a two for the lowest card. It is impossible to make anything of such a hand by drawing, and the only thing to be done is to discard the whole or play pat.

When a player finds threes in his hand on the first deal he at once recognizes the fact that it may be improved to either a full hand or fours. There is no other increase of value possible. Once in every twenty-three and a half times four of a kind may be made by drawing two cards to threes. Just twice as

often, or about once in twelve times, a full hand may be made. It is possible, therefore, to improve this hand by drawing just once in every eight times.

A favorite play is to retain an odd card, discarding and drawing one card, and thus accomplishing the valuable result of deceiving one's rivals as to the strength of the hand. The probabilities of improving the hand are, of course, much less, four of a kind being possibly made in this way only once in forty seven times. One-card draw will result in a full hand about once in sixteen times. The one-card draw creates the impression that the hand is either a straight, a flush or two pairs. It seems to be the opinion of good judges that, as three of a kind is nineteen times out of twenty a good enough hand to win the pot, it offers the possessor a very wide range to win for the exercise of his own judgment in the draw. It matters not how the draw is made, the hand is bound to remain good, and may be improved. For this reason the policy of masking the hand is often advisable; for the one-card draw, especially, is calculated to create an appearance of bluffing, indicating a draw to a bobtail straight or flush.

Some excellent authorities on poker say that with three of a kind it is almost always best to hold up a card and draw one.

While it seems a little paradoxical to talk about drawing cards to a hand which is dealt to you in its complete form, such as a full, yet it often occurs that, for reasons of the moment, it is advisable to discard the pair and draw two cards; or, more probably, to throw away one of the associate pair and draw one. Where there are only a few playing, and a full hand with aces or kings pat is dealt, it is better to mask the strength of the hand by throwing away the small pair, or one of them at least, retaining the three aces or three kings. But this, of course, is largely a matter for individual taste and the emergency of the moment.

The larger the number of players in a game the better play it is to draw one card to a bobtail flush or straight. As far as the element of chance goes, it must be remembered that the four cards are of absolutely no value without the odd fifth, which is to be drawn, except so far as bluffing is concerned. There is no earthly probability of a bobtail winning on its merits, consequently the only chance of winning is of improving the hand. It is hardly worth while to take the risk unless the pot is one of considerable size.

Drawing to a straight with both ends open is a very good play, as the odds are only about six to one against its being made. But drawing to an intermediate straight is taking a chance of one in twelve. A flush, according to the calculus of probabilities, should on a one card draw be made nine times out of forty-seven.

After the discarding comes the betting. Primarily the better, or the player on whom the duty of betting or "passing out" first devolves, is the second to the dealer's left. He bets first or goes out, and each player after him has the privilege of either "seeing" what he has bet, raising it or passing out. When in this way the turn of the age is reached he may raise up to the limit or simply "see" the highest bet already made, and the advantage of his position is such that nobody can "raise" him. His "seeing" calls for a "show down" of hands.

That form of betting known as bluffing, which, by some, is erroneously supposed to so characterize the game of draw poker as to give it, actually, the name of "bluff" in some localities, is a necessary part of the game as best played. But it cannot be denied that many poker players do get through an evening without once resorting to it. The fact that they pretend to bluff, or bluff at bluffing, has, however, the desired result in producing an erroneous impression on the minds of their companions at table, producing such impressions being indeed a *sine qua non* to success. For the player known never to bluff is never "called," except on some hand shown by experience to be probably superior to his. Successful bluffs are almost impossible in "jack pots."

Half-breed Joe.

"Ride?" said the colonel, "there's nothing in the world can touch an Indian for riding. He can ride on a pony's neck, on his side, on his flank—he can ride under a pony, for I have seen him do it many a time."

"And now that we are on the subject of riding, I'll tell you about a ride that a half-breed Indian made once. I never liked half-breeds before that any more than I liked Indians. I don't like half-breeds now, but I liked that critter Joe."

"Joe started off to the south on an easy lope. You could see the Indians move where they had rested like a shadow on the plain. Then out came a circle like the curve of a band of blue swallows. It spread out, widening and widening, and circled in again like a closing fan, after Joe. All the while Joe was loping over the white plain to the south. They were after him at a hot pace, and Will gnawed his moustache as he watched his half-breed getting smaller and smaller. He was riding harder now, and the pursuing Indians were between him and the train. The soldiers could see puffs of white where

the Indians were sending balls after the half-breed, and then the speck of a Joe went out of sight and afterward the band, only a fine cloud of alkali dust showing where it floated over them.

"Will was an awfully reckless fellow. He didn't believe that the Indian lived who would fight face to face with a man. He used to say he would take ten men and ride through a whole tribe, shooting whatever men he chose, and that they wouldn't show fight if he could keep them from closing in behind him."

"He got his chance one day. He was escorting a supply-train wagon, you know, across the plains. He had about twenty infantrymen with him. A swarm of Indians came down upon him and began to blaze away. They fired like a hail-storm. He got the wagon rounded up and then tried to make the Indians come in and fight him. Not a bit of it would they have. They hung around like a swarm of bees just out of range. Every time he got the train in motion down they came again with a whoop. They were losing mules, and Will was raving, cursing mad. He couldn't make them fight him."

"So then they stayed. That night the red devils led them a terrible dance, but they stuck it out. The next day was one of those scorching, blistering days you get on the plains. The sun was like a flaming sword, and the wind that came over the bleached plain cut the skin open. There was no water to drink. The men's swollen tongues were hanging out of their mouths, and their carbines were so hot that they blistered the flesh on their hands. And all the while Will was swearing and swearing, and trying to get the devils to fight him. There was no fight in them. They had a sure thing of it waiting."

"In the afternoon it got so terrible that the men could not breathe. They began to faint under the torturing sun. Will wanted some one to come out and ride into camp for a cavalry troop. Joe was lying in the shade of a supply wagon, and he got up and led his pony over. The Indians were lying off about three miles then waiting for night, when they could come in and make things lively again with showers of rifle balls."

"This was all down in Arizona. Never been in Arizona, eh? Well, it was a nice country in those days. Your scalp was worth just about ten cents, par value. A friend of mine, Will Savrin, was a lieutenant in the —th. He picked up a half-breed, the meanest looking half breed I ever saw. The whites of his eyes showed every time you spoke to him. I wouldn't have trusted him if my neck had been in danger and he could have saved it. Will found some of the soldiers kicking and cuffing the half-breed around camp one day. The Indian was just whining and taking it all. Will cursed the men on the spot and threw two or three of them over their heels. He took the half-breed, warned him up and gave him something to eat. He couldn't drive the worthless devil away then, and so made a kind of man-servant of him, naming him Joe. But the Indian wasn't worth a rap for any kind of work."

"The redskins chased the half breed Joe for nine hours. They shot him, too, but the boy took off a sash which he wore and tied himself to his pony's neck when he got so weak that he could hold on no longer. And that's the way the pony carried the boy into camp in a dead faint. There was no need to tell them what the trouble was. It was after midnight then, but in twenty minutes a cavalry troop was galloping northward. The next forenoon the men in the train could see their sabers flashing in the sunlight miles away. They came over the plain with the sound of light thunder, and the first cries the relief heard from the train were cheers that came from the burning throats and shriveled lips for the half-breed Joe."

"The cavalry brushed the redskins off the plain and sent them scurrying in the direction that the sun went. They pulled Joe together and got him on his feet again, but after he got well he was the same lazy, good-for-nothing half-breed that he was before—absolutely fit for nothing. And yet, don't you know, I really believe in spite of myself that I think better of all half-breeds on account of that boy."

"Gentlemen, will you drink to the half-breed Joe?"

Time is always too short to people who improve it.

People who never ask any questions never learn very much.

Love is doubted when it leaves the cost-mark on the present.

Some men join church with the very same kind of a motive that others rob a bank.

If you want your children to love the Sabbath, don't make a practice of washing them Sunday morning.

If you want your boy to be a preacher, don't lock him up to learn verses of Scripture when the circus is in town.

There are men who will work harder and be more patient in trying to catch a string of fish that are fit for nothing under the sun but to be counted than they have done in ten years to help keep the devil from having his own way with the children.

FLASHES.

What a boon it would be to be able to recall lost opportunities.

In society we try the hardest to please those who like us the least.

Some men have a reputation of being too meek to swear. Look out for them.

Mercy is sometimes strained, but it strains some of our courts pretty hard to grant it.

It is natural that a fellow should be light-headed if he is where corks are numerous.

Kaiser William is an all-round fellow. He can run a theater, preach sermons, fill himself with beer and martial enthusiasm, tell students to fight duels, etc. Yet the cranks say he is crazy.

To Save Sutter's Fort.

We clip the following from the Wilkes-barre (Pa.) Record, November 30. R. H. McKune, therein mentioned, is a cousin of J. H. McKune of this city, who came to this State (then territory) in 1849, followed mining for about three years, and then returned to his old home in Scranton, Pa. He was mayor of that city during the excitement in that state caused by the Molly Maguire secret society. As mayor he was called on to antagonize that organization, and was seriously injured by them, but escaped with his life: "The old Californians having purchased the land for \$40,000 upon which stood Sutter's Fort, are now engaged in restoring the old familiar landmark to its former appearance and condition, including the outer walls and bastions, which will hereafter be preserved for all time to come in memory of that old pioneer and philanthropist, General John A. Sutter. They are now asking for a popular subscription of \$1 from the old Californians on the Atlantic slope. Any such in this vicinity may subscribe through Robert H. McKune, who will forward their subscriptions to the New York treasurer of the Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California."

The Reaper, Death.

The harvest of death still continues. Geo. W. Newbert, for many years county jailer, and a prominent citizen, died on Tuesday. He leaves a family.

William Daley, an old-time resident of Folsom, passed away last Monday.

Miss Stella Phillips, one of the most popular and accomplished young ladies of this city, yielded to the unrelenting power of death on Tuesday. Her sudden and untimely demise was a surprise to her hosts of friends and admirers.

Frank Graham, of Elk Grove, died Tuesday, after a brief illness. He was a Native Son and prominent Odd Fellow. He leaves a widow and two children.

John Oswald, a pioneer, is also numbered with the silent majority.

Advertisement Mention.

Mrs. E. Katzenstein, elegant millinery, 605 J street; Dr. T. Wah Hing, English and Chinese physician and surgeon, room 29, postoffice building.

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you.

Mark Twain likes to play practical jokes, or rather likes to try to play them, for he is rarely, if ever, successful in his efforts in this direction, says a writer in the Boston Globe. "A friend writes me from Aix les Bains that while Mark was there this summer the noted humorist met with a singular discomfiture at the hands of an Englishman. One night the Englishman met Mark in a hallway of the hotel, where both were staying, and borrowed a match to light the lamp in his room. In a spirit of fun Mark gave him a safety match, which, as you know, is lit by being struck on the rough side of the box. As Mark went to his own room he chuckled; in his mind's eye he saw the Briton scrubbing the wall with the match in a vain endeavor to light it, and then going down stairs for a fresh match. By and by Mark went out into the corridor, hoping to meet the Briton, in order to give him another 'safety.' But the Briton did not come down. At dinner next day Mark innocently inquired of the Briton if the match was all right. 'Oh, yes,' was the reply, 'it wouldn't light on my trousers, so I struck it on the window pane. Those safety matches can be ignited on glass, don't you know.' Mark knows now, if he didn't know before, for he has tried it, and found that the Briton's statement was correct."

"Michael Donan, an' it is yourself?" "Yes." "Well, ye know that blatherin' spalpeen, Widdy Castigan's second husband?" "That I do." "He bet me a dollar to a pint I couldn't schwall an' igg widout breakin' the shill av it." "Naw." "Yis." "Did ye do it?" "I did." "Then, phwat's ailin' ye?" "It's doon there," laying his hand on his stomach. If I jump about I'll break it, an' cut me stomach wid the shill, and if I kape quiet it'll hatch, and I'll have a Shanghai rooster scratchin' me inside."—Dundee (Scotland) News.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. Potter of Texas, Gunter's dramatization of his novel of that title, is a splendid characterization. It is modern every-day life, and particularly the Texan, is a Texan in the true sense of the word. Miss Jeffreys Lewis has a strong part in "Lady Annerly," and the old spirit which dominated in "Zec-ka" and "Stephanie" appears in this drama. We are glad that this great actress has returned to her place at the head of dramatic artists. The divine fires seemed to be smothered for a time, but are rekindled, and this great favorite retains her place in the front ranks of dramatic art. The cast is a strong one, including Joseph Wheelock, Frank E. Aiken, Maurice Drew, M. B. Snyder, Edgar Norton, Franz Rineau, Thomas Jackson, Cecil Kingston, May Harris, Lee Lemar, Josie Langley and others. On Thursday night *Mr. Potter of Texas* will be given at the Metropolitan, with the above cast.

Curious Superstitions.

The people of the West Indies are the most superstitious in the world. To them everything out of the ordinary is a "sign." In Cuba a person with a sore or wound of any kind will not look upon a dead person, fearing that the spot will become incurable and never heal. The rum used in washing a dead body is, however, regarded as a sure cure for all eye troubles. They also believe that if the light from a candle or lamp falls on the face of the dead that death will shortly come to him or her who was carrying the light. Rain during a burial is considered an excellent "sign" throughout the islands. If one measures his own height with a rod which has been used in measuring a corpse for the coffin, he himself will die within the year. A stroke with the hand of a corpse is believed by the West Indian to be a sure cure for all pains and swellings. The lilac or "hay-brush" is a common charm against all evil spirits and is, on that account, usually planted at doorways or under windows. In Barbadoes the ground dove sitting on a house is a sign that some member of the family there residing will die before the birds nest again. A procession of black ants is said to be a presage of a funeral in all but one or two of the West Indies. In St. Croix a small bird locally called "creeper" is thought to be the forerunner of illness or trouble. In St. Vincent the upsetting of a calabash in a boat is equivalent to inviting the fury of the elements. To open an umbrella in a house also brings bad luck; so, too, does the presentation of a pair of scissors, unless a crooked pin is also included in the gift.

Water as a Medicine.

The human body is constantly undergoing tissue change. Worn-out particles are cast aside and eliminated from the system, while the new are ever being formed, from the inception of life to its close. Water has the power of increasing these tissue changes, which multiply the waste products, but at the same time they are renewed by its agency, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn provides fresh nutriment. Persons but little accustomed to drink water are liable to have the waste products formed faster than they are removed. Any obstruction to the free working of natural laws at once produces disease, which, if once firmly seated, requires both time and money to cure. People accustomed to rise in the morning weak and languid will find the cause in the imperfect secretion of wastes, which many times may be remedied by drinking a full tumbler of water before retiring. This very materially assists in the process during the night and leaves the tissues fresh and strong, ready for the active work of the day. Hot water is one of our best remedial agents. A hot bath on going to bed, even in the hot nights of summer, is a better reliever of insomnia than many drugs. Inflated parts will subside under the continued poulticing of real hot water. Very hot water, as we all know, is a prompt checker of bleeding, and besides, if it is clean, as it should be, it aids in sterilizing our wound. A riotous stomach will nearly always gratefully receive a glass or more of hot water.

For Insomnia Sufferers.

The Delsartian doctrine of rest by voluntary muscular relaxation is somewhat confirmed by the experience of those who have acted upon this theory in overcoming insomnia. Nothing so quickly brings sleep as the voluntary disposal of the body and limbs in such fashion as to promote muscular relaxation. The legs and arms should be so placed as to bring them in contact with the mattress at as many points as possible. This affords support and relieves the muscles. The body should be disposed in like fashion, and if all has been done properly the wooer of sleep will presently have the consciousness of resting with his whole weight directly upon the mattress. When once this feeling comes sleep usually follows. The plan is far better than the old one of repeating the numerals or going over some meaningless series of words, for it has the double advantage of putting the physical man into an attitude of repose and of distracting the mind from whatever thoughts are at enmity with sleep.

Proportions of a Perfect Figure.

The height of a person with a "perfect figure" should be exactly equal to the distance between the tips of the middle fingers of either hand, when the arms are fully extended.

Ten times the length of the hand, or seven and a half times the length of the foot, or five times the diameter of the chest, from one armpit to the other, should also give the height of the whole body.

The distance from the junction of the thighs to the ground should be exactly the same as from that point to the crown of the head. The knee should be exactly midway between the first-named point and the ground at the heel.

The distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle line of the breast.

From the top of the head to the level of the chin should be the same as from the level of the chin to that of the armpits, and from the heel to the toe.

Mutual Recrimination.

She—"I thought I married the best man in town, but I find I made a mistake."

He—"I thought I married the best little girl in town, and I find that I was not mistaken."

She—"Forgive me, Charlie; you know that I don't always mean what I say."

He (sotto voice)—"Neither do I."

A very mean man. He undertakes to supply his office boy with dinner, but just before that meal he makes the poor lad stick down about a couple of hundred envelopes. The taste of the gum takes the edge off his appetite.

A colored philosopher is reported to have said: "Life, my breddern, am mos'ly made up of prayin' for rain, and then wishin' it would cl'ar off."

Elegant Millinery.

LADIES OF SACRAMENTO AND VICINITY are cordially invited to call and examine the

FINE STOCK OF NOVELTIES,

Just arrived, and which are being sold at the VERY LOWEST PRICES.

MRS. E. KATZENSTEIN, No. 605 J STREET.

DR. T. WAH HING,

ENGLISH AND CHINESE

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

(Graduate Hongkong Medical College.)

Office, Room 29 Postoffice Block.

Office Hours, 8 to 11 A. M., 1 to 4 and 6 to 8 P. M. At other times may be found at No. 304 I street.

J. J. DUNCKHORST,

Interior Decorating.

LATEST DESIGNS IN

WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.

1225 J Street, Sacramento.

SUN WING COMPANY,

DEALERS IN

JAPANESE FANCY GOODS.

STAMPING

Done free of charge for all customers the first two weeks in December.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT

Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs

From 25 Cents Up.

TOYS, JEWELRY, NOTIONS, ETC.

No. 815 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

CALL ON THE

AGENT

OF THE

SUN INSURANCE CO.

AT

1014 FOURTH STREET,

WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.

Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46

THEO. J. MILLIKEN,

Manager Sacramento Branch.

DR. MARY M. CRONEMILLER.

Office and Residence, 507 1/2 J street.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 P. M.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

MISS L. SCHUBERT,

1014 Eighth Street, Sacramento.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

AS FOLLOWS:

Handkerchief Cases,	Embroid. Suspenders,
Glove Cases,	Crochet Neckties,
Necktie Cases,	Drapers,
Hat Bands,	Cushions,
Hat Crowns,	Sachets, Etc.

Stamping and Designing, Monograms, Etc.

WM. B. MILLER,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

628 J Street, near Seventh, Sacramento.

Importer and dealer in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware. American Gold and Silver Watches a specialty.

JEWELRY MANUFACTURED AND REPAIRED.

Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. The Repairing of Watches a specialty.

GO TO

E. W. MELVIN'S,

718 K STREET, SACRAMENTO.

—PHOTOS ENLARGED.—

Engravings, Etchings, Photogravures Autotypes, Pastels, etc. Framing Pictures a Specialty.

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

Are the Leaders!

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO

REMOVAL

—OF—

Sacramento Trunk Factory

—TO—

515 K STREET.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

Some Queer Superstitions.

"The blood of a white hen smeared all over the face that is full of freckles, and let alone until it be dry, and then wiped off clean, taketh away the freckles and spots."

"An excellent cure for the gout is to take a young puppy, all of one color, if you can get such a one, and cut him in two pieces through the back while alive, and lay the hot end to the grieved place."

"The hoofs and fore feet of a cow, dried and taken any way, are excellent against a cough. If burnt, the smoke of them will drive away mice."

"If your nose bleed on the left side, crush the little finger of the right hand; and for the other side, do the opposite."

"An egg that is laid on Thursday, the white being emptied out and the empty place being filled with salt and gently roasted by the fire, will cure cankered teeth and kill the worms which eat the teeth."

"Cantharides wrapped in a spider's web and hanged over him who is suffering with quartane ague perfectly cures him."

"To draw a tooth without pain: Fill an earthen crucible with emmets, or ants, eggs and all, and when you have burned them, keep the ashes, with which, if you touch a tooth, it will drop out."

"The little bone of the knee joint of a hare's hind leg doth presently help the cramps, if you do but touch the grieved place with it."

"Take a great, overgrown toad and tie her up in a leather bag pricked full of holes, and put bag and all in an ant hill. The ants will eat away all her flesh; then you can find a stone of marvelous virtue. If a man be poisoned, this stone will draw all the poison to it presently; if he be stung or bitten by an adder, by touching it with this stone, both pain and swelling will presently cease."

"Jet, as well as amber, if hung about one's neck, is profitable against the distillation of phlegm in the throat and lungs."

"If a man hath the dropsy, stand him up to his neck in sand by the seaside on a hot day and the sand will draw up all the water and cure the disease."

"A stone called granite, if worn in a bag at the neck, strengthens the heart, but is said to hurt the brain."

'Rah Stanford!

The action of the students of the university in adopting a modification of the U. C. yell is to be commended.

There were a number who desired to adopt a yell like that of Harvard and Yale; but why go east for a model when there is a good one here? The fact that it may be mistaken for the Berkeley cry cuts no figure in the case. The object of a yell, as we understand it, is to give to the freshman's throat the indurated condition necessary to enable him to withstand the eroding tendency of his favorite beverage. As peculiarly adapted to this purpose, we would suggest the following: "Yi, yi, yi, toona muck-a-li, ninety-five, ninety-five; we are fly!" There is no copyright upon this yell, and it would have the advantage of being original.

The objection to purple and gold as the college colors is as futile as the objection to the yell. Purple is the emblem of royalty, and gold is the color of the lining of a student's pocket—during the first year. It would show a craven spirit to allow Berkeley the monopoly of such a desirable combination. As well permit them to obliterate the freshman's trademark from the big tank in front of Faculty Row.

The relative strength of the classes this year seems to make the senior's extremity the freshman's opportunity, and we would not blame the last-named class for establishing its own colors as those of the university. We had supposed the freshman's choice to be a brilliant crimson, but some of the development of recent "exams" incline us to the opinion that "vert" would be more appropriate, though, if a certain deputy sheriff of our acquaintance had his way, the emblem would present a rare and striking combination of black and blue.

Whatever the choice may be, here's to its success in every contest. 'Rah!—*Weekly Palo Alto*.

"A Grind," writing in the current number of the *North American Review*, says that "the poor man at Harvard is not only snubbed by his more fortunate fellow-students, but finds himself more or less an outcast." That is a statement that should be accepted with reservation. The position of a poor man at college is like that of a poor man in later life—just what he has the ability to make it. If he is a companionable fellow, with a disposition to excel in the pursuits that interest college men, whether scholarship or athletics, he does not lack for friends or sympathy, for the college boy, more than any other, is eager to make open acknowledgment of his appreciation of merit. But if the poor man secludes himself in his quarters, lets his hair grow long and the dandruff show on his coat collar, and becomes "a grind" in verity, he may some day after graduation burst forth into a butterfly splendor, but it is not the fault of his fellows that they recognize in him only the grub—the burrowing and unsocial grind.



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles; and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hair-dressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE mailed free to any lady on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, "Beauty Doctor," 103 Post street, San Francisco.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT
1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-Atlantic Ports, by First-Class Steamers to and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN.
Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO Daily.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

California Exchange,

900 K STREET.

Southeast Corner Ninth, Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

WINE AND LIQUORS

KEY WEST AND IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

HARRY ROTH,

PEERLESS SALOON,

809 K Street (Next to Opera House), Sacramento.

STEAMED CLAMS AND CLAM NECTAR
EVERY NIGHT.

Futterer's Saloon,

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.

A FINE POOL TABLE.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,
SACRAMENTO.

Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.

Miss Mamie Castella,

Fashionable Dressmaking

321 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

HAHN'S

Eau de Quinine,

Or, QUININE HAIR TONIC.

The stimulating effects of this tonic are unrivaled for removing dandruff, preserving the scalp in a healthy condition, rendering the hair soft, pliable and brilliant. It promotes the growth of the hair, prevents the same from falling out, and imparts to it an agreeable perfume.

JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,

Sacramento, Cal.

L. B. MOHR.

C. A. YOERK.

MOHR & YOERK'S

MARKET AND PACKING HOUSE

1024 and 1026 J Street, Sacramento.

Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats and all kinds of Sausages. On hand during the Packing Season: Spareribs, Tenderloins, Hogs' Heads, etc.

ST. LOUIS MARKET,

R. WEBER, PROPRIETOR.

SPARERIBS AND HOGS' HEADS,

FRESH MEATS,

SUGAR-CURED HAMs,

CHOICE BACON,

LARD, SAUSAGE, ETC.

Southwest Corner Eleventh and H Streets.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

W. A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

W. H. HUMPHREY, southwest corner Seventh and J streets, rooms 7 and 8

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney). Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP.

We certify that we constitute a partnership transacting business as dealers in general merchandise in the State of California, under the firm name and style of NORTON & MYERS. The principal place of business of said firm is Sacramento, California. The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

Dated, Sacramento, California, December 4, 1891.
H. J. NORTON, [SEAL.]
Sacramento, California.
E. E. MYERS, [SEAL.]
Sacramento, California

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.

COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO. }
On this fourth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, before me, L. T. Hatfield, a Notary Public in and for the County of Sacramento, personally appeared H. J. Norton and E. E. Myers, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

L. T. HATFIELD, Notary Public.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to KATE PYNE, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 25th day of November, 1891, in which action Ah Hon and Louis Pong are plaintiffs and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a judgment of this Court against you for the sum of One Thousand Six Hundred and Sixty-one and 3/4 Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to said plaintiffs in pursuance of a certain agreement in writing made between you and said plaintiffs on the 15th day of November, 1888, whereby you agreed to pay plaintiffs two-fifths of the net return from the sale of fruit, and one half of the net return from the sale of vegetables and melons raised on the lands of the plaintiffs. That the net return of the sale of fruit in the year 1891 amounted to Five Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-five and 3/4 Dollars; and the net return of the sale of vegetables and melons amounted to Six hundred and Forty-nine and 3/4 Dollars, and for costs of suit; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiffs will enter your default and take judgment against you for the sum of \$1,661.50 and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 25th day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By J. F. DOODY, Deputy Clerk
W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiffs, de12-2m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of F. H. JOHNSTON, an insolvent debtor.—F. H. Johnston having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said F. H. Johnston is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said F. H. Johnston, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, on the 22d day of January, 1892, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated December 8, 1891.
W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court
W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. de12-2t

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to NOAH J. BENFORD, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 17th day of November, 1891, in which action, Lizzie L. Benford is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds of desertion and failure to provide, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 17th day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By E. S. WACHHORST, Deputy Clerk
W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. dees 3t

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—TAKE Notice.—That on the 4th day of December, 1891, at the opening of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, in Department One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections 1811 to 1821, inclusive. The nature of the business to be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento County, Sutter Township, and the name of my husband is J. L. Clark.

KATIE E. CLARK.

He is No Fighter.

The flesh of young giraffes, and of fat cows especially, is excellent. There is the least musky flavor, perhaps, but it is not unpleasant. The tongue and marrow bones are great delicacies, the latter particularly furnishing the rarest and most delicious banquet of the African hunter.

Few beasts of the chase are more poorly endowed with means of defense; but even the mild giraffe, when wounded and brought to a stand, will, if the hunter approaches from the front, chop at him with its fore feet; and a blow from such a limb is an exceedingly dangerous one. I have questioned many hunters on this point, and cannot ascertain that the giraffe uses its legs in any other system of defense.

At the present time the giraffe is mainly sought after for the value of its hide, which, even so far up country as Khama's Town, Palachewe, now commands a value of from £2 10s to £4 10s a skin, varying according to age and sex. The hide of a tough, thick-skinned old bull, from an inch to an inch and a quarter in thickness, is, of course, the most sought after. When one of these great creatures lies prone upon the veldt, it seems as if enveloped in a mantle of brass, and the fingers can make no impression whatever upon the carcass. Not many years since the hides of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus furnished ox whips and riding whips—colonially known as sjamboks—all over South Africa. But the rhinoceros is all but exterminated south of the Zambesi; the hippopotamus becomes scarcer year by year, and the hide of the giraffe is consequently in greatly increased demand.

A few years back there happened a dearth of sjambok hide, the price of whips rose immensely, and a giraffe skin sold readily for £5, and more. Forthwith parties of Dutch and native hunters flocked into the Kalahari, and scores upon scores of giraffes were slaughtered. On coming out with their loads the hunters discovered that they had overstocked the market and that prices had rapidly fallen again. Most up-country natives, especially the Bechuanaas, use the hide of the giraffe for making the neat sandals they habitually wear, preferring it for its strength and toughness to any other. It seems a pity that for the sake only of whips and sandals and to furnish the hunter with meat and an exciting form of sport, this stately creature should be exterminated from South Central Africa, as it bids fair to soon be.

Proverbs.

The Turks have proverbs without number; and very polished and cynical Turkish proverbs are. The taciturn Arabs prefer proverbs to every other form of speech, and use them with singular dignity and aptness. The Koran seems to have been enriched with them for the express purpose of quotation. The Chinese are very prone to cruel little cold-blooded proverbs, as oblique as their eyes, but full of grim sagacity. The Japanese rejoice in flowery maxims combining wisdom with humor, and often with a touch of pathos that makes them cling in the memory long after the rest of the discourse is forgotten. Even the Coreans, shamefaced mutes as they are, indulge in a few shy proverbs. The Polynesians, with their babel of tongues and dialects, have a myriad of proverbs, many of them highly picturesque and striking. The Maoris of New Zealand, the finest savages in the world, cannot carry on a discussion for five minutes without resorting to proverbs. So profound is the respect for proverbs, as for everything ancient or obscure, among the Maoris, that a wily and ready orator, failing to carry his audience by mere reason, will sometimes—but not too often—help himself out with an admirable proverb invented on the spur of the moment, but fathered on some demigod of awful sanctity or some war chief of gloriously cannibal memory. Such an appeal is seldom unsuccessful, even though the audience have a shrewd suspicion that the proverb which has pleased and impressed them so much is neither so old nor so genuine as it might be. The degraded tribes that yet linger on the outskirts of civilization in Australia, and whose past is a bewildering mystery not less to the student of language than to the student of man, use proverbial expressions which make one stare in wonder. Whence have these brutish creatures descended, that they also should have the wisdom of the ancients on the tip of their tongue? These black fellows' proverbs seem a distinct echo of some far higher intelligence, and, in truth, they harmonize with many startling traces of lost religions and forgotten arts that here and there are still found among them.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

Work of a Cherry Tree.

A cherry tree in a colony of negroes near Lake Contrary, Mo., bloomed recently, and an old colored woman who is credited with supernatural powers declared that it was an omen of the approaching end of the world. The colony became excited, held religious services and waited for the end. But two weeks passed and the excitement began to subside. Then several trees bloomed, and all the negroes in the colony packed their household goods and left the place.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTERS,**410 J STREET,****SACRAMENTO.**

*Cards,
Circulars,
Ball Tickets,
Programmes,
Posters,
Billheads,
Statements,
Letterheads,
Noteheads,
Envelopes,
Show Cards,
Wedding Invitations,
Briefs and
Transcripts,
Legal Blanks,
Constitutions and
By-Laws,
Postal Cards,
Election Tickets,
Great Registers.*

*** Election Printing. ***

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

**We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outside of San Francisco.**

**ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR
PROMPTLY FILLED.**

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.**D. JOHNSTON & CO.,****410 J STREET.****Weinstock, Rubin & Co.**

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California
Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

**J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS**

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County
Coroner. Telephone 134.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER**CAPITAL BREWERY**

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTINGD. JOHNSTON & CO.
410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS
LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

Month Stones.

He who in January to this world came
 Shall for his month stone a garnet claim;
 And he who in February first saw the light
 Shall wear on his finger an amethyst bright;
 And he who was born in March must take
 The bloodstone for his birth month's sake.
 Happy the maid who in April was born,
 For a beautiful diamond her hand shall adorn;
 And the lovely emerald, so the books say,
 Shall the person wear who was born in May;
 And he who in June came to this earth
 Shall an agate wear for the month of his birth;

And he a ruby must supply
 Who came to this world in the month of July;

And the person who in August came
 Must wear the stone sardonyx by name;
 And he who was born in breezy September
 Shall wear the sapphire, please remember;
 And the opal, of misfortune and hope the stone,

October's child will have to own;
 And the beautiful topaz shall be worn
 By the person who in November was born;
 And he who came in December cold
 Shall wear the turquoise in a circle of gold.

Born and Dead on Same Day.

Several of the world's most noted characters have died on the anniversary of their birthday. The Talmud says: "Moses died on the seventh day of Adar, the same day of the same month on which he was born, his age being exactly 120 years."

Shakespeare, the "Sweet Bard of Avon," was born April 23, 1564; died April 23, 1616.

Raphael Sengio d'Urbino, the great artist, was born on Good Friday, 1483; died on Good Friday, 1520, aged 37. Good Friday is a movable feast, so the day of the month may not have been the same, but I have the high authority of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" for the assertion that "he died aged exactly 37."

Sir Thomas Browne, author of "Religio Medici," was born October 19, 1605; died October 19, 1682. Timothy Swan, composer, was born July 23, 1758; died July 23, 1842. General McLean Taylor, a nephew of President Taylor, was born November 21, 1828; died November 21, 1875. St. John of God, one of the most eminent of the Portuguese saints, was born March 8, 1495; died March 8, 1550. He was the founder of the order of charity.

John Sobieski, the king of Poland who delivered Vienna from the Turks, was born June 17, 1629; died June 17, 1696.

Perhaps there are others equally as prominent in the world's history who have had the same remarkable coincidences, but these are all I have been able to find record of up to the present time.

A shrewd observer of large experience remarks that society is not everywhere as bad as we are given to understand. Those who have the entree of its charmed circle are not all decollette in modes and morals. In the times of the Roses in England virtue was a laughing-stock, marriage was a farce; all bonds were loosened in social life. The cavalier was a rake, and his fair ladye no better than she ought to be. Rivers of blood were shed for a woman's glove. Bull-baiting and cock-fighting were aristocratic pleasures. Bishops and dignitaries sat down together at the gaming table. A man was not reckoned a gentleman unless he was carried to his bed from beneath the table of the banquet hall. We have made a great advance upon those times. Snobs and dandies and frivolous young women are not now the truest expression of our social life.

Genius is a gift of God, a native endowment of the few; but these few need training in order that their genius may not be ill-used or wasted, but employed at its best for the welfare of man. How can our great men be trained except in great institutions of learning, where it may be possible to climb to the highest reaches of human thought, and undergo that patient, persistent, comprehensive and exact discipline that will enable them to accomplish the greatest work of human skill?

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WE HAVE OVER ONE THOUSAND PASTEUR GERM-PROOF FILTERS in use in private residences, hotels, restaurants and saloons. If a single one of them is not giving entire satisfaction we have not heard of it.

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

CURES CONSTIPATION.
LASH'S
KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS
CURES HEADACHE.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.

The Live Crockery House

HAS DEMONSTRATED BY ITS

INCREASE IN BUSINESS

THAT IT CARRIES BY FAR THE

Best Selected Stock of Crockery and Glassware and Lamp Goods

EVER CARRIED IN THIS CITY.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

JOS. THIEBEN CROCKERY CO.

518 J Street.

W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth

FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN WATERS
 A NATURAL MINERAL WATER OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT.
"SHASTA" WATER
 BOTTLED FOR EUROPEAN TRADE
 MOUNT SHASTA, ELEVATION 14,442 FT.
 TRADE MARK.
 MOUNT SHASTA MINERAL SPRING CO.
 GENERAL OFFICE 908 & 910 2ND STREET
 SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA U.S.A.
 BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS

1891. HOLIDAY GOODS! 1891.

New Stock, Open and Ready for Sale, Consisting of

Bisque, Royal Worcester, Doulton, Dresden, Terra Cotta.

Also, an attractive lot of DECORATED CHINA DINNER and TEA SETS, and open stock goods in great variety. We Solicit Careful Inspection.

Sacramento Glass and Crockery Company

629 J STREET.

JOHN WEIL, Manager

A. H. ROTT. C. H. KREBS.

C. H. KREBS & CO.,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,

Varnishes, Wall Paper, Brushes, Window Shades and Picture Mouldings.

Ready Mixed Paints and Building Papers.

House and Sign Painting, Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, Glazing and Gilding, Pictures, Frames and Mouldings.

626 J STREET,

Between Sixth and Seventh, SACRAMENTO.

TELEPHONE 267.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

ASK YOUR GROCER

FOR THE

SACRAMENTO

Packing and Drying Company's
GOODS.

They Are the Best.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

December 6, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
 SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6:50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:55 A
8:00 A	Calistoga and Napa	
8:05 P	Vallejo and Calistoga	5:40 P
10:50 P	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4:20 A
7:00 P	Deming, El Paso and East	6:25 P
7:35 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7:40 A
10:40 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	10:30 A
11:55 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	6:45 P
10:00 P	Central Atlantic Express	
	Ogden and East	7:40 A
3:00 P	Oroville, via Roseville Junction	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:35 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
4:35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:05 A
6:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:30 A
8:00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8:40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	9:40 P
7:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	10:30 P
*10:00 A	San Francisco via Steamers	8:00 A
10:40 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2:50 P
10:40 A	San Jose	2:50 P
7:00 P	Santa Barbara	10:30 A
*6:50 A	Santa Rosa	11:05 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	8:40 P
8:30 A	Stockton and Galt	10:30 A
10:40 A	Stockton and Galt	2:50 P
7:00 P	Stockton and Galt	6:35 P
11:55 A	Truckee and Reno	7:40 A
10:00 P	Truckee and Reno	6:45 P
*8:00 A	Vallejo	8:40 P
3:05 P	Vallejo	11:05 A
*8:20 A	Folsom and Placerville	2:40 P
*12:15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10:20 A
*4:45 P	Folsom	*8:00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
 RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
 T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
 VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
 CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
 ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
 Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
 W. E. Gerber.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

OF SACRAMENTO.

\$100,000 TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE.
 Semi-annual Dividends on Deposits. Correspondence promptly answered.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

PHOENIX BAKERY.

C. SCHURR, Proprietor,

Southwest Corner Thirteenth and J Streets.

Bread, Pies and Cakes,

FRESH EVERY MORNING,

Delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

SACRAMENTO
FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

THE EMERSON

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1891.

No. 44.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

There is always happiness in the thought of Christmas. Even the poorest people find an enjoyment in the approach of this great holiday, unless sickness or death visit their firesides. For the greatest joy we can always look beneath the roofs of the poorer classes, there the substantial trifles bestowed upon the little ones are more valued than the costly gifts of pampered wealth. It is contentment that brings true happiness. We often think that it would be much better to avoid the glitter and show of wealth in the bestowal of gifts, in order to avert the possibility of envy in the less favored. It is envy that detracts from proper enjoyment of these great festivals. The source of happiness is to look on the bright side of life. On such occasions as Christmas tide particularly this spirit should prevail. This is a time for the wealthy to evince that true charity which produces joyous hearts and good will toward all mankind. Let their distributions go to the needy, then the true objects of the celebration of the birth of the "meek and lowly" will be attained. It is not the costly presents and lavish feasts that brings happiness, but the equalized good cheer for rich and poor. The day is not a license for excesses or extremes, but to remind us of "peace on earth and good will toward man." It is to be regretted that many look upon this day in a commercial sense, and expect, often, more than they get, thus creating sourness and disappointment. This idea of its observance make those of moderate means dread its recurrence, because they are unable to comply with the demands that fall upon them in the way of presents. As said by a writer on the subject, "It began to take on the aspect of a great lottery, in which one class expected to draw in reverse proportion to what it put in, and another class knew that it would reap as it had sowed." The day never was intended as an opportunity to pay social debts.

The government of Chile evinces a contemptuous disregard of the demands of the United States. It is said that this is not the expression of the people, and that whatever animosity exists is on the part of the officials. Our nation has exercised much forbearance toward our neighbor, but there is a limit to patience and good nature. It is best always to avoid extremes if there is a possibility, but Chile has thus far taken advantage of the forbearing nature of Uncle Sam. There is no other nation that would have submitted to the affronts offered by Chile to this country. The time has evidently arrived for decisive action, and Chile must be taught a lesson of respect to the American flag. It may be an expensive undertaking, yet the dignity of the American nation demands that Chile shall be punished. The successes of Chile have made her arrogant, and possibly she believes herself able to cope with the United States. She must be taught a salutary lesson as an example to other countries who presume upon our good nature.

The decision of the supreme court declaring the grand jury of San Francisco an illegal body was but expressive of the principles of Americanism. It has no relation to the question of the guilt or innocence of the parties who had been or who might have been indicted by that body; it was simply a rebuke to the as-

sumption by a judge of dictatorial power. In the case of Judge Wallace, he assumed practically to select a grand jury, and later on did assume to select a trial jury. It is manifest that under such circumstances there would have resulted practically the giving to one man despotic power. Our system of government is wisely framed. Three independent branches do exist, each with independent functions, and each a restraint upon the others. The judicial department might be said to be the balancing wheel. There should be exercised the calmest deliberation; there passion should not be an element of swayment. The situation of matters in San Francisco furnish less justification for the course of Judge Wallace than that which does exist in the other counties. There the jury lists are made out by the twelve superior judges; in the other counties the selections are made by the members of the Boards of Supervisors. In the first place, Judge Wallace was one of the twelve men primarily responsible for the selection of the names of the 144 persons that were placed in the general grand jury box. He did order that 25 names be drawn, an unusually small number, from which it was expected to impanel a grand jury of 19. As it was, but 18 of the 25 appeared, and of those who did appear 8 were excused. There did remain in the grand jury box over 100 names that had been selected by the superior judges, but it would seem Judge Wallace lacked confidence in the selections that had been made by his associates, and directed that a special venire issue. In cases of selection of jurors on a special venire the sheriff acts, unless for specific reason he is disqualified; in that event the coroner acts. Judge Wallace, by inference, assumed that both those executive officers could not be trusted, and did himself name an elisor to select the jurors. It was upon that point that the controversy arose as to the legality of the grand jury, and manifestly the decision of the supreme court is right. If it should be permitted that a judge, who is not a whit better than the other officers whom the people select, can assume the powers of two branches of government, there will be a return to despotism. Later on Judge Wallace appointed an elisor to select trial jurors, before whom, with himself as judge, it was proposed the persons indicted by the grand jury should be tried. It is evident that under those circumstances a man, be he guilty or innocent, would be inevitably convicted. There has perhaps not been in this day a parallel to this highhanded attempt at usurpation of power, and while the social situation in San Francisco may be such that of twelve superior judges but one is perfect, and that executive officers chosen by the people cannot be trusted, we are inclined to believe the rebuke of the supreme court is well merited. It does strike us Judge Wallace was in large measure playing to the gallery; perhaps we have not the confidence he has in the modern press. There is something of excuse that a casual reader may permit himself to be inflamed by reading newspaper articles; he is not presumed to consider the fact that in this day most newspapers are insincere, and that while it does appear they are the special guardians of the people, the people is the bird they seek to pluck. This decision will have a salutary effect; it will teach such men as Judge Wallace that the day of Jeffrey has passed, and that with this people there is no disposition to open the door for the introduction of Russian injustice.

We are gratified that public attention is being directed by the press to the fact that there is much that is of little practical value taught in the public schools, and

that there should be a judicious elimination in the course of study. The end to be attained by popular education is to so train the pupils that they will be prepared to assume the duties and the responsibilities that will be cast upon them when they enter practical life. It may be an unjust criticism upon the text-books of to-day to say that they do not compare with those of years ago; and it would almost seem it was the design of the compilers to make them as intricate as possible. In this state, in 1884, a constitutional amendment was passed providing for the compilation and publication of text-books for the schools. The appropriations that have been made to carry out the will of the people have been munificent, and yet the work is not completed. We feel justified in pronouncing a severe criticism against the work of those who had charge of the compilation of the text-books; and it does seem there has been almost a systematic plan to cripple the public text-book system. It does seem to us that educated men well paid for their services could within a reasonable time compile a series of text-books that would be an improvement upon those issued by private publishers. Of the merits or demerits of a school-book, men not educators can judge, and we believe if the governor would take the trouble to make a careful investigation of this matter it would result in much benefit. It is no secret that the system has encountered, and that it will encounter, the opposition of private publishers. For that reason, if for no other, the executive should be vigilant and should not hesitate to insist that the people should have that which they have demanded, and the very best article for their money.

The census returns show the following statistics regarding the California institution for deaf, dumb and blind, at Berkeley. The asylum was established in 1860. From 1860 to 1869 the total inmates thereof was 526, of which 348 were males and 178 females. From 1870 to 1879 the total was 786, including 478 males and 308 females. From 1880 to 1889 the total was 1,294, being 798 males and 496 females. The expenses of this institution for the first decade was \$204,828; for the second decade, from 1870 to 1880, the outlay was \$362,195; for the period between 1880 and 1889 the expenses were \$499,311. These expenditures include buildings.

A distinguished man has fallen beneath the sickle of death. Hon. George G. Blanchard died at his home in Placerville, El Dorado county, last Sunday, after a very brief illness. He was a part of this state. For many years he has been one of the leading spirits in politics, and has been identified in some of the most important legal contests as a member of the bar. No man possessed more emphatic and decided opinions on all questions of politics or public interests. He was a leader by reason of his great natural endowments. A warm and devoted friend, and a generous enemy. Fearless and outspoken in matters of public import, indefatigable in defense of the interests and cause of his client. There was no element of selfishness in his nature, and it was only through the purest motives he could be induced to aspire to political preferment. His ambition seemed to rest in the welfare of his friends rather than to seek public office. Many men owe to him their advancement to high public stations. His warm, jovial, generous impulses always made him a general favorite at the bar, and in all the political party conventions of the state. No republican state con-

vention was complete without the presence of Hon. Geo. G. Blanchard. While advanced in years, he seemed to have a long lease of life remaining. His robust form and lively manners bore him well for many years more of life. At the time of his sudden demise he was counsel in some of the great litigation of the state. It will always be a calamity to lose such great moving spirits from our midst. We have known Hon. Geo. G. Blanchard from our earliest boyhood, and can truthfully say that his history forms many chapters in the history of this state; particularly is this true with regard to the history of the bar. He was a powerful advocate before a jury, and a great reasoner with the courts. Many interesting reminiscences could be recalled of this distinguished man, and which in due time it will be our purpose to present to the reading public. The greatest praise that can be accorded to our fellow is, that "He is a good man." Geo. G. Blanchard possessed all the qualities of goodness and greatness.

The dying expressions of men are presumed to, and perhaps do, truly represent their feelings. In law it is a principle that, when one is in extremis he will speak the truth, and the solemnity of his situation takes the place of an oath. Whatever may have been the previously expressed opinions of men, when the ending is imminent there comes an unmasking. Voltaire, the famous French writer, and perhaps the most noted author of atheistic works, died in May, 1778. Of him it is said that when the curtains were about to be parted, and he was about to enter the unknown land, he did say to his daughter, "Believe not that which I have said and written; there is a God." The great Washington, at the supreme moment said, "It is well." There was contentment expressed in the dying words of John Quincy Adams, "This is the last of earth, I am content." The words of Cæsar were of reproach, "And thou too, Brutus." Poor Goldsmith, who wrote the purest English, but who was always in financial straits, was asked by his physicians, "Is your mind at ease?" To the query he did make the mournful reply, "No, it is not." Different it was with Dr. Wm. Hunter, who said, "If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die." The wearied brain of Byron did express itself, "I must sleep now." The atheist Hobbes realized his situation as did Voltaire, and exclaimed, "I am taking a fearful leap in the dark." Lord Thurlow regarded the matter with reckless wonder, and said, "I'm shot, if I don't believe I'm dying." The imperious Elizabeth said at the ending, "All my possessions for a moment of time." The deaf Beethoven gladly exclaimed, "I shall hear." To his friends who gathered about his couch, a famous French wit said faintly, "You cannot cry as much for me as I have made you laugh in my time." Bobby Burns, it would seem, gave the critics a parting shot when he at the ending gasped, "Don't let the awkward squad fire over me."

Dinner Table Tricks.

A good dinner table trick is to make an egg force its way into an ordinary wine carafe, such as is found on all well regulated dinner tables. The other accessories are some paper and a medium-hard boiled egg, with the shell taken off. Drop the paper lighted into a wine bottle, and get the interior well heated. This expands the air within and forces part of it out. While the interior is hot, stand the egg up on end in the neck of the bottle, and let it rest there. As the bottle cools off, the egg will begin to force its way in, until it finally drops.

Another trick, which works on the same principle, is to make a banana peel itself. To do this all that is wanted is a wine bottle, a ripe banana and a bit of paper wet with alcohol. Light the paper and drop it into the bottle. When the air in the bottle is well heated, set the banana on end on top and let it do the rest itself, as the air on the inside cools off and contracts, the outside pressure pushing the banana down into the bottle until it has pulled itself out of its skin.

What most characterizes a gentleman is thoughtfulness for others. A true gentleman does not allow himself to annoy any person with whom he is on good terms. He not only refrains from saying or doing anything which he knows is questionable, but he also refrains from anything which others may consider questionable. He places thoughtfulness above self-gratification at home or abroad.

There are men who love only themselves; these are men of hatred: to love one's self alone is to hate others.

The Rock-Tomb of Bradore.

A drear and desolate shore!
Where no tree untolds its leaves,
And never the spring wind weaves
Green grass for the hunter's tread;
A laud forsaken and dead,
Where the ghostly icebergs go
And come with the ebb and flow
Of the waters of Bradore!
A wanderer from a land
By summer breezes fanned
Looked around him, awed, subdued,
By the dreadful solitude,
Hearing alone the cry
Of seabirds clanging by.
The crash and grind of the floe,
Wail of wind and wash of tide,
"O wretched land!" he cried;
"Land of all lands the worst—
God-forsaken and cursed!
Thy gates of rock should show
The words of the Tuscan seer,
Read in the Realm of Woe:
"Hope entereth not here!"
Lo! at his feet there stood,
A block of smooth larch-wood,
Beside a rock-closed cave,
By nature fashioned for a grave,
Safe from the ravening bear
And fierce fowl of the air,
Wherein to rest was laid
A twenty-summers maid,
Whose blood had equal share
Of the lands of vine and snow—
Half French, half Eskimo.
In letters uneffaced
Upon the block were traced
The grief and hope of man.
And thus the legend ran:
"We loved her!
Words can not tell how well
We loved her!
God loved her!
And called her home to peace and rest,
We loved her!"
The stranger paused and read,
"O winter land!" he said,
"Thy right to be I own;
God leaves thee not alone.
And if the fierce winds blow
Over thy wastes of rock and snow,
And at thy iron gates
The ghostly icebergs wait,
Thy homes and hearts are dear;
Thy sorrow o'er thy sacred dust
Is sanctified by hope and trust;
God's love and man's are here.
Still, wheresoe'er it goes
Love makes its atmosphere
Its flowers of Paradise
Take root in the eternal ice,
And bloom thro' Polar snows!"
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Experience of a Russian Exile in a Siberian Penal Settlement.

"Our worst trouble is want of food," writes a Siberian exile. "However hard we work at our fishing, however careful we are never to lose a chance of obtaining any kind of meat, all the same, in summer there are times when we have to actually starve; for in summer there is absolutely no meat to be got, and to live constantly and exclusively on fish not only affects one with nausea, but with some people produces actual fish-poisoning.

"We have all come to the conclusion that a sudden change from ordinary food to an exclusive fish diet results in a peculiar form of poisoning not yet known to science. In winter, when there is meat as well, we all eat the fish, but in summer the mere sight of boiled fish affects many with nausea and vomiting.

"In summer we live on a very small quantity of flour, a little milk from our own cows, wild berries and the intermediate fish. The worst time of year is the beginning of autumn, when large quantities of food have to be stored up and the roads are not properly frozen.

"The cows leave off giving milk; neither carcasses nor live cattle are brought in. The only way out of the difficulty would be to go to sleep for three weeks, like the bears. But even at the best season of the year we never have really enough to eat; we are too poor for that. And even if we were rich it would not help us; there is not enough food in the place. You can imagine how delightful it must be to lie down hungry at night, to wake up the next morning still hungrier, to wait anxiously for the half-rations that go by the name of dinner; after dinner to go into the kitchen and carefully gather up all the bits—all scrapings of pots and pans; then to strap one's belt tight for hunger and wait for supper; * * * and so on, day after day. It is like the life of half-starved sailors wrecked on a desert island.

"All our life is made up of a thousand pitiable wants and hardships. Altogether, our housekeeping is very original—on the one hand, an out-of-the-way Arctic hole where we are nobody's business and nobody cares what we do or how we manage; on the other, our stern jailer, Nature, who forces us to live quite in prison style, to sleep in general barracks, to eat at a general mess, and so on.

"If we did not submit to this we should all have died of cold and hunger before now. Another feature of our life is the hard manual labor—labor as of a beast of burden—such as even the all-enduring Russian peasant has no idea of. For instance, for two persons to drag a loaded barge along with towing ropes for forty miles is regarded here as the merest trifle, and as there are no sails here, hauling and rowing are the only means of navigation.

"Then there is the autumn fishing, standing knee-deep in the water and floating ice and pulling at a frozen rope, that cuts your hands till the blood comes; then mowing in the deep swamp mud at the mercy of the mosquito, often without any food or any drink but the water from the bog pools; then again the hewing of trees in winter, and in summer the towing of rafts forty miles or more, and so on indefinitely."

Old Managers.

In a recent installment of Col. Brown's "History of the Theater in America" there appeared this interesting paragraph: "It has long been a mooted question as to who is the oldest living manager at present engaged in management. There are but two gentlemen to whom belong that credit—James H. McVicker and John T. Ford. Mr. McVicker first became a manager (on a salary) in 1851, and became a salary-paying manager November 5, 1857. He is still a manager, having been so for forty years. John T. Ford commenced as manager in 1851 (in minstrels). He took the Holiday-street theater, Baltimore, for that use and leased it in August of that year for dramatic purposes. He continued there twenty years. John Ellsler commenced as manager early in 1850, in partnership with Joseph Jefferson, having a southern circuit embracing Charleston, Savannah, Macon, Augusta, Columbia, Wilmington, N. C., etc. Mr. Ellsler is not now in

management, having quit in 1888." To this it may be added that records verify the dates above set down by Col. Brown. But the colonel has not included among the veterans that still gay old minstrel manager and performer, Sam S. Sanford, who is moved by the oversight, to write something after this strain: "As my name isn't mentioned, I presume I'm 'out of sight.' Not so. I am performing to the capacity of all the halls we can find; and as the gentlemen mentioned are all friends of mine, and all knew me as a manager prior to their assuming such positions, they will credit me as the older manager and performer. Yes, I can claim to be the oldest living manager and performer in this country, and I am now performing nightly; and old age, I don't know the meaning of, for I am the same Sam S. Sanford." This is all right so far as it goes, but the veteran Sanford fails to clinch his argument with the light-shedding dates. "Figures talk best after all," says the *Clipper*. "Mr. Sanford's assertion needs corroborative evidence; and if he will produce the documents or the records to confirm his claim, then a long-mooted question will be no longer mooted. Our records tend to prove that Mr. Sanford is nearly seventy-two, having been born January 1, 1821. He went into the minstrel business in 2840 (having previously been a comic singer), and on August 1, 1853 (or two years later than the year in which Messrs. Ford and McVicker became managers) Mr. Sanford opened the hall known as Korponay's, at Twelfth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. This was the veteran Sam's first managerial venture, according to our own data, and we think he furnished them to us many years ago. It will be conceded, however, that he enjoys the distinction of being the oldest performing manager now before the public."

Lincoln's First Dollar.

One evening in the executive chamber there were present a number of gentlemen, among them Mr. Seward. A point in the conversation suggesting the thought, Mr. Lincoln said: "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," said Seward.

"Well," said he, "I was about 18 years of age—belonged, you know, to what they call down south the 'scrub.' People who did not own land or slaves were nobody there. But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell.

"After much persuasion I got the consent of my mother to go, and constructed a flatboat large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we gathered, with myself and a little bundle, down to New Orleans. A steamboat was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves along the western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board.

"I was contemplating my new flatboat and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages, with trunks, and, looking at the different boats, singled mine, and asked: 'Who owns this?' I answered somewhat modestly: 'I do.' 'Will you take us and our trunks out to the steamboat?' said one of them. 'Certainly,' said I. I was glad to have the opportunity to earn something.

"I supposed they would give two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flatboat, the passengers sat down themselves on the trunks, and I pushed them out to the steamboat. They got on board and I lifted up their trunks and put them on the deck.

"The steamboat was about to put on steam again when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each took from his pocket a silver half dollar and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up my money.

"Gentlemen, you may think it a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle, but it was the most important occurrence in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned one dollar in less than a day, and by honest work. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

The crescent has been known since time out of memory. In ancient mythology it decorated the foreheads of Diana and of Astarte, the Syrian Venice. In the days of Rome's greatest glory the ladies wore it as an ornament in their hair. Since the foundation of Constantinople (the ancient Byzantium) it has been the emblem of the city, and as such adorns its walls and public buildings, besides being stamped on its coins and postage. The legend which accounts for its universal adoption in Turkey, and Constantinople in particular, is as follows: Philip of Macedon laid siege to the city in the year 340 B. C. He chose a night of unusual darkness for the proposed assault, but was foiled by the moon suddenly breaking from behind a cloud. In commemoration of this providential deliverance the crescent was adopted as the symbol of the city. The Mohammedan sultans were slow to assume this emblem until some one mentioned that it was the symbol of increasing greatness, power changing as rapidly as the phases of the moon.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

The portrait painter should be a good theatrical attraction, as he can draw the people.

Frank Daniels has a new play, *The Attorney*, and will also try *The Dead Shot* for a curtain-raiser.

A theatrical company may start out with only one walking gentleman, but that doesn't signify the number it will bring back.

Pauline Hall, Lotta and Lillian Russell have no hesitation in saying—and they say it boldly—that they do *not* contemplate marriage.

One was a prim madonna,
Whose hopes lay far beyond the skies;
The other was a prima donna,
Whose hopes all centered round the flies.

Saidso—When Joblots made his debut as a star the audience went wild; the encore was terrific. Herdso—In what scene was it? Saidso—The one in which he was beheaded.

The versatile young Emperor of Germany has been editing a drama. The next step to take is for him to order the attendance of the public at its performance, under pain of instant death.

A real live aristocrat, the Hon. Vane-Tempest, brother to Lord Londonderry, has been engaged to play "Weedon Grossmith's" part in *Pantomime Rehearsal* at Toole's, in London.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* has the following notice of Larry Marston: "Dramatic critics along the route of the Lillian Lewis visitation are hereby warned that Larry Marston has a playful habit of shaking his fist at newspaper men who refuse to stultify themselves by printing flattering notices of his show. But they are also assured that, while Mr. Marston has a valiant voice, he never hurts anybody."

Florence, the actor, once gave some advice to a friend in these words: "My dear —: One gallon of whisky costs about \$3 and contains about sixty-five 15-cent drinks. Now, if you must drink, buy a gallon and make your wife the barkeeper. When you are drv give her 15 cents for a drink, and when the whisky is gone she will have, after paying for it, \$6 75 left; and every gallon thereafter will yield the same profit. This money she should put away, so that when you have become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, and shunned by every respectable man, your wife may have money enough to keep you until your time comes to fill a drunkard's grave."

George Holland, the veteran actor and teacher, has many reminiscences of the dead comedian Florence, whom he knew well, says the Philadelphia *Record*. In a reminiscent mood he recalled, recently, several anecdotes of the dead actor which have never been published, and which are new, even to most theatrical people. One was a story of Florence's early career, during an engagement with Macready, in which he played "Catesby." Florence, having a great many entrances and exits to make, was never sure of his cues unless he had his book in his hand. On this occasion he was standing in the wings, when there was a lull on the stage. "I wonder if that's my cue?" thought the young actor. The lull continued, and the cold perspiration broke out on his brow. He determined to take the chances, and, rushing on the stage, exclaimed, "My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken!" Macready turned upon him savagely and muttered, in a stage whisper: "Not yet, d—n it! not yet!" "Well," replied Florence in the same tone, "I thought he was," and walked off. Waiting in the wings until the cue finally did come, he stalked in, exclaiming, "My lord, by jingo! we've got him now."

The ability of Henry E. Dixey to entertain off the stage is just as pronounced as when he is behind the footlights. He has a fund of stories, which he knows how to tell, and he has more than one clever specialty to spring upon his companions in drawing-room or cafe. He can split, halve and quarter a full deck of cards by the simple twist of his wrist, but his handcuff trick is about his best. Seated around a table in Hector's restaurant, in Chicago, one night after his performance, the comedian offered to slip any pair of handcuffs that were put on him. There were several newspaper men in the party, including a city editor, who subsequently went with Dixey as his treasurer. He was loud in his offers to bet that he could tie up the comedian, as the entire party drove to the Harrison-street station. The newspaper men brought all their influence to bear on the desk sergeant, who brought out the latest idea in handcuffs. They were a disheartening looking invention, but Dixey put them on and the sergeant locked them. Dixey asked permission to occupy a lone cell for a few moments. The request was granted. When he returned, the "bracelets" were dangling from his little finger. How he did it no one could discover.

Book Chat.

"Mamma," asked little Freddie, "has the Adam's apple of an author got a literary taste?"

To win a wager made with a lady, Sir Edwin Arnold climbed 13,000 feet to the top of Fuji San, in Japan, and wrote on the edge of its crater a picturesque poem of ninety-two lines.

The ups and downs of life can be seen in the career of Frederick Gleason, of Boston. He established the first illustrated paper in this country, and for years *Gleason's Pictorial* had a large patronage. In 1851 his income was \$50,000. Now he is an inmate of the Old Men's Home in Boston.

And now a Shaksperian book-worm comes forward in a lecture at Detroit and declares that Bacon was the fruit of a morganatic marriage between Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, but was passed off as the son of Lady Nicholas Bacon. So the author of Bacon's works was not Bacon.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider, Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. In studies, whatsoever a man commandeth upon himself let him set hours for it.—*Lord Bacon*.

An oak chair, which thirty-five years ago was made out of the printing press on which the original Kilmar-nock edition of Burns' poems were printed in 1786, has been presented to the Burns cottage at Ayr. There is a model of Burns' bust carved on the back, and below it a carving of "Tam O'Shanter" crossing the "Auld Bridge of Doon." At the centenary dinner at Ayr in 1859 this chair was used by Sir James Ferguson, who presided on the occasion.

It requires nearly 400 large pages to tell what the women said at their national council last winter, and whatever one may think of the suffrage question he cannot read these addresses and reports without coming to the conclusion that there is a big lot of gray matter belonging to the women of this country. If the American women were to decide by popular vote whether or not they would have the ballot they would probably reject it by an overwhelming majority; nevertheless there are a good many women who know better how to vote than not a few of the "lords of creation" who exercise the privilege regularly.

Books make excellent Christmas gifts. The present of a book invariably conveys with it a most soothing and delicate flattery. It is a pretty tribute to the supposed taste of the receiver and to his intellectuality. Even he who is in no sense a reader experiences a comfortable sense of satisfaction in becoming possessed of a volume which either upon his table or from his shelf shall bear false testimony to the possessor's literary taste and discrimination. One can hardly err in turning to books when he finds himself wondering what he should give this friend or that. He must, however, exercise discrimination in the selection of the gift, for in these times there are books by the million and for the million.

Ward McAllister's latest contribution to current literature undertakes to tell what it costs to live in upper tendoms. His figures are rather startling. He tells, for example, that he knows of at least four men in this country who spend annually \$400,000. This includes their charities and the interest on the capital stock invested in their town and country houses. Then there are about thirty men who spend from \$100,000 to \$150,000 a year, though Mr. McAllister tells us these men are really no happier than the man who lives on \$35,000, which Mr. McAllister thinks about the right figure to enable a man to maintain his establishment in style and dispense elegant hospitality. As for the average fashionable woman, we are told that she spends from \$4,000 to \$6,000 a year on her toilet, and generally manages to look handsome.

During the days of Henry Ward Beecher's courtship it is related by his wife that he once dropped into poetry, and wrote a few lines of verse, teeming with affection for his sweetheart. But the verses were always kept sacred by Mrs. Beecher, as they are at the present day, and nothing can win them from her. One day Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were in the office of Robert Bonner, who was then conducting the New York *Ledger*. "Why don't you write a poem, Beecher?" said the acute publisher. "I will give you more for such a poem than I have for Norwood." "He did once," admitted Mrs. Beecher, and at once Mr. Bonner's eyes sparkled. "Recite it for me, won't you, Mrs. Beecher?" he asked. But the eyes of the great preacher were riveted on his wife, and she knew that meant silence. "Come," said the persistent publisher, "I'll give \$5,000 if you will recite that poem for me," addressing Mrs. Beecher. "Why, it ran—," began the preacher's wife. "Eunice," simply said Mr. Beecher. And, although Robert Bonner offered to double the sum first offered, he never got the poem from Mrs. Beecher, and no one has since been a whit more successful.

Professional Chat.

First a tiff and then a plaintiff is the history of many a divorce case.

An Iowa judge let a juror off long enough to get married. After the ceremony the juror went to court again, but not the girl.

The preacher has taken a long step toward the masses who has found out that he can talk for Christ without having on a long-tailed coat.

An attorney observed to a brother in court that he thought whiskers very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend; "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

A distinguished French physician insists upon it that raw oysters are extremely nourishing, and that in all cases of impaired digestion and nervous troubles they are an excellent tonic.

"I wonder," she said, "why it is that poets are so fond of referring to the vagrant breeze?" "Perhaps," replied the young lawyer, "it is because the breeze has no visible means of support."

One of the prominent preachers of North Dakota is Miss Carrie J. Bartlett, a young woman who stepped from a newspaper office into the pulpit. She is said to be successful in her new field, and is popular with her congregation.

It took Judge Collins, of Chicago, just two hours and twenty-two minutes to try twenty-six divorce cases on Friday last. Judge Collins is evidently determined not to yield the palm to any upstart divorce mills like those in Sioux Falls, S. D., and Galveston, Texas.

"Have you fixed up my will?" said the sick man to his lawyer. "Yes." "Everything as tight as you can make it?" "Entirely so." "Well, now, I want to ask you something—not professionally, but as a plain, every-day man. Who do you honestly think stands the best show for getting the property?"

This story of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, father of Henry Ward Beecher, was told originally by his son: The elder Beecher had been preaching one Sunday at Litchfield, and as he got into the carriage to go home he remarked that he had never preached such a poor sermon before. "Why, father," said Henry, "I never heard you preach louder." "That's it," responded the old man, "when I have nothing to say I always holler."

Strange notions of propriety exist in certain Christian circles in New York, as elsewhere. On a transpency surrounding a lamp on one of the street corners not half way up the city, the announcement is made that services are held every evening, conducted by the Rev. Mr. —, "the tornado evangelist." A wit has suggested that he preach from the text: "A great and strong wind rent the mountains and broke in pieces the rocks, but the Lord was not in the wind."

Ex-Senator Edmonds has been living at the Arlington for the past two weeks, and everybody is surprised at the change in his manner. He has been classed with John Sherman as one of the two "icebergs" of the senate. He is now as genial as sunshine. Among his intimate associates Mr. Edmonds was always considered the most charming of men, but to outsiders he has concealed his true self. Now he jokes with the hotel clerks and sits at a table used by transient guests, entering into conversation with those at his table.

As editor of the *Times* Carter H. Harrison is going to do away with the editorial "we," substituting therefor the bold and unequivocal "I," says the Chicago *News*. The experiment has been made before, and it has invariably failed. The anonymity of the editorial "we" involves a mysterious power which is always respected, if not feared. Throw off the disguise and mystery which that potent monosyllable affords, and editorial utterance is robbed of half its importance. "I" represents merely an individual opinion; the editorial "we" represents not only the writer and the newspaper, but also the newspaper's constituency, whatever it may be.

Mr. Justice Hawkins, will, on his retirement next month, it is said, resume his old role of advocate. There is no precedent for an English judge appearing again at the bar after retirement, but it is not an uncommon thing for an Indian or colonial judge to resume practice when he has left the bench. These officials, however, are in an entirely different position to their English brethren, and their example counts for very little. The absence of an English precedent is much more to the purpose, and it would probably be considered conclusive by the bar committee if not by the judges before whom the question might be raised. Anyway, it would be decidedly unfair for a judge who had received a handsome pension to enter into competition with his struggling professional brethren who had yet a career to make, to say nothing of the awkwardness of the situation which would be created.

NOTES.

The London *Tit Bits* says that there is an enterprising physician in California who advertises to pay half the funeral expenses in cases where he is not successful.

The telegraph tells us that lately a terrible and bloody fight took place at a ball given by the colored people in a small Kentucky town; that pistols and knives were freely used and many of the guests killed and others fatally wounded. There is room to doubt the news as not a word is said about razors.

Women play a very important part in educational matters in London. At the election for members of the school board just held women were candidates in six out of the eleven divisions. This liberal recognition is based upon the theory that every woman who is a mother is in part the educator of her children, and is compelled in her own fashion to solve educational problems.

Now is the time we hear cant expressions about the miseries of wealth, but they are trifles when compared to the pangs of poverty. The wealthy may have some bitter experiences brought on by the possession of riches, but the poor and destitute are the ones that endure the pains of deprivation. The heart burnings which may at times accompany wealth always find an easy cure from the same source, while the hunger and cold of poverty has no remedy.

We observe that Senator Felton has promptly introduced a bill to amend the Chinese Exclusion Act, to require Chinese removed from the United States to be sent to China, instead of the country from whence they came. The President in his late message made the recommendation that such legislation be enacted to avoid the conflict of court decisions in construing the Act. The amendment goes further, and provides that the burden of proof shall be on any Chinese laborer or person who shall claim the right to remain in the United States.

The story of Lord Russell's betrayal of a servant girl in his household seems to have been introduced into the divorce trial merely as a minor bit of testimony—an episode, as it were—in the graver proceedings. Such a lapse from honor on the part of a young man is something to be winked at in England. "Young men will be young men, and servant girls are not Lucretias," said one British Tarquin many years ago, in apologizing for the sins of young Englishmen of rank; and practically the same view of the matter is taken in London society to-day.

A gentleman familiar with Utah affairs declares that in politics the Mormons are sly as snakes. They only put out enough force to defeat the other party at an election, and thus it has been impossible to get a correct idea of their real strength. Going by the last census, however, they could outvote the Gentiles in Utah by about 10,000. The orthodox Mormons place their church above everything else. They acknowledge no allegiance to the government, and are absolutely controlled in their votes by the wishes of the church officers as expressed in their organ, the *Herald*.

It is strange—it is passing strange—that a woman—a Massachusetts woman—can be found to declare that the verb "damn" is not a profane expression. But so it is. Perhaps, after all, however, she wishes to withdraw the sting of the verb and make it sound less harshly to the feminine ear. To hear Judge McFarland say "damn" conveys no idea of profanity. It is absolutely edifying and comical. A Massachusetts court once decided that "damn" is not profanity. We think, however, that when a fellow stubs his rheumatic toe, the expression "damn" which follows has something of a profane intent.

An old housekeeper declares that but one side of the servant girl topic is ever given in the press, and that great injustice is done the lady help. She avers that the average servant girl, on leaving a place, invariably conveys to her new mistress a great amount of information as to the domestic life and eccentricities of the family lately employing her, omitting nothing that she can possibly think of. Some of this may be true, and some of it may not be perfectly accurate, but it is all entertaining, and the system enables the ladies of a community to know just what is going on in every home. Yet no credit is ever given the poor girl for what she knows.

A Nyack paper tells of the following incident that occurred at a wedding in the village: A recent wedding was so interrupted that the friends of the wedded pair found special reason to congratulate them when the ceremony was at last over. All went merrily until the bridegroom was called upon to produce the wedding ring. In vain he felt in his trousers pocket for the indispensable article. Nothing could be found except a hole through which the ring had evidently fallen into his boot, which he wore. What

was he to do? "Take your boot off," said the parson. The suspense and silence were painful. The organist, at the dominie's bidding, struck up a "voluntary." The young man removed his boot, the ring was found, also a hole in his stocking, and the worthy minister remarked, evidently with more than the ceremony in mind, "Young man, it is time you were married."

It is stated that a prisoner who was confined to solitary imprisonment for life, obtained a copy of the Bible and ascertained the following facts: The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,992 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times; the word "Lord" 1,857 times; the word "reverend" but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th psalm. The middle verse is the 8th of the 118th psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet, except J. The finest chapter to read is the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of II Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th of the 8th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st, and 31st verses of the 107th psalm are alike. All the verses of the 136th psalm end alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables. It might be added that the shortest verse in the bible is John xi, 35: "Jesus wept." In the old testament the shortest verse is in first Chronicles, i, 1.

One of the daily papers, in an editorial this week, makes a mistake that calls for a correction and without any exhibition of pedantry. Newspapers are, or should be, educators, and therefore should not commit faults that may lead the ignorant astray. The item alluded to was an article in the *News* commenting on an ungodly scrimmage in a church, where one part of the congregation made an attack on the officiating ministers and tore the letters "I. H. S." from the communion cloth. In the course of its denunciations of such conduct, the editor says those letters stand for the Greek names of Jesus. Now such is not the fact, nor are many of the other interpretations that are given of late years, such as "I Have Suffered," *In Hoc Signo*, (In this sign) etc. The letter I in the words is the one formerly used instead of J before the introduction of the J into the alphabets. So that the I. H. S. seen so frequently in Catholic churches and works are the initial letters of *Iesus Hominum Salvator*, or in English, Jesus, Savior of Men.

Aged Indian Chiefs.

It is interesting to talk with civilized Indians and learn from them what they may know of the present and past conditions of their race. Speaking of the prevalence of consumption among the Indians on the Klamath agency, calls to mind that a few years will find those Indians nearly all in their graves. Henry Jackson of Klamath assigned a very plausible reason for their decline. He says their food now is different from that of the wild Indian, and their habits of life are very changed. Formerly they roamed at will, clad scantily with rough skins, or naked, just as fancy suited them. Now they are clothed and housed and often removed to different climes, and the changes of temperature at once make themselves felt and attack the lungs. Mr. Jackson talked freely of the old Indian chiefs.

"Sronchin," the last chief of the Modocs, and one of the leaders in the Modoc war, is still living. He is weak, and stone blind, and must be considerably over a hundred years of age. "Choctaw," the last commander of the Snakes, surrendered his life and passed on to the happy hunting ground only three weeks ago. He also was blind, and was a hundred or more years of age. "Allen David," who used to be a great chief among the Klamaths, is still living, although at an advanced age. The light has also gone out of his eyes, and he has to depend on his people for food and care. The tribe relations are all broken up, and from Mr. Jackson's words it seems that very soon the last of the original chiefs will have passed to that bourne whence no traveler returns. Although not disappearing with the buffalo, as it was years ago said they would do, the American Indian will not be far behind the beast of the prairie in passing from view.

The Blarney Stone.

The village of Blarney is in the south of Ireland, about four miles from Cork. Blarney Castle was built by Cormack MacCarthy, the Strong, fourth lord of Muskerry, about the middle of the fifteenth century. The ruins of the famous old fortress are visited by thousands of tourists every year. This is largely on account of a tradition which has been attached for some centuries to one of the stones used in building the castle. This stone is said to communicate to the tongue that touches it the gift of gentle, insinuating speech, and that has given rise to the accusation when any one is of particularly sweet accent that he or she has "kissed the Blarney stone."

The less a man knows about children the more crazy theories he has in his head about how they should be controlled.

Handsome Tribute to Mrs. E. B. Crocker.

On the eve of Mrs. Crocker's departure from this city, the members of the Art Museum Association and a large number of personal friends gave her an informal reception. After the party had all assembled, Joseph Steffens, one of the patrons of the Museum Association, handed her the following beautiful testimonial:

MRS. MARGARET E. CROCKER: To-night again we meet to greet you in this treasure-house of Art—grounds, temple and contents, a trinity of benefactions, your gracious gift to us. It would take a volume to catalogue your memories, sweet and sacred, that yet flit and live around these grounds, and which were real life to you even before this temple's foundation stones were laid. To quietly recall the thoughts and acts that led up to the perfection of a plan and this structure, and gathered in and filled it so judiciously with varied, rare and costly treasure, would only open up a book to us that is rightly closed; for to you its words are sacred light—yea, almost life. This is no time to marshal renewed thanks or order tens of thousands of child and adult gratuities into line with music and floral fragrance to show appreciation or human love for you and what you have done.

All minds that are worth thinking, all gratuities that are worth holding, and all memories that learn facts and cherish them, will in this section of the state ever live and cluster around you wherever you are, in this life and the one to come. These feelings will be as varied, but as true and harmonious, as are the frescoes on yonder ceiling when flooded with light. Time will enrich them, as it will the light and shade on yonder Hill's Yosemite.

Such genuine feelings are as surely the outgrowth and outpourings of correct minds and hearts as beauty springs from such architecture as we now see around us. This shrine, where children come to see and learn, where adults come to enjoy and appreciate, and where genius comes to bow and worship, begets hope, faith, gratitude, and love.

As the living light of the New Testament is the name and life of the Nazarine, as the silver gleam of our American history is the name and life of Washington, so in Sacramento's history will your name and life ever be the one shining light. The thoughtless few may trifle and forget, but the thinking many will always remember, appreciate and love. This magnificent structure, filled with varied gems, all of your work and gathering; this shrine of art, part and parcel of your life, your labor and joy, you cannot leave; you will always tarry here. Then, too, near by there is a silent city where polished marble scatters midnight gloom with starlight gathered from the skies, where bright flowers impart a cheer and fragrance far and near, and bending evergreens invite to tears and prayer. You will ever linger there. Such records of human life and memory hold one as an anchor holds a light canoe. This was always so from the beginning, and shows the heaven-forged links that join the human with the eternal life. But, then, where is the earth-bound soul that wants one always here, and nowhere else? Go meet the rising sun, where you can gather round you those whose hearts and lives grew out of yours when it was morning with you; where blood affinity, the very tree of life, both shades and yields what most you need; where happy childhood hangs around like budding fruit to bring you hope and strength from joyous daily life. That will be a resting place, a paradise, you have well earned. And while you move therein, and leisure hails you, now and then just turn to the bright and morning sun and bid it go and drive away the darkness and the dew from western riches that you love. And when the happy day is spent and evening pleasures put away; when night is on and darkness like a velvet curtain gathers round to soothe, and invoke sleep and rest, just close your eyes and look this way, for you can see the sun still king of the brightest day, or, gently throwing gold and shaded lines across the treasures of your heart.

Then go or come, just as your wish begets, may all the joys of friends and earth be yours. Wherever you are, and whether going or coming, well or ill, may heaven attend and bring you joyous peace both day and night.

The Old, Old Story.

Tom—"Yes, we swore to remain true to each other. Then I went away for a long time."

Jack—"And she was always in your thoughts?"

"I thought a good deal of her—I mean I thought of her a good deal."

"And when you met you embraced her fondly, of course."

"I would probably have done so were it not for our surroundings."

"The encounter was public?"

"Yes, and both her husband and my wife were present."—*Yankee Blade*.

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I St., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

Typographical Errors.

Nothing can be so disheartening to a writer as to find his pet phrases turned into nonsense by the intelligent compositor. "The printer of Longfellow's Dante," says Col. T. W. Higginson, "told me that the poet had looked forward with eager anticipation to its appearance, and when the first volume of the sumptuous book was laid upon the breakfast table he opened at once upon—a misprint. It was many weeks, my informant said, before the poet could revert with any satisfaction to what he then regarded his greatest work." Baron Grimm, in his memoirs, relates the not improbable story of a French writer who died in a fit of anger when he found his favorite work, revised by himself with great care, had been printed with more than 300 errors, half of them made by the corrector of the press. But it is a little more difficult to swallow the unauthenticated anecdote of the Italian poet who, when on his way to present a copy of verses to the Pope, found a mistake of a single letter, which broke his heart of chagrin, so that he died the day after. We can sympathize with the author of a religious work mentioned by Disraeli, which consisted of only 172 pages, of which fifteen were devoted to errata. We can even pardon the vanity which led him to imagine that Satan, fearful of the influence which the book might wield, had tampered with the types, and that the very printers had worked under the same malign influence.

Nevertheless, it is easy to find a less startling explanation for the ordinary typographical errors. Blunders of this sort may be roughly grouped under three heads: Errors of the ear, errors of the eye, and errors arising from what printers call a "foul case." A compositor while at work reads over a few words of the copy and retains them in his memory until his fingers have picked up the necessary types. While the memory is thus repeating a phrase, it is only natural for certain words to be supplanted by others similar in sound—thus, "mistake" might appear in type as "must take," as, in fact, it did in the first folio of Hamlet, act 3, scene 1. "Idol Votarist" (Timon, act 4, scene 3.) into "Idol Votarist." "Long delays, Titus," into "Long days." The eye often deceives the compositor, especially when the copy is more or less illegible. Take away a dot, and "this time goes manly" (Macbeth, act 4, scene 3.) becomes "this tune goes manly." The third class of errors needs more explanation. A compositor works at what is called "a case," a wooden drawer divided into numerous receptacles, each containing one letter only, say all a's or all b's. When from a shake or other accident the letters become misplaced, the result is technically known as a "foul case." The compositor's fingers may, under these circumstances, readily pick out the wrong letter from the right box without being conscious of the fact.

These are mistakes to which even the intelligent compositor is liable; but it is hardly necessary to say that all compositors are not intelligent. The machine printer, or "blacksmith," as he is technically called, is a familiar figure in every printing office. It is he who makes a hurried guess at the copy before him, without caring whether it makes sense or not—who substitutes "comic" for "cosmic," "human" for "known," "plaut" for "planet," "I am better" for "Gambetta," "no cows, no cream" for "no cross, no crown," and "shaving the queen" for "showing the queer." This is a sort of printer who made a distinguished traveler die "in the richness of sin" instead of the "interior of Asia," and who described a Chicago exquisite as one whose "manners would alarm a drowning man," when what the writer really said was that they "would adorn a drawing room." Richard A. Proctor records the most remarkable change the printers ever arranged for him as appearing in the proof of a little book on "Spectroscopic Analysis," which he wrote for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The words which in the work itself now appear, as they were certainly written, "Lines, bands and stria in the violet part of spectra," were printed in the proof, "Links, bonds and stripes for the violent kind of spectres." An editor who wished to compliment a soldier as "a battle-scarred veteran" was so deeply grieved when he found the types had made him speak of "a battle-scarred veteran" that the next day he inserted an apology and an erratum, which read, "the bottle-scarred veteran." "I remember," says a writer in *American Notes and Queries*, "to have written something about a concert at which was sung Millard's 'Ave Maria,' and it actually appeared that Miss So and So had sung with much feeling Mulligan's 'Avenue Maria.' At a musical in the same neighborhood a young lady played upon the piano a ballad in A flat major. The local paper had it that she had sung a ballad called 'A Fat Major.'"—*Illustrated American*.

"It must be a painful sight," remarks a thoughtful exchange, "to see a shoemaker breathing his last." And a most unfortunate man is a tailor whose goose is cooked.

If there is a bigger bore in this world than the man who is always telling stories, it is the man who will not listen when we have a story to tell.

FLASHES.

The British nobility need a little cleansing. Those who trust to luck have plenty of credit.

The first reform a man wants to undertake is himself.

Bad temper and dyspepsia are not good attributes for a judge.

A red head, red tie, and red nose does not make a strong contrast.

The girl who can make good mince meat is worthy of any man's love.

The old proverb, "always be slow and sure," finds a paradox in a watch.

"She can boil a potato as well as write a poem," is a splendid compliment.

If you wish to surprise your girl never ask her what she would like for Christmas.

Promising young men are not in any great favor with their creditors. Paying ones are.

Some men's prosperity is their curse. Most of us would like to be cursed that way, however.

Pianos and Organs.

We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. A. C. Shaw & Co., 1023 Eighth street, who carry one of the largest and finest stocks of pianos and organs of any house in the city. They are offering special inducements to the holiday trade, and intending purchasers would do well to examine their instruments before buying. We know of nothing that would make a finer or more acceptable Christmas present than a world-renowned Knabe or Hemme & Long piano.

A New Idea of a Husband.

That breeziest of feminine gossipers, "Madge," writes in the London *Truth* of widowers as husbands as follows: Eva is going to be married to her next-door neighbor in her own county, a man with a delightful income and pleasant enough personally to be no incumbrance upon the property. He is a widower.

Here I pause—for it is a subject on which volumes could be written. Some girls have a great dislike to the idea of marrying a widower. They think that his brain and memory are so permeated with the perfections of the dear departed (her little faults all forgotten) that he would be terribly critical about a second wife. This is a con. To set against it is an excellent pro. A widower is more likely to have been weaned a little bit from the selfish ways of single blessedness than a man who has not been married.

Mothers usually spoil their sons and train the young men's sisters to the same. The salutary experiences of matrimonial life tend to reduce the egotism and self-conceit which are the natural consequence of this. So, really, the ideal man to marry is a widower whose first wife has been rather unsatisfactory and who has been generally known to be so. He cannot pretend to sigh over the lost glories of his first hymeneal enterprise, and he will be appreciative of the domestic virtues that contrast with the dear departed's lack of them.

Eva's sentiments toward her future husband may be gathered from one of her utterances to Maud and me last night:

"I have always thought that the very nicest man to marry would be one who is pleasant to live with and not very pleasant to lose."

"What would St. Paul have said to such revolutionary ideas?"

"I am rising toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilies, the violets, and roses as at twenty years ago. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is historic. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse—history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song. I have tried all, but I feel I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say like many others, I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My days will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn."—*Victor Hugo*.

On the banks of the Susquehanna is a grave with this epitaph: "Charles Lewis. He voted for Abraham Lincoln." In Baton Rouge is the following epitaph: "Here lies the body of David Jones. His last words were: 'I die a Christian and a Democrat.'" And there is a grave at Stonington, Vt., which has the following epitaph: "When Rhode Island, by her legislation from 1843 to 1850, repudiated her revolutionary debt, Dr. Richmond removed from that state to this borough and selected this as his family burial place, unwilling that the remains of himself and family should be disgraced by forming part of a repudiating state."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening the Cleveland Minstrels will play a return engagement at the Metropolitan. The names of the artists of this company are sufficient to insure a full house.

A choice literary and musical programme, followed by a dance, will be given by local talent, under the auspices of the bureau of relief, Knights of Pythias, at Castle hall, Saturday evening, December 19th. Proceeds go to bureau of relief.

On Monday night the Irwin Sisters will produce their new farce comedy, *Boys and Girls*, at the Metropolitan. The Irwin Sisters are well known to the theater-goers, and have always been prime favorites in their specialties. The comedy is well spoken of by the eastern press.

Our young friend J. Desmond, in his splendid tenor solos, was a surprise to the music-loving people who heard him the other evening at the kindergarten fete. Mr. Desmond certainly possesses a remarkable voice, and he is destined to take high rank as a tenor. As soon as the operatic managers learn of his wonderful power there will doubtless be a demand for Mr. Desmond.

The Manner in Which the Church of Rome Selects Its Head.

The pope is elected by the cardinals, who are usually seventy-two in number, and they do it in this way: Ten days after the death of the pope the cardinals enter into conclave—the place where the election is held. Each one is given a small room. From there they proceed to the chapel, where the bulls relative to the election of the pope are read and sworn to. No cardinal is permitted to leave the conclave until the election is over. All doors and windows towards the outside are walled up, with the exception of one door, through which the more distant cardinals arriving later may come in. This entrance is strongly guarded by soldiers. This is done to cut off all outside pressure and influence, and thereby to insure an entirely free and independent election. The casting of the votes takes place in the chapel twice a day, at 6 A. M. and 2 P. M. Two-thirds of the votes are necessary to lawfully elect a pope. If less votes are cast in favor of one person, the tickets voted are burned in the fireplace of the chapel. Every day at 6 o'clock in the morning and 2 o'clock in the afternoon the people of the city are watching the chapel chimney; if smoke therefrom arises they know that no pope has been elected. As soon as the necessary number of votes unite for one, then, if he is present, he is asked whether or not he will accept the pontificate. The pope-elect then kneels, prays and decides; if he is not present, a solemn embassy is at once deputed to him.

The honor of primacy accepted, the new pope changes his name. He does so to imitate St. Peter, whose original name, "Simon," was changed into that of "Peter," as soon as our Lord elected him the head of his church. After this the pontiff puts on the papal vestments, and adorns his fingers with the fisherman's ring. The election is then publicly proclaimed by one of the cardinals from the loggia of St. Peter's church: "I announce to you a great joy! We have a pope in the person of his eminence, most reverend lord N. N., who has taken the name N." Then all the bells of the Catholic churches of Rome ring, the Swiss guards fire artillery salutes, the people shout, St. Peter's church choir intones the "Te Deum," and the pope gives the solemn benediction, *urbis et orbis*.

The present pope was elected after only thirty-six hours of conclave after the third scrutiny. Leo XIII is of short stature; his figure is slight, frail looking; his features are angular. His brow is remarkably high; his nose Roman; his eyes black and brilliant. They are inexpressibly piercing, and give an extraordinary vivacity to his countenance. His voice is clear and ringing. He speaks slowly, but with good precision. Always very carefully prepares his discourses, but seldom writes them down; only after they have been delivered he dictates them from memory to the secretary. His right hand trembles very much, a consequence of typhoid fever many years ago. His leanness is phenomenal—mere skin and bones. Leo XIII is nervous, his health tenacious. For over fifteen years he never suffered from anything more serious than a passing cold. Longevity is hereditary in the Pecci family—one of his brothers recently died at the age of 84; another brother at 91.

Girls have no objection, on general principles, to being admired, but if you think they are going to sit all evening in their respective family parlors and best clothes for the sole purpose of entertaining you because you chance to be of the opposite sex and like to stare at women, you're fast approaching the time when you'll be told, as a rule, that "the ladies are not at home." You must learn to talk; you must learn something about many things which at present don't interest you, if you expect ever to become acceptable company to girls—even to girls who themselves do not know much, and among whom you will find most of the prettiest.

Von Moltke and His Visitor.

The parents of a young soldier who was a private in a Prussian cavalry regiment during the Franco-Prussian war became terribly anxious about him. Several battles had been fought and they had received no news of their boy. They had followed the army, and after some hesitation, the father went to see Gen. Von Moltke, who was understood to receive visitors at a certain hour in the early morning. Strange to say, the father was admitted to see the great field marshal.

"What is your business?" said Moltke; "use as few words as possible." The visitor explained that he wished to know the fate of his son, a private in a certain regiment. Moltke smiled, but not unkindly, and drew from his pocket a square of cardboard covered with dots, lines, and crosses of various colors. "This line," he said, "indicates the line of march of your son's regiment. These dots mark the distances of each forced march. To-morrow morning at 7 o'clock the regiment must be at this point here. Take notice of the situation."

He said no more and the interview ended. Long before the hour named, the father was at the point indicated on the map. Just before 7 o'clock the trumpets of the advance guard were heard in the distance, and precisely at the hour, the father saw his son.

A. C. SHAW & CO.

1023 EIGHTH STREET,

Sacramento, California,

BRANCH AGENCY FOR THE

World-Renowned Knabe,

HAINES, HEMME & LONG, GILBERT & CO.

And other

PIANOS.

The Original Mathushek Piano.

THE LATEST STYLES OF ORGANS.

The Largest Stock!

The Best Quality!

And the Lowest Prices!

North of San Francisco.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO HOLIDAY TRADE

Elegant Millinery.

LADIES OF SACRAMENTO AND VICINITY are cordially invited to call and examine the

FINE STOCK OF NOVELTIES,

Just arrived, and which are being sold at the

VERY LOWEST PRICES.

MRS. E. KATZENSTEIN,

No. 605 J STREET.

DR. T. WAH HING,

ENGLISH AND CHINESE

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

(Graduate Hongkong Medical College.)

Office, Room 29 Postoffice Block.

Office Hours, 8 to 11 A. M., 1 to 4 and 6 to 8 P. M.

At other times may be found at No. 304 I street.

SUN WING COMPANY,

DEALERS IN

JAPANESE FANCY GOODS.

STAMPING

Done free of charge for all customers the first two weeks in December.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT

Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs

From 25 Cents Up.

TOYS, JEWELRY, NOTIONS, ETC.

No. 815 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

CALL ON THE

AGENT

OF THE

SUN INSURANCE CO.

AT

1014 FOURTH STREET,

WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.

Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46

THEO. J. MILLIKEN,

Manager Sacramento Branch

DR. MARY M. CRONEMILLER,

Office and Residence, 507½ J street.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 P. M.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

MISS L. SCHUBERT,

1014 Eighth Street, Sacramento.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

AS FOLLOWS:

Handkerchief Cases,
Glove Cases,
Necktie Cases,
Hat Bands,
Hat Crowns,Embroid. Suspenders,
Crochet Neckties,
Drapers,
Cushions,
Sachets, Etc.

Stamping and Designing, Monograms, Etc.

WM. B. MILLER,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

628 J Street, near Seventh, Sacramento.

Importer and dealer in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware. American Gold and Silver Watches a specialty.

JEWELRY MANUFACTURED AND REPAIRED.

Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. The Repairing of Watches a specialty.

GO TO

E. W. MELVIN'S,

718 K STREET, SACRAMENTO.

—PHOTOS ENLARGED.—

Engravings, Etchings, Photogravures Autotypes, Pastels, etc. Framing Pictures a Specialty.

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

—IN—

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

Are the Leaders!

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO

REMOVAL

—OF—

Sacramento Trunk Factory

—TO—

515 K STREET.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

The Sensitive Visitor.

The night was bitter. Pride and I
Sat gazing on it thro' the pane.
Who can that gallant horseman be
That at our casement draweth rein?

We turn our faces, Pride and I,
And yet the pleading and the pain
Of that one look—nay, out of sight
He's passed into the night and rain.

Who could the bold intruder be?
Alas, to-day 'tis but too plain.
His name was opportunity.
He never came to us again.

THE LAST WORD.

When Capt. Norris went to rejoin his regiment in Ireland he asked me to look after his wife. She was a pretty woman, whose only fault, if it can be considered so, was her love of amusement. She had four children, and was anxious to give them a better education than could be procured in England with her limited means.

Of all the Norris children, Louise was her father's favorite, but to her the mother was severe and harsh.

One evening our small circle had assembled as usual at my house, and dispersed about 10 o'clock, Mrs. Norris being the first to leave. When my husband and I were alone we chatted over the little incidents and gossips of the evening. At last I took my candle and went to my room, a front one. I had undressed when I heard a noise at the window, like hail rattling against it. Knowing that the night had been very fine, I drew back the curtain in surprise, and saw Mrs. Norris standing on the path.

The servants had long gone to bed so I hurriedly drew my dressing-wrapper round me and ran down stairs.

When I had opened the hall door, before I had time to ask a question, Mrs. Norris exclaimed:

"Oh! I fear something dreadful has happened to Charles!"

"Why do you think so?" I said; have you heard anything of him?"

"No," she answered, "I have not heard of or from him lately; yet, as you know, I was not uneasy about him and was quite happy and cheerful with you this evening. I left you early to go to my children; they were all asleep; I went to bed directly, but in about 10 minutes after, by the light of the night-lamp, I saw my husband standing by my bedside; he had a fearful gash in his throat, from which the blood was pouring. He spoke to me and said:

"Farewell! be kind to poor Lou!"

"In a moment he disappeared. When I could collect my thoughts I dressed and came to you, my dear friend, to tell you that I fear something dreadful has happened to my husband, and I must go to him. Will you look after my children till my return?"

Traveling in those days was a most disagreeable process; the slowness, cold, dirt and misery of sailing-vessels and coaches made people generally reflect a great deal before they undertook a journey, unless they could afford to travel post. I therefore tried to persuade Mrs. Norris that she had only dreamed of her husband.

She replied: "I had not even closed my eyes, and I saw him as plainly as I do you."

Then I tried to persuade her to await for the arrival of the next mail from England. "No," she said, "he might be dying even while we are consulting together."

I asked what she thought most likely to have befallen him.

"He might be fatally wounded, if not killed, in a duel."

Those were the days when duelling was in its prime; when, if a man fancied a word or joke touched his honor, he felt it incumbent on him to call out the offender, though he were his best friend, and endeavor to wash off the stain in his blood.

I saw it was useless trying to dissuade Mrs. Norris, so I now hurriedly dressed, and helped her preparations for departure, promising to be a mother to her children in her absence.

She traveled post to the nearest port, thence sailed to England, and proceeded immediately to her husband's quarters in Ireland.

She was the only inside passenger by the coach, and to beguile her sad thoughts bought a newspaper at the first town where they stopped to change horses. At the next stoppage the guard found my poor friend senseless.

She had found in the paper an account of the death of Captain Norris by suicide at the very moment she had seen his apparition.

When Mrs. Norris returned to her children, and had to some degree recovered from this awful shock, she spoke with calmness of what she called her "last interview" with her husband. I remarked that even if she had dreamed it, it would have been extraordinary; she was firm in asserting she had not closed her eyes, and but just extinguished her candle. So I said no more; but other friends were more pertinacious in insisting his presence could not have been a reality.

Her answer was invariably, "I saw him as plainly as I see you."

If you have a half dollar of 1838 with an "O" above the date you can get \$12 for it.



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles; and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hair-dressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE mailed free to any lady on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, "Beauty Doctor," 103 Post street, San Francisco.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT
1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-Atlantic Points, by First-Class Steamers to and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN.
Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO Daily.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

California Exchange,

900 K STREET,

Southeast Corner Ninth, Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

WINE AND LIQUORS

KEY WEST AND IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

HARRY ROTH,

PEERLESS SALOON,

809 K Street (Next to Opera House), Sacramento.

STEAMED CLAMS AND CLAM NECTAR

EVERY NIGHT.

Futterer's Saloon,

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.

A FINE POOL TABLE.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,
SACRAMENTO.

Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.

Miss Mamie Castella,

Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

HAHN'S

Eau de Quinine,

Or, QUININE HAIR TONIC.

The stimulating effects of this tonic are unrivaled for removing dandruff, preserving the scalp in a healthy condition, rendering the hair soft, pliable and brilliant. It promotes the growth of the hair, prevents the same from falling out, and imparts to it an agreeable perfume.

JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,

Sacramento, Cal.

J. J. DUNCKHORST,

Interior Decorating.

LATEST DESIGNS IN

WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.

1225 J Street, Sacramento.

ST. LOUIS MARKET,

R. WEBER, PROPRIETOR.

SPARERIBS AND HOGS' HEADS,
FRESH MEATS,
SUGAR-CURED HAM,
CHOICE BACON,
LARD, SAUSAGE, ETC.
Southwest Corner Eleventh and H Streets.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.
Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J streets.

JOHNSTON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

W. A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

W. H. HUMPHREY, southwest corner Seventh and J streets, rooms 7 and 8

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP.

We certify that we constitute a partnership transacting business as dealers in general merchandise in the State of California, under the firm name and style of NORTON & MYERS. The principal place of business of said firm is Sacramento, California. The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

Dated, Sacramento, California, December 4, 1891.
H. J. NORTON, [SEAL],
Sacramento, California.
E. E. MYERS, [SEAL],
Sacramento, California.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.

COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO. }
On this fourth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, before me, L. T. Hatfield, a Notary Public in and for the County of Sacramento, personally appeared H. J. Norton and E. E. Myers, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

L. T. HATFIELD, Notary Public.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to KATE PYNE, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 25th day of November, 1891, in which action Ah Hon and Louis Fong are plaintiffs and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a judgment of this Court against you for the sum of One Thousand Six Hundred and Sixty-one and 00/100 Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to said plaintiffs in pursuance of a certain agreement in writing made between you and said plaintiffs on the 15th day of November, 1888, whereby you agreed to pay plaintiffs two-fifths of the net return from the sale of fruit, and one-half of the net return from the sale of vegetables and melons raised on the lands of the plaintiffs. That the net return of the sale of fruit in the year 1891 amounted to Five Thousand and Eight Hundred and Ninety-five and 00/100 Dollars; and the net return of the sale of vegetables and melons amounted to Six hundred and Forty-nine and 00/100 Dollars, and for costs of suit; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will enter your default and take judgment against you for the sum of \$1,661.50 and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court this 25th day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By J. F. DOODY, Deputy Clerk.
W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiffs, dec12-2m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of F. H. JOHNSTON, an insolvent debtor.—F. H. Johnston having filed in this Court his petition schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said F. H. Johnston is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said F. H. Johnston, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or on any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 22d day of January, 1892, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated December 8, 1891.
W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. dec12-6t

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to NOAH J. BENFORD, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 17th day of November, 1891, in which action, Lizzie L. Benford is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds of desertion and failure to provide, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court, this 17th day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By E. S. WACHHORST, Deputy Clerk.
W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. dec5-8t

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE Notice.—That on the 4th day of December, 1891, at the opening of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, in Department One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections 1811 to 1821, inclusive. The nature of the business to be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento County, Sutter Township, and the name of my husband is J. L. Clark. KATIE E. CLARK.

Innocence.

A solitary country road—cool and dark in the shadow of the woods, hot and glaring where it emerged and after a short run dipped into the valley. In the valley a pretty village along the banks of the river that wound through it, great myriad-eyed factories; in the outskirts of the village a castellated villa, home of the proprietor of "The Works."

By the roadside, just at the entrance to the woods, says *Short Stories*, lay a something that it were unjust to call a brute, since it is left to man alone to produce a thing so abhorrent—hirsute, uncouth, horrible. Polluting the sweet air with his foul breath and the tender wayside blossoms with his filthy rags, he lay there motionless, his bristling chin resting upon his grimy hands, his blood-shot eyes fixed sullenly upon the village.

"Work, curse 'em! Me work!" he snarled, his lowering eyes upon the villa. "Does he work? No!"

Suddenly a sound of steps was heard, and the man drew back into the bushes, where he could watch, unseen.

A girl was coming along the wood road alone—a fair childish creature, with the fine delicate beauty of the petted offspring of wealth. Golden hair fell about her lovely innocent face; one hand held flowers; the other hung by her side, and on one finger blazed a splendid diamond.

The man behind the bushes quivered as the girl came near. His coarse lips drew back from his discolored teeth, savage cunning was in his lurid eyes; his fingers moved greedily. With sudden noiselessness he rose and stepped forward.

The girl stopped; her angelic face blanched; the innocent blue eyes fixed themselves upon those of the hardened wretch with a look that might have softened the heart of a stone.

And suddenly the cruel face changed—savage ferocity, brutal desire, vanished—and the hulking form shrank, trembled, and drew humbly back to let the maiden pass, as though that pure glance had pierced the hard crust of viciousness down to that better nature that never can be utterly eliminated.

Had it? No. Walking behind the maiden, until that moment unseen, was a superb stag-hound, whose two rows of magnificent teeth reflected the sun-rays even more strikingly than did the splendid diamond on the girl's finger.

The Soul Laughs.

What is it gets drunk when one takes too much whisky?—his body or his mind? or, more comprehensively, his soul. Everyone has seen a man's body drunk while his mind was sober; that is to say, he could control neither his arms nor his legs, but he could his thought, and be entirely capable of transacting business safely.

The most satisfactory notion that one can form of the strange phenomena which the society of psychic research has been investigating is, that they are the product of nerve force, as it is fairly demonstrated that they occur only under certain conditions.

These phenomena come nearest to what are imagined to be the pure soul forces. Health, it is held, is dependent on nervous equilibrium. When one is sick it is because there is an excess of nervous action in one direction and a deficiency in another. To restore the equality of this nervous action is to restore health.

Suggestion, a purely psychical thing, is the agency of this restoration. The sick man is put in the way of utilizing his own forces to heal himself. The soul turns doctor of the body. Through suggestion the victim of drink becomes his own reformer. So it is the body which gets drunk, and not the soul, although the soul may wickedly enjoy the sight of the body making a fool of itself.

So we have the statement that the drinkers cured by hypnotic suggestion "have undergone a moral transformation;" and the further statement that this cannot be brought about by any drug. "The bi-chloride of gold may serve a subsidiary purpose as a tonic," but the cure is effected by faith which comes in the way of suggestion.—*Pittsburg Times*.

Why Are These Things Thus?

Why, questions "Bab," should every woman in a street car smile when another woman gets in who has forgotten to fasten her belt and has two white strings hanging down in the back?

Why should everybody look overjoyed when the conductor gives a woman with a tiny little bit of a purse the change for \$2 in five cent pieces?

Why should everybody smile with glee when a big fat woman plants her foot on the polished shoe of an inoffensive young man who is making a great effort to be polite and give her his seat?

Why should everybody look at everybody else when somebody has not paid his fare?

Why does everybody smile most sarcastically when an innocent little baby cries because it regrets it was ever born?

Why do people do these things? It's because the leaven of original sin is still in them, and they take a monkey-like delight in the woes of their neighbors.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTERS,**410 J STREET,****SACRAMENTO.**

Cards,
Circulars,
Ball Tickets,
Programmes,
Posters,
Billheads,
Statements,
Letterheads,
Noteheads,
Envelopes,
Show Cards,
Wedding Invitations,
Briefs and
Transcripts,
Legal Blanks,
Constitutions and
By-Laws,
Postal Cards,
Election Tickets,
Great Registers.

*** Election Printing. ***

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outsid of San Francisco.

ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR
PROMPTLY FILLED.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,**410 J STREET.****Weinstock, Rubin & Co.**

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California
Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County
Coroner. Telephone 134.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER**CAPITAL BREWERY**

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

Grubler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequent only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTINGD. JOHNSTON & Co.
410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS
LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

MISCELLANY.

Of the 1,900 policemen in Chicago, 1,555 are Irishmen.

A man's hair and beard sometimes grow for several weeks after death.

A person with a cork leg, corkscrew eyes, blue-bottle nose and jug-handled ears, must be full of spirits.

A young man who is given the mitten by his girl generally considers it a sleight of hand performance.

This is the time when people

Find things have gone to smash;

When the church wants a new steeple,
And the heathen call for cash.

A bit of charcoal put in the saucepan with your cabbage destroys much of the disagreeable odor usually pervading the atmosphere at such times.

There is, and there always has been, but one way to get rich and remain rich, and that is by the time-honored method of long and hard work.

The latest advices about the moon state that it is a dead, desolate waste of played-out volcanoes and cooled-off lava beds, without atmosphere.

"Who said, there, that it was tired?" asked the farmer, sternly, looking around. "I think," said the horse, meekly, "it was the wagon wheel spoke."

A woman is never so apt to wish she was a man as when she sees one get up from the table and walk away without a backward look or thought of the dishes.

Few English words are derived from the Chinese, but the names of some of the best-known Chinese products—as tea, silk, gongs, ginseng, kaolin—are of Chinese origin.

Nothing exasperates a woman who has been shading her eyes from the gaslight with her hand all the evening so much as to find that, after all, she had left her best diamond ring on the washstand.

Among long-haired men of to-day who are cited to show that length of locks does not imply any "shortness" of brain are Prof. Swing, Alphonse Daudet, Liszt, Edward Eggleston and Gen. Roger A. Pryor.

One who understands human nature pretty well has said: "There is no injury that may not be forgiven; but a slight, never. The one is directed against our interests, our character, our very life; the other is aimed at our vanity."

In Austria women are employed to carry mortar and bricks to the builders. They work from 7 in the morning till 6 at night, with one hour at noon, and receive 20 cents a day. Most of these female hod carriers are unmarried.

An old scout of the plains said to a Pittsburg reporter the other day: "I lost a brand-new pair of boots, with my legs in them, at Wounded Knee." Bret Harte should come home and hunt up this rare old humorist; he is worth putting in a book.

President Harrison is said to play six-handed euchre with great zest and interest, and many a game of it goes on leisure evenings at the White House. Secretary Tracy is frequently invited in to make up a table with the other members of the executive household.

Physical Improvement of the Sex.

Several English medical journals have recently called attention to a fact sustained by common observation, that the young women of the present day are better developed physically, taller, plumper, stronger and healthier than the young women of 50, 100, 150 or 200 years ago, and that in this continuous and perceptible improvement of condition and aspect there are no steps backward. One journal has called attention to the circumstance that whereas a century or two ago a handsome woman inspired sentiments of such an admiring curiosity that her arrival or departure drew vast crowds and rewarded the patient waiting of hundreds; beauty of the same sort is so general nowadays as to evoke no ripple of excitement.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WE HAVE OVER ONE THOUSAND PASTEUR GERM-PROOF FILTERS in use in private residences, hotels, restaurants and saloons. If a single one of them is not giving entire satisfaction we have not heard of it.

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

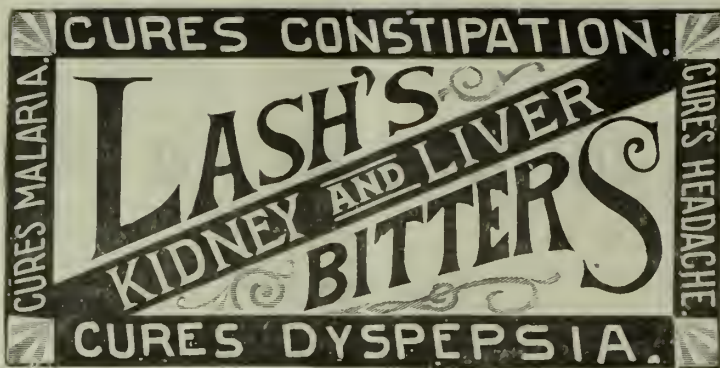
A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - - Sacramento, Cal.



The Live Crockery House

HAS DEMONSTRATED BY ITS
INCREASE IN BUSINESS
THAT IT CARRIES BY FAR THE

Best Selected Stock of Crockery and Glassware and Lamp Goods

EVER CARRIED IN THIS CITY.
ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

JOS. THIEBEN CROCKERY CO.
518 J Street.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!



1891. HOLIDAY GOODS! 1891.

New Stock, Open and Ready for Sale, Consisting of
Bisque, Royal Worcester, Doulton, Dresden, Terra Cotta.

Also, an attractive lot of DECORATED CHINA DINNER and TEA SETS, and open stock goods in great variety. We Solicit Careful Inspection.

Sacramento Glass and Crockery Company
629 J STREET. JOHN WEIL, Manager

A. H. ROTT. C. H. KREBS.
C. H. KREBS & CO.,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
Varnishes, Wall Paper, Brushes, Window
Shades and Picture Mouldings.

Ready Mixed Paints and Building Papers.
House and Sign Painting, Plain and Decorative
Paper Hanging, Glazing and Gilding,
Pictures, Frames and Mouldings.

626 J STREET,

Between Sixth and Seventh, SACRAMENTO.
TELEPHONE 267.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice, SACRAMENTO

SADDLE ROCK
Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room
separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

ASK YOUR GROCER

FOR THE

SACRAMENTO

Packing and Drying Company's
GOODS.

They Are the Best.

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

December 6, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6:50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:55 A
8:00 A	Calistoga and Napa	
3:05 P	Vallejo and Calistoga	8:40 P
10:50 P	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4:00 A
7:00 P	Deming, El Paso and East	6:55 P
7:35 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7:40 A
10:40 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	10:20 A
11:55 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	6:45 P
10:00 P	Central Atlantic Express	7:40 A
3:00 P	Oroville, via Roseville Junction	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:35 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
4:35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:05 A
6:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:30 A
8:00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8:40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	9:40 P
7:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	10:30 P
*10:00 A	San Francisco via Livermore	26:00 A
10:40 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2:50 P
10:40 A	San Jose	10:30 A
7:00 P	Santa Barbara	11:05 A
*6:50 A	Santa Rosa	8:40 P
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	10:30 A
8:30 A	Stockton and Galt	2:50 P
10:40 A	Stockton and Galt	6:35 P
7:00 P	Truckee and Reno	7:40 A
11:55 A	Truckee and Reno	6:45 P
10:00 P	Vallejo	8:40 P
3:05 P	Vallejo	11:05 A
*8:20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2:40 P
*12:15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10:20 A
*4:45 P	Folsom	*8:00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

OF SACRAMENTO.

\$100,000 TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE.
Semi-annual Dividends on Deposits.
Correspondence promptly answered.

WM. BECKMAN, President

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

PHOENIX BAKERY.

C. SCHURR, Proprietor,

Southwest Corner Thirteenth and J Streets.

Bread, Pies and Cakes,

FRESH EVERY MORNING,

Delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberger's
Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of Iron doors and
gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods
of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who
desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those
who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially
invited to examine for themselves its methods
of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are
no vacations.



THEMIS

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1891.

No. 45.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, *Editors.*
W. J. HASSETT, *Managing Editor.*

That the old water-works building has been able to stand under the tank of water above it, and the attacks that have of late been made as to its integrity, is creditable to the antique structure. Some years since, the building was pronounced unsafe by the press and the officers, and we then expressed the opinion that it would not come down "of its own motion." We have seen nothing since to change our views. True, wood-work will decay, but it can be replaced. Mr. Goodell strikes it about right when he says: "Only think of it! here we have a building whose main walls are two feet thick, and four cross walls nearly as thick, and all bonded together and laid in good cement mortar. The idea of such a building falling without giving any warning is perfectly absurd. I will make an assertion right here—that there is not a person living in Sacramento to-day who will live long enough to see the building fall, if it is left alone." We are not to be understood as advocating its use for city-hall purposes. A municipality of the pretensions of Sacramento should have a city hall that will be in degree creditable; but so long as the authorities are disposed to put up with the present situation, there is no reason to abandon a building that, while unsightly, is safe and can be so preserved. If the trustees had the backbone to submit to the people a proposition to levy a special tax for the erection of a suitable city hall, we doubt not it would meet the approval of the people. There would be a double satisfaction: the city would have an appropriate public edifice; the bondholders and their allies would have a new pudding-string to chew at.

By the way, what has become of the bond agitation—the proposition to immortalize ourselves as imbeciles by paying off the city debt in, as a contemporary puts it, six years? Recently the enthusiasts pledged its wiping-off in shorter time; it seems our inhabitants are being gradually allowed more rope. Perhaps it will be the people will pay it off when they get good and ready, and will let their enemies transpire in the meantime. **THEMIS** did steadily fight the unjust proposition to saddle the iniquitous debt upon the generation of this day, and did maintain that instead of raising additional revenue for the bond-holders, we should spend our extra cash in putting in a system of sewers and the erection of needed public buildings. That an improved system of sewerage is imperatively demanded is mournfully manifested by our present death rate and by the numerous cases of sickness that exist. We do hope time will come when something practical will result from the periodical agitation in the press and public meetings of this question which so much concerns the health of the people.

Upon the discharge of the San Francisco grand jury last Wednesday, Judge Wallace took occasion, in a very lengthy address, to justify his course, and to arraign the supreme court for its decision, in the case of Elwood Bruner. Leaving out of question the gross impropriety of a judge of an inferior court publicly attacking the justices of the supreme court (of which impropriety no one could be better informed than Judge Wallace), we will discuss briefly the two main points of Judge Wallace's address. He relies upon

the Southwell case to show that the writ of prohibition would not lie in this case. But the point decided in that case was that, the statute not having provided for a motion to set aside an indictment on the ground of the illegality of the grand jury, the question could not be considered on appeal; and yet Judge Wallace strongly dissented from the majority opinion of the court in that case, and afterwards, in the Colby and Hunter cases, held to his views expressed in the Southwell case. If the opinion in that case is law, Mr. Bruner would have had no remedy by appeal.

But it is a legal axiom that for every wrong there is a remedy; and in the Bruner case the only remedy was by prohibition. In the Southwell case, the judge, in appointing the coroner to summon the uncompleted portion of the grand jury—three only having been selected from the drawing made from the box—stated in his order that he appointed the coroner because he intended to charge the grand jury to specially investigate the sheriff's office, because of gross irregularities in that office having been called to his notice. Judge Wallace then held that his action was illegal, and that the indictment should have been set aside. How can he reconcile his opinion then and afterwards expressed with that he now holds? His second point is that the Bruner case conflicts with the decision in Strouse vs. The Police Court. But the answer is plain that it does not. In the Strouse case the petitioner was charged with a simple misdemeanor, the violation of a city ordinance, upon the trial of which, if convicted, he had the absolute right to give a bond to stay the execution of the fine, and with the right of an immediate hearing of an appeal in the superior court. In that case, he had "a plain, speedy and adequate remedy at law." It is nonsense to say that a charge of misdemeanor can be classed with one of felony—the one with an immediate appeal to the superior court; the other, with its long delay and intermediate imprisonment and disgrace by confinement in a state-prison. We think that the supreme court has given a righteous decision in the Bruner case, and that, when the fogs of bias and prejudice have lifted and disappeared, it will receive the universal approval of the bench, the bar and the people.

Were an ordinary mortal asked, "Is the possession of wealth desirable?" he would undoubtedly reply, "It is, indeed." However the question is debatable. Much depends on how much the wealth is, the shape in which it exists, and the taste of the individual possessing it. The worship of gold has never brought happiness; it has ever been a fatal infatuation. Midas, it is said, did secure the favor of Bacchus, and of the god did request that everything he touched might be turned to gold. His request was granted, but as his food became gold the moment he touched it, he prayed the god to take the favor back. He was ordered to bathe in the Pactolus, and the river ever after rolled over golden sands. Less of realization was there in the experience of the boy who chased the rain-bow to find the pot of treasure at its foot. His adventure was, however, of value. There are, in truth, many who would be so thoughtless as to repeat the wish of Midas, and who would, with little provocation, join the boy in his delusive chase. Even in this day the alchemist of old is of some the prototype, and hope is not lost there will be discovered a process for the transmutation of baser metals into gold.

In the legends of all, people's gold and its possession

plays a prominent part. Gray did write, "What female heart can gold dispise?" He did allude to the fable of the comely Atalanta, the swiftest of all mortals. She vowed to marry the man who could out-strip her in a race. Milanion threw down three golden apples, and Atalanta, stopping to pick them up, lost the race and gained a husband. In the Greek fable a countryman had a goose that laid golden eggs; thinking to make himself rich, he killed the goose to get the whole stock of eggs, but lost everything. It would seem this homely illustration will apply somewhat pertinently to the foolish averice of some who now live.

The possession of great wealth carries with it a curse in very many instances. Certain it is there are attendant circumstances that are by no means agreeable. To hoard and guard it renders its possessor a slave; he is compelled to deny to himself the pleasures that are enjoyed by the less "fortunate" majority. The cares of life are not eased by the quiet enjoyment of home life at evening and on Sunday; time often comes when the millionaire is more bothered to get ready cash than the mechanic he employs; there is the ceaseless conflict of wealth against wealth, and eternal vigilance is the price of its retention. The experiences recently of Russell Sage and Cyrus W. Field, are illustrative of some of the serious embarrassments of the possession of wealth.

The history of great accumulations is a curious study, and remarkable it is how few have remained intact for any considerable time after the death of those who amassed them. The holdings of the Rothschilds, Vanderbilts and the Astors are noted exceptions, and in each of these instances the founders were poor men. Mayer Anselm Rothschild sprang from a poor Jewish family, and began life as a clerk in Hanover. He then established himself as a banker at Frankfort and was brought in relation to the German governments. In 1806 the elector, William of Hesse Cassel, on his flight before the French invasion, deposited some \$5,000,000 for safe keeping with Rothschild for 8 years, without interest. The capital was returned to William's son in 1823, but the profit of its judicious investment was the source of the colossal fortune that is intact to this day; from it governments borrow, and it is a powerful factor in financial and mercantile operations the world over. Cornelius Vanderbilt started life with nothing, and was averse to education. At the age of 16, in the early part of this century, he bought a small boat which he plied between the island and New York. From this start he rapidly extended his operations, became interested in steamship and railway lines and, at his death in January, 1877, left a fortune of millions. So early as 1864 his accumulations were estimated at \$40,000,000; to-day it would be difficult to calculate what the fortune is. John Jacob Astor was born at Walldorf, near Heidelberg, in 1763, and was the son of a peasant. His younger years were spent on a farm, and at sixteen he went to London. In 1783 he embarked for the United States, and brought with him a few hundred dollars' worth of musical instruments to dispose of on commission. On the voyage he made the acquaintance of a furrier, at whose suggestion he exchanged his instruments at New York for furs which he shipped to London and disposed of at advantage. He established himself as a fur dealer in New York, and at the beginning of the century was worth \$250,000. In 1811 he set about the establishment of trading posts on the Pacific coast of North America and created a

monopoly that yielded him fabulous returns. Judiciously he did invest in New York real estate, and it seems to be the unwritten law of the family to buy land but never to sell. In our own state, in most instances death has brought about a division of large fortunes, and, as a rule, litigation has stepped in to assist.

The possession of moderate wealth, coupled with a judgment as to its most satisfactory enjoyment, is what is desirable. If a man but knows when he has enough, and has the sense to "enjoy life" as his tastes incline, he will have little cause for unhappiness or uneasiness. About as pleasant a situation as can be occupied is that of a man who has enough, who can lay aside the cares of life and spend the balance of his days in quietly catering to his inclinations. Some there are whose bent is to travel; others, to pursue some hobby in science, art or literature; others seek the pleasures of social life. To be able to do as one pleases, relieves in large measure the feeling of despondency in our fellow men; for be one a king or a mendicant, he must bow to the judgment and will of others. The sovereign must obey the commands of his physician and must follow the advice of his ministers. Absurd, though sensible, was the plan adopted by a sailor. He had followed the sea for years and suffered the hardships of a subordinate. At the ending a fortune was left him. He purchased a house and hired a servant, whom he directed at stated hours to rap on his chamber door and cry out the "bells" and announce that "all was well." He was satisfied that he could control, and that when the servant announced "eight bells, and all is well," he could respond, "Go to —! you rascal," and roll over and go to sleep again.

It is downright heresy to attempt, in the minds of children, to dispel the beautiful legend and illusion that surrounds our Christmas festival. Not to have the children believe in Santa Claus robs them of one of the brightest dreams in life. There is a world of sunlight and little shadow in the childish belief of this legend. The little ones look forward to the coming of this great benefactor with all-absorbing interest, and even the plotting of mischief is for the nonce dispelled from their busy brains by the glorious anticipation of his annual visit; and in after years these early fancies form a beautiful retrospect of the past. While the pleasing anticipations of youth gild the future, their recollections ornament bygone years. Let childhood have its happy beliefs undisturbed by the thought or idea of the unreal; to destroy their faith in Santa Claus would be akin to shaking their faith in the Savior of Man. We may become practical and matter-of-fact as we advance in years, but we deceive ourselves when we think there is no vestige of superstition remaining in us. We all have our day dreams, and, disguise it as we will, there will constantly crop out our fancy that there is some invisible power that controls our acts. In this we are merely grown-up children. Our after lives are as much made up of the ideal as the real, but we are too stubborn to admit it. The childish fancy may be a source of amusement to us in after years, but who among us has not the feeling that our destiny is often in the infinite, and that some spirit guides us to good or evil? If we are not too proud to acknowledge it, most of us will say that we still possess those fancies we enjoyed in our childhood, but on a different plane of operations. These pretty beliefs are the roses that conceal the thorns, the ivy that clings round the cottage. Without our fancies in childhood and old age life would be bereft of its greatest beauties. We live by our imaginations, by our admirations, by our sentiments. Life itself is a succession of dreams. Emerson has put it thus: "There is no chance and no anarchy in the universe. All is system and gradation. Every god is sitting there in his sphere." We cannot escape our superstitions, no matter how practical or matter-of-fact we may seem. The Greek tragedy expressed this idea: "Whatever is fated, that will take place. The great, immense mind of Jove is not to be transgressed." There is a feeling in every man that his actions and fate are controlled by some invisible and incomprehensible power. The illusions of childhood will in time give way to this graver fancy; and who among us would seek to expedite the change from the happier to the sterner

condition. Keep up the legend of Santa Claus in your home circle just as long as a single member of it will yield to the innocent deception.

The editor of the *Courier-Journal* must have been a victim of the prevailing epidemic "la grippe," judging from the following description of the delightful torments the sufferer undergoes:

In the first place, when it came out of the forests and steppes lying beyond the Volga and the Dnieper and other Muscovite rivers, where it may have had an abiding place for centuries untold in the tent of the Cossack, brought in from farthest Asia on the skirts of the Tartar hordes that followed in the trail of the Great Khan and his descendants, it was known as the Russian influenza. Then when it reached Paris, and strode up and down the Avenue des Italiens, and the Champs Elysees, and through the Bois de Boulogne, falling upon the population of the country round about, as the Assyrian came down on the fold, it was honored with the title of la grippe, and as such made itself a recognized factor in the life of western Europe. Finally it crossed the Atlantic, and becoming a familiar visitor in every American household, its name was changed, according to the Yankee idea of brevity and expressiveness, into the short and pat grip. Grip it is, and grip it will remain. We have it, and by "we" everybody is meant. For a long time the existence of such a thing was doubted. Some people were incredulous, and talked about bad colds, exaggeration, imagination, gullibility, and other things which are supposed to account for freaks of nature, but the grip has demonstrated the possession of vitality, originality and life of its own which stamp it as an individual existence altogether different from predecessors or contemporaries, and entitled to a separate place in medical encyclopedias. It has its own set of microbes, a distinctive password, peculiar methods of treating its victims, and has fairly won recognition and position in the nineteenth century.

The symptoms are the same in every case. There is an aching of all the bones. The head grows dull and heavy and swims around and around. The spinal cord gets out of place. The eyes become bleared and dim. The mouth is dry and sour. The nose requires constant attention. The throat is sore, and the coughs pulled up through it, from the contracted and painful chest, carry pieces of membrane with them. The voice is hoarse and weak. The muscles become flabby and lose their power, and the hands are dry and swollen. The victim is unable to sleep. He tumbles around all night and says the multiplication table over and over, and swears and wonders how long it is until day. He cannot eat. The things which used to tempt him do not tempt him now. The butter is strong, the coffee is weak, the bread is sour, the steak is tough, the soup has gone wrong, and the dessert is a drug. The joy and flavor have gone out of life. He cannot read. He picks up his newspaper, and the letters do a can-can and a Highland fling before his bleared vision. The pictures are upside down, and the advertisements run away. He turns to his books, but every author has lost his charm; poetry and prose mixed up in a chaotic fashion and are alike senseless. He does not care for the theater. The actors cannot act, and the singers cannot sing. His business may care for itself. He takes no interest in it. Crops, and factories, and railroads, and merchants are nothing to him, for the whole world has gone wrong.

But one consolation is left for the sufferer, though that is by no means insignificant. Everybody else has it. His pet enemy writhes in its clutches, and, most consoling of all, his intimate friend is a victim. Thus, all the world is blowing its nose and holding its aching head, and wondering how long this thing will last, for it is a taste of torment to have the Grip.

Andrew Lang has been praised so much that it is evident from his later writings, he has become afflicted with an "enlarged head." No one who has read his valuable criticisms generally, will gainsay that he is a fine writer and an excellent critic. But too much flattery has made him arrogant and presumptuous. While he has given the literary world some clever reviews of Shakspeare's plays, he detracts from his own merits by the assumption of suggested improvements on the originals. The climax of assurance is reached, however, when he questions Byrons poetic genius. Mr. Lang declares, with a show of learning, that "later generations than ours must give Byron his place among poets." When this critic, himself an Englishman, decries the muse of Byron, he writes himself an ass. There never has been a poet, ancient or modern, that possessed the true spirit of the muse to a greater extent than the author of "Childe Harold," "The Corsair," "Don Juan" and the many gems that were the creations of his poetic fancy. With Byron there appears no labor with his muse. The inspired thoughts flow with the ease and grace of the mountain stream. Every line is an inspiration. There is none of the "digging" or "blasting" process, so comically mentioned by Mark Twain in his discription of an early mining poet. We think it is indeed heresy for Mr. Lang, the countryman of Byron, to give utterance to these sentiments: "His poetical position, at this moment, in public opinion is hard to determine. Is 'Childe Harold' much read? Do many persons delight in 'The Siege of Corinth' and 'Laura,' and all the gloomy, weary unprincipled corsairs of his fancy? Or is it only 'Don Juan' and a few lyrics that survive? In Byron are we not rather admiring the amazing vitality, the spirit like a flame, than any poetic results which that great force

ever accomplished? Later generations than ours must give Byron his place among poets; we are still uncertain, still partly dominated by the personal qualities which, more than his poetry, really made him, for his hour, the monarch of Parnassus. For one, I believe that most people who write verse at all decently could have written a more adequate 'Storming of Corinth.' " Goldsmith once took it in his head to severely criticize the style and metaphor of Shakspeare, and in one of his brilliant essays literally tore the famous soliloquy of Hamlet into tatters, metaphorically speaking. The great monuments to genius still remain, however, despite the critics' shafts. When Andrew Lang, clever as he is, attempts to improve on Shakspeare or Byron, he makes himself an object of ridicule rather than a true friend of literary merit. Too much adulation has made Lang "mad, bad and dangerous to know," as was written of Byron himself by Lady Caroline Lamb.

The Hon. George M. Radcliffe, brother of Frank C. Radcliffe, cashier of the Sacramento *Bee*, died at Merced last Sunday morning after a brief illness. Although the deceased had only been in California about four years, he had formed a large circle of warm acquaintances. Before coming to the Pacific coast, he was a resident of Illinois, where he had been for many years one of the leaders of the Republican party. During his residence in that state, he was an intimate friend and associate of General Logan, Colonel Ingersoll, "Dick" Yates, Abraham Lincoln and other distinguished men. He was a member of both the conventions which nominated "Uncle Abe" for the presidency, and also of the one which selected General Garfield, who was Mr. Radcliffe's intimate friend. George M. Radcliffe was one of the veteran journalists of Illinois. He was a most vigorous, yet a polished, writer, and his editorials, particularly those of a political nature, did much to advance the interests of the party with which he was associated, and which called closely around him the noted Republican leaders of the country. For a number of years he held the office of internal revenue assessor for the northern district of Illinois, having received the appointment from General Grant. Besides being a graceful writer, Mr. Radcliffe was an orator of ability and eloquence. He was often heard on the "stump," on the lecture platform and in the pulpit, having been a minister of the Christian church. A short time before he came west he was offered the position of chief editor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, one of the most influential newspapers in the country. During his residence on this coast he has written much for the press, particularly for the Merced *Daily Sun*, of which one of his sons, C. D. Radcliffe, is one of the proprietors. Deceased was a native of Ohio, aged 63 years.

A Russian Novelist On the Effects of Alcohol.

People explain their use of stimulants and narcotics, such as brandy, wine, beer, tobacco, hashish, opium, morphia, ether, etc., by saying: It is pleasant; everyone drinks; it keeps up the spirits; or: To drive away melancholy; it is universal; everybody smokes, etc. But it must be very evident that the man, who, placed by circumstances or his own acts, in a position that forces him to choose between the infliction of hardship and misery upon the family that is dear to him, on the one hand, and absence from stupefying stimulants and narcotics on the other, chooses the former alternative, is impelled to the choice by something far more potent than the desire to keep up his spirits, or the speculative considerations that everyone else does the same.

The real reason for the extensive use of these stimulants and narcotics is that they stupefy and deaden the conscience, and conceal from one's self its records.

A sober man scruples to do that which a drunken man will execute without hesitation. People enjoy stimulants and narcotics either for the purpose of stifling remorse after having performed an action disapproved of by their conscience, or else in order to induce a state of mind in which they shall be capable of doing something contrary to the dictates of their conscience, and to which the animal nature of man is impelling him.

A sober man has conscientious scruples about stealing or committing murder. A drunken man, on the contrary, is troubled with no such scruples. Hence it is, if a person wishes to do something which his conscience forbids, he first stupefies his faculties. The courage inspired by drink is responsible for nine-tenths of the total number of crimes that stain humanity.

It is well known that alcohol deadens the voice of conscience, and people deliberately make use of it for this purpose.—*Count Tolstoi*.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Act tresses—Blonde wigs.

All the world's a stage, and it's full of bad actors.

Fashion makes comedies at which no one dares to laugh.

The richer a man becomes the more anxious he is to see a show for nothing.

La Dame de Chantant, the play in which Sarah Bernhardt recently appeared in New York, is nasty enough to enjoy a long run in the United States.

Judge Crisp's father and mother were members of a Savannah dramatic company in the days before the war, and the future speaker, then a youth, sometimes appeared on the stage in minor roles.

Edward Harrigan has completed a play to take the place of *Reilly and the 400*. It is named *The Last of the Haggans*, and in it the author will be seen as Judge McKeever, a frolicsome Irishman. Ada Lewis will illustrate another kind of Tough Girl and Dave Braham will provide six new songs for the piece.

Adah Isaacs Menken, the dazzling footlight favorite of a generation ago, sleeps in a weed-grown grave in the Paris cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise. Outside of an occasional curious tourist few people visit her last resting-place, but her fate in this respect is hardly different from that of many others of her kind who people that wonderful city of the dead.

For Money is Crane's new play. As a matter of fact Crane cares little for anything else than for money. There was a time when our California people thought well of Crane, and indeed it was here he gained his reputation. His subsequent abuse of our people because they would not bring their sacks and lay them at his feet, has lowered him in our estimation. *For Money* is his deity these days.

Manager Charles Froham has about as many enterprises under his watchful eye as falls to the lot of any clever theatrical manager. They include *Miss Helyett*, two *Wilkinson's Widows* companies, *Jane*, two *Shenadoah* companies, *Men and Women*, *The Lost Paradise*, Henry Dixey, *Thermidor*, two *All the Comforts of Home* companies, *Held by the Enemy*, *The Solicitor* and *The Junior Partner*.

King Oscar, of Sweden, is a man of wide culture, and adds music to his other accomplishments. "Never shall I forget," writes the Marquise de Fontenoy, "the exquisite melody which pealed forth from the organ loft of an old Norwegian church of the fourteenth century, situated in the grounds of the country seat of the King near Christiania. He sat up there and played to us for almost a full hour, after which he took us to a quaint old peasant cottage, such as they have up in the wilds of Telemarken, and treated us to a typical Norwegian peasant repast."

Carl Ahrendt, now with Thomas W. Keene, tells a good story illustrative of Booth's kindness in this respect. On one occasion he was playing Joseph to his Richelieu, and in the first act forgot a cue which called out a speech from Richelieu which invariably evokes hearty rounds of applause. Turning his back to the audience, Mr. Booth threw him that needed cue in an undertone. Then Ahrendt gave it, and Richelieu made his point. When they got behind the scenes Ahrendt apologized, saying: "Mr. Booth, I am very sorry. I can't for the life of me explain how I came to forget that cue." "I can," was the tragedian's rejoinder. "The fault was mainly mine. Don't you remember I skipped a couple of speeches, and carried you by, as it were? Don't worry about it. It's all right now." Those who saw Mr. Booth at Billy Florence's funeral breathed many a secret prayer that he might long be spared, "the Emperor of the stage," as Father Brann fitly termed him.

She came smiling down the stage to receive a huge floral offering that was lifted over the footlights. The house rang with plaudits and bravos, for she was the petted idol of the hour. Her gowns were copied by all the fashionable world; her photographs adorned the shop windows; her equipages were the finest in the park. Life was very sweet to her, for it had given to her all that the heart of woman longs for—beauty, fame, fine raiment, priceless jewels, and the homage of men. This moment of triumph was but one of many. She half closed her eyes before the storm of applause, and bent her beautiful golden head above the basket of superb roses before her. Her eye caught a white card tied to the basket. A perceptible shudder passed through her form. Her lips set themselves for a moment, and a certain haughty constraint seemed to change the poise of her dainty head and the smile upon her beautiful lips, and as the curtain fell, she turned and left the blossoms untouched. She had seen her manager's name on the card, and she knew the price would be deducted from her salary.—*Dramatic Mirror*.

In the inner circles of theatrical life there is being told just now a most excellent story of James T. Powers, the hero of *A Straight Tip*. In passing through Philadelphia to Washington this season Mr. Powers stayed over Sunday in the Quaker city to witness a dress rehearsal of Pauline Hall's company in *Madame Favart*. In Miss Hall's company is a young lady for whom Mr. Powers is understood to have a high regard. He is one of the most gallant of men, and when rehearsal was over at 2 A. M., and the young lady complained of hunger, Mr. Powers vowed he would find her supper if he had to search all over Philadelphia. She said she would wait for it in her room at the Continental hotel. Mr. Powers finally found a restaurant open and ordered a dainty and elaborate lunch with a true lover's reckless disregard of expense. Then he retired content. Miss Hall was also at the Continental, and the number of her room orally resembled that of the young lady's room as fourteen resembles forty. The next morning Mr. Powers, just about to go to the train for Washington, and still felicitating himself upon the gratitude he must have inspired in the young lady's heart through his luncheon, found the following note in his box at his hotel:

MY DEAR MR. POWERS—Many thanks for your graceful attention last night. I was exceedingly hungry after the rehearsal, and as the dining-room was closed, I don't know what I should have done had it not been for your thoughtfulness in sending me that delicious luncheon. Yours, gratefully, PAULINE HALL.

History goes on to say that Mr. Powers was so mad that night that he had to say his gags through clenched teeth.

Book Chat.

This is the season when people who ought to know better are buying books for the sake of their bindings.

Jerome K. Jerome, the ex actor and present dramatist, is to run a paper called the *Idler*. Mark Twain is writing for it.

Somebody says that poets are declining. This may be so, but you had better not ask a poet what he will take, on the strength of it.

Gen. Wolseley, a London correspondent reports, "is believed to be trying his hand at a romance." Granting that his war papers have been free from that quality, Sir Garnet is no tyro in the field of romance; he published a two volume novel fourteen or fifteen years ago.

A German paper quotes passages from an old book by one Hebrew who strove to relieve the Jews from the responsibility for the crucifixion. The author argued that the executioners of the Messiah were the body guard of Pilate, which consisted of Teutons. The book is entitled, "Proof that Those Who Crucified Christ were Westphalians."

Edgar Fawcett has written a new novel, "A Romance of Two Brothers." The great sensation of this story of prolific deaths is the "liquefied electricity," which serves to bring the dead to life again. The husband becomes ill and uses this, his own discovery, for relief. His wife thinks it is against the decrees of God to interfere with the course of nature, and therefore breaks the flask containing the liquefied electricity and lets her husband die. This couple had two sons. One of these had a red-headed wife, who became wearied of life and drowned herself. The other son did not know his brother's wife, but by the use of a flask of this liquefied electricity, the recipe for which he obtained from his father, restored the red-headed wife of his brother to life. The shock of drowning had bereft her of reason, yet the brother had determined to marry this beauty. Just at this point the other brother, the husband, appears, and his wife seeing him, her reason returned, and she promptly dies a second time. From this it would appear that, if the brother had not appeared, he would have married his sister-in-law. Before the liquefied electricity can be administered again, the flask is accidentally broken; the recipe is lost and there is no chance to revive the dead characters of the story.

The Germans are justly proud of the richness of their language, their well-conjoined and artfully compounded words, and the beauty of their nouns formed of adjectives. They take a peculiar delight in the long, many-syllabled single substantive, in which is fused such wealth of meanings that they boastfully declare that it would require a long sentence of the English language to convey it properly. Yet it was with a wistful little sigh that a German lady confessed that her mother tongue held no such beautiful and expressive compound as "lady-like." "It means so much," said she, enviously, "and is so musical and suggestive."

Heaps of huge words uphoarded hideously.
With horrid sound, through having little sense,
They think to be chief praise of poetry;
And thereby, wanting due intelligence,
Have marr'd the face of goodly poesie,
And made a monster of their fantasie.

So wrote Spenser in the sixteenth century. The pity of it is, that it is as true to-day. What should be the "goodly poesie" in current magazine literature, were the same high standard maintained as govern other departments of our magazines, is made up of "heaps of huge words," and all the rest of it that goes to make the monster of the poetaster's fantasy.

Lord Rosebery's "Life of Pitt," published in London a few days ago, is being much talked of and written about. The liberal papers all praise; the conservatives all pick flaws in it. When he went into the house of commons, writes Lord Rosebery of Pitt, as an heir enters his home, he breathed in it his native atmosphere—he had, indeed, breathed no other; in the nursery, in the school-room, at the university, he lived in its temperature; it had been, so to speak, made over to him as a bequest by its unquestioned master. Throughout his life, from the cradle to the grave, he may be said to have known no wider existence. The objects and amusements that other men seek in a thousand ways were for him all concentrated there. It was his mistress, his stud, his dice-box, his game preserve; it was his ambition, his library, his creed. For it, and it alone, had the consummate Chatham trained him from his birth. No young Hannibal was ever more solemnly devoted to his country than Pitt to parliament. In treating of Pitt as an orator Lord Rosebery says: Unfriendly critics said that his voice sounded as if he had worsted in his mouth, but the general testimony is that it was rich and sonorous. Fox never used notes, and Pitt rarely. A specimen of these is given by Lord Stanhope. His eloquence must have greatly resembled that with which Mr. Gladstone has fascinated two generations, not merely in pellucid and sparkling statement, but in those rolling and interminable sentences which come thundering in mighty succession, like the Atlantic waves on the Biscayan coast—sentences which other men have "neither the understanding to form nor the vigor to utter."

A Rival of the "Old Dominion."

Ohio has furnished three presidents—William Henry Harrison, Rutherford B. Hayes and James A. Garfield; President Grant was also born in Ohio.

One acting vice-president—Benjamin F. Wade.

One speaker of the house—J. Warran Keifer.

Five secretaries of the treasury—Thomas Ewing, Thomas Corwin, Salmon P. Chase, John Sherman and Charles Foster. Two secretaries of war—Edwin M. Stanton and Alphonso Taft.

Three secretaries of the interior—Thomas Ewing, Jacob D. Cox and Columbus Delano.

Three postmasters general—Return J. Meigs, Jr., John McLean and Wm. Dennison, Jr.

Three attorneys general—Edwin M. Stanton, Henry Stanberry and Alphonso Taft.

Two chief justices of the supreme court—Salmon P. Chase and Morrison R. Waite.

Three associate justices of the supreme court—John McLean, Noah H. Swayne and Stanley Matthews.

Without mentioning the whole list of military officers which Ohio has furnished the republic, it is enough to recall the proud claim that Grant, Sherman and Sheridan were born in Ohio. This record of Ohio in the national government is brilliant and challenges comparison with any other state in the union.

Professional Chat.

Some men think they are competent to practice medicine after they have seen a skeleton.

The oratory of some men may not move a mountain, yet it often succeeds in making a big bluff.

Doctors are the ones who can afford to smile every time they see men drinking each other's health.

An orator likes to be called breezy—never windy. There are some of our bar orators that are decidedly windy.

One of the latest discoveries of the scientists is that the germ of yellow fever may be conveyed from tropical countries in the plumage of birds.

Lord Macaulay ironically says that in matters of conscience "majorities are all right when I'm in the majority; but all wrong when I'm in the minority."

"Prisoner," said Judge Cowing, "you are charged with gambling." "Gambling! What is gambling?" "Playing cards for money." "But I did not play cards for money; I played cards for chips." "Well, you got money for your chips at the end of the game, didn't you?" "No; I didn't have any chips at the end of the game." "You are discharged."

Eugenie's small and elegant foot, once the admiration of the French court, has now, it is said, become swollen out of shape by gout and rheumatism. The foot, in the days of its fame, was so Cinderella-like in its thinness that its discarded shoes could be worn only by children, for there was no woman in all Eugenie's train whose foot was small enough to fit them.

Deeply interested as was Dom Pedro in scientific matters, it appears that he once fell asleep at a meeting of savants. He was making a tour through Italy and had become very weary when the hour for this gathering came. To the earlier proceedings he gave close heed; but, after he had dozed off, the lecturer, not discovering the situation, ventured upon a eulogy of the distinguished auditor. Thereupon the audience loudly applauded. Dom Pedro woke, and, supposing the demonstration to have been called forth by some utterance upon a scientific question, began to clap his hands with an air of conviction.

Here's good advice in condensed form: "Journalist, have you an article to prepare? Make it short. Minister, have you a sermon to preach? Make it short. Lawyer, have you an argument to present? Make it short. Funny man, have you a joke to tell? Make it short. Ladies, have you pie crust or dresses to make? Make 'em short. Tailor, have you a coat to build? Make it short. Saloonist, do you keep a slate? Keep it short. Young man, have you a marriage engagement on hand? Make it short. Obituary writers and presidents, make your messages short. It is not necessary to advise bank cashiers as to their accounts. They are sure to make them short anyhow."

Modern elocution is a kind of acting, and I have known very few actors who were even tolerably good speechmakers. The majority of barristers "act more or less in court, and they rarely speak eloquently either after dinner or in parliament. The ancient orators must have had some advantages of which we are all deprived. Perhaps Cicero sang his speeches and Demosthenes danced. You know that he recommended "action, action, and yet more action." But action is not acting. To speak really well you must believe in that which you are saying. Who is more eloquent than an angry woman? On the other hand, I do most firmly believe in what is coarsely but impressively termed "the gift of the gab"—that is to say, that eloquence is a boon of nature. Charles Dickens had it. Next to the late Lord Derby and John Bright, the author of "David Copperfield" was one of the finest public speakers I have ever listened to. Mr. Thackeray was one of the wretchedest.—*Geo. A. Sala*.

The Wandering Jew.

There are many legends of the Wandering Jew. The old Jewish story is that Cartaphilos, the book-keeper of the Judgment Hall, under the employ of Pontius Pilate, struck our Lord as he was led from the hall, saying: "Go faster! Get on!" Jesus turned to him and said: "I go, but you tarry until I come again." Cursed though he was, he afterwards became a Christian, and was baptized. In tradition he still lives, falling into a protracted trance every thirty years. Another legend tells us that Jesus, almost overcome by the weight of the cross as he was carrying it to the place of execution, stopped before the shop of a cobbler and rested his hand against the wall of the building. This enraged the cobbler, whose name was Ahasuerus, to such an extent that he threw a last at the Man of Sorrows, crying to him, "Get off! Away with you!" Jesus rebuked him, saying: "I go and go quickly, but command thee to wander over the earth until the judgment day." This last legend is the one given by Paul von Eitzen, Bishop of Schleswig, in the year 1547.

A third legend says that Ahasuerus had been detailed to bring Jesus into the Judgment Hall of Pilate, and that he was rushing our Lord along at a swift gait when Jesus complained of weariness and requested to sit down on a stone by the wayside. This request was refused by the heartless wretch, who exclaimed: "Move on, Jesus, move on! Thou shalt not rest." Jesus replied: "I go my way unto everlasting rest; but thou shalt go away and never rest until I return to earth again."

In Germany the Wandering Jew is associated with the story of one John Buttadaeus, who is said to have appeared in Antwerp in the thirteenth, fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. This spectre, vision, ghost or impostor last appeared at Brussels in 1773.

In the French legend the Wandering Jew is known by the name of Isaac Lakedion.

The main character in the legend of the "Wild Huntsman" of England, the one whom Shakspeare mentions as Herne the Hunter, is said to be a Jew who refused to let Jesus drink from a horse-trough.

January 1, 1644, a person claiming to be the original Wandering Jew appeared in Paris. He said that his name was Michob Ader, and that he had been usher of the Judgment Hall at Jerusalem in the time of Jesus and Pilate, and that for thrusting Christ from the hall he had been condemned to live and wander over the earth forever.

People who blow their own horns do not always furnish good music for other people.

NOTES.

Some of our people when they bestow a little charity—cast a crust on the water—expect to find a whole bakery a short distance away for their return.

Wall street, New York, derives its name from the old Wall family, and Lombard street in London was so named because the Lombards, of Paris, were the first European bankers.

A man without an ideal sinks; the man with one rises, but in so rising passes through agonies. This life is his purgatory. Only the man without an ideal is happy—brutally happy.

The London Thirteen Club has duly had its annual banquet. The guests passed under a ladder, spilt the salt, crossed their knives and forks, wore peacock feathers as button holers, and otherwise defied ill-luck.

A forcible example of the necessity of observing accent and punctuation in reading, was afforded by the careless reader who gave the passage from the bible, with the following pauses: "And the old man said unto his sons, 'Saddle me, the ass,' and they saddled him!"

At the state banquet given by the emperor of Austria in honor of the Saxon prince and the Austrian archduchess Louise, the guests were each handed a large tankard of beer immediately after the soup; but, though sanctioned by royalty, the fashion will hardly be followed extensively.

There is sense in the determination of merchants not to give Christmas presents to customers, but to join in a fund to be donated to charity. The relation of dealer and customer is but reciprocal—one is supposed to be justly compensated for that which he furnishes; the other is supposed to receive that for which he pays.

Every bride at all superstitious is careful to wear something blue on her wedding day. This, no doubt, arises from the old time maxim, which demands that the toilet worn upon the auspicious occasion shall be "something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue." Failing to obey this command the bride is sure to have the worst of bad luck.

On Tuesday our contemporary, the *Evening News*, became one year old, and it turned the first mile-post with every manifestation of prosperity. It is not expected that anyone except the manager will be content with the conduct of any journal; and while at times we have felt that our contemporary has been mistaken in judgment, we are conscious we have, in common with newspapers generally, failed always to please everybody. The *News* has a merit which daily journals, as a rule, do not have: it boils down the news in narrow compass. This may seem a saving of editorial labor; it is not. Much easier it is to edit the blanket sheets of to-day with a shears than to carefully sift out the wheat and cast aside the chaff.

A farmer in Missouri has a half-gallon jar of peach preserves that have kept in perfect condition for more than thirty years. They were recently tested and found to have retained their flavor as well as their looks. Capt. Wm. M. Siddons can beat that showing. He has two jars of brandy peaches put up in 1858, and the peaches retain their original appearance. They are larger than a base ball, and even their original color is preserved. These splendid peaches came from Coloma, from which place the very finest fruit came, even in those early days. It will be indeed a treat to sample these peaches when the "Captain" determines to open the jars. Just think of that brandy, which was twelve years old when he put it in those jars—now forty-five years old.

As usual, there is a woman at the bottom of it. We refer to the Chinese uprising. It appears that the wife of a distinguished bandit and marauder was abducted from her husband, and the present trouble grows out of an attempt to recapture her. Chinese advices fail to state in whose interest the bandit's wife was abducted; but as the wronged husband is leading his forces against the empire and endeavoring to crawl over the great wall, we infer that Kuang Hsu, the emperor, is at least suspected. When Paris carried off Helen, and her husband and friends revolted, the matter was pool-pooled by Paris and his father; but, according to best accounts, they lived to regret it. The skirmish which followed lasted throughout ten long and bloody years, and resulted in the complete overthrow of the abductors. While there is much fiction about this Trojan war, there is still another basis for the story to make it a disagreeable precedent for the emperor of China to contemplate. If he has any information regarding the whereabouts of the distinguished bandit's wife, or can obtain the information, it would undoubtedly be well for him to have her returned without delay. A war with a woman in it is always to be avoided.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

How Wells Died.

Many and varied have been the theories that have been indulged and advanced as to the final chapter of the horrid and bloody tragedy that was enacted just outside of Sacramento city, near what was then Bannon's slough, in the year 1860, when one Wells killed three men who had him under arrest and were escorting him from the territory of Nevada to this city to answer to a charge of murder, he having killed a sick man he had been employed to nurse. After disposing of his sick and helpless patient and robbing him of his money and jewelry, quite an amount in value, Wells made his way to the soils of Washoe valley; and it was while attempting to dispose of some of the stolen property, that the officers were enabled to detect and arrest him, for the telegraph had been made use of in sending accounts of the tragedy and a particular description of the murderer to every point on the Pacific coast. A constable started to California with him and progressed safely till about Nicolaus, this side of Marysville. It will be borne in memory that all travel in California at that period was done by stage. The outgoing stage from Sacramento met that from Nevada, containing Wells and his solitary guard, at the station near Nicolaus. The driver of the outgoing stage inquired if the other had Wells aboard, and being answered in the affirmative, cautioned the officer to be careful when he got in the vicinity of Sacramento, as there was a mob there ready to deal with the murderer. It was then that the constable determined on employing a wagon and team, that he might the more readily avoid the populace by shunning the usually traveled road, and, by pursuing circuitous roads, deliver his prisoner safely into the hands of the officers of the law. The idea was a good one, but the escort fell into the fatal error of confiding too much in the now thoroughly frightened fugitive. Two additional men were enlisted to assist the Nevada officer in the remainder of his journey. All progressed without note till the neighborhood of Bannon's slough, just across the American river, was approached, when one of the guards carelessly stretched himself on the bottom of the wagon and was soon sound asleep. It was the constable from the territory; poor fellow! nights and days of sleepless watch and anxiety had rendered him an easy victim to the first opportunity to snatch a brief moment of rest in slumber, though it was in a rough wagon, over rougher roads. It was fated to be his last, long, eternal sleep. The human hyena on the seat, apparently securely ironed, was not asleep; neither was he sleepy; for all the vital energy of his inhuman nature was alert for any chance for his already condemned life. At Sacramento a wild, maddened populace, with noose in ready hands, feverishly awaited his coming, to welcome him with short shrift. Even though he was securely landed in a strong jail by his guard and thus escaped the fury of the mob, still it was but a temporary reprieve, for the law courts must very little later mete out to him that fate that to him would be the same had the frenzied and baffled citizens been gratified in their anxiety, save only the one would have been garnished with legal approbation.

Hence the felon, now at bay, and in silent fury, chafed for any moment of which he might take advantage, be it ever so desperate, seize it he would and let the future care for itself. The two men in front of him, one driving and both careless, seemed oblivious of the presence of the desperado who sat behind them, and of the fact that an armed officer slept soundly in the bed of the wagon, his weapons within easy reach of the prisoner. Dark was fast shutting out the day; the willow thicket grew more dense as the river was approached; with the stealth of the crouching panther Wells was enabled to extract one of the slumbering man's heavy Colt's pistol from its holster, and it was but the work of a second to stretch in death the two men in the front seat with a half ounce of lead in the brain of each. The sleeper attempted to arouse himself because of the commotion, but another pull of the trigger and Wells was master of the situation. He, of course, left the wagon and its load of dead, and took to the brush. The history of the way in which the news was conveyed to the city; the wild excitement with which it was received; the ringing of the alarm bell; the arming of men and their hurrying in every direction, armed to the teeth, each man sworn to himself to "kill on sight" this four-times murderer. All this has been related and written. But who, of all who have treated the subject, has yet satisfactorily accounted for the fate of Wells? Not one. The mystery of his final end; the destiny that overtook him; whether he died the death of the despairing, despondent suicide, or made his escape from the state, and found his way to another country, where he may yet be living, are all as mysterious as if buried in the tomb of Lazarus.

But among the many conjectures as to his fate, or rather among the many stories that have been related about the way in which Wells was disposed of, was the one given in

a local paper last week, and written by a man named Boynton. After detailing the history of the crime, this latest historian of the "life and times of Wells," proceeds to say:

"While the overland telegraph was being built across Nevada Mr. Hubbard, of Sacramento, had a contract upon a portion of the work. One day a man came to his camp and requested work. He was set to work digging post holes. A few days later two men rode up and cried, 'Hello, Wells; when did you get over into Nevada?' He suddenly drew and presented a pistol, saying at the same time, 'I want none of your jokes here. Ride on at once.' They galloped to the camp and related the circumstance, and learned there for the first time of the murders that had been committed. Prior to this the men with whom he had been working were ignorant that the man was Wells, the murderer. Instant preparations were made to capture the man, but he had hidden himself so effectually that he could not be found. That night, however, the best riding horse owned by Mr. Hubbard was stolen, and it was thought that the thief must have been Wells, the murderer. He was pursued but not captured."

Here it may be asked: Is it possible that one man was set alone to dig telegraph-post holes, and at such a distance from camp that two horsemen could have had such an interview with him without the knowledge of any of the other "hands" at work? Again, is it possible that Wells was armed with a pistol while at work so that he could have suddenly drawn and presented, as Mr. Boynton says he did? And it must be consistently supposed that horsemen in the territory of Nevada went armed as well as telegraph post-hole diggers. It seems to me that part of the history will not wash—it is too thin and tears easily.

Mr. Boynton has Wells killed in this mock-heroic way:

"The death of this man was in keeping with the life he had led. In the summer of 1864 a party were traveling near Fort Colville, in Washington Territory. One day the men accidentally learned that in the party was this man Wells. They traveled on till night without making any attempt to secure him, but it is thought that the men meant to give him into the custody of the soldiers at the fort. A lad of fourteen, on learning who the man was and of the crimes that he had committed, could not restrain himself, and, when they dismounted at night, he ran, seized a gun, and shot the murderer dead. The body of the assassin was buried in a little ravine between Fort Colville and Pinkney, while the boy was placed in the hands of the officers of the fort. The following night, acting upon the suggestion of the soldiers who had been sent to guard him, the lad escaped, and nothing is known of his subsequent life."

Why did this fourteen-year-old lad want to kill Wells? Is it not more probable that he would have set about giving the men the benefit of his discovery that Wells was among them, and thus enable them to gain the large reward offered by arresting the outlaw? Yes, it appears that the boy's connection with the death is at least questionable. But now to another theory as to the termination of Wells' disappearance:

It will be remembered that when the rewards were offered for his arrest there were any number of men taken in different counties in this and other states and many territories, and notice of such arrests sent by every mail to the sheriff and other officers of this county, and photographs accompanying the notices, till the mails were at times almost exclusively devoted to matters relating to Wells and his supposed arrest. One especial case of mistaken identity attracted widespread attention and elicited universal sympathy because of the entire absence of any probable cause for his arrest, and the fact of his respectability and the honorable position occupied by his family. This man was arrested in Oregon, and after being brought to this city, and being at once discharged, the Legislature, which was then in session, if I am not in error, voted the unfortunate man a sum of money as a poor compensation for the position in which he had been placed by the over-zealous but misguided officers.

It was in this connection and about that time that what purported to be "the only genuine" account of Wells' death was given by one who had personal knowledge of all the criminal cases that were enacted in Sacramento or had been for years. He was a leading criminal lawyer of his day, and was, in after years, a sharp, aggressive, competent district attorney. It was James C. Goods. Shortly after the release of the suspected party who had been brought down from Oregon, Goods, with a party of friends, was one day in the saloon kept by Kelly & O'Toole on J street, near Fourth, now occupied by Isadore Cohen as a cigar store. The conversation was on the subject of Wells' disappearance and the many arrests that had been made of men thought to resemble him, particularly of the Oregon man, for no two or more men could in those days stop to talk a moment before that theme was introduced. Goods produced a photograph of the Oregonian, and, after scanning it closely, denounced his arrest as an outrage, for as he said, there was not a

possible resemblance between it and those of Wells that had been sent abroad to flood the country. Goods had known Wells, as the latter had served a long sentence in the county jail for stealing turkeys the winter before the murder. Goods then told his hearers that very few knew how Wells had been disposed of, but that he (Goods) was cognizant of the fact, of which there could be no doubt, and as the parties to the business were all dead, he had no hesitation in revealing the facts, and they were as follows:

For several nights after Wells killed the men who had him in charge, he hid in the brush on the outskirts of the city, living as best he could on the provisions he was able to steal in the neighborhood. Despair, desperation, starvation confronting him; hunted like a blood-dripping wild beast; his lair surrounded by armed men ready to drop him in his tracks by a bullet should he show his head; every stump and stone concealing an officer; every alley guarded by a detective; what was the hunted wretch to do, where to look for that aid in food and flight then so needful for his safety? Desperation seized him and he resolved on heroic measures. One dark night, at the dead hour when, the poet tells us, "church-yards yawn," and when all save the watchman of the city were in slumber, quietly leaving his place of concealment in the dense willow thicket near where the north or B-street levee now is, Wells stole along unfrequented streets and through alleys until he reached the front door of a then well-known and popular policeman; one who had made a name for himself by ferreting out high crime and running to earth just such felons as this who stood on the threshold of his door. Gently rapping, so as not to arouse the neighbors, it was not hard to awake the officer, who was accustomed to be called at any hour by his superiors to assume the lead in desperate enterprises. Quickly going to the door, dressed but in his night-robe, what was his horror to find himself face to face with the man for whose capture the state was in arms! When the officer could collect his senses he was only able to ask, with bated breath, that the family might not overhear, "what do you want here?"

Wells, with his courage born of desperation, replied in like quiet but determined tone, "—, you know what I know about you; I am desperate, I am ready for anything; my life is not worth a moment's time if I should be discovered. I cannot live in the swamp any longer, and I must have money to get out of the country. You can and must give it to me, and I will leave here and no one will ever know anything of the facts. If you refuse you know what will be the result to you—San Quentin or a place by my side on the same gallows, for you know very well I have long had you in my power, and now I feel that the money with which you tied my tongue has not been enough, so if you give me enough to pay my way to some other country you are free to do what you want. If not, I'll go to the station house, give myself up and take my chances; but you must take yours, too."

This was all hurriedly spoken; at the end of which the startled policeman and detective, who was not to be thus baffled or cowed, ordered Wells to conceal himself in the shadow of the shrubbery in the yard and there await the return of the officer, who retired to dress himself. He bade his wife good night as he explained to her that the chief had sent for him to take up and follow a newly discovered clue in the Wells case. On joining Wells in the yard, the murderer impressed on the officer the necessity of acting squarely; if not, he would number him the fifth among his victims, as he was armed with one of the pistols taken from the officer whom he killed a few days previous.

It was agreed that the officer should go down town, procure the sum demanded by Wells, and then meet him at a given place in the brush. They both went to the spot, so there might be no mistake as to the locality. The officer then retired as if to carry out his promise, but in reality only under pretense, for he went but a few blocks distant to pass away about the time it would require him to go to the business part of the city and return. At the end of that time he kept his appointment and met Wells, but he was well armed, for when he dressed himself he had buckled on his six-shooter, and when he pretended to go after the money, he changed his pistol from its holster to his overcoat pocket. When they met, the two men held a conversation on many subjects, especially on the special one that had put the policeman into Wells' power. At a moment when the latter was off his guard and suspected nothing, the officer quickly thrust the muzzle of his pistol, which he had cocked in his pocket, to Wells' heart and fired. The fellow dropped stone dead at the feet of the man whose secret—one of blood it must have been—he held, and which was forever locked in death with the man who had been hunted for the murder of four men. The policeman quickly dragged the body deeper into the brush and weeds and there left it till he could more effectually conceal it. No one heard the report of the pistol, or if it was heard, it was only by those who would not dare venture out of hiding to ascertain the cause, lest they fall into the hands of officers

and be arrested on suspicion; for then almost anyone was liable to be taken in and questioned, if found out at late and unseasonable hours of the night. The following night at a favorable hour the officer managed to dispose of the corpse, either by sinking it in the slough or the river; no one ever learned which it was.

Mr. Goods concluded his narrative by saying that Wells knew of an affair of blood in which that officer had participated, which, had it been divulged, would have been fatal to the officer; would, in all likelihood, have consigned him to the gallows—at least, to a life's imprisonment at San Quentin—did he not meet death at the hands of those who felt themselves grievously wronged by some person unknown, the officer never having been suspected; besides which he had been involved in affairs forbidden by the laws of the land when a certain murderer of this county escaped arrest and was pursued night and day without avail by the peace officers, this one among the others, and he was more than suspected of knowing more about the fugitive's movements than he was willing to admit, and that he had good cause not to desire his arrest, but rather that he would escape and thus destroy another piece of most important evidence against him, for next to Wells this other murderer was the most damaging witness with which the officer would have to deal did that sensational charge ever come to the surface. What it was Jim Goods would not say, but his manner and tone indicated that he was the custodian—perhaps the only one except the officer himself—of a crime that might have startled the world had it been exposed; of a dark deed involving woman's honor, man's loving confidence in an outraged and guilty wife, and, finally, of at least one if not more murders to conceal, if possible, a deed even worse in its far-reaching tendencies and future influences.

And there is every reason to believe that Wells' slayer is yet alive and in California, but a changed, wretched old man, eking out a pitiable existence far from the scenes and haunts that once knew and honored him as a brave though reckless and often inhuman police officer.

Cinderella's Slippers.

The origin of this nursery tale is sufficiently curious. About the year 1730 a French actor of equal talent and wealth, named Thevenard, in passing through the streets of Paris, observed upon a cobbler's stall the shoe of a female, which struck him by the remarkable smallness of its size. After admiring it for some time he returned to his house, but his thoughts reverted to the shoe with such intensity that he reappeared at the stall the next day, but the cobbler could give him no other clue to the owner than that it had been left in his absence for the purpose of being repaired.

Day after day did Thevenard return to his post to watch the reintegration of the slipper, which proceeded slowly, nor did the proprietor appear to claim it. Although he had completed the 60th year of his age, so extravagant became his passion for the unknown fair one that he became (were it possible for a Frenchman of that day to be so) melancholy and miserable.

His pain was, however, somewhat appeased by the appearance of the little foot itself, appertaining to a pretty and youthful girl in the humblest class of life; all distinctions were leveled at once by love; the actor sought the parents of the damsel, procured their consent to the match, and actually made her his wife.—*London Globe*.

The Antiquity of Geese.

There is much curious amusement to be had in tracing where the foodstuffs we use, and the domestic animals we eat or use, originally came from. Professor Max Muller, reasoning through his science of words, finds that the goose was domesticated very early, or at least some bird like it.

"Goose" in English, "gans" in German; dropping the g according to the laws of language, the word becomes "anser" in Latin, and correspondingly in Greek, with the aspirate that marks the Digamma was dropped, and so back to "ansa" in the Sanscrit. Our prehistoric Sanscrit ancestors of the Indian fable lands had geese. Professor Muller therefore concludes birds resembling them closely, though thousands of years the name has remained, varying only according to the known laws of the change of pronunciation, and probably the Thingston throughout behind the name. Such is the antiquity of geese.

The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other graveyards, in all lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean-cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant are alike undistinguished. The same waves roll over all; the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats and the same sun shines; and there, unmarbled, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unadorned, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump, when the sea shall "give up its dead!"—*Giles*.

FLASHES.

A kiss is a passport to a woman's heart.

Silence is, the only evidence of wisdom in a fool.

A man with an itch for office is often badly scratched.

Rumor often wrecks a bank as well as reputations.

Every fellow with a boil thinks he is unduly persecuted.

Our friends often get us into more trouble than our enemies.

It seems that our visitors spend much time in hunting temptation.

It is not the evil we do that counts, but what we are caught at.

The greatest fool is the man who thinks all womankind is in love with him.

Many persons are injured by having what they said in fun repeated in earnest.

It is almost proverbial that those who "kick" end up by getting "kicked."

When we fill ourselves with the ideas of others, we have no room for our own.

Mme. de Stael once said: "The more I know men, the more I admire dogs." This was biting irony.

Historic Duelling Pistols.

Mr. Charles Van Brunt of Utica, N. Y., is said to be the possessor of the pair of duelling pistols which were used in the fatal duel between Burr and Hamilton. They are flintlocks. The pans and touch-holes are lined and bushed with gold, the barrels 16 inches long, with a caliber of 56, carrying a two-ounce ball. The stock runs to the muzzle and is bound with brass, beautifully engraved. The weapon that gave Hamilton his death wound has a slight file mark on the lower part of the stock. The make and finish of the locks could not be surpassed at the present time. In the box in which they are kept are a number of patches of white kid, to cover the bullets, and the agate flints are wrapped in wash-leather to hold them in the cock. The name of the maker, Mortimer, London, is on the locks. Burr got the pistols from an Irishman named Holahan, whom he defended on a charge of murder, and it is a tradition that they once belonged to Lord Norbury, the fighting chief justice of Ireland. They weigh over three pounds apiece.

Little Errors Into Which Maid and Madame Are Prone to Fall.

It is a mistake for a young lady to talk to a man as if she were wise and widely experienced in all the human emotions, frailties and faults.

It is a mistake for a woman (wife, mother, sister or sweetheart) to make plans for the disposal of all a man's spare hours and then expect him to enjoy himself.

It is a mistake for a woman to try to prove to men her great knowledge and superior intellect. They enjoy an intellectual woman when they discover her brightness themselves, but they do not like to have her force her brains and learning upon them.

But it is just as great a mistake to assume an air of insipidity and expect a man to think it charming.

It is the mistake of a lifetime to give a man any liberty which you would not want known and to expect him to keep the matter a secret.

It is the worst mistake of all for a woman to think she can make no mistake.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Ladies' Home Journal*.

Rings Around Their Necks.

A strange custom among the Bayanzi, who live along the Upper Congo, has been described by explorers. Brass rings, sometimes weighing thirty pounds, are welded around the necks of the wives. At first the neck becomes raw by the chafing of the ring, but after a while it becomes calloused, although a woman has to hold the ring up frequently to get relief from the weight. The ring is never put around a woman's neck until she has attained her full development. The women are proud of the ornament, believing that it enhances their importance and beauty.

Could not a pledge be taken against the use of the superlative? Lovely and sweet and dear are strong enough for all purposes. What do we want with loveliest and sweetest and dearest? Why cannot the ladies tell the rector that his curate preached a good sermon. Where is the need of saying that it was the best they had ever heard? And where the criticism is of the unfavorable sort; say the sermon was bad, and have done with it. The man who hears the worst sermon will probably not survive to tell the tale.

It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength, than that it should be concentrated into ecstasies, full of danger and followed by reaction.—*Emerson*.

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

DRAMATIC NOTES.

A bold experiment was made with a drama and an audience lately at Palmer's Theater, New York. The purpose was to ascertain the effect of representing, bluntly and plainly, to an assemblage of well-mannered people things which, if real, those same people would not have seen or heard voluntarily. One of the female characters was habitually profane. Two of the men cursed roundly in outright blasphemy. Several phases of child-birth and malpractice were mentioned without reserve. The seduction of a girl was discussed freely. A young mother unbuttoned her dress from neck to waist and began to unlatch her corset, preparatory to giving nourishment to an infant, when the curtain fell in time to avert a stampede of panic-stricken woman from the theater. The parts of the performance here indicated were grossly offensive. Nevertheless the play has been acted several times in a Boston hall, and had received high praise from literary censors there as a triumph of naturalism. The theme of this work, entitled "Margaret Fleming," is that of the social depravation which punishes a faithless wife, as contrasted with the forgiveness and reinstatement easily obtained by a husband guilty of infidelity.

What is Cognac?

This is a question that is now agitating some of the European experts in such matters. A Berlin journal inquires what the French themselves understand by "cognac." The district of Charente is the place of origin of real "cognac," and has, during the last seven years, produced an annual average of 535,000 gallons, while the annual export by France of liquor known as "cognac" has exceeded seven times this quantity. In trade, "cognac" is usually understood to be a brandy obtained by the distillation of wine, and which was formerly known as French brandy; but it has been shown by analysts, and in a bulky volume issued by the state department of hygiene, that there is no reliable method of distinguishing real brandy distilled from wine from the spurious. So it is interesting to have a decision of a French court of law as to what is understood by the word "cognac." A merchant of Angoulême, who bought brandy in Valenciennes and labled it "cognac," was prosecuted for so doing, but was acquitted on the ground that the word "cognac" is not to be exclusively understood as descriptive of the place of production, but often, as in the present instance, as descriptive of the nature of the product.

A capital pun may arise by pure accident, as recorded in Bucke's "Book of Table Talk." A Mr. Alexander Gun was dismissed from a post in the customs at Edinburgh for circulating some false rumor. The dismissal is said to have been thus noted in the customs books at the time: "A. Gun discharged for making a false report."

The Play,

WM. FAWCETT, PROPRIETOR.

Metropolitan Theater Building,

423 K Street, Sacramento

A. C. SHAW & CO.

1023 EIGHTH STREET,

Sacramento, California,

BRANCH AGENCY FOR THE

World-Renowned Knabe,

HAINES, HEMME & LONG, GILBERT & CO.

And other

PIANOS.

The Original Malthushek Piano.

THE LATEST STYLES OF ORGANS.

The Largest Stock!

The Best Quality!

And the Lowest Prices!

North of San Francisco.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO HOLIDAY TRADE

Elegant Millinery.

LADIES OF SACRAMENTO AND VICINITY are cordially invited to call and examine the FINE STOCK OF NOVELTIES, Just arrived, and which are being sold at the VERY LOWEST PRICES.

MRS. E. KATZENSTEIN, No. 605 J STREET.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

DR. MARY M. CRONEMILLER.

Office and Residence, 507½ J street.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 P. M.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

MISS L. SCHUBERT,

1014 Eighth Street, Sacramento.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

AS FOLLOWS:

Handkerchief Cases,
Glove Cases,
Necktie Cases,
Hat Bands,
Hat Crowns,

Embroid. Suspenders,
Crochet Neckties,
Drapers,
Cushions,
Sachets, Etc.

Stamping and Designing, Monograms, Etc.

WM. B. MILLER,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

628 J Street, near Seventh, Sacramento.

Importer and dealer in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware. American Gold and Silver Watches a specialty.

JEWELRY MANUFACTURED AND REPAIRED.

Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. The Repairing of Watches a specialty.

GO TO

E. W. MELVIN'S,

718 K STREET, SACRAMENTO.

—PHOTOS ENLARGED.—

Engravings, Etchings, Photogravures Autotypes, Pastels, etc. Framing Pictures a Specialty.

DR. T. WAH HING,

ENGLISH AND CHINESE

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

(Graduate Hongkong Medical College.)

Office, Room 29 Postoffice Block.

Office Hours, 8 to 11 A. M., 1 to 4 and 6 to 8 P. M. At other times may be found at No. 304 I street.

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

—IN—

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

Are the Leaders!

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRACHER, Proprietors.

My Call.

I have a happy home. No shadow falls
Across the threshold of my peaceful life—
Love's labors light keep me in tuneful song,
And sweet contentment maketh rich my
heart,
In this dear nest I thought to pass my days
Unmindful of the wider world beyond.
Walled round from wrong by true affection's
hands,
I marvel'd much that any woman could
Seek more than this, if God had blessed her so.
I did not need to toil, and it was sweet
To sit and watch my lad and lassie grow;
To feel their loving arms about my neck,
And plan their future with a mother's hope.
But once, when they had gathered round my
knee,
To hear the stories of the twilight hour,
I told them of the world's great misery—
Of little children, who were cold and starved,
And had no tender care, because a wrong,
Like the great monster of their fairy tales,
Had entered in and spoiled their pretty
homes,
Killed all the love, and broke the mother's
heart.
Then up my brave lad spoke, with flashing
eye:
"Oh! mamma, can't you go and make them
stop,
And I will go myself when I am grown."
That night when I had kissed their fair,
sweet brows,
And said my prayers beside their sleeping
forms,
I thought to rest, but all about my couch
Were little children's faces, starved and pale,
And weeping mothers praying me to come
And cry against this evil in the land.
* * * * *
No more my soul can sit in selfish ease;
At morn and noon and night I hear my call;
And when my children nestle in my arms
A voice says, sweet and clear, "This mother-
hood
Can feel for motherhood. Go forth and cry,
And these, thine own, shall catch thy spirit's
call
And do a mighty work when thou art gone."
And I will go. It matters not if you
Who hear my voice shall say it is not best;
I follow on a form you cannot see,
And only thus my soul shall find its rest.
—Maria L. Draper.

A Story of General Sheridan.

Frank G. Carpenter, in one of his interest-
ing letters, tells this good story, which is
applicable to the silver question:
Speaking of these congressional cranks
and their crazy theories, which they are
already rushing into the two houses in the
shape of bills, I heard Mr. Leech, the direc-
tor of the mint, tell a good anti-silver story
the other night concerning an incident of
General George Sheridan's stumping cam-
paign of last fall. Said Mr. Leech:
"Sheridan was going to make a speech in
a town not a thousand miles away from
Washington, and he was warned before he
left the hotel that he would probably meet
an old, gray-haired, long-bearded, plausible-
looking fellow during his stay, and that he
ought to have nothing to do with him, for
he was a crank. The man was fully de-
scribed to him and he knew him when he
was accosted by him within a few steps of
the hotel. The man asked Sheridan if he
might reply to his speech that evening.
General Sheridan said that he had no con-
trol over the meeting and that he could not
give him an opportunity. The old man then
asked General Sheridan if he would answer
him if he asked him any questions during
his speech, and General Sheridan replied
that he would. That night there was a very
large audience in the city hall, and Sheri-
dan's financial speech was received with
great applause. In the midst of it the old
man stood up and said: 'General Sheridan,
I may be wrong, but I would like to ask you
a question.'
"There are nine chances out of ten that
you are wrong," replied Sheridan, 'but I
will answer you.'
"What I wish to ask," continued the old
man, 'is this: Do you mean to say that if the
government of the United States takes a
piece of paper and writes on one side of it
the words "This is a dollar," and under it
the words "that it is legal for all debts, cus-
toms and public dues," and on the back of
it prints the words "that this is one dollar,"
do you mean to say that that does not make
it a good dollar and as good for use as any
gold or silver coin in the United States?"
"General Sheridan looked at the man as
he stood there in the midst of the audience
and replied:
"Old man, I will answer your question
by asking you another. Suppose the govern-
ment of the United States should take you
and stamp on your forehead the words "Dan-
iel Webster." Suppose they should pick you
up and run you through one of the great
government printing presses and stamp on
your back in letters a foot long, "Daniel
Webster." Now would that make you a
United States senator?"
"The audience roared and laughed and the
old man sat down."



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber
and
Elder Flower
Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term
is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It
creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by
daily use gradually makes the complexion several
shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the
effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and
freckles; and blackheads will never come while you
use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and
water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and
thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives
the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that
you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or
old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful ap-
pearance to any lady, and that permanently. It con-
tains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as
dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the
flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hair-
dressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establish-
ment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats
ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies
at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her
little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE
of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing.
Ladies Agents wanted.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, "Beanty Doctor," 103
Post street, San Francisco.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT
1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-
Atlantic Points, by First-Class Steamers to
and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE
and GREAT BRITAIN.
Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO
Daily.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

California Exchange,

900 K STREET.

Southeast Corner Ninth, Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

WINE AND LIQUORS

KEY WEST AND IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

HARRY ROTH.

PEERLESS SALOON,

809 K Street (Next to Opera House), Sacramento.

STEAMED CLAMS AND CLAM NECTAR

EVERY NIGHT.

Futterer's Saloon,

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.

A FINE POOL TABLE.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,
SACRAMENTO.

Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautify-
ing the Complexion.

Miss Mamie Castella,

Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

HAHN'S

Eau de Quinine,

Or, QUININE HAIR TONIC.

The stimulating effects of this tonic are unrivaled
for removing dandruff, preserving the scalp in a
healthy condition, rendering the hair soft, pliable
and brilliant. It promotes the growth of the hair,
prevents the same from falling out, and imparts to it
an agreeable perfume.

JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,

Sacramento, Cal.

J. J. DUNCKHORST,

Interior Decorating.

LATEST DESIGNS IN

WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.

1225 J Street, Sacramento.

ST. LOUIS MARKET,

R. WEBER, PROPRIETOR.

SPARERIBS AND HOGS' HEADS,
FRESH MEATS,
SUGAR-CURED HAMS,
CHOICE BACON,
LARD, SAUSAGE, ETC.
Southwest Corner Eleventh and H Streets.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.
Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind-
ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J
streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and
Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J
streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

W. A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh
and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9,
Postoffice Building.

G. GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth
and J Streets.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and
J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 413 J Street, up stairs.

W. H. HUMPHREY, southwest corner Seventh
and J streets, rooms 7 and 8

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

G. GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

P. PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all
Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), Practices in all the
Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City
Hall, Front and I streets.

I. ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP.

We certify that we constitute a partnership trans-
acting business as dealers in general merchandise in
the State of California, under the firm name and
style of NORTON & MYERS. The principal place
of business of said firm is Sacramento, California.
The full names and respective places of residence of
all its members are signed hereto.

Dated, Sacramento, California, December 4, 1891.

H. J. NORTON, [SEAL.]

Sacramento, California.

E. E. MYERS, [SEAL.]

Sacramento, California.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.

COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, }

On this fourth day of December, in the year one
thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, before me,
L. T. Hatfield, a Notary Public in and for the County
of Sacramento, personally appeared H. J. Norton
and E. E. Myers, known to me to be the persons
whose names are subscribed to and who executed
the within instrument, and they acknowledged to
me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand,
and affixed my official seal, at my office in
the City of Sacramento, County of Sacra-
mento, the day and year in this certificate
first above written.

L. T. HATFIELD, Notary Public.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRA-
mento—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said
County. The People of the State of California to
KATE PYNE, greeting: You are hereby notified
that an action was commenced in the Superior Court
of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by
filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court,
on the 25th day of November, 1891, in which action Ah
Hon and Louis Pong are plaintiffs and you are defend-
ant. That the general nature of the action, as ap-
pears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a
judgment of this Court against you for the sum of
One Thousand Six Hundred and Sixty-one and 11/100
Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from
you to said plaintiffs in pursuance of a certain agree-
ment in writing made between you and said plaintiffs
on the 15th day of November, 1888, whereby you
agreed to pay plaintiffs two-fifths of the net return
from the sale of fruit, and one-half of the net return
from the sale of vegetables and melons raised on the
lands of the plaintiffs. That the net return of the
sale of fruit in the year 1890 amounted to Five Thousand
and Eight Hundred and Ninety-five and 7/100 Dollars;
and the net return of the sale of vegetables and
melons amounted to Six hundred and Forty-nine
and 11/100 Dollars, and for costs of suit; all of which is
fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, refer-
ence to which is hereby made. And you are hereby
directed to appear and answer said complaint within
ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of
the day of service, if served on you in said county
of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of
the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are
further notified that unless you so appear and an-
swer within the time above specified, the plaintiffs
will enter your default and take judgment against you
for the sum of \$1,661.50 and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the
Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand
[SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 25th
day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHODES, Clerk.

By J. F. DOODY, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiffs. dec12-31

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY
of Sacramento, State of California. In the mat-
ter of F. H. JOHNSTON, an insolvent debtor.—F. H.
Johnston having filed in this Court his petition, sched-
ule and inventory in insolvency by which ap-
pears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said F. H.
Johnston is hereby declared to be insolvent. The
Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby di-
rected to take possession of all the estate, real and
personal, of the said F. H. Johnston, debtor, except such
as may be by law exempt from execution, and of
all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and pa-
pers, and to keep the same safely until the appoint-
ment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are
forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to
deliver any property belonging to him or to any per-
son, firm or corporation or association, for his use.
The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or
deliver any property until the further order of this
Court, except as herein ordered. It is further or-
dered that all the creditors of said debtor be and ap-
pear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior
Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court,
at the court room of said Court, on the 22d day of
January, 1892, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to
prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of
the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that
the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper
of general circulation published in the County of
Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published
before the said day set for the meeting of the cred-
itors. And it is further ordered that in the mean-
time all proceedings against the said insolvent be
stayed.

Dated December 8, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,

Judge of the Superior Court.

W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. dec12-61

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRA-
mento—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said
County. The People of the State of California to
NOAH J. BENFORD, greeting: You are hereby
notified that an action was commenced in the Superior
Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by
filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on
the 17th day of November, 1891, in which action, Liz-
zie L. Benford is plaintiff and you are defendant. That
the general nature of the action, as appears from said
complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of this
Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and
heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant
upon the grounds of desertion and failure to provide,
all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on
file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and
you are hereby directed to appear and answer said
complaint within ten days from the service of this
writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on
you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty
days, exclusive of the day of service, if served else-
where; and you are further notified that unless you
so appear and answer within the time above spec-
ified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief
demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the
Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand
[SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 17th day
of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHODES, Clerk.

By E. S. WACHHORST, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. dec5-81

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE
Notice.—That on the 4th day of December, 1891,
at the opening of the Superior Court of the County
of Sacramento, State of California, in Department
One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can
be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an
order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting
me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader
as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections
1511 to 1521, inclusive. The nature of the business to
be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling
milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento
County, Sutter Township, and the name of my hus-
band is J. L. Clark. KATIE E. CLARK.

A Lover's Revenge.

CHAPTER I.

"Is it true, Marie?" he asked, with blanched face and trembling voice. "Has Henry Fitz-Dougherty, my bosom friend, he whom I trusted as my own brother—has he supplanted me in your affections?"

"It is true, Leonidas," said the young lady, turning away coldly.

"False and perfidious friend! Pickle and heartless girl!" howled Leonidas Grimshaw, and he rushed forth from the house and wandered through the deserted streets till the dull, murky tinge of approaching day began to smear itself on the dingy sky. Then he went to his lonely, cheerless room, threw himself on his couch and tried to sleep.

But his feet were very, very cold.

CHAPTER II.

The ceremony that united Henry Fitz-Dougherty and Marie Penjarvish Kershock in marriage was over. The guests had departed, and the happy bride and exultant groom were looking over the glittering array of presents that had been sent to them.

"I have a little surprise for you, Henry, dear," said Marie, a smile of radiant beauty bisecting her lovely face.

"What is it, love?" inquired Henry.

"Leonidas Grimshaw has sent me a costly and elegant gift."

"That is kind of him."

"Indeed it is. The poor fellow has got over his broken heart. He cherishes only the kindest feelings for us now. See!"

"She drew forth from its hiding-place a lady's gold watch. It was a small, delicate, richly chased and ornamented affair, with her name engraved on the back, and had cost not less than \$27.50 in cash."

CHAPTER III.

With a heavy, listless, uncertain step Henry Fitz-Dougherty entered his palatial home on Prairie avenue and sought his wife's boudoir.

"Marie," he said, as he threw his hat on the soft, velvety carpet, sat down on a costly work-basket and looked at her with blood-shot eyes, "the blow has fallen!"

"What is the matter, Henry?" exclaimed Mrs. Fitz-Dougherty in alarm.

"I have tried to weather the storm, Marie," he answered hopelessly, "thinking that a turn in the tide must come, but in vain! We must give up this home. My colossal fortune is gone. It could not stand the drain. The last bill of repairs on this, madam, wipes me completely out. We are beggars!"

And he placed in her lap a small, delicate, richly chased gold watch.

Leonidas Grimshaw was avenged.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Ask Yourself:

What greater loss than that of a true friend?

Are not short cuts in business often hazardous to honesty?

Is not equanimity the best of supports under difficulties?

How many hours of vexation will pay even a small debt?

Do not situations of hazard best prove the sincerity of friends?

How much solid acquirement results from promiscuous reading?

Is there anything like adversity to try the temper of our friends?

Is there not such a thing as being too prudent ever to fall in love?

Is precipitance in action any more dangerous than excessive caution?

How easy to mistake uniformity for unity and neutrality for independence!

O! how much avail are science and learning unaccompanied with good sense?

Is it not a pleasing error of the mind to look complacently on one's own mistakes and errors?

Why should druggists keep so many medicines when one patent medicine will cure everything?

Why is the man who does you an unprovoked and uncalled-for injury ever after your enemy.

Wise Men's Sayings.

To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon bullets—Shakespeare.

There is no harm in being respected in this world, as I have found out; and if you don't brag a little for yourself, depend on it, there is no person of your acquaintance who will tell the world of your merits and take the trouble off your hands.—Thackeray.

Rest remaineth for us a little way farther on. Heaven will not be an idle holiday, or an everlasting concert of sacred song. There will be no lack of employment there. Instead of a holy lounging place heaven will be a scene of such constant, pure, inspiring, blissful and unwearied activity that the word of God describes it as a perfect rest. Not an aching heart, or a tear-stained eye, or a tired foot forever and evermore.—Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, D. D.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTERS,

410 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Cards,

Circulars,

Ball Tickets,

Programmes,

Posters,

Billheads,

Statements,

Letterheads,

Noteheads,

Envelopes,

Show Cards,

Wedding Invitations,

Briefs and

Transcripts,

Legal Blanks,

Constitutions and

By-Laws,

Postal Cards,

Election Tickets,

Great Registers.

* Election Printing. *

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outside of San Francisco.

ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR

PROMPTLY FILLED.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

410 J STREET.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COASTDRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California
Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County
Coroner. Telephone 134.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

Grubler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & CO.
410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED.

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS
LAGER BEER

WISEMANN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISEMANN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSNER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

RHODS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

A True Ghost Story.

About a mile beyond the Beech hill stood Squire Macdonald's store, and one dreary night in late autumn there came thither first Rory O'More, and then Sandy Big John, and finally Alec Gillies, all in a high state of excitement, and asserting with much positiveness that they had seen the ghost on Beech hill. Now the squire was as shrewd, hard-headed and unsuperstitious a Scotchman as ever traded tea for butter or sugar for eggs, and he had no more faith in the Beech hill ghost than in the man in the moon.

But this time the testimony of the terrified witnesses happened to agree remarkably. The ghost had appeared to all in precisely the same form, namely, as a white, shapeless thing that rolled along the ground, uttering shrill and threatening shrieks. The matter was surely worth looking into.

"Hark ye, now," said the squire at last, "I believe you're nothing better than a parcel of foolish boys; and to prove it I'll go up to the Beech hill myself and see what it is that has come so near scaring the life out of you."

Thus speaking, he got his coat and hat, and, calling upon them to follow, set off for the scene of the ghost's walk. Rory and Sandy and Alec would much rather have been excused, but pride overcame their timidity, and they followed in their leader's track. Hardly had they reached the foot of the hill than the shrieks they had heard before came to their ears.

"There it is again!" exclaimed Rory, with trembling lips. "Can ye no hear it, squire?" "To be sure I can," responded the squire, stoutly; "and I'm going to see what it is. Come along."

The distance between the doughty squire and his followers increased as he went on, while the shrieks grew stronger with each forward step.

When about the middle of the ascent he saw the ghost. It was, as the men had reported, a white shapeless thing rolling upon the ground, and from it undoubtedly came the piercing cries which had proved so alarming.

Going straight up to the thing, the squire touched it with his foot, then bent down to feel it with his hand, and then burst out into a roar of laughter that at first startled the three farmers almost as much as the ghost's shrieks.

"Come here, you fools!" he shouted. "Come and see what your ghost is."

In a hesitating way they drew near and examined the cause of their affright. It was a white meal bag containing two very lively young pigs, which had in some way fallen off a farmer's wagon into the middle of the road, there to prove a source of terror to the superstitious and perhaps not altogether sober passersby.—*Harper's Young People.*

The Seven Golden Cities.

The "Seven Golden Cities," one of the most popular legends of the latter part of the "Dark Ages," were said to be situated on an island west of the African coast. The island is represented as abounding in gold, with magnificent houses and temples, "the high towers of which shown at a great distance." The legend also relates that at the time of the conquest of Spain and Portugal by the Moors, when the inhabitants fled in every direction to escape slavery, seven bishops, followed by a great number of people, took to ships and put boldly out on the high seas. After tossing about for some time they landed upon an unknown island, the famous spot which in after years became the seat of the "Seven Golden Cities." "This island," Heylyn says, "was exactly in midocean." After all had landed safely the wise old bishops burned the ships to prevent their followers from deserting, and founded the cities which have become so famous in song and story. This mysterious island was often sought by the early navigators. Those who went in search of it and never returned were popularly believed to have been detained by its inhabitants.

Superstitious barbers think that the money earned by shaving dead men is lucky to gamble with.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WE HAVE OVER ONE THOUSAND PASTEUR GERM-PROOF FILTERS in use in private residences, hotels, restaurants and saloons. If a single one of them is not giving entire satisfaction we have not heard of it.

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal

The Live Crockery House

HAS DEMONSTRATED BY ITS

INCREASE IN BUSINESS

THAT IT CARRIES BY FAR THE

Best Selected Stock of Crockery and Glassware and Lamp Goods

EVER CARRIED IN THIS CITY.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

JOS. THIEBEN CROCKERY CO.

518 J Street.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth

FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN WATERS
A NATURAL MINERAL WATER OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT.
"SHASTA" WATER
BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS
BOTTLED FOR EUROPEAN TRADE

1891. HOLIDAY GOODS! 1891.

New Stock, Open and Ready for Sale, Consisting of

Bisque, Royal Worcester, Doulton, Dresden, Terra Cotta.

Also, an attractive lot of DECORATED CHINA DINNER and TEA SETS, and open stock goods in great variety. We Solicit Careful Inspection.

Sacramento Glass and Crockery Company

629 J STREET.

JOHN WEIL, Manager

SUN WING COMPANY,

DEALERS IN

JAPANESE FANCY GOODS.

STAMPING.

Done free of charge for all customers the first two weeks in December.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT

Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs

From 25 Cents Up.

TOYS, JEWELRY, NOTIONS, ETC.

No. 815 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

A. H. ROTT. C. H. KREBS.

C. H. KREBS & CO.,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,

Varnishes, Wall Paper, Brushes, Window Shades and Picture Mouldings.

Ready Mixed Paints and Building Papers.

House and Sign Painting, Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, Glazing and Gliding, Pictures, Frames and Mouldings.

626 J STREET,

Between Sixth and Seventh, SACRAMENTO.

TELEPHONE 267.

CALL ON THE

AGENT

OF THE

SUN INSURANCE CO.

AT

1014 FOURTH STREET,

WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.

Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46

THEO. J. MILLIKEN,

Manager Sacramento Branch

ASK YOUR GROCER

FOR THE

SACRAMENTO

Packing and Drying Company's

GOODS.

They Are the Best.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

December 6, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6:50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:05 A
7:00 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:15 A
7:05 P	Vallejo and Calistoga	8:40 P
7:10 P	Ashland and Portland via Chico	11:30 P
7:35 P	Denning, El Paso and East	6:55 P
7:40 P	Knights Landing and Oroville	7:40 A
10:40 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	10:30 A
11:55 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	6:45 P
10:00 P	Central Atlantic Express	7:40 A
3:00 P	Oroville, via Roseville Junction	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:35 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
4:35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:05 A
6:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:30 A
8:00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8:40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	9:40 P
7:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	10:30 P
10:00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26:00 A
10:40 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2:50 P
10:40 A	San Jose	2:50 P
7:00 P	Santa Barbara	10:30 A
6:50 A	Santa Rosa	11:05 A
3:05 P	Stockton and Galt	8:40 P
8:30 A	Stockton and Galt	2:50 P
10:40 A	Stockton and Galt	6:35 P
11:55 A	Truckee and Reno	7:40 A
10:00 P	Truckee and Reno	6:45 P
7:00 P	Vallejo	8:40 P
3:05 P	Vallejo	11:05 A
8:20 A	Folsom and Placerville	2:40 P
12:15 P	Folsom and Placerville	10:20 A
4:45 P	Folsom	8:00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT..... N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE PRESIDENT..... FRED'K COX
CASHIER..... A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER..... W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

OF SACRAMENTO.

\$100,000 TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE
Semi-annual Dividends on Deposits. Correspondence promptly answered.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

Geo. W. Lorenz, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

PHOENIX BAKERY,

C. SCHURR, Proprietor,

Southwest Corner Thirteenth and J Streets.

Bread, Pies and Cakes,

FRESH EVERY MORNING,

Delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

THE LEXINGTON

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1892.

No. 46.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

It is the instinct of man to commemorate events deemed of importance. Primarily, doubtless, the custom originated in families, and the commemoration was of the anniversaries of births and deaths of its members. Tribal formations followed; then nations and political events took their calendar days. Religion stands sponsor for the greatest number of festival days among all nations; and it must be conceded that the unwritten mandate of the Maker that we must cease from toil at stated times, has impelled man to make the best of it: allot days to rest, and to considerate attention to his fellows. Shabbath, the derivative word of Sabbath, means "to rest," and throughout the ages has designated the seventh day of the week the day for rest and worship. This first religious rest day came to us from Jehovah at the foundation of the world. It is written in the sacred work, "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." Later, Moses said to his people: "This is that which the Lord hath said; to-morrow is the rest of the holy sabbath unto the Lord; bake that which ye will bake to-day, and seethe that ye will seethe; and that which remaineth over lay up for you, to be kept until the morning." In the Decalogue it is written, "Keep the sabbath day to sanctify it, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee. Six days thou shalt labour and do all thy work."

The Egyptians were perhaps the first to divide time into years, and they were made to include a certain number of lunar months. So early as 1500 B. C. they knew a year of 365 days, and divided it into three seasons: Winter, Summer, and the Nile, referring in the last to the inundation of the river. The time for the commencement of the year varied much among the earlier nations, and there is much variance in this day. The Carthaginians, Egyptians, Persians, Syrians, and other eastern peoples commenced the year at the autumnal equinox, and the civil year of the Jews then commenced, though their sacred year was reckoned from the vernal equinox. The Greeks commenced their years at first at the winter solstice; later, at the summer solstice. The first of January for the commencement of the year was first designated by the Romans, and was afterward adopted by the European nations.

New Year's Day has been celebrated in this country, it might be said, with double significance—that upon that day we do look back at the realities of the past; forward to the possibilities of the future. It is the day that to buoyant youth marks the turning at a milestone that brings him nearer to the period when he will be relieved from paternal thralldom. Giddy youth! he knoweth not the import of the life station he yearns for. A few years will pass; after he has encountered the severe rubs of actual life, then it will be he will realize that his happiest days were those when the responsibility of his subsistence and his course fell upon

the parents. Later on in life he will look on New Year's day upon two pictures, one perhaps as gloomy as the other—on the one hand the events of the dead year; on the other the future, which means the launching upon an unknown sea. In later life New Year's will mean a menacing bell that earthly ending is nearer.

Perhaps the most appropriate New Year's article that was printed in this city appeared in the Sacramento *Union* on January 1, 1863. It was written at a time when the nation was in almost hopeless straits, and when, truly, the turning of the bloody ledger page of 1862 made way for the more sanguinary page of 1863. In our own city there did then exist the marks of the ravages of the great flood.

Yet it was the editor of the *Union* wrote hopefully, and he said: Another year borne away to the cemetery of the past! Another year, young and radiant, before us, marching on in the appointed path. We stand between memory and hope, listening to the one and watching the other. We bury the old year with the honors of war. Though we forget not the scars, we reckon the trophies, and as memory tells over the story of a career crowded with events, we experience many more thrills of exultation than blushes of shame. Eighteen hundred and sixty-two stormed through its brief existence. The very elements were at war, and stars "shot madly from their spheres." Comets, which olden superstition clothed with baleful significance, swept over the visible heavens, and the moon suffered an eclipse. Rivers swelled over their earthly bounds and devoured the fruits of husbandry. The terrible roll of battle-thunder seldom ceased from January to December, ranging from Kansas to the Chesapeake, from the Cumberland Valley of Pennsylvania to the Rio Grande. Armies of a magnitude greater than any that had previously appeared upon the soil of the New World met in the shock of deadly strife, and thousands of our best and bravest sank into patriot graves beneath the bullets of the foe. Reverses came, but we were not dismayed—nay, rather provoked to mightier efforts. Like the old Antæus, the nation arose stronger after every fall, and filled with a keener zest for battle. We caught a moral gleam from each cloud of defeat, and a struggle for unity of soil bloomed into a contest for the good old cause of the rights of man. Balance the books for the year and it will be found that our net gain is enormous. * * * We have gathered more laurel than cypress, and the places of our fallen heroes are filled by patriots equally brave and equally ready for the shock of arms. Therefore, bury the old year with the honors of war. The past has none that has left a broader or a brighter trace. The new year, we all pray, is to bring to our country liberty, union, and peace—ends that sanctify the use of the sword. It finds the nation full of vital energy, with all its armor on, trained by experience, inspired by a glorious zeal, marching on with an unfaltering determination to make the war worth all the cost. The New Year not only wields the sword, but breaks the chain. It proclaims liberty to all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof. It strikes away the shackles from the genius of America. It erases a huge stain from the national escutcheon. Here and there a dark spot may remain, but our nationality becomes a synonym for freedom for all. By the solemn pledge of the president of the United States, this New Year's Day is consecrated the liberty. The monster that was tolerated until it struck at the national heart is to re-

ceive a mortal wound. The welcome to the new year, rung out from bells and thundered from cannon, is a welcome to our president's promised decree of divorce between the great republic and slavery. There can be no clouds to which such an act will not give a silver lining—no death of a nation that gives such an evidence or moral life. May this prove a "Happy New Year" to all the land.

The New Year's Day on which that editor wrote was solemnized by the promulgation of the proclamation of emancipation by President Lincoln, a document that, when presented to the cabinet, was remarked of by Mr. Secretary Chase: "This paper is of the utmost importance; greater than any state paper ever made by this government. A paper of so much importance, and involving the liberties of so many people, ought, I think, to make some reference to Deity. I do not observe anything of the kind in it." The president said: "No; I overlooked it. Some reference to Deity must be inserted. Mr. Chase, won't you make a draft of what you think ought to be inserted?" At the next cabinet meeting the secretary presented the following, which met with Mr. Lincoln's approval: "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God." So early as August, 1862, Mr. Lincoln had urged the adoption of a vigorous policy against slavery in the seceded states at the proper time, but he did not feel the issuance of a proclamation of emancipation would be effective until after there had been a decisive battle gained by the union arms. In August, 1862, the impetuous Mr. Greeley called upon the president and urged him, on behalf of "twenty millions," to issue a proclamation of freedom to all slaves in the confederate states; and he also wrote an editorial article in the *Tribune* on the same subject. The president's letter to Mr. Greeley was pithy, and, in view of the proclamation that was promulgated the following New Year's Day, we reproduce it.

WASHINGTON, August 22, 1862.

Hon. Horace Greeley—DEAR SIR: I have just read yours of the 19th addressed to myself through the New York *Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave anyone in doubt. I would save the union. I would save it the shortest way under the constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the union will be "the union as it was." If there be those who would not save the union unless they could at the same time *save* slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would *destroy* slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object in this struggle *is* to save the union, and is *not* either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the union without freeing *any* slaves I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing *all* the slaves I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save the union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do *not* believe it would help to save the union. I shall do *less* whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts this cause, and I shall do *more* whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors, when shown to be errors; and I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose, according to my view or official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed *personal* wish that all men everywhere could be free.

A. LINCOLN.

The battle of Antietam was fought in Maryland September 17, 1862, and Lee was repulsed. This proved

the decisive point with the president, and on the 22d he issued the preliminary proclamation. Of that document he said: "The truth is just this: When Lee came over the river, I made a resolution that if McClellan drove him back I would send the proclamation after him. The battle of Antietam was fought Wednesday, and until Saturday I could not find out whether we had gained a victory or lost a battle. It was then too late to issue the proclamation that day, and the fact is I fixed it up a little Sunday, and Monday I let them have it." Then it was the president declared that on the 1st of January, 1863, "all persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will no acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom." True to his word, on the following New Year's Day the final proclamation was issued; and it was effective. Its importance was hardly realized at the time, and we doubt if those immediately affected by it—the negroes—feel the gratitude they should for its promulgation. It was truly a new year's gift to a nation and to civilization.

Book education is only a part of the general education necessary to combat with the affairs of the world. An experience and knowledge of human nature forms an important factor in our general education. The training of the will-powers is another ingredient. With a knowledge of books combined with a training of the will-powers and knowledge of human nature, education might be said to be finished. We often find very illiterate men successful in business and exercising great political as well as personal influence, but they always combine the two last mentioned elements of education without book learning. On the other hand, there are college-bred men whose lives are absolute failures, although possessed of considerable abilities. We call these men educated, but this is a misnomer; they are learned in book lore, but ignorant of the other essential elements that go to make up education. Their energies have not been trained, and they have no knowledge of the ordinary affairs of the world. In this view of the relative education of the college man and the illiterate business man the latter has the best of it, because he possesses more of the elements of a worldly education than the former.

It is contended by calamity orators and alleged reformers that the poor boy has no chance in the struggle for education and advancement in these days. As a matter of fact, it is only the poor boy that can obtain a thorough, all-round education which necessarily includes the worldly experience and trained will-power. He learns the ways as they exist, not as they are read in books. He sees and feels the stern realities while the apparently more favored is spoiled with comforts. He is down in the busy world getting experience while the pampered youth is obtaining nothing but book learning. The great bulk of education is derived from being thrown on our own resources. The school of experience is more necessary than books, but it takes the latter to make a complete, a finished education. There is no greater imbecile than a book-learned man without any worldly experience. It is also unfortunate to see the illiterate, but successful business man—of the two the world, however, looks with more favor on the latter.

It is strange to what lengths partisan rancor carries some newspapers. Now comes the *St. Louis Republic* and accuses the administration at Washington, particularly Secretary Blaine, with trying to force a war with Chile for individual and personal gain; not political, but financial. This statement is made in the face of all the efforts of the administration to avoid a clash. The president in a most dignified and patient manner has borne with repeated insults of the Chilean officials, for the purpose of evading the arbitrament of war. Yet we find those claiming to be Americans so degenerate as to attribute selfish motives to the great minister of state. With such people all love of country and the country's honor is sunk into the slums of partisanship.

With them even the country's honor must be sacrificed to bring the opposing administration in disrepute. A number of the alleged leading democratic papers are making the same hue and cry. It is not possible for such hide-bound people to sink party below country.

There has been so much sensation about official and legislative corruption, growing out of the investigations by the late grand jury of San Francisco, it occurs to us that there must be some legal way of getting at all these matters. There never was any occasion to override principles of civil liberty, or an encroachment on the rights of the citizen, such as was attempted by Judge Wallace. Certainly the twelve superior judges of San Francisco can select a good responsible grand jury that will faithfully regulate all the shortcomings in office in every department from supervisors to the state legislature. The mere fact that the means adopted in selecting the late grand jury were illegal, is no reason why a legal inquisition should not be called into existence at an early date.

Mr. White, of the board of freeholders, has submitted a skeleton charter, a matter in perfect propriety; and concerning his suggestions we have very little of adverse criticism. If we understand it aright, it is based upon the general principle upon which our federal and state governments are administered—a separation of the executive, legislative and judicial departments. That is right. The board of aldermen, or trustees, should exercise legislative functions only, and the executive head, the mayor, should be elected independently by the people, and he should have reasonable veto power. Likewise with judicial officers. They should be chosen directly by the people, and should have no duties to perform aside from those that pertain to their governmental department. We do believe in a large legislative board, and believe its members should be paid. If the city expects its business properly attended to it should compensate. True it has been, our school and fire departments have for years been conducted by boards, the members of which are not paid; but has it been satisfactory? The position of alderman, or trustee, is of more responsibility; and, as we look upon it, a cheap man is the dearest in the long run. While we do agree with Mr. White in the main, we most seriously object to this proposition: "The superintendent of schools to be a practical, experienced educator, appointed by the board of directors"—meaning to be appointed by the school board. There are two vital objections to that proposition. In the first place, "a practical, experienced educator," as a rule, becomes the most impractical and inexperienced manager when he gets outside of a school-room; and there is no sense in exacting any such qualification. Next, the superintendent should be selected by the people, and he should be in never so small a degree the creature of the school board. Of necessity powers are lodged in the superintendent that are delicate and summary. Were it the board held the axe above his head, he would lack in independence. We must not forget that an officer elected by a people can do as he pleases; and experience has demonstrated that, with few exceptions, he pleases to do right. So nearly as practicable, we favor the election of officers by the people; then there will be no middle-men to pull the string. Particularly should every legislative board have a balancing wheel. In the school board the balance is with the superintendent; he has behind him the power of the people. Let it remain as it is. Reading the preliminary discussions of the freeholders, we must in good nature remind Major Weinstock that no governmental charter will ever be drafted save there will be a loophole for political bosses. Dogmatically the major remarked: "If the respectable element were permitted to conduct affairs unmolested, then we would have good government, with a board of trustees of either three or twenty members. But we all know that in all cities there are political schemers who make a business of politics. In my judgment, I would find it much more difficult, if I were a boss, to control fifteen men than five. We should aim to make it as difficult as possible for the bosses to gain control. I believe that it is certainly a more difficult task to rule a body of fifteen than a body of seven." Political bossism has existed since the foundation of human government; it will exist till the ending of time. Did Major Wein-

stock reflect what he includes in the "respectable element?" Generally it is esteemed the class who remain at home on primary-election days; wait until after nominations have been made, and then bolt the ticket because they were not waited upon and their franchise received upon a silver platter. Candidly, we have little respect for the "respectable element" of Sacramento, if it means the men who are so very pure they have to hire a hall and guard its entry with a doorkeeper. The experience of the last school election was of profit to us. The harvest was bountiful—that of contempt for the intolerant. That Major Weinstock holds a position of responsibility, his expressions are the subjects of just criticism. To him we say: "Give us a good, modern charter, and do not try and reform the world. Men have succeeded in framing fundamental laws that have endured for centuries; we are not aware the man who attempted to accelerate the revolutions of our sphere on its axis did succeed. Archimedes was not a freeholder of Syracuse, yet his famous word, "Eureka," is engraven on the coat-of-arms of California. A man who did live before his age, he did conceive he could move the world, had he a lever long enough. Archimedes found not his lengthy lever; major, go slow.

The organization of the Newspaper Writer's Union in this city is a proper movement, and one which should receive the cordial approval of fraternal labor organizations generally. We would be disposed to go further than our brethren of the daily press, and would inaugurate a movement that would raise the tone of the weeklies. It may seem a severe criticism, but in truth it is the country weeklies in California do not at all compare with those published ten or twenty years ago. With boiler plate matter, unskilled composition, bad editing, and execrable presswork we have, with few exceptions, productions that would have perhaps been creditable in the primitive days of printing. Newspaper writers are as deserving of protection as any other class of workers. As it has been they have of late been poorly paid; yet their work is important and painstaking. It has happened, often does happen, that the newspaper writer receives less than the printer who sets his copy. The printer has the good fortune that he is protected by the union; why in reason should not his coadjutor, the writer, be likewise protected? We wish this movement to be successful; hope it will spread throughout the state.

Curious Inventions.

The history and growth of inventions are subjects in which all are interested. The stylograph pen brought in £40,000 a year, the India rubber tips to pencils £20,000, metal plates for protecting the soles and heels of boots and shoes brought in £250,000 in all, the roller skate £200,000.

A clergyman realized £400 a week by the invention of a toy; another toy, the return ball, brought in an income of £10,000; the "Dancing Jim Crow," £15,000 a year. The inventor of a copper cap for children's boots was able to leave his heirs £400,000, while Singer, of sewing machine fame, left at his death nearly £3,000,000.

There are other and wonderful things which people have thought it worth while to patent, strong in the hopes of making a big fortune in the near future, only to find in so many cases that their inventions were impracticable and very often perfectly ridiculous.

Among such may be mentioned a child's bib with a trough attached, the whole formed of some waterproof material; a pocket which cannot be picked; a muff and boa filled with air to save you from a watery grave; cuffs and collars made of steel, painted or enameled white; trousers with double legs—on the outer legs getting soiled or bespattered you tuck them up and behold a clean pair. This arrangement would be suitable, I should say, only when worn with an overcoat.

Under the head of umbrellas and walking sticks we find some marvelous inventions. One is an umbrella which in some wonderful way is converted into a walking stick, and so formed that a spear can be attached, when it is used as a weapon of offense and defense. I recommend it to elderly ladies in the dog days as a protection against the sun and mad dogs. The next invention is a rain absorber, to prevent rain from running down from hats and umbrellas.

The absorber is formed either of uncovered sponges or of sponges covered by a fabric. We are told that the absorber can be readily removed from the article, squeezed, and replaced. We come next to an article which the inventor has named (take a long breath and shut your eyes) the "Rliabdoskidophorus." This is an umbrella which can be taken apart; the silk and ribs being hidden within the stick, it is thus transformed into a stout walking stick.—*Strand Magazine*.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

The clove plays the most important part between the acts at the theater.

An enterprising showman proposes to make an exhibit of volcanoes at the world's fair.

Patti's appearance is said to have been greatly improved by her abandonment of her golden coiffure for the natural, dark locks with which the public had long been familiar.

The veteran actor Couldock wrote his name on the register of a Memphis hotel the other day in as firm and clear a hand as if he were 17 instead of 70. After a lifetime spent in the wearing work of the stage, he finds himself as vigorous and hearty as a man of half his years.

Mrs. C. P. Huntington, wife of the great Pacific railroad magnate, whose colossal fortune is estimated at \$30,000,000, finds her favorite diversion in the stage, and is a frequent attendant at the New York theaters. On the first night of any important production she is always present, and no one knows the good points of a play better, or appreciates them more highly, than she.

Mme. Melba, the prima donna whose fascinations have caused the young Duc d'Orleans so much unpleasant notoriety, is said to have a "small, three-cornered, quick and perceptive eye." She is of Scotch descent, though born in Australia, and her mother was a rigid Presbyterian. Her real name is Nellie Mitchell, and her father, David Mitchell, was a violinist of wide reputation. Mme. Melba's stage name is adopted from the name of the Australian city Melbourne, as Albani's is from Albany and Emma Nevada's from her native state in the Sierras.

In some parts of the world the playwright who would bring a noble Jew upon the stage must crave the audience's indulgence and sympathy in language such as that in Cumberland's apologetic prologue to *The Jew*:

"To your candour we appeal this night
For a poor client, for a luckless wight,
Whom bard ne'er favored; whose sad fate has been
Never to share in one applauding scene.
In souls like yours there should be found a place
For every victim of unjust disgrace."

Professor von Ihring, an eminent German jurist, in his book, "The Struggle for Law," discourses as follows on Shylock's wrongs: "I crave the law." In these four words the poet has described the relation of law in the subjective to law in the objective sense of the term, and the meaning of the struggle for law, in a manner better than any philosopher of the law could have done it. These four words change Shylock's claim into a question of the law of Venice. To what mighty giant dimensions does not the weak man grow when he speaks these words! It is no longer the Jew demanding his pound of flesh; it is the law of Venice itself knocking at the door of justice; for his rights and the law of Venice are one and the same; they both stand or fall together. And when he finally succumbs under the weight of the judge's decision, who wipes out his rights by a shocking piece of pleasantry; when we see him pursued by bitter scorn, bowed, broken, tottering on his way, who can help feeling that in him the law of Venice is humbled? that it is not the Jew, Shylock, who moves painfully away, but the typical figure of the Jew in the Middle Ages, that pariah of society who cried in vain for justice? * * * He is only the despised mediæval Jew, to whom justice is done by defrauding him. The jurist can only say that the bond was in itself null and void, because its provisions were contrary to good morals. But failing to take this ground, it was wretched subterfuge, a miserable piece of pettifoggery, to deny the right to shed blood in cutting the pound of flesh. Just as well might the judge deny to the person whose right to an easement he acknowledged, the right to leave footprints on the land because this was not expressly stipulated for in the grant."

To one who walks past St. Paul's church at the present time, the following incident seems hardly possible: On a Sunday during the year 1810, while the service was in progress, an Indian in full dress passed up the center aisle of St. Paul's, and, facing the congregation, gave a fearful warwhoop, and then passed leisurely out of the building, unmolested. The above incident was related by one of the members of the Duyckinck family of this city, who had it from her grandfather, who was present when the incident occurred.—*Trinity, N. Y., Record.*

A little girl of six, who complained of being left alone in the dark after she was in bed, and was told by her mother that she need not be afraid, as God was with her, although there was no light. Whereupon the child replied: "Mother, dear, I'd much rather you took God away and left the candle."

Book Chat.

The superficial reader goes over a novel in less than no time. The thread of the story is all that is wanted.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont is reported as being engaged on an important piece of literary work which has engrossed her attention for the last six months.

Emperor Francis Joseph has given his assent to the publication of a work by Archduchess Stephanie describing her travels, and adorned with her own pen drawings.

Ambitious author—Naggus, I am obliged to you for not pulling my last story all to pieces. Literary editor—Not at all, Borus. I couldn't get hold of the thread of it.

A recent book on equatorial Africa speaks of a plant growing in great profusion and having an odor somewhat resembling that of musk, which, when pulled up and placed close to a person, keeps away mosquitoes.

Justice Bradley began buying books fifty years ago, when at school, and has kept it up ever since. Even the ball-room and dining-room of his cozy old mansion on I street are packed with the bibliophilistic wealth of which the house, indeed, is literally full to overflowing.

The Oxford university press has just issued the most diminutive bible in existence. It is finely printed on Oxford Indian paper, and its minute dimensions are only three and three-fourths inches in length, two and one-eighth inches wide, and seven-eighths of an inch in thickness.

The newspaper is an English product, the first issue having been in that language, and the larger proportion of all the newspapers in the world are published in the English tongue. In 1876 there were 7,500 newspapers in the English tongue, and only about 6,000 in all the other tongues. This proportion is probably maintained to-day.

An intimate friend of Lord Tennyson, according to the *Bookman*, has a letter giving an account of the manner in which he first essayed to make poetry. One day, at about the age of 16, he was too ill to go to church. His brother suggested that he should employ his spare time in trying to write a poem. The boy did so, and discovered for the first time his capacity for poetical expression.

Never touch a book with damp or soiled hands. Always keep your place with a thin book mark. Always place a large book on the table before opening it. Always turn leaves from the top with the middle or forefinger. Never pull a book from a shelf by the binding at the top, but by the back. Never touch a book with a damp cloth, nor with a sponge in any form. Never place another book or anything else upon the leaves of an open book. Never rub dust from books, but brush it off with a soft, dry cloth or duster.

The secrets of the late Lord Lytton's long residence in India were so vividly impressed on his mind that he once said to a friend: "Sometimes when walking on a sunny day through the embassy, I recall the history and origin of the various objects which I have collected, then I shut my eyes and seem to go through that distant country, seeing it with wonderful vividness to the smallest details—the slightest smile of my wife, the heads of the Hindus thronging to see us—and all this with such exactitude that on reopening my eyes it takes a little time to realize where I am."

Frank R. Stockton's pet fruit is said to be the crab-apple. Howells exhibits a preference for the pumpkin, especially in the form of pies, and James loves hot-house grapes. The flowery pomegranate is believed to be Amelie Rives' favorite, and the luscious watermelon the choice of Joel Chandler Harris. Eugene Field denoted his taste in his song of the "Little Peach," and James Whitcomb Riley dotes upon the persimmon just crisped and colored by the first fine frost of fall. Lafcadio Hearn loves the guava, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox the banana, while Mrs. Cruger's voice is heard for the Bartlett pear, and Minna Irving's for the chestnut. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

A roll measuring about fifteen feet long, containing poems hitherto unknown of Herodotus in Seazon or chohambic meter, has just been exhibited in the manuscript department of the British museum. One of the poems is entitled "The Schoolmaster." A mother appears before the master called Lampriscus. She is accompanied by her son, and entreates the pedagogue to flog him within an inch of his life because the boy is the terror of her existence. He has nearly ruined her by playing pitch-and-toss, he associates with the lowest characters of the town, and if he is asked to spell the name of Maron he turns it into Simon; in fact, he has entirely got beyond the control of his parents. Lampriscus, therefore, fetches his instrument of correction, which is made of cowhide, and applies it without mercy. The boy howls and promises to be good, and when the schoolmaster thinks that the youth has had enough, he tells the mother to keep him a close prisoner for some time to come.

Professional Chat.

Visitor—Do you take notes when you preach, sir? Country Parson (sighing)—When I can get 'em. But in this parish it's mostly garden truck and a donation.

There are said to be 25,000 women in America who possess medical diplomas. Women make splendid nurses, and their docterin, is generally the best doctrine.

When Bob Ingersoll was asked what he would do, if he had the power, to improve the world, he promptly replied: "For one thing I would make health instead of disease contagious."

Recently two cases of idiocy in Cincinnati, resulting from retarded skull growth, were cured by a surgical operation, followed by trephining. Capable surgeons believe that all similar cases can now be cured.

An extraordinary law, a relic of mediævalism, is still in existence in North Carolina, by which a certain degree of burglary may be punished by death. North Carolina's penal code is in a sad need of revision in accord with modern ideas of justice.

Dr. McLoid, the famous Scotch divine, was crossing a lake in company with Dr. McGregor and a party when a fearful squall arose. Dr. McLoid was an enormous man and a thorough athlete, and when one of the women shrieked, "Dr. McLoid! Dr. McLoid! say a prayer for us all!" the boatman, sizing him up, said shrewdly but firmly: "Na, na; let the sma' one pray. This one maun tak' an oar."

The poets and poetesses of the effete east will no doubt be glad to learn these interesting facts about "the poet-laureate of the World's Fair," Miss Harriet Monroe, the handsome daughter of a Chicago lawyer. She has written an extensive and dramatic tragedy of mediæval Italian life, in five acts and a prologue, besides much "magazine verse," which is said to have "gone off to her own and the critics' satisfaction."

There was a noticeable predominance of "scarlet trimmings" among the ladies who attended the reception of Cardinal Gibbons on 'change yesterday. Noticing this, Archbishop Ryan, who stood beside the cardinal, nudged the latter, and said: "Your eminence, the city authorities will be after you if they see what's going on." "Why?" inquired the cardinal; "what have I done?" "Well," said the archbishop, "the health board may charge you with spreading the scarlet fever."

A Russian journal reports an interesting case of a philanthropic physician. Visiting the patients of his district the doctor found that in many instances their sickness was caused by hunger. To the most needy he prescribed "six pounds of pure rye flour in doses of two pounds a day." He ordered his patient to get the medicine at the drug store of the nearest village, where it would be issued free of charge every day. The good doctor made arrangements with the druggist to supply the flour at his expense. In this way his patients will be kept from starvation the whole winter.

A prominent lawyer of this state tells the following story of his experience when he first began practising law: One of his first clients was a raw but shrewd specimen from Pike county, seeking light on a knotty point. He was shown he had no case, and was on the point of nonchalantly walking out of the office, when he was asked for the fee. "What for? You haven't given me anything." "For advice," explained the young lawyer. "I have spent a great deal of time and money in acquiring this knowledge." The fellow thought a moment and then said bluntly: "Wa'al, then, I'll not take your advice," and walked off. His impudence was rewarded by escaping the fee.

The celebrated physician, Dr. Jacoby, was walking along Broadway one day, when he met an old gentleman who was very rich, but who at the same time was noted for his extreme stinginess. The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from Jacoby without paying for it. "Doctor, I am feeling very poorly." "Where do you suffer most?" "In my stomach, doctor." "Ah, that's bad. Please shut your eyes. That's right. Now put out your tongue, so that I can examine it closely." The invalid did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes, he opened his eyes and found himself surrounded by a crowd, who supposed that he was crazy. Dr. Jacoby had, in the meantime, disappeared.

Marie Antoinette made liberal use of the tub, putting into the water wild thyme, laurel leaves, marjory, and a little sea salt. This recipe was obtained from Louis XIV's physician, Fagou, who used to recommend taking such baths, cold in winter and lukewarm in summer, to accustom the skin to stand the changes of the temperature.

Even if she was on the edge of a cliff a thousand feet high, you couldn't get a Chicago girl to plant her feet. She would be afraid they might grow.

NOTES.

The best wines are found to be produced from grapes grown upon volcanic soils.

There have been twenty-seven cases of insanity in the Bavarian royal family during the last one hundred years.

When it comes to square-toed scandal in divorce suits—the real, old-fashioned blushing kind—Britannia “rules the roost.”

It is now alleged that the great Confucius was fond of parading around with a chrysanthemum in his button hole. And this was 500 years B. C.

The emperor of China is studying the English language; and it can do no harm to add that his example is worthy of the emulation of the average American legislator.

Rigel, the magnificent star of the first magnitude in the constellation of Orion, has been discovered by astronomers to be one of the most distant stars in the celestial vault.

We like to see a man stand up for his rights, but a man who eternally kicks and never gets done kicking, even after he is proved to be wrong, becomes slightly tedious.

American travelers have become numerous in Portugal that some of the shopkeepers in the cities display this sign in their windows: “American Spoken Here.” It might be in order to ascertain what particular “American is spoken.”

There is too much pomp and show in our congressional funerals. This is un-American. A reform in this is needed. Indeed there is too much useless and foolish display at our ordinary funerals. The Jewish idea is more in accord with common sense.

Tiger bones are used as a medicine in China, where they are supposed to possess tonic qualities. The whole tiger, alive and kicking, is used in New York, as political medicine. This may not be a curative for municipal disease, but the tiger has the whole field to himself.

Hon. Jas. McKenna has introduced an act in Congress which will be of great benefit to the wine interests in this state. McKenna being a member of the ways and means committee in the house, before which this measure will come, will have much influence in securing its passage.

A young man recently proposed to a young lady, was accepted, when he immediately produced from his pocket a ring which he had secured in advance. The girl was so mad to think he had taken her acceptance for granted, refused to consummate the marriage, and they are no longer on speaking terms.

Nice people are seldom brilliant; they are contented to be common place. But hundreds of girls are married every year because they are nice; not strikingly beautiful or accomplished, but simply nice—and this in the vernacular of society means a great deal; it means safety, freedom from all extremes and extravagances.

We must confess neglect that we spoke not of the Christmas edition of the *Oakland Tribune* in our last issue. That we should have written then comes now. It was an edition creditable to the Athens of California. In its preparation painstaking labor was not spared. As a literary, historical and otherwise useful production there has been no superior in this state.

It seems that the attacks of the Catholic bishops in France on the laws of the republic, and their endeavor to establish the temporal power of the papacy, have been promptly met by the French senate, which, by a vote of 211 to 57, has adopted an order pledging the government to exercise its rights to compel the clergy not only to respect the republic, but to submit to its laws.

The latest fad in the west is a shoe party. They stretch a sheet across the room and the ladies stand behind it and stick their feet under it so you can only see their shoes. Then you go along and pick out a pair of shoes and the lady who is in them you take down to supper. Some fellows get awfully fooled on the feet. It often occurs that the prettiest feet belong to the most ill-favored face.

The male German or Irish immigrant either brings a wife with him, finds one in America soon after his arrival or sends for his sweetheart when he has established himself. Four-fifths of the Italians who come to America do not bring women, form no alliances of a permanent character with the women who are here, and never send for women left behind. The result is that wages in sections where Germans or Irishmen control the market are down to the minimum of subsistence for a man with a family, while in sections controlled by the Italian, wages have fallen to the minimum of subsistence for a man without a family.

Children are sometimes original even to drollery. Christmas a little girl friend found for her on the family tree a chatelaine bag, and in it was a bright big dollar. Pleased, of course, she admired her present, when, after an inspection of the coin, she merrily exclaimed: “O dear! Auntie, I can't spend this money; it's only a Sunday-school dollar; it has on it ‘In God We Trust!’” Her lack of familiarity with the coin of the realm finds ready explanation in the fact that she is the ward of an attaché of this journal.

Lige Hart's little boy, Vivian, is a veritable little skeptic on the ideal Santa Claus. On Christmas eve he took the youngster with him when he made the purchase of a present for Mrs. Hart, and cautioned him not to mention the fact to his mother. On Christmas morning when the family Christmas tree was disclosed, the young skeptic said, “Papa, did Santa Claus bring that tree?” “Well, I suppose so,” said Lige. “Did he put all those presents on the tree?” continued the youngster. “That is what they say,” said the father. “Well,” said the boy, “if that is so, how is it mamma's present which you bought, is on the tree?” This was a poser for Lige.

Hard, indeed, is the way of the plagiarist in the realm of Afghanistan. According to recent reports from that country, a certain Mirza Ahmad was brought before the Emir, charged with misappropriation of public funds. In the course of the trial it was discovered that the defendant had been guilty of writing poetry which did not possess the virtue of originality. That fact enraged the Emir. “The accusation of purloining public money,” declared his majesty in the decision, “has not been proved. For that I cannot punish you. But I cannot excuse the theft of the ideas of Laadi and Haffiz, the old poets. As a penalty I order your tongue pierced by long, thick needles.” The poor writer was subjected to the torture, and the Emir has little fear that Mirza will again attempt to force his hexameters upon an “indulgent” monarch.

It is impossible in the light of modern research to reconcile the dates of the Old Testament, since Usher, Blair, and over one hundred other persons give different dates for the creation and the flood. Until within a comparatively recent time all evangelical churches assumed the authenticity of the Mosaic history purporting to begin with the beginning of the world, 4004 B. C., and to end in 1451, shortly after the death of Moses, whose death it records, and all this is supposed to have been written by Moses himself. But since Bishop Calenso, Dean Stanley and many other biblical scholars, in the church as well as without, have denied the Mosaic authority of the Pentateuch, the dates fixed for important historical events preceding the times of Moses, have been sadly disarranged. There is no account of the sinking of Atlantis and no record thereof corresponding with the biblical account of the flood.

A Modern Parable.

An old Arab about to die called his three sons to his bedside to make known to them his last wishes. “As a legacy,” he said, “I bequeath to you the three objects before you—an old rug, a saucepan and a stick.” And when his sons protested against the paltry value of their patrimony, the sick man went on to say: “Don't you make a mistake; these three bequests are more valuable than you think. Thus, the rug has the marvelous property of conveying through space, as quick as thought any one who sits upon it and directs it where to go. The saucepan, like a cornucopia, is filled at a moment's notice with any kind of food its owner may desire. In striking the ground with the stick you can produce as many jewels and precious stones as you may wish for. Divide the three talismans among you.”

Not being able to agree as to the distribution of the bequests, the three brothers called in the aid of an arbitrator.

“I see how it is,” said the latter; “each of you would like to have the whole of the paternal heritage to himself.”

“Just so!” the three brothers answered in a chorus.

“Well, then, this is what I propose: You shall compete for it. The first of you that gets to that tree yonder shall be proclaimed sole heir and may dispose of the three talismans.”

At a given signal the three started off to run. At the same moment the obliging arbitrator snatched up the stick and saucepan, seated himself on the rug and disappeared.

The heritage is Cyprus. The three brethren are France, Italy and Russia. England is the arbitrator.

A man should hear a little music, read a little poetry, and see a fine picture every day of his life in order that worldly cares may not obliterate the sense of the beautiful which God has implanted in the human soul.—*Goethe*.

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

The Late Geo. W. Chesley.

A committee appointed by the Pioneer Society, at the meeting next following Mr. Chesley's death, have reported as follows to the association:

By the decree of the Supreme Ruler of the universe who controls the destinies of men, an honored and beloved member of our society has been removed from earth, and we to-day stand in the shadow of a great sorrow.

The great warm heart of our friend and brother, George W. Chesley, is now cold and still in the embrace of death. “The finger of God touched him and he slept.” May the brightest flowers of spring bloom perennially above his last earthly resting place.

Brother Chesley died at his home in this city, after a long and painful illness, on the twenty-second day of November last, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. During his long sickness, extending over a period of more than two years, he was patiently and tenderly watched and nursed by his accomplished and devoted wife, with all the tender care, anxious solicitude and sublime fortitude of the faithful, loving wife and devout Christian.

Brother Chesley was born in Dover, New Hampshire, on the third day of February, 1822, and in 1844 he was united in marriage at Providence, Rhode Island, to Miss Alice Whipple, a descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. On the fifth day of February, 1849, he sailed from the city of New York for California, and landed in the city of San Francisco on the thirteenth day of June, 1849, and soon thereafter came to Sacramento, where he resided up to the time of his death.

By a long and intimate association with him, his brother pioneers had learned to love him and to appreciate his noble traits of head and heart. For three years he was president of this Society of Pioneers, and his unflinching fidelity to the trust reposed in him, his courtly dignity, his kind and courteous bearing, his joyous, happy nature, his love for his brethren and his solicitude for their welfare, endeared him to us, and we will ever keep his memory sacred and green in our hearts.

He was one of that heroic band of pioneers that laid the foundation of a great empire on the western verge of this continent. He knew the privation, heroism and self-sacrifice of a California pioneer. He had an abiding faith in the future glory of the state, and worked with indomitable will and untiring energy to promote her glory and rejoiced in her strength, her pure enlightened civilization, her vast resources and her proud position as a sovereign state of the American union; to her advancement and prosperity he gave the best years of his life. He loved Sacramento, the city of his home, and her people, with all the devotion of his loving, generous nature. Ever ready with quick intelligence and strong hand to aid and advance her prosperity and contribute to the happiness of her people. He was a true and faithful friend, a prince in his generous hospitality. He was an order-loving, law-abiding citizen, just to his fellow-men and loyal to his country. He was a kind, loving, devoted husband, and in every relation in life he was a genial, gracious, Christian gentleman. With a heart overflowing with human charity, the widow and orphan, the poor homeless wanderer, the afflicted and destitute, received succor from his hands and infinite tender sympathy from his heart, with words of hope, kindness and encouragement from his lips.

He has gone before—we soon must follow him in the long dread sleep of death.

“Our hearts like muffled drums are beating funeral marches to the grave.” Sleep on, brave heart, in eternal rest, free from sickness and sorrow, pain and death, safe in your immortality. Rest in your “low green tent whose curtains never outward swing,” until the Supreme Judge of the living and the dead, shall call you to a bright deliverance, a glorious redemption.

“Yet love will dream, and faith will trust,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own!”

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved widow our sincere, heartfelt condolence in this her sad hour of affliction and sorrow.

Resolved, That this memorial be entered upon the records of this society, and an engrossed copy thereof be presented to the widow of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further token of our love and esteem for our deceased brother, the members of this society will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Requiescat in pace.

N. GREENE CURTIS,
N. D. GODELL,
JAS. MCGUIRE. } Committee.

Kind words produce their own image in men's souls; a beautiful image it is. They soothe and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use them to such abundance as they ought to be used.

1848-1891.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25, 1891.

EDITORS THEMIS:—Forty-three years ago this day the writer passed on the banks of the Mokelumne river, at the foot of what was then called the “Big Hill.” On that evening the occupants of a large log cabin, known as “Independence Hall,” built by a party of thirty-two volunteers of Stevenson's regiment, gave an entertainment to which others of their comrades were invited, among the number being the “Roach party,” numbering fourteen members of the same regiment, who were located near by in two wall tents for sleeping quarters, one A tent for the storage of provisions and a brush house for a kitchen. In all some sixty assembled in “Independence Hall,” and notwithstanding very poor liquor, costing ten dollars a bottle, there was enough provided to enliven the evening entertainment, which consisted of speeches, songs and anecdotes. The evening was enjoyed by all present, not a harsh word was uttered and the company parted at midnight as orderly as any like assemblage in more civilized parts of the globe. On New Year's evening of 1849 the Roach party returned the compliment.

To-day, in this for off section, I sit and live anew in memory that Christmas evening passed amid the snow-clad hills of that mining district, and try to recall the faces of those old familiar friends and comrades. Almost within sound of my voice are four, viz., James E. Nuttman, Russell Myers, Charles J. McPherson and William H. Rogers, who with myself are residents of this great city; Saml. W. Pearsall has always remained at the old spot or near by; James Harron is in Fresno county, Cal.; Charles H. Thurston at Marysville, Cal., and I doubt if more than ten of that evening party are living this day. The writer was one of the youngest of those present—scarce eighteen years old. Of the Roach party, William Roach, Aaron Lyons and James A. Gray were afterwards officers of Monterey county, and all three died there; John Wolfe died in this city some eighteen months ago, leaving a large fortune; John W. Moore was killed by the Indians in 1851 in the Mariposa mountains; Henry and John Wilson, John Inall, John Monroe and Charles Ogle, died at various parts of the country.

Life in the mining districts in those early days was devoid of almost every comfort. Isolated as it were from the rest of the world, yet withal a happy, joyous lot of youths just released from military restraint. As law abiding and orderly as any party of men in later days, hospitable to the last degree, no traveler ever needed a meal in that period that his wants were not readily furnished. He had no need of a purse, for no recompense would be received. There may be those who sneer at the early gold-diggers and the lasting love that exists to this day between them, but those were days when true manhood asserted itself, and though a mere boy in years, am glad to think it is my good fortune to be classed among the rough and hardy inhabitants of the mountains in those stirring times.

The Roach party, made up of members of Co. D, Stevenson's regiment: Wm. Roach, Francis D. Clark, James A. Gray, Aaron Lyons, John Wilson, Henry J. Wilson, John Hall, James Harron, Charles Ogle, John Wolfe, John W. Moore, Charles C. Clapp, and two others, whose names I am unable to recall.

During that winter in the mines the ruling prices were: Boots, \$100 a pair; blankets, \$50 a pair, while flour, coffee, sugar, salt pork, rice and other provisions, ranged from \$1 to \$3 per pound, and yet these prices were cheerfully paid. Liquor \$4 a drink; but I had no use for it. F. D. C.

A Warning in a Dream.

One of the most terrible and pathetic stories of warnings by dreams is told by the biographers of that great military hero, Field Marshal Blucher. Some months after the battle of Waterloo Blucher retired to the solitude of his country estate, and when invited to the palace of the king of Prussia declined the honor. The king then went to see his favorite general, and found him in great distress. He told the monarch how, when a youth, he had served with the Swedish army, but having been taken prisoner by the Prussians, could only get leave to visit his parents on condition of accepting a commission in the Prussian army. When he knocked at the door of his father's house there came no answer. He burst it open and hurried through the corridors to the reception room, where he found his father, mother and sisters all in deep mourning. His father repelled his advances with indignation, while mother and sisters shrank from his embraces. Finally he knelt at his mother's knee, but at the first touch of his hand the dress fell and he found that he had held a skeleton in his arms. There was a shout of derision as the whole company vanished into space. “Three months ago, sire,” said Blucher, “I had a dream in which that old scene was exactly reproduced. All the members of my family said: ‘We will meet again on the 11th of August.’ This is the —” The old man leaned back in his chair, and as the king looked upon his general he saw that he was dead.

FLASHES.

It is not safe to judge a woman by her sighs.

As a rule women hate three-fourths of their sex.

The element of wit is surprise—every surprise is not witty.

There is a thousand times more joy in the world than sorrow.

Coal is of vegetable origin, but it takes "metal" to produce it.

Sympathize with a woman and she will tell you all her troubles.

Calling was not in fashion on New Year's Day, except in the poker rooms.

About the only use for some men, is a walking advertisement for tailors.

A fellow may call himself a fool, but he don't want any body else to say so.

There is always ferment among the brewers. Perhaps that is why they are so light-hearted.

When a fellow eats cloves he creates a breath of suspicion. He does not disguise the other breath either.

The Reaper, Death.

Mrs. Alice M. Chesley survived her husband, the late Geo. W. Chesley, only a few weeks. Last Sunday Mrs. Chesley expired after a brief illness. Thus within the period of one month, this couple, who occupied a prominent social position and were pioneers in the business as well as social world, have passed to the dark unknown. Mrs. Chesley, in company with Julia Dunn and Mrs. Jos. Glover, made the tour of Europe without any male escort. They were in Paris during the Franco-German war. Mrs. Chesley wrote a number of letters for publication, containing some interesting and graphic descriptions of the scenes attending the siege of Paris.

The death is also announced at Sonoma of Mrs. M. A. Carrager, mother of Mrs. L. L. Lewis and Mrs. A. C. Tufts, of this city. Deceased was 66 years of age and a lady widely known and esteemed. Mrs. Lewis was with her during the last days of her illness, and Mr. Lewis left on Saturday for Sonoma on learning of Mrs. Carrager's death.

Mrs. Sarah J. Osborn, widow of Homer B. Osborn, and a former resident of this city, died in San Francisco on Saturday. Deceased was the mother of Mrs. Caroline Wilsey and sister of C. M. Folger, of this city, also of R. M. and Alexander Folger, of Bridgeport, Mono county.

Ernest, brother of August and Emil Fabian, of this city, died in San Francisco the 24th ult. He was formerly in business here with his brother, but laterly in San Francisco. He was a native of Germany, where his parents still reside.

Shaved While Asleep—Dexterous Eastern Barbers.

In India the Hindoo who shaves you while you are in bed in the morning, carries with him little more than a brush, a razor, and a pair of scissors. He expects to find anything else that may be necessary in your bathroom. You pay him, as you do your other servants, by the month, and he visits you every day, or every alternate day, as may be agreed upon. If he finds you sleeping he never arouses you. He just studies your position, and then shaves only the parts of your face that are plainly exposed to him; and so gently and softly does he do it that unless you are a light sleeper indeed you do not know that you have been lathered and shaved until you open your eyes and see him sitting on the floor beside the bed. Then he makes his salaam, and begs you to turn over so that he can finish his work. But if you are lying upon your back no delay is necessary. He finishes the operation and goes away without disturbing you, and you awake to find yourself shaved without having seen the barber. Your face is probably a little clammy after it, because, of course, he cannot wash it. But as every man in India takes a cold bath the moment he arises from his bed in the morning, that does not greatly matter.

A St. Louis politician who has had some experience says: "Every person has known something of the vexation of being unable to recall a name in a moment of need, and many politicians have failed in business through their inability to remember names. Now, I have a little system of pneumonics to inflict, and think it an effective method of aiding the recollection in such instances. Of course the lost word or name must begin with one of the letters of the alphabet; so you have simply to commence with the letter A, repeating it a number of times slowly and trying to catch the name by aid of its initial letter, going thence down the alphabet, or until the required word is recalled. Sometimes the name comes to you before reaching the letter to which it belongs, but often it appears after the initial has been mentally passed. At any rate it's a good scheme, and has worked admirably with me."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The newest sensation in the drama is the presentation of the *Passion Play* by Christian Indians in British Columbia, under the auspices of Rev. Father Lacombe.

The telegraph announces the death of the London music composer, Alfred Collier. He, at the time of his death, was engaged on the music of the comic opera, *The Monte Banks*, the joint work of W. S. Gilbert and himself.

William J. Scanlan has become a mental as well as physical wreck, and is lying at the point of death. One would scarcely believe that a man of his fine frame and active brain could so soon break completely down. He stood foremost as an Irish comedian, and always was a public favorite.

Louise Montague, the once-famous foot-light beauty, has, it is said, abandoned the stage and become an inmate of a convent. This statement has, however, been denied by her friends, who say that she has only retired to rest, and will again appear on the stage within a year. Miss Montague was the most beautiful woman on the stage, and is now only 28 years of age.

The Constellation.

The fact that there is a vessel still in commission in our navy which is almost a hundred years old is not generally known. When the white squadron and the North Atlantic fleet were at New London recently no vessel attracted so much attention as the old sailing frigate *Constellation*, says the *New York Tribune*. When it was decided to have a navy the *Constellation* was the second vessel completed, having been launched into her future element at Baltimore on December 7, 1797. Her first cruise was in European waters, and she was with Captain Stephen Decatur's squadron in the Mediterranean contests of 1805. She was afterward rebuilt, and twelve feet were added to her length, at the East Branch, now Washington, in 1808. When she returned to the United States in 1834, after an extended cruise, she was regarded as one of the finest war ships in the world, both in appearance and seaworthiness. Just before her return to the United States she rode quietly and safely through a terrific storm in the Mediterranean, when a French war ship went down in sight and under its admiral's flag. After another cruise she again returned to the United States and was transferred to the naval academy as a school ship, carrying several classes of cadets on their summer practice cruise, in which service she is now engaged.

The old frigate, which was built of live oak, is a famous old relic and is in excellent condition, considering her age and active service. She is 176 feet in length, 42 feet breadth of beam, 20 feet mean draught, 1,186 tons displacement, and full ship-rigged yards, studding-sail beam and all. Her battery consists of ten eight-inch smooth-bore muzzle-loading guns, two twenty-pounder breech-loading rifles, two twelve-pounder smooth-bore howitzers, one three-inch breech-loading Hotchkiss gun, and one Gatling.

Tree Houses.

The readers of the "Swiss Family Robinson" will remember the famous tree discovered by the children, which was so ingeniously turned into a comfortable home, and a refuge from all possible enemies. Many a boy has thought:

"I would like to have such a home and shelter, but, of course, it is all a fiction, invented to keep up the interest of the story."

A traveler among the islands of the South Pacific, however, says that this style of house is common among the natives. Trees grow there to the height of a hundred feet without a branch, and are then full of large boughs and dense leaves. The natives build houses large enough to accommodate ten or twelve inmates, and stock them with provisions, and with stones and other weapons of defense.

To reach the lower branches from the ground, they make long ladders of creeping vines, which are fastened securely at the top, and may be drawn up quickly at notice of coming danger. They do not usually live in the tree houses, but in huts on the ground. When invaders come from the neighboring islands, they retreat to their lofty homes, where they are secure from danger.

When examining a horse with a view of purchasing, always have him led down a steep or stony descent at the end of a halter with no whip near him. Many horses when brought out of the stable are excited by the presence of strangers, and become still more so at the sight of a whip. A slight lameness may, therefore, be momentarily overlooked by the horse himself, just as a man, under strong excitement, will sometimes forget a sore foot. Leading the horse down a slope will show any defect in his fore quarters, and running him back will develop any weakness that may exist in his hind legs. Horse sharpers know these facts as well as anybody, so if the horse is in the least affected they will generally avoid a hill when showing off a horse to a probable purchaser.

MISCELLANY.

Heat is born of light. Even in the game of poker it is the raise that makes things warm.

The word lady literally means loaf-giver. It is better to call her a woman when you speak of God's fairest.

A Swedish gentleman wears a watch chain made from one of his own ribs, taken from his body by a surgical operation.

A lady in Paris was out of patience and spirits at hearing nothing but French day after day. One morning she heard a cock crowing and exclaimed: "Thank heaven, there's somebody who speaks English."

There are only three places in the world where women possess all the privileges of voting which are accorded to men, viz.: Iceland, Pitcairn Islands and the Isle of Man.

Josephus says, "Antiquities," Book I, chapter 6, section 4, that the son of Arphaxad was Heber, "from whom they originally called the Jews Hebrews." Abraham is the first person called "the Hebrew" in the King James version; in the Septuagint it is *perales*, and means "the passenger; that is, Abram, the passenger, had lately passed over the River Euphrates. The Encyclopædia Britannica says the word means "crosser," he who has crossed over.

Order of Adjudication in Insolvency.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of Charles E. Crandall, an insolvent debtor.—Charles E. Crandall having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Charles E. Crandall is hereby declared to be insolvent. It is ordered that Lee Stanley, the Sheriff of the County of Sacramento, be and he is hereby appointed receiver of the property of said insolvent, and that upon qualifying he take charge and possession of all estate, real and personal, of said insolvent, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and keep, care for and dispose of the same until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons having the same or any part thereof are hereby directed to deliver said property to said receiver, and that said receiver keep said property, or the proceeds thereof, till the further order of this Court. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him, or to any person, firm, corporation or association for his use; and said debtor is forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. And that all creditors of said debtor appear before this Court, at the Court-room thereof, in the County of Sacramento, on the 5th day of February, 1892, at half-past 1 o'clock P. M., to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. And that this order be published in the *THEMIS*, a newspaper published in said County of Sacramento, as often as said paper is published, before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And that, in the meantime, all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Dated December 29th, A. D. 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
CLINTON L. WHITE, Attorney for Petitioner.

The Play,

WM. FAWCETT, PROPRIETOR.

Metropolitan Theater Building,

423 K Street, Sacramento

A. C. SHAW & CO.

1023 EIGHTH STREET,

Sacramento, California,

BRANCH AGENCY FOR THE

World-Renowned Knabe,

HAINES, HEMME & LONG, GILBERT & CO.

And other

PIANOS.

The Original Mathushek Piano.

THE LATEST STYLES OF ORGANS.

The Largest Stock!

The Best Quality!

And the Lowest Prices!

North of San Francisco.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO HOLIDAY TRADE

Elegant Millinery.

LADIES OF SACRAMENTO AND VICINITY are cordially invited to call and examine the FINE STOCK OF NOVELTIES, Just arrived, and which are being sold at the VERY LOWEST PRICES.

MRS. E. KATZENSTEIN,
No. 605 J STREET.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

DR. MARY M. CRONEMILLER.

Office and Residence, 507½ J street.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 P. M.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

WM. B. MILLER,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

628 J Street, near Seventh, Sacramento.

Importer and dealer in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware. American Gold and Silver Watches a specialty.

JEWELRY MANUFACTURED AND REPAIRED.

Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. The Repairing of Watches a specialty.

GO TO

E. W. MELVIN'S,

718 K STREET, SACRAMENTO.

—PHOTOS ENLARGED.—

Eugravings, Etchings, Photogravures Autotypes, Pastels, etc. Framing Pictures a Specialty.

DR. T. WAH HING,

ENGLISH AND CHINESE

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

(Graduate Hongkong Medical College.)

Office, 926 Third street.

Office Hours, 8 to 11 A. M., 1 to 4 and 6 to 8 P. M. At other times may be found at No. 304 I street.

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

—IN—

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

Are the Leaders!

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

Futterer's Saloon,

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.

A FINE POOL TABLE.

A Lovely Spy.

Some of the most valuable, as well as courageous, secret agents of the south during the war were ladies. Possessing, as many of them did, beauty, finesse, the instinctive knowledge of human nature that enables the sex to penetrate the weakest point of man's armor, and a patriotism that made them proud to assume any risk that would benefit their cause, many undertook missions so desperate that only their womanhood saved them from a short shrift when discovered.

A case in point occurs to me. We had fallen back from Fairfax Court House and gone into camp at Centerville. Winter was at hand, and smoke curled lazily upward from ten thousand clay-built chimneys. Every tree had been leveled by the soldier's ax; the old turnpikes were lost in a labyrinth of foot-worn paths, and fields where only a little while before the wind played hide and seek among the growing corn were now as hard as the bed of a billiard table. The headquarters of Beauregard were in a farmhouse, unpainted and unpretentious, that once had been the home of famous Virginia hospitality, but "the boys had gone to the war," the old folks had retired to more congenial scenes in the interior of the state, and all around were signs of ruin.

The plans of McClellan, whose army was encamped in our front, his fighting strength and the disposition of his forces, together with the new phase of public sentiment in the north that was then beginning to take shape, were at this time subjects of grave concern to our commander, and it was important to obtain more definite information than had been furnished by the regular spies. How to get it, however, and through whom, was the question.

The problem was solved while at breakfast one morning by a member of Beauregard's staff. "I know a lady," he said, "in the neighboring county of Loudon, who possesses every qualification of a successful secret agent. Her name is Mrs. Virginia Mason. She is young, fascinating, highly educated, a welcome guest in many Washington families, and acquainted with a large number of northern people who spent their winters in the capital before the war. Withal, she is a widow, her husband having been killed at the battle of Manassas, and brave enough to undertake anything that will serve the land she loves."

Beauregard instructed the officer to ride over to Loudon and invite the lady to visit headquarters, and in a day or two she appeared. In the interview that followed he told her what he required—a report from McClellan's army; its condition, the disposition of its forces, and the plans discussed by the military authorities in Washington. For this purpose she was to ingratiate herself with prominent officers, visit New York, Baltimore, the various departments, or any other points where information could be procured. She was also to communicate with the representatives of the confederate government in different cities of the north.

The lady eagerly accepted the proposition, and, supplied with an abundance of money, started at once on the perilous errand, which meant glory if she was successful, and prison if she failed. She returned after an absence of several weeks, crossing the Potomac opposite Dumfries, and arrived at the camp of colonel, now senator, Wade Hampton. Thence, escorted by one of his officers, she was driven to headquarters at Centerville.

I can see her now as she alighted from the ambulance on the piazza of the little, brown farmhouse; a young, but matronly looking lady; handsome, too, with glowing dark eyes, that looked as if they had fireworks in them. She was dressed in black, and her only baggage was a small hand satchel. She was also accompanied by a shaggy Skye terrier, a mere animal, that made a soldier who hadn't seen a pretty woman for a month of Sundays envious.

What occurred within the doors that closed upon her was related to me afterward by General Jordan, then and subsequently Beauregard's adjutant general. Beauregard was, of course, delighted to see her, and, with a woman's volubility, she told him more in two hours than he could remember in two months. The verbal part of the interview being ended, he inquired for her papers, the record of her trip, and the dispatches he expected from confederates in the north.

"Why, general, I didn't dare to bring them on my person," she replied, with a peculiar smile. "It was unsafe, you know; I might have been captured; and therefore I have told you all I know by word of mouth."

Beauregard could not conceal his vexation, and the more he showed it the more the little woman seemed to enjoy it. Finally, after teasing him to her heart's content, she said with affected demureness, "General, have you a pair of scissors or a knife? I'd like to use it for a minute?"

Beauregard handed her the ink eraser. "Come here, Dot," she called to the dog, and taking him in her lap continued: "I told you, General, it was not safe to carry important papers on my person and I have not done so; in fact, I have been suspected and searched, but a woman's wit is sometimes superior to a man's judgment. See?" she said with coquettish nonchalance, as she turned the little animal on its back and de-

liberately proceeded to rip him open. "Here are the dispatches!"

As she spoke she held in one hand the hide of her Skye terrier and with the other smilingly extended a package of closely written tissue paper, while dancing about the floor was a pretty "black and tan," happy at his deliverance from another dog's clothes. The deception was perfect, the mission a success. Beauregard was enabled to anticipate McClellan's movements, and the charming spy not only received a handsome reward, but was led to the altar after the war as the bride of the young officer who sang her praises at Beauregard's breakfast table.

Mrs. Mason afterward engaged in a number of perilous enterprises, visiting the north several times and once running the blockade from Charleston with the Captain "Bob" Lockwood, so long indentified with the New York and Charleston line of steamers. Whether she is still alive I do not know.

FELIX G. DE FONTAINE.



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles; and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hair-dressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE mailed free to any lady on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, "Beauty Doctor," 103 Post street, San Francisco.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD AND STEAMSHIP AGENT
1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-Atlantic Points, by First-Class Steamers to and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN.
Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO Daily.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

California Exchange,

900 K STREET,

Southeast Corner Ninth, Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

WINE AND LIQUORS.

KEY WEST AND IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.

Miss Mamie Castella,

Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

HAHN'S

Eau de Quinine,

Or, QUININE HAIR TONIC.

The stimulating effects of this tonic are unrivaled for removing dandruff, preserving the scalp in a healthy condition, rendering the hair soft, pliable and brilliant. It promotes the growth of the hair, prevents the same from falling out, and imparts to it an agreeable perfume.

JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,

Sacramento, Cal.

J. J. DUNCKHORST,

Interior Decorating.

LATEST DESIGNS IN

WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.

1225 J Street, Sacramento.

ST. LOUIS MARKET,

R. WEBER, PROPRIETOR.

SPARERIBS AND HOGS' HEADS,

FRESH MEATS,

SUGAR-CURED HAMS,

CHOICE BACON,

LARD, SAUSAGE, ETC.

Southwest Corner Eleventh and H Streets.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET. SACRAMENTO.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

W. A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

W. H. HUMPHREY, southwest corner Seventh and J streets, rooms 7 and 8

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP.

We certify that we constitute a partnership transacting business as dealers in general merchandise in the State of California, under the firm name and style of NORTON & MYERS. The principal place of business of said firm is Sacramento, California. The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

Dated, Sacramento, California, December 4, 1891

H. J. NORTON, [SEAL.]

E. E. MYERS, [SEAL.]

Sacramento, California.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.

COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO. }

On this fourth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, before me, L. T. Hatfield, a Notary Public in and for the County of Sacramento, personally appeared H. J. Norton and E. E. Myers, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

L. T. HATFIELD, Notary Public

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to KATE PYNE, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 25th day of November, 1891, in which action Ah Hon and Louis Pong are plaintiffs and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a judgment of this Court against you for the sum of One Thousand Six Hundred and Sixty-one and 3/4 Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to said plaintiffs in pursuance of a certain agreement in writing made between you and said plaintiffs on the 15th day of November, 1888, whereby you agreed to pay plaintiffs two-fifths of the net return from the sale of fruit, and one-half of the net return from the sale of vegetables and melons raised on the lands of the plaintiffs. That the net return of the sale of fruit in the year 1891 amounted to Five Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-five and 3/4 Dollars, and the net return of the sale of vegetables and melons amounted to Six hundred and Forty-nine and 3/4 Dollars, and for costs of suit, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiffs will enter your default and take judgment against you for the sum of \$1,661.50 and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 25th day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiffs. dec12-2m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of F. H. JOHNSON, an insolvent debtor.—F. H. Johnson having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said F. H. Johnson is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said F. H. Johnson, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, on the 22d day of January, 1892, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated December 8, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,

Judge of the Superior Court.

W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. dec12-6t

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to NOAH J. BENFORD, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 17th day of November, 1891, in which action, Lizzie L. Benford is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds of desertion and failure to provide, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint on file herein. In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 17th day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By E. S. WACHORST, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. dec5-8t

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE Notice.—That on the 4th day of December, 1891, at the opening of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, in Department One thereof, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be reached, I will apply to said Court to enter an order adjudging me to be a sole trader, and granting me all the privileges and immunities of a sole trader as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, Sections 1811 to 1821, inclusive. The nature of the business to be conducted by me is keeping a dairy and selling milk; the place of my said business is Sacramento County, Sutter Township, and the name of my husband is J. L. Clark.

KATIE E. CLARK.

The Art of Dining.

A writer abroad tells us that "no table in the whole world is served so daintily or artistically as that of the Austrian court." Priceless porcelain, unique crystal and glass and antique gold and silver plate are used. "The damask is so fine that it looks like satin, and this is replaced for lunch and afternoon teas by a heavy white silk cloth and napkins edged with point de Venice and adorned with the imperial crest raised in gold embroidery."

The viands are prepared so beautifully by the artist of the imperial kitchen that it seems too bad to eat them.

At a dinner given some time ago at the Hofburg, in Vienna, in honor of the king and queen of Italy, luxury and exquisite taste were combined. "The cloth was covered with violets nestling so close to one another that they formed a perfect bank of fragrant blossoms, leaving just room for the plates of semi-transparent Sevres, of the famille rose, each of which was surrounded with a thick garland of marguerites. Marguerite being the Christian name of the Queen of Italy, her little namesake had been used with great profusion. Before each plate was a slender tulip-shaped vase of Venetian glass, mounted in finely-wrought gold, containing a bouquet of marguerites and violets, powdered with diamond dust. The menus were engraved on thin sheets of hammered silver, with the Austrian eagle embossed on the corner. Everything was served on gold dishes, and the dessert plates were marvels of beauty.

Mr. Edmond Russell described in one of his lectures a tablecloth owned by Mrs. Felix Moscheles, of London, which is composed of bits of old German embroidery on white linen, the pieces being of irregular size, fastened together by old lace insertion, some of the lace being many centuries old.

"The Moscheles dining-room opens from the studio, and when not in use the table is usually covered with several large jars of blossoming plants, azaleas in bloom, rhododendrons, or jars of lilies, while the light comes from the side through a large window of opalescent glass and Mexican onyx."

The most valuable dinner set in the world is said to belong to Queen Victoria. It fills two rooms in Buckingham palace, and is guarded by two men continually. Mrs. Wm. Astor has a gold dinner service valued at \$50,000, and the service, in lion and unicorn repousse work, is used upon the finest of white linen cloths bordered with lace, showing a tint through its meshes of the shade of gloire de Paris roses which are used for the table decorations. At a recent dinner party given by Mrs. Astor covers were laid for twenty-six guests. "The table was covered with a cloth of Italian lace and pink satin, the decorations were Catharine Mermet roses and maidenhair ferns. It was set with the Astor silver service, including high candelabra and small candlesticks. Pink satin shades were used for the candles."

A novel idea in menu cards was recently introduced by a hostess who had traveled much abroad. She had a fine collection of souvenirs and pressed flowers and grasses. These she mounted on cards, with the name, date, etc., and an appropriate quotation. "Mrs. Leland Stanford recently paid \$85 for fifty cards to be used as menus for one of her big dinners. The map of the United States was stamped in silver on each card, and the drawings and engravings were exquisite."

Dinner favors in flower designs are very popular. Rose leaves are found in two colors, pink and yellow, and sell for \$1 per dozen. Lily leaves retail for \$1.25 per dozen. Orchids sell for \$4 per dozen. Dinner favors are also made in designs of green pea pods. Another unique one is a birch chip, and still another is a feather. The last three styles cost 75 cents per dozen.

Yellow dinners and teas are still popular. At one the table was covered with a cloth of yellow satin and rare Brussels lace. The silver bowls at the center and corners were filled with yellow chrysanthemums and roses. At another the cover was a pale yellow silk, embroidered in sphinx heads. The china was yellow.—*The Housekeeper.*

"Old Hickory" was not the beau ideal of politeness, yet they tell a story of his treatment of Davy Crockett which throws new light on the delicacy of the hero of New Orleans. It was while Jackson was president that Crockett paid his respects at the white house. "The president was glad to see me, and we talked a long time," said Crockett afterward, narrating the incident, "and finally the general asked me if I wouldn't like to have a drink, saying that he had a fine brand that was the real old stuff; and of course I couldn't refuse the president. So he went and brought it out, and he didn't pour out a drink and hand it to me, and he didn't tell me to pour out one. He didn't bring out any glasses at all; but in genuine, good old true Texan style, he handed me the demijohn and then turned his back, and I swung it upon my arm and began to pull at it. Such liquor I had never tasted, and I couldn't let go for a long time, but the president never turned around until I said 'Bob,' and I tell you that is what I call real true genuine politeness, and that is why I say that old Gen. Jackson was the politest man I ever knew."

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTERS,

410 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Cards,
Circulars,
Ball Tickets,
Programmes,
Posters,
Billheads,
Statements,
Letterheads,
Noteheads,
Envelopes,
Show Cards,
Wedding Invitations,
Briefs and
Transcripts,
Legal Blanks,
Constitutions and
By-Laws,
Postal Cards,
Election Tickets,
Great Registers.

* Election Printing. *

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outside of San Francisco.

ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR
PROMPTLY FILLED.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

410 J STREET.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California
Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County
Coroner. Telephone 134.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & CO.
410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS
LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

THE TEMPS

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1892.

No. 47.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

Our neighbor, the *Record-Union*, editorially discusses the question of diplomatic asylum. During the Barundia affair we took occasion to examine our diplomatic rulings on the right of asylum, and later to call attention to the action of the late international American conference relating to uniform treaties, including the right of asylum. The rules in vogue prior to the adoption of the system laid down by the late conference were as stated by the *Record-Union*, but under report adopted in July, 1890, it seems that there is a clearly defined policy, which provides that the right of asylum is inviolable for political offenders, and that political offenders seeking for shelter at a legation, the legation shall be an asylum, and shall be respected as such. The head of the legation shall give notice of all refugees to the home government, and said government shall have the power to demand that the refugees be sent away from the national territory in the shortest possible time, and a proper guarantee shall be given for the exit of the offenders without injury to the inviolability of their persons. Chile was one of the countries represented in the Pan-American Conference which adopted these rules for asylum. There can be no question, therefore, under these rules, of the right of Minister Egan to protect the political offenders who sought asylum in the American legation, and that he has a right to demand their exit without harm from the Chilean government.

Since the creation of man, the beauty of woman has always been considered something to worship. It is part of man's nature to reverence woman's beauty. Recently an eminent divine of New York, Bishop Potter, has, in his position as a teacher of divinity, declared that the beauty of woman is the cause of, and leads to, wickedness. With him this beauty is a thing undesirable to cultivate. If we are to draw a veil over this divine attribute of our sisters, then, indeed, life would not be worth the living. While this gift of the gods to our fair sisters may often lead to wickedness, it must be said that a beautiful woman can be distinguished for the highest nobility of character. It is part of woman's nature to not only be lovely, but to create loveliness in the character of others. All the bishops in the world cannot make us believe that loveliness in woman is not the great redeeming feature of man's existence. All beautiful women are not like the straight-nosed Helen of Troy.

The wonderful psychic power is again commanding the earnest attention of scientists and the medical profession. For many years writers of fiction have made the hypnotic influence and psychic power important factors of romance. Hawthorne, Balzac, Dumas, and many other distinguished authors have found animal magnetism fruitful sources for the most sensational romances. While this is a practical age, and we are much given to skepticism on all things of a supernatural or unexplainable character, this psychic power we are now forced to concede—the proofs are so clear, so commulative that it cannot be gainsaid. To the religionist it is an explanation of much of the apparent miraculous and fabulous of holy writ. The laying on of hands and faith cures find an argument in their be-

half through the medium of the discovery of Mesmer a century ago, now more fully developed on hypnoticism. What was in the middle ages considered supernatural and the power of the devil, is now an approved mental science. Through this power the mystery of our existence is likely to be solved. The orthodox christian can find a way through the psychic to explain the miracles of the Saviour. Hypnotism is no new phenomenon. It has been known to the oriental world for thousands of years. It was through this power that the ancient soothsayers performed their wonderful divinations. The Persian mayi and learned physicians of the east utilized this power, possibly without a knowledge of its origin.

Modern hypnotism is a development of animal magnetism, the discovery of Mesmer, a Viennese physician of the last century, and which was making great progress as a science until the frauds and mummeries of its professed adepts threw it into disrepute. In 1841, a quarter of a century after Mesmer's death, James Brand, an English surgeon, began to investigate the subject. He it was who named the state induced by fixing the eyes on one object, hypnosis, and the science, hypnotism. The two leading principles of hypnotism are these: (1) "There are certain human beings who can exercise a personal influence over others." (2) "Particular psychological states can be induced in certain human beings by certain psychical processes." In 1860 French scientists began a thorough investigation of this occult force. When, in 1874, the subject was taken up by the French medical school at Nancy, interest in it became general. In both Europe and America societies for psychical research make hypnotism one of their studies. In 1889, a hypnotic congress, attended by delegates from all over the world, was held in Paris. The science has passed the stage of ridicule and alleged imposture. All persons are not susceptible to hypnotization, but such as succumb to its influence, are for the time being automata, swayed by a power and will outside their own. In view of dangers arising from the abuse of this power, it is claimed that for the present, it should be legal only to physicians, as an agent in surgery and the cure of disease. Science has not as yet fathomed the subtler relations of mind and body. As far as it understands hypnotic phenomena, it declares that they result from physiological conditions. Hypnotism has battled for its recognition for a century against the cry of the skeptic, but at length it has become an acknowledged scientific fact. Medical men claim for it a place in their profession for the good of humanity. The most difficult thing for a man to understand is himself. The wonderful machine of brain and muscle is still a mystery, but the solution may be found in the psychic temple.

The postmaster-general's report for the past fiscal year is replete with information on all postal matters. His ideas are advanced to the requirements of the country, and many valuable improvements are suggested. It is apparent this officer has given, and is giving, great attention to the details of his department, and has bestowed more thought upon the subject than any of his predecessors. He thinks that newspapers could be carried free, if books alleged to be periodicals were properly classified, and sample copies of newspapers, except to a reasonable number, were classified as any other merchandise. The increased revenue would more than equal the total amount now

collected from publishers for postage of newspapers. In other words, the department would suffer no loss by carrying newspapers to actual subscribers free, if it received just pay for the serials and sample copies. The department now handles over one hundred millions annually of the people's money in the money-order transfers, and is thoroughly equipped to take charge of the small savings of the people. The scheme of postal savings banks, or deposits, is strongly urged by the postmaster-general. He calls upon the learned men in congress to study this matter of postal savings, in order that proper legislation may follow. Mr. Wanamaker is an earnest votary and advocate of the postal telegraph as well as postal telephone service. He says the electric current belongs to the people by right and is bound to become their servant; not of a class nor of one sixty-fourth of the population, as at present. So soon as the postoffice can blend it with its own system, and use its own forces already under pay, telegraphic rates will be reduced. The telegraph and telephone, both of which by their very nature are limited to the service of cheap and rapid exchange of communication between the people; and this is what the postoffice was founded for. A branch dead letter office is recommended for San Francisco. The states and territories of the Pacific slope are so far from the seat of government that they almost constitute a distinct postal section. This fact entails delay and inconvenience in the transaction of business. There is no reason why mail matter imperfectly addressed or otherwise unmailable should always be sent to Washington, and there be reshipped across the continent, to be returned to senders. It would be economy to establish a dead-letter office west of the Rocky mountains, and San Francisco is the proper place. There is much carelessness in publishers in sending their large volumes of mail. The wrappers are often of printed matter, with the addresses so imperfect that postal clerks cannot decipher them. This causes a loss to the government, as well as much trouble and annoyance to patrons of the newspapers, who, by this carelessness of the senders, make complaint against the postal service. Nine letters of every ten that go wrong do so because of the carelessness of the senders. Thirty-eight years ago the total receipts of the department did not equal the receipts to-day of the postoffice in one city. In 1853 the entire receipts were \$5,940,725, and to-day the revenue at New York city alone is \$6,386,520. With the annual report there is an appendix, giving some valuable information in the details of the department. Much attention has been given to rural free delivery, and there are forty-six communities where the experiment is being tried. Even the political enemies of Postmaster-General Wanamaker must concede that he has done more for the postal service than any who has gone before.

Last Saturday the *Daily Evening Bee* was 36 years old. As we have taken occasion to say heretofore, the *Bee* is a part of the state, and its pages constitute the history of California from the earliest American settlement—always bold and aggressive in matters of public import. In the several departments of this popular journal can be found the choicest literature, art, science, drama, and above all, the news. The present managers and proprietors inherit the spirit that characterized their father, James McClatchy, the founder of the paper. No obstacle can thwart them in securing the first and best accounts of all matters of news, even at the risk of life and limb amid the Sierra snows. While

we may not at all times agree with all the principles avowed, there is at least a consistency in their zeal and energy. The city, the county, the state could not spare this journal. It is part of the community and as fixed as the pillars of Hercules.

Sacramento is essentially a "me, too" town. Whenever other towns in the state start out to do anything that shows enterprise or respect for themselves, Sacramento comes trotting along in the distance, the dust blinding her, and in a piping whine she cries out, "Me, too!—me, too!" President Harrison came to California. All the villages below us prepared and received him. Sacramento awoke when he was almost within our borders, and then succeeded in getting his company for a couple of hours. The National Press Association is coming this way, and Sacramento begins to bawl out "Me, too!" and is trying to have the gentlemen change their "itinerary" (they had better be cautious what they change in this season of the grip) so that they may be able to write up the fact, when they get back home, that they got off the train at Sacramento. Auburn, little village of the foothills, is doing as much, and don't have to ask them to change nary "itinerary" nor a twenty.

A Spell of Blues.

Say, do you ever get the blues, the reg'lar old stem-winding kind,
When nothing here nor nowhere else is what you want, and you get blind
To every mortal blessing that the Lord has sent you here below—
When all the flowers seem to fade and only weeds and thistles grow?

A man can't tell just why he feels so mighty lonesome-like at times—
Why everything is jangled so, and not a thing in nature rhymes.
You're neither sick nor well, a sort of weak and weary half and half;
You don't feel bad enough to cry, and yet you wouldn't dare to laugh.

The birds all seem to sing in some shrill compass not at all their own,
And brooks go babbling in a sad and melancholly undertone,
And everything's as miserable as breaking in a new pair shoes,
While pleasure turns her face away from him who has a spell of blues.

The sun may shine and yet you see a gloomy shadow everywhere,
And meadows full of clover all look very lonesome-like and bare.
A sad and misty far-away of sorrow kind of dims the eyes;
You're just chock full of misery and wouldn't have it otherwise.

It isn't very often that I get a spell of feeling bad.
Because to me life is a joy and nearly all my days are glad;
But I have sympathy for those who now and then their sunshine lose,
Who just sit down and bite their thumb and cultivate a spell of blues.

Stories of Jim Fisk.

In his halcyon days Jim Fisk was a dandy without a blemish—I mean so far as liberality goes. If ever a man cared nothing for money that man was Jim Fisk. Jay Gould was more of a man Friday than a factotum. No person in Gould's employ is more dependent or obsequious than was Gould himself twenty-three years ago. Both were peddlers, you know; but Fisk made dollars where Gould made dimes. I shall never forget a bit of correspondence between Fisk and an actress, whom I won't name. Mr. Fisk telegraphed the actress as follows, as nearly as I can remember: "What are your terms to play Miranda until the arrival of Miss Fiddes?" Of course, she had sized up Jim pecuniarily more than mentally, and replied: "One thousand dollars a week, one-third of the house clear once a week, \$1,000 to break an engagement in St. Louis and railroad expenses for three people from New Orleans to New York." To which Fisk replied: "Madame, your terms are much too low. You shall have all the money that comes into the box office, and I will present you with the opera house and 200 miles of the Erie railway, besides all I have accumulated in a life of toil and self-denial; also all that I may make for the next five years, which, if I may judge from the past, will be no inconsiderable amount. If these terms should not meet with your approbation it may be possible for me to make Gould give up what little he has, so that the light of your refulgent genius may not be lost to the stage."

Fisk is the author of "gone where the woodbine twineth." Fetching and lasting, don't you see? He was the first to uniform railway and steamboat men in authority, and was laughed at. But at present all persons in authority, from master of steamboats down to street-car conductors and messenger boys, display some insignia of rank or calling. We are indebted to Jim Fisk for this.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A TRUE STORY.

In the year 1822 a flatboat reached New Orleans from Louisville, Ky., and from this flatboat, at about 2 o'clock in the night, a poorly-clad boy of fourteen stealthily crept ashore and made his way into a dark alley. He was running off from a brutal master to whom he had been bound some six months before. John Shadden was an orphan all alone in the world, so far as worthy or even respectable kinsfolk went, and his life had recently been almost unbearably hard. His master treated him as if he had been a negro slave; nay, worse than most slave-owners could afford to treat their human property.

The journey down the river had been protracted, toilsome and full of torture for both the mind and body of the poor boy, who was made to work a long, heavy oar, the task of a strong man. Besides this he had been beaten unmercifully every day, and given but poor food and worse clothing. It rained during the final week of the journey, and John was drenched from morning till night. Although the weather was not cold, as March weather usually is in our more northern regions, the southern wind that blew over the river was singularly chilly and searching.

John had borne all that he could, and now he was desperate, determined indeed to take himself and his future into his own hands, no matter what might come of it. He would starve in the streets of New Orleans rather than to suffer another day under Hiram Gunter's hand.

He ran along the alley as fast as he could, for he feared pursuit, thinking of nothing so much as losing himself in the maze of the great city, and while at his highest speed he turned a corner into a dimly-lighted street, where he ran plump against an absurdly short and almost comically hump-backed little man, who grabbed him with what felt like the grip of a giant, and began to berate him roundly in French.

John was too much frightened to make outcry, and he could not understand a word of what the fellow was saying to him, so he just stood there trembling all over. All that he could do was to grasp forth: "Let go er me!"

John was uneducated, and having been reared, or rather let come up, among negroes and "river rats" and laborers on the wharves, spoke with a decided negro drawl.

"What for you run ovair ze top o' me?" demanded the little man, now speaking the best English at his command, and tightening his grip on John. "Eef you have not ze good sense I choke some into you."

John began to beg and explain. He frankly told his story, crying at the same time. The dwarf held on to him, but presently relaxed his hold enough to greatly lessen the pain of it while he turned John's face around so that he could see it better in the vague light of a distant lamp. "So you make ze run f'om you master, eh? Vell, zat is goot; I nevaire blame you. Come 'long vit me."

He pulled John over to the shadowy side of the street and urged him along. They traversed damp, pitch-dark alleys and narrow, evil-smelling streets; they wound in and out through squalid, ill-drained quarters. Once a policeman stopped them. "Hello, there, Crapaud Crapoussin!" he said, "what are you doing with that boy?"

"He's my nigger," answered the dwarf, promptly; speaking in French as had also the officer. "He's been running off, and I am taking him home to thrash him."

"Good for you, Crapaud," said the policeman, sauntering on, "give it to him till he won't do it again."

In a little while John and his captor came to a hole in the wall surrounding a large, dilapidated building. Crapaud stopped here and said to John, in a growling whisper: "Eef you make contraire an' cry varee loud I keel you! so now."

Then he dragged the almost fainting lad into the foul hole and up a rickety flight of stairs to a room where an old, old woman was knitting. "I've bought another nigger," he said to her in French.

"Stole him, you mean," was the response, in a cracked and evil-sounding voice.

John, of course, could not understand a word that they said; but the little, shriveled, black-eyed crone looked at him with an expression that chilled his blood and caused his flesh to creep on his bones. Crapaud had kept his hold on John, and now he took him to a small, closet-like room that opened into the one they had just entered.

"Ees you my neegaire?" he demanded, very softly. "I'm not no nigger," said John. In spite of his fear he promptly resented the imputation.

Crapaud took down from the smoky wall a long, keen whip and proceeded to thrash him soundly. John tried to scream; but the old woman sprang upon him and held his mouth. "I'll jes wheep you all ze night time eef you make ze noise," growled Crapaud, laying on the blows with increasing violence. "My neegaire not yowl zat way."

After receiving this terrible punishment, for what he could not imagine, John was tumbled into the stuffy, filthy little room and there left. When the bolt of the

door grated in its loops he held his breath and dared not even groan.

The next morning Crapaud opened the door and asked him the same question again—"Ees you my neegaire?"

"Oh, sah," pleaded John, "I ain't no nigger."

Immediately down came the whip; and this second thrashing was worse than the first. "Now zen, what you say? Ees you my neegaire?"

John was glad enough to say yes. It were better to be a negro than bear such torture.

"Ah, vell; come have some dejeuner, some breakfais, zen."

He was given a pot of food, such as he had never before tasted, but he was so hungry that he found it delicious.

After this he was to all intents and purposes a negro; he did not dare be anything else. Crapaud and his mother were very good to him so long as he did not in any way assert his whiteness; but at the first hint of this came the whip in such terrible fashion that it made him sick even to remember that he had ever been white.

A month went on so, and then one day Crapaud said to John: "Come!"

They went to a place where a man had a great number of negroes in a large room or shed. "What will you give for the boy?" said Crapaud to the man.

The negro buyer looked at John, took him by the arm, shook him a little and turned him about; then said: "Not much account; worth 250, if he's sound."

"Oh, he's as sound as a dollar; examine him."

The man felt of John's limbs. "Well, will you take 250?"

"No; 350."

"Bah! say 275."

The bargain was struck at \$300. John did not understand what the men were saying; it was all French; but he soon realized that he was sold.

For eight days he was kept there among the crowded negroes, and taken up the river to St. James' parish and sold again to a planter, who wanted him for a house servant. John was a tawny-skinned, black-eyed, curly-headed boy, but he did not look like a negro. After he had been in the house for a week or two, his complexion cleared up, and all the planter's household were surprised to see how handsome he was. They treated him well, but he was afraid to tell them that he was white, for fear that they would follow Crapaud's example. It was his business to mop floors, clean silverware and black boots. So much easier was all this to do than what he had been used to, and all the planter's family were so kind to him, that he found being a slave better than the old state of freedom; still, he yearned to be known as a white boy, and pined, in spite of himself, for liberty, even with the flatboat and his villainous bondmaster.

He thought of running off, but his owners were so kind that his heart would not let him leave them.

In less than a year a thing came which changed his feelings on this score. The planter became bankrupt and all of his property went to the sheriff's block. He now told his story, but there was no proof, and who would believe it?

The auctioneer stood by and "cried the sale." "A fine mulatto boy, strong, active, good-natured; a most excellent house servant. Going for \$420. Who says more? Going—go—"

"Four twenty-five!" shouted a keen yet singularly soft voice.

John started and gazed hard, for it was Crapaud Crapoussin who bid.

A despicable look was on the dwarf's drawn face. His eyes leered villainously.

"Going, going, going, at 425; and are you all done bidding?" cried the red-faced auctioneer. "Going, going, gone to Crapaud Crapoussin for \$425." And so John went back to the stuffy little rooms in New Orleans, once more the slave of the little hunchback. His spirit broke down entirely as he crossed that terrible threshold.

He was not to remain there long. Crapaud took him almost immediately to the river, and they went on board a steamboat bound for Louisville, where they arrived after many days. From the wharf they went at once to a lawyer's office.

"Here's the lad; yere ees ze leetle boy—ze leetle Zohn Shadden. Pay me ze money," said Crapaud.

"Certainly; when the proof is made," responded the lawyer, "the reward is ready for you."

It was queer all round, for the outcome made John the heir to about \$7,000, the estate of a mean and miserly uncle recently dead. Crapaud had seen in the newspapers that the lawyer was offering \$1,000 reward for the boy. His knowledge of John's past life, as related to him by the boy himself, had led him to take this daring step with a view to gaining the reward.

Was it right or wrong? The lawyer, instead of paying Crapaud, had him arrested and convicted for kidnapping, and he served a number of years in the state's prison.

John Shadden grew up an honest and industrious man. His descendants live in Louisville and Covington.

Queen Victoria's crown, kept with other royal regalia under strong guard at the old Tower, is worth \$600,000.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

The pretty pianist always has a striking manner, and more frequently a distracting air.

Joseph J. Sullivan and Harry Smith will star next season in a comedy entitled *Bill's Boat*.

Frederick Paulding, who was with Margaret Mather when last in this city, will star in *The Fool's Revenge* and *Honeymoon*.

Vernona Jarbeau was presented with a gold badge by the Alabama Fire Company, No. 2, in Montgomery, Ala., recently.

Mrs. Sidney Drew is traveling about the country and acting, with her twelve weeks' old baby. Miss baby is fat and jolly and well and is a rising star in the dramatic world.

He—I hear you attend the Handel and Haydn performances. Were you present at the *Creation*? She (indignantly)—I suppose you will next want to know if I sailed in Noah's Ark!

A pen sketch of Marie Van Zandt, the prima donna, portrays her as "a slender, girlish figure, with a little, round face, an upward-turned nose, small, blue eyes and chestnut hair." She is "little, but oh my!" as her audiences in Paris and St. Petersburg discovered to their great interest.

Actors are proverbially charitable. Ellen Terry and Bernhardt, profiting from repeated impositions, now entrust their charity to friends. Perhaps this liberality is why doctors are so adverse to sending bills to theatrical people. Sir Morell MacKenzie always refuses recompense for treating them.

The New York *Dramatic Mirror* says: "There is at the present time a movement on foot to establish an association of traveling managers. The idea is to compel theater managers out of town to remove the abuses which have played havoc with business, by bringing to bear the pressure of a cohesive, protective union."

It is nearly twenty years since the tenor Capoul came to America with Christine Nilsson on her first operatic tour and jumped into immediate popularity with American audiences. He is now but little changed in personal appearance, except that he has grown a trifle stout and there is a trace of gray in his hair. But he is as courtly, as graceful and as fascinating to women, as he was of yore.

As early as 1811 Lord Byron entered a plea against the farce-comedy microbe as follows:

"Good plays are scarce,
So Moore writes farce.
The poet's fame grows brittle;
We knew before
That Little's Moore,
But now 'tis Moore that's little."
—N. Y. *Dramatic Mirror*.

When an actress makes a dab at her right eye with the middle finger of her right hand, followed by a show of throwing something into space, and then repeats this performance with respect to her left eye, it signifies that she is indulging in tears. When an actor writes a letter he does it with a rapidity which causes the most expert of stenographers to turn green with envy. When an actor opens a letter he invariably gives the unfolded sheet a smart slap with the back of his hand. He does this for the good and sufficient reason that all actors have done this since time immemorial. When an actress has something particular to confide to her papa or mamma, it would be the height of ill manners did she not crouch down on the floor by the side of her parent. When an actor enters into confidential conversation with another actor, it is the proper thing for him to hang his leg over the back of a chair, with his foot resting in its seat. When an actor walks up to the footlights and declaims in a loud voice to the audience, it is understood that he is soliloquizing, quite unbeknownst to the other people on the stage. When an actor comes on the stage faultlessly dressed, with a flower in his buttonhole, you may be sure that he is a villain of the deepest dye. When an actor has all manner of hard luck, and is seedy as to clothing and chronically empty as to stomach, he is to be congratulated, for he is shortly to wed the young lady of his choice and to arise by a spasmodic bound to affluence. When an actor slaps his leg now and again, it is to inform you that he is in the equestrian line. When an actor walks to the room represented on the stage and gawks at the pictures on the wall, you may know either that he is from the country or that he is a sheriff's officer. If his hat is of remote vintage, and he persists in keeping it on his head, you may safely set him down as the latter. When an actress enters with a stern step and a top-lofty air, you need not be told that she is a mother-in-law. When a wicked-looking actor beats his brow, it is to inform you that he is thinking of childhood's hour, when he was guileless and happy and a stranger to the sin in which he is now steeped.—*Boston Courier*.

Book Chat.

Even the illiterate man finds pleasure in a book—if it's a plump pocketbook.

Ernest Renan does not personally maintain the air of dignity inspired by his writings. He is short and pudgy.

Prof. Simon Newcomb is making arrangements for the publication of a forecast of the positions of the planets in the heavens for the next century.

Amelia Rives-Chandler is putting herself into the hands of a French art teacher, and intends to study for five months each year for ten years before she makes her debut.

Prof. Curtius, the eminent Greek scholar on whom the kaiser has bestowed high honors, is said to be the most accomplished Helenist since the days of Helen of Troy. He is reputed to know more about Greece than the average Greek of Pericles' time knew himself.

Sir Edwin Arnold calls Edgar Allen Poe "the Catullus of American literature," and thinks he should be better appreciated by the reading public than he is. Tennyson, too, not very long ago, said the most interesting spot he would visit, were he to go to America, would be "the provincial town of Baltimore, where he could go and see the grave of Poe."

Unfortunately a disinclination to matrimony is being evinced by the youth of France, and we are convinced that it is to the terrible spread of immoral literature that the mischief is to be ascribed. Pollute the mind and you corrupt the heart. There is nothing that soils the soul more than a licentious novel or poem. "Vices are the children of those that have no children." If a country would maintain its greatness it must promote by every means at its command the purity, the integrity and the indissolubility of family life.

Sir Edwin Arnold is an admirer of Zola's genius. He says that "La Bête Humaine" is the best book of the year. He says: "I must acknowledge, and do acknowledge, the marvelous power of this great master of fiction. Zola's theory of human life is detestable; his choice of subjects is repulsive; his treatment of them is too often needlessly and aggressively coarse and offensive; and he exaggerates to the point of monstrosity the evil in humanity at the expense of the good. His study is a dissecting-room, where nothing interests or engages that poisoned scalpel, his pen, except the cadaverous and the diseased. Even allowing all the importance he claims for this great and well-established principle of heredity, it is still the case that good is as much inherited as bad, and is so vastly a predominating force in the universe that in the working of these two rival principles nature is always rooting out and healing the inherited evil. M. Zola forgets, or for the purpose of his art ignores, the fact that virtuous propensities are bequeathed from generation to generation, as well as vicious. As far as human life is concerned, and its true study, we might as well take the incurable ward in a great hospital as a specimen of the daily existence of mankind, and leave utterly out of sight the pure and happy homes, the bright society, the glad and graceful intercourse, the countless unrecorded brave and unselfish deeds, the gentle general flow of human existence. * * * Taints of hereditary insanity do affect the blood, and sin and selfishness and wild, low passions do exist among us too widely and too palpably to be ignored; and I am not one of those who would for one moment deny to M. Zola the right to choose these sombre themes for his extraordinary art. I do not even think his books immoral."

"Billy" Birch's Joke.

"When I was playing in luck," said Billy Birch, the old minstrel landmark familiar to the *habitués* of upper Broadway, "the impecunious crowd that used to hang around the stage door for a stray dime, or a quarter, struck me pretty often. Some were pretty smart fellows and always had a word of flattery for those who were kind to them. Now, that I am old and down in the world, I do not regret anything I gave away. One night an old actor who was seedy and down on his luck touched me for a quarter. He was a very bright and hungry fellow, and after thanking me profusely went off to get something to eat—or drink. In about half an hour he came back and found me with some fellows. He came right up, with a broad smile on his face, and tapping me on the shoulder said to the crowd:

"Here's that quarter, Billy. It was a mighty good joke and I tried to work it on the barkeeper around the block, but it wouldn't go. Then I tried it on a lunch route and the man actually got mad and would have thrown me out if I hadn't told him you gave it to me. He said then it was one of your jokes. A confoundedly good joke it was, too," said he, "for I got a drink and a meal out of it. And now here, your quarter; give me a good one, please, for advertising you."

"Everybody laughed as I gave him another quarter and took the bad one back, and nobody would believe it was anything but a practical joke of mine."

Professional Chat.

Lawyers lay down the law when they take up a case.

Judge Lynch seems to be holding an extended term in Mississippi.

A sailor should always be excused from jury duty. It would disturb the dignity of the court to see a jack-in-the box.

Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, who wears a 7¾ hat, has the largest head in the senate, and the session will show who has the longest.

Cardinal Gibbons has a fine face, with clean-cut features, keen eyes, that have in them an expression of benignity, and easy and gentle manners.

M. Naquet, whose divorce law in France freed a great many women, including Sarah Bernhardt, from objectionable husbands, and vice versa, is a hunchback, socialist, poet and publicist.

Congressman McMillin says that for seven years he made it a practice to commit a poem to memory before breakfast every morning, in order to put himself in a pleasant frame of mind for the day.

Andrew H. Burke, the present governor of North Dakota, was once a newsboy. It was by selling "extras" that he began his extraordinary rise in life. Ex-Governor Waller, of Connecticut, also began as a newsboy.

Daniel Webster was something of a granger in his day, though he didn't run his politics largely on that fact. A plow used by him has come into the possession of the Marshfield, Mass., agricultural society, and may be exhibited at the world's fair.

A young woman of pleasing figure, with a rich contralto voice, large, expressive eyes and a sweet face, well lit with animation, made her appearance in this city last evening as a dramatic star, and, judging by her performance, she is clearly entitled to that distinction in the firmament so often sought by many and yet found by few.—*The Evening Herald Philadelphia*. Who is she? We have not heard of any prominent society lady getting into a scandal or divorce.

Robert Carrick, a wealthy banker of Glasgow, was noted for his frugality. One day a friend, meeting him in the streets of Glasgow, noticed his old clothes and advised him to get a new suit. "Everybody knows me here, so it doesn't matter what I wear," answered the banker. A few weeks afterward the friend met the banker in London, wearing the same old clothes, and again remonstrated with him for dressing so shabbily. "No one knows me here, so it doesn't matter what I wear," said the philosophic banker.

A famous Brooklyn clergyman was once addressing a Sunday-school on the lesson of the day, which happened to be "Jacob's Ladder." He got along swimmingly until a little urchin in one of the back seats squeaked out, "Why did the angels have to have a ladder, when they had wings?" After the inevitable laugh had subsided, the clergyman said: "Well, that is a fair question. Who can answer it?" There was a pause, and then up went a pudgy fist. "Well, my little man," asked the clergyman, "why was it?" "I guess, mebbe, they was a-moultin'" was the astonishing reply; and the address was concluded right there.

The following dream story is related of a distinguished Scottish lawyer: "This eminent person had been consulted respecting a case of great importance and much difficulty; and he had been studying it with intense anxiety and attention. After several days had been occupied in this manner, he was observed by his wife to rise from his bed in the night, and go to a writing desk which stood in the bedroom. He then sat down, and wrote a long paper which he carefully put by in his desk, and returned to bed. The following morning he told his wife that he had had a most interesting dream: that he had dreamt of delivering a clear and luminous opinion respecting a case which had exceedingly perplexed him; and that he would give anything to recover the train of thought which had passed before him in his dream. She then directed him to the writing desk, where he found the opinion clearly and fully written out; and this was afterwards found to be perfectly correct."

An Indian Legend.:

There was once a man who lived in the forest far from the rest of his tribe. He lost his wife and was very lonely. After awhile he made a wooden doll about her size, dressed it in the clothes she used to wear and set it up in front of the fireplace. Then he felt better. So a year passed away. One night he came home and there was his wife sitting in a chair in place of the doll. She spoke to him, saying, "The Great Spirit felt sorry for you, so he let me come back to see you, but you must never touch me, for if you do it will kill me." They lived thus together for a twelve-month, but one night he attempted to clasp her in his arms. Behold, he was holding a wooden doll! She did not come to life again, and he was very unhappy ever after.

NOTES.

The man who says he will welcome death as a release from a life made up of sorrow, generally sends for four doctors when he has the colic.

The faith-cure converts declare that there is no such thing as "the grip," if you will persistently think so. This is a pleasant theory, and will work admirably until the grip takes hold.

Wonder if Sacramento intends to take a hand in trying to have a share of that three hundred thousand dollars voted by the last legislature to enable California to show herself at the Columbian Exposition?

Quite the most ridiculous of present styles is where a woman with rather a long face carries her hair high and arranges it in a flat pug on a line diagonally with her chin. If, then, she perches above this a small English turban she does look queer indeed.

It is confidentially rumored about town that the city trustees held their customary weekly meeting last Monday and adjourned without a blackguard word or profane expression having been indulged in between the members. However, the report is only "hearsay," and lacks confirmation.

We often hear of whisky that will kill a rod and think it strong, but what must we say of the "fine old whisky," so labeled, that killed old Mrs. Barnaby from Boston to Denver? Not only that, for it is apt to prove a double-barreled shot as Dr. Graves, who sent it, is apt to die (on the gallows) from the effects of it.

Hang a bouquet of mistletoe boughs in the door and all the rest of the year keep looking so sweet that the men folks in the family can't resist kissing you. If your husband pretends he hasn't any taste for such things encourage your big brother or growing son. To be led into temptation of this sort is the very best thing that could happen to a young man.

Some of the members of the freeholders' convention have expressed a decided objection to having their meeting held in the basement of the Seventh Street Methodist church. They give as a reason for their antipathy that the place is damp and apt to invite la grippe. Now, is it not a sudden revulsion at being brought into such novel and close contact with the house of God?

"During the absence of her better half," notes the admiring Virginia city (Nev.) *Enterprise*, "Mrs. Orlando E. Jones is running the Bodie *Miner*, assisted by three printers. Last week the types were all laid up by sickness, and Mrs. Jones got the paper out on time and all alone, with the exception of the presswork. Mr. Jones talks of raising her wages and discharging the balance of the force."

Will our friend, the San Francisco *Evening Report*, or some one for it, tell us why it invariably uses the adverb *hither* instead of *here*? At first we were inclined to the belief that it was but an incident with the writers of that journal, as we are sometimes inclined to use obsolete words or phrases instead of those in modern use, but the *Report* appears to have barred the customary adverb of place, *here*, from its columns, as it is never to be found there. Is it eccentricity, or is there a sensible reason?

This is the "Happy New Year" of very many young men: He said "Happy New Year," and I treated. Then we drank the greetings of the day at his expense; then we emphasized it at mine, and sealed it at his. A friend dropped in and we let him in on the merry making. It took three rounds before we were all even. Another friend came in and four toasts were clinked in the glasses before this friend's "Happy New Year" had been properly responded to. Then we were all taken home—that's all.

One of the prettiest features of Berlin is its corps of uniformed flower girls. Only pretty girls are selected for the work, and their uniform, the national costume of the Isle of Rugen, is furnished by the stock company who manage the enterprise. A home is also provided for them, and they must be in at midnight. The young swells of the high-priced restaurants and cafes pay double and treble the price of a flower to the pretty flower girl, who is allowed to appropriate the surplus over the price required by the company.

The San Francisco *Star* entered upon its sixteenth volume the first of the year, with every indication of continued prosperity in the field of journalism. James H. Barry, its brave and chivalrous editor, has ever been the unrelenting foe of the boodlers, bosses, and corruptionists of San Francisco, whilst the big dailies have acted the part of cowards in refraining from exposing a state of affairs which they knew to exist in the politics of that city. The *Star* is destined to become the most influential paper published at the metropolis.

Why has not some funny paper thought of this gruesome "joke," so called: One Sawtelle killed his brother in Concord, N. H., and as customary in cold blood. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to hang. But apoplexy suddenly intervened and the night before he was to play his final engagement on a single string he died in his cell. His attorney made an effort in all parts of the state to have him buried, yet every cemetery was closed against him, as the people refused to give him sepulture. The joke alluded to is, that the fratricide sought hell (Sawtelle) and he found it, even on earth. See!

It is quite possible to cherish fine and keen perceptions of other people's feelings, and thus to discover how we are affecting them by our conduct. The selfish sensitiveness which smarts at every slight or unkindness to itself, and perhaps imagines many more, is often replaced by callous insensibility when the feelings of others come to be considered. It is those who exact the most that usually give the least. Carlyle says: "In good breeding, which differs, if at all, from high breeding only as it gracefully remembers the rights of others rather than gracefully insists on its own rights, I discern no special connection with wealth or birth, but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due from all men to all men."

The *News* last week gives the result of an interview it had with several leading members of the republican party, the subject being who would be probably prominent candidates to succeed Congressman McKenna, should the president appoint that gentleman to the circuit bench in place of Judge Sawyer, deceased. Among the interviewed was our genial and efficient city attorney, E. C. Hart. That gentleman is reported as having expressed a preference for ex-Speaker Coombs of Napa. It can't be that Lige does not know that Napa is not in this congressional district. And then that prominent lawyer and well-informed public man, Clinton White, is made to say "this is the short term of congress." On the contrary, is it not the term that often runs into August or September?

The *Bee*, boasting of its circulation and influence, relates that two years ago a committee of the supervisors went out in the country to near the San Joaquin county line to see about building a bridge; a *Bee* reporter accompanied. While there the party met a couple of old bachelor brothers, early settlers, and very rich. The reporter "wrote them" up in style, relating how they kept their wealth buried in the cellar rather than trust the banks. A few days ago the brothers were robbed, and one of them badly beaten. Now, the *Bee* boasts that even the tramp thugs read that paper, as it must have been the account of their wealth given two years ago that aroused the cupidity of the itinerant burglars. Does it not occur to our friends that it takes a long time for the *Bee* to get a very short distance?

A Swede, Charles Schmidt by name, has allowed himself to be taken at Denver for one of the murderers of the Greenwood woman at Napa in February of last year. Schmidt was drunk on New Year's day and couldn't help giving himself away to a listening detective. Of course he was "taken in," and when he sobered he persisted in the story, and went into the detail of how an American thug met him on the road to Napa, probably from Benicia as nearly as he can recollect, and forced him to go to the Greenwood ranch, and then to help to murder and rob the old people. Schmidt's story reads smoothly till he comes to that part where he says the American gave him a gun to stand guard and prevent the approach of others, and that he, Schmidt, on a good opportunity presenting itself, put the gun to the other fellow's head and pulled trigger, but the gun refused to be discharged. Yet he says this butcher of the aged lady was blood-thirsty and threatened him with death if he did not aid in the work. Does he want people to believe the man who directed him what to do quietly allowed him to snap a gun at his head, and quietly paid no attention to the attempt on his life? Is it not more probable Schmidt's carcass would have been found lying by the side of old Mrs. Greenwood, with his Swedish head blown off?

Rest for Farmers' Wives.

At least a third of our women complain that they can't do their housework without great weariness, and many are obliged to hire help who otherwise would not if they would sit down to talk, or sit to do such work as could be as easily done sitting as standing, and then we could keep rested. No one should keep on the feet until trembling and tired, but keep within strength, and then strength would increase; but if worked to exhaustion, it sooner or later brings on weakness and disease. If sitting does not give complete rest, then lie down each day more or less. If not overworked, the mind is much clearer and the nerves steadier; the sharp answer not half so apt to be spoken.

Passive People.

Charles Newton Hood does not like passive people, and thus gives his impressions of them through the *Epoch*: If there is one class of people that exasperates me more than any other, it is the passive people. How I hate them! Some of them were born that way, and some of them don't know enough to act in any other way; but most of them have cultivated passivity, aided by an unappreciative nature, which is more or less assisted in its work of unappreciation by a dearth of brains. They have read somewhere, or heard somebody say, that it is the correct thing never, under any circumstances, to display emotion of any sort. They are really, you know, the kind of people who don't appreciate a thing until the next day, anyway. When a thing is particularly sad they struggle painfully for a long time to discover where the joke comes in, so that they may be sure to be fortified against any inclination to smile; and when something uproariously funny occurs, they have a puzzled look on their faces until about 10 o'clock the next forenoon, and then they see where the fun came in; but they can't enjoy a good laugh even then, poor fools.

Of course, I have more or less pity for them; but how I despise those who have read in some etiquette book or other that well-bred persons never display any emotion whatever—therefore, they never allow themselves to appear saddened by any combination of circumstances, and screw their faces up like a Chinese god rather than laugh at anything, no matter how funny. Then there is the other crowd of dough-heads who always throw a pall over any company which is trying to enjoy something funny, beautiful, artistic or delightful, because they feel that by so doing they will not sufficiently emphasize the fact that they have seen or heard better.

Darn these passive people, anyway. They are always spoiling my fun. When I see anything particularly pretty I do like to say that I think it is so, enthusiastically. When something ludicrous happens, I like to throw my head back and ha! ha! right out; and when little Eva dies and the chorus of genuine negro jubilee singers just behind the "wings" at R. U. E. sings "Old Black Joe," I'm a good deal happier because I have to wink pretty hard to keep back the tears. And then I look around, and there sits a passive person, with a sort of supercilious look upon his face, as though he were wondering why I couldn't just as well be well-bred and control my emotions.

Why, I laugh just as loud and heartily now a days when the clown in the circus climbs up on the horizontal bar and falls off as I did when I was a little boy, and I enjoy it all hugely until I look around and see two or three of those passive fools with that horribly bored what-is-the-ill-bred-person-laughing-at expression on their faces, looking at me in a surprised and disgusted manner, and all the joy is gone from me. Then, I will be up in the mountains watching the sun drop out of sight in the lake, while the clouds are brilliantly illuminated in honor of the event, everything is dazzling with color, and a broad path of gold, brilliant, sparkling, and magnificent as the entrance to the palace of an angel leads down across the bosom of the waters—a sight that makes a man wonder that there can be such a bewildering vision of beauty as always makes me desirous of hunting up a blind man somewhere, and giving him my last copper in sympathy. Then, while I am going into raptures over it all like a little maiden attending her first pantomime, I happen to look around and remark, "Isn't it beautiful?" and the passive person looks pityingly at me and says, "Oh, yes, very pretty, but you ought to see a sunset from the Rigi," and immediately the sky turns black for the rest of us, the brilliant colors become somber, the golden path is tarnished, a cold breeze seems to sweep down upon us all and we are miserable. You sail up the Hudson and rave over the Highlands, and there is always some passive, traveled fool there, who murmurs of the Rhine, and refuses to allow his soul to so far forget its breeding as to become enraptured by the beauty all about him.

But, after all, aren't those poor, silly, passive people the greatest losers when you come to think of it? They never have a good time at all. Life must be a weary, weary waste for them. They don't know the joy of getting up and whooping and swinging their hats, and believing with all their hearts that Jones should, of a right, be elected alderman from the steeple ward. They don't know what enthusiasm is. They can't laugh and howl and fall off their chairs when something humorous strikes them, and they can't cry. They mustn't be startled, and they must never be alarmed. They can't enjoy anything because they are so busy all the time dissembling, and, poor fools, poor fools, I pity them, I pity them—about half as much as I despise them.

The Burmese women are great personages and play a great part in their households. They choose their own husbands and divorce them when they like, retaining their own property and all that they have earned; they are at liberty to marry again whether as widows or divorcees.

Shop-Girl and Novel.

She got into a Woodward-ave. car, going north, at the opera-house crossing, and was no sooner seated than she tore the paper off a parcel and began to devour the contents of a novel. At the same time she took a stick of gum from her pocket and stuffed it into her mouth.

First page—Some slight exhibition of interest and vigorous efforts to get the gum rolled into a quid.

Second page—Plot begins to develop and interest increases. Movements of the jaw still regular.

Third page—Introduces the villain and the heroine. Heroine transcendently beautiful; villain an A1 chap. Jaws now settling down to regular business.

Fourth page—The villain gives away to the reader his cold-blooded plot to carry the heroine off to a dungeon in case she won't be his'n. Goes away for a few days to put said dungeon in order. Jaws now working as steadily as the pendulum of an old Connecticut clock; shop-girl also crosses her feet.

Fifth page—Heroine makes up her mind not to marry the villain, if the court knows herself. She conceals a butcher-knife in the sleeve of her dress, and tries to calm her nerves by thrumming the wild guitar. Jaws now keeping time with the revolutions of the car wheels, three revolutions to one chaw.

Sixth page—Enter the heroine's father. Loves his daughter, and all that, but has traded mules so often that he is now dead broke, and the house-rent is due. Doesn't want to sacrifice her happiness, but if she could make up her mind to wed the villain it would be sugar in his pockets. Chaw! chaw! chaw!

Seventh page—Heroine bursts into tears—real large tears—and throws herself at her father's feet. He calmly uses her for a foot-stool, and wants to know how in Texas they are going to pay the grocer and butcher and run two coal stoves on cheek. At that very moment the sheriff may be knocking at the door. Listens intently. Very exciting here, and the shop-girl's jaws skip a cog—two of them.

Eighth page—Heroine dashes the tears from her eyes and springs up to exclaim: "Father, I cannot do it! I do not love Hernando even a little bit, while I have solemnly promised to marry Alf. Smith! If you love me—if you wish to cater to my future happiness—go out and strike a job and do a little honest perspiring. I love you, father, but Hernando isn't in it!" Shop-girl crosses and uncrosses her feet in excitement, and breathes hard. Jaws a little off motion.

Ninth page—Old man retires to the woodshed to sit and think, and the heroine writes a letter to Alf. to come and get her at once if he wants her. Sends the note by the servant girl, who loses it on the street and then runs away for fear of results. While waiting for Alf. the heroine slips a revolver into her pocket and brings in the family axe. Shop-girl almost swallows her gum in her excitement.

Tenth page—Villain returns. Dungeon all prepared. Regular old home-made dungeon, with all old-fashioned ingredients. Heroine got to marry him or away she goes. Given fifteen seconds to make up her mind. She kicks, and he makes it seventeen. Time expires and demands he her answer. "No, villain—never!" she shouts. He seizes her with a "Ha!" and she seizes the butcher-knife. He then throws her over his shoulder to bear her hence, when she takes a firm hold of the knife, raises her arm, and with one blow—!

Too much for the shop-girl. She has swallowed her gum and can hardly get her breath. Decides to wait until she gets home, puts the book up and leans back to figure on how many feet of that cold, cruel steel penetrated the bold, bad Hernando's villainous heart.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Princess of Wales paid \$250 for a tabby cat.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

ST. LOUIS MARKET,

R. WEBER, PROPRIETOR.

SPARERIBS AND HOGS' HEADS,
FRESH MEATS,
SUGAR-CURED HAMS,
CHOICE BACON,
LARD, SAUSAGE, ETC.

Southwest Corner Eleventh and H Streets.

The Play,

WM. FAWCETT, PROPRIETOR.

Metropolitan Theater Building,

423 K Street, Sacramento.

FLASHES.

We never hear of a strike on the "wages of sin."

Time heals everything except wounded pride and rubber boots.

A woman may be fair and square, but a little round plumpness is to our taste.

The half that is not told is what the women wish to hear—the worse, the better relished.

If some "good" people would preach what they practice, a real sensation would be created.

A rocking chair in a dark room is usually a monster, and never fails to collide with a sore toe.

The greatest trouble in climbing to the top of the ladder, is the fact that life is so short and the ladder is so long.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Barbour-Beebe Company will occupy the Clunie Opera House next week.

U and I drew a full house last night. The comedy has been very much changed since last produced in this city. To-night *U and I* again.

That splendid spectacular play, *The Devil's Auction*, will be the next attraction at the Metropolitan. This is one of the plays that never grows old or tiresome.

The "Secret."

Can some one enlighten the opaque condition of our intelligence by imparting to us a just reason for the selection by our "society" leaders of such asinine titles as distinguish the annual dancing clubs that are formed in this city? One would have supposed that after all the straining and grunting of years past, that resulted in most unbecoming and inappropriate titles for those affairs, that the baptismal committee this year—for of course, the thing is always left to an intelligent and highly educated, classical committee—would have experienced by the follies of the past and selected a name ordinary mortals might understand, or at least have been able to pronounce without the aid of a Greek lexicon (that means dictionary). But no; here we are called on this winter to invite our best girl to do us the honor to permit us the outlay of at least ten dollars (carriage extra) by going to the Esoteric with us. Now, as the word means *secret*, and is an adjective, coming from the far-away Greek, we simply ask the girl if she will go to the "secret" with us. But there is nothing like being wise, and the use of big words in the wrong place is what made Mrs. Partington's fame, and fortune for the old dame and Ike. The writer of this note, while residing one winter in a little up-country town, was approached by the leader of the high-tone of the town, who said he and a few others had formed a dancing club for the season, and that he had been appointed a committee, all by himself, to select an appropriate name for the infant. He said he felt the weight of the responsibility, and had, after mature thought and many sleepless nights, hit upon the one above all others that had passed in review through his fertile brain, that would just meet the wishes of the members. He would call it the Olympic, and honored this writer by asking if it met his approval, and the writer certainly did agree, telling the committee-man that it was most appropriate since the vast majority of the members in their mode of dancing gave greater promise of success as acrobatic artists than they did as disciples of the dance. And yet it was just as appropriate a title for a dancing club as is this adjective Esoteric, which, when properly written, must be with a small "e" to begin it.

Chosen Friends Installation.

District Deputy Grand Councilor A. Schumaker on Thursday evening last installed the officers of Friendship Council, No. 65, O. C. F., for the ensuing term, as follows: Councilor, F. W. Carpenter; Vice Councilor, Miss Maggie Kearney; Secretary, E. R. Tiel; Treasurer, F. H. Kiefer; Prelate, Miss L. M. Dodson; Marshal, M. M. Glenn; Warden, Miss G. D. Jurgens; Guard, Mrs. A. E. Monaghan; Sentry, Ferdinand Gleie. At the close of the installation ceremonies, a short but excellent literary and musical program was rendered, after which all present partook of refreshments. The Order of Chosen Friends is recognized as one of the best fraternal and beneficiary organizations in existence, and the rapidly increasing membership of the councils in Sacramento is good evidence of its popularity.

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsell, 707 I st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

Col. T. W. Higginson says: "However desirable on other grounds may be the extension to women of all the education and all the opportunities of men, it is clear that this will not of itself make them all saints, since it has not done this for men."

Don't Argue.

There is no spirit in the family that is so fatal to peace and, consequently, happiness as the desire to argue on trivial pretexts. One person possessed of the mania for setting all the rest right may make a household of worthy, easy-going people miserable. There is nothing right in the household except what she herself personally superintends; for the individuals who consider themselves delegated to the task of correcting the other members of the family are usually persons who devote themselves to this employment and have little time for any other work. The hard-working man or woman has no time to devote to the shortcomings of others; it is usually the sluggish and idler who stands about and watches others work, who can suggest a dozen ways in which they could do better. The wise man of Israel has truly said: "A fool's lips enter into contention;" and the contentious fool is as common a nuisance to-day as he no doubt was in the time of Solomon. Usually, in proportion to their lack of actual knowledge do such persons presume to set themselves up as dictators to the others of their households. If the household dictator is the mother of the family or an elder sister, she steps aside from her legitimate sphere to argue and dictate to her husband or brothers in matters of business, about which she often knows nothing at all, and neglects her housework. If the husband or a brother is inclined to exercise petty tyranny over the rest of the family, he is in nine cases out of ten a "hen-bussy" who fails to furnish his quota of support to the family, and works off the energy which might be employed in a worthier cause dictating to the others how they should work. As a rule, the rest of the family where such a dictator makes his abode are too busy to do anything but stoutly submit to a nagging tongue, and they usually go stolidly on in their way. Yet, like the dropping of water on stone, which in time leaves its mark, such arguing is a source of annoyance and wears upon the nerves of the listeners, however they have schooled themselves to bear and forbear. The men or women who exercise their energies as household dictators are, altogether, disagreeable specimens of humanity, but, unhappily, are not uncommon. The dictator is often the last person in the house who realizes the discomfort that his system of nagging produces, as such a person, in the necessities of the case, is a preeminently selfish individual whose horizon is limited to himself, and who only takes in the rest of the world as they are his and form a part, in that way, of his selfish interests.—*New York Tribune*.

Gentleman as Well as Soldier.

I was told a good story about General Grant the other day that I never saw in print, says the Washington correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. It will be recalled that early in the war the New York Fire Zouaves were a crack regiment commanded by Colonel Ellsworth. Every man in the ranks had been a fireman, and it was confidently believed that Ellsworth's command was able to put down the rebellion without assistance. The colonel was a young man, handsome, gallant, burning with military ardor and thirsting for military fame. He was as much the idol of the north as was Ashby, a few months later, the idol of the south. The Fire Zouaves were the first troops to march into Alexandria, Va. Their colonel was at their head, and after the town had surrendered he saw a rebel flag flying from a hotel. Instead of ordering a squad to remove it, he bolted into the house, ascended the stairway, went out on the roof, and captured the flag; descending, he was confronted by the landlord—one Jackson—who shot him dead. Jackson himself was then shot to death, and the affair created more sensation than considerable battles a year or two later.

After the war a daughter of Jackson secured an appointment in one of the departments in Washington. She was a modest, diligent and capable young woman, and discharged her official duties acceptably. In course of time a super-loyal gentleman was put in charge of the bureau in which she worked. Nosing around, he soon discovered the antecedents of the young clerk, and discharged her. She was friendless and penniless, and, as a last resort, went to the White House and called for General Grant. He received her, and she related her story to the silent man. Without saying a word, he took a sheet of paper and wrote: "The war against men is ended, and my administration shall not begin one against women. Restore Miss Jackson to her former clerkship, instantly." This was addressed to the loyal bureau official, and the lady is yet in the public service.

That was an exhibition of chivalry that Dunois or Francis I might have envied.

Little Ethel went to church with her grandmother, and for the first time put ten cents on the contribution plate. Leaning over, she whispered very audibly: "That's all right, grandma, I paid for two."

The hard rubs are what 'make a man bright. It would take considerable rubbing to brighten some.

ANNUAL

Clearance Sale.

THIS WEEK

We are showing

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

Throughout Our Stocks of

Dry Goods,
Fancy Goods

And Especially in Our

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Bearing in mind that our Stock is NEW and DESIRABLE in every respect, and the

Prices Cut to Actual Cost,

There seems to be no reason why you should even look at the old-fashioned, shop-worn sealtettes and other stuffs displayed by the thousands elsewhere.

The Chas. Wiegner Dry Goods Co.

519, 519½ J Street.

A. C. SHAW & CO.

1023 EIGHTH STREET,

Sacramento,

California,

BRANCH AGENCY FOR THE

World-Renowned Knabe,

HAINES, HEMME & LONG, GILBERT & CO.

And other

PIANOS.

The Original Mathushek Piano.

THE LATEST STYLES OF ORGANS.

The Largest Stock!

The Best Quality!

And the Lowest Prices!

North of San Francisco.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO HOLIDAY TRADE

Elegant Millinery.

LADIES OF SACRAMENTO AND VICINITY are cordially invited to call and examine the FINE STOCK OF NOVELTIES, just arrived, and which are being sold at the VERY LOWEST PRICES. MRS. E. KATZENSTEIN, No. 605 J STREET.

Miss Mamie Costella,

Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

J. J. DUNCKHORST,

Interior Decorating.

LATEST DESIGNS IN

WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.

1225 J Street, Sacramento.

DR. MARY M. CRONEMILLER.

Office and Residence, 507½ J street.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 P. M.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

WM. B. MILLER,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

628 J Street, near Seventh, Sacramento.

Importer and dealer in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware. American Gold and Silver Watches a specialty.

JEWELRY MANUFACTURED AND REPAIRED.

Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. The Repairing of Watches a specialty.

GO TO

E. W. MELVIN'S,

718 K STREET, SACRAMENTO.

—PHOTOS ENLARGED.—

Engravings, Etchings, Photogravures Autotypes, Pastels, etc. Framing Pictures a Specialty.

DR. T. WAH HING,

ENGLISH AND CHINESE

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

(Graduate Hongkong Medical College.)

Office, 926 Third street.

Office Hours, 8 to 11 A. M., 1 to 4 and 6 to 8 P. M. At other times may be found at No. 304 I street.

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street,

Sacramento, Cal.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

—IN—

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

Are the Leaders!

Fine Table
Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

Futterer's Saloon,

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.

A FINE POOL TABLE.

The Nervous Age.

Men are controlled by the state of their nerves; and the excitement of modern life, together with the common use of stimulants, has had a tendency to make the nerves peculiarly sensitive and even irritable. That we are dependent on our environment, and are the creatures which our sensations and the world's impressions make us, has long been taught as a philosophical theory, and is now reduced to practice. Ideals are discarded as standards of conduct, and hard realities have taken their place. Faith has been obliterated from many a heart, leaving nothing but a materialistic realism as the basis of life. Reason, with its principles, is questioned, and the noblest inspirations are suspected as illusions. Thus the vulgar philosophy of the day dooms man to the sphere of the senses and the power of the impressions received through them.

"It is startling to what extent the masses in Europe have lost the idea of life as having a grand mission; hence, immediate earthly concerns are the dominant factors; not a high purpose that includes God as well as man, heaven as well as earth, and eternity as well as time. Constantly yielding to what is present and near, men lose their self-control not only, but themselves; gratification, pleasure, becomes the aim of life. The temples of Venus and Bacchus are the sanctuaries of millions who never enter the house of God. Men seek excitement in society, in sport, from the novel; and even art, and especially music, has been robbed of its divinity in order to minister to the demand for the sensational. Instead of the grand thoughts which are the soul of Shakespeare's plays, the theater is devoted to the spectacular, the exciting, to the interest of the moment.

"Even children are affected by the common trend. Suicides are becoming more frequent among them, and for the most trivial causes—a rebuke, punishment for a misdemeanor, or the failure to pass an examination at school. On the continent suicides occur with frightful frequency in all circles of society, from youth to old age, because men are disappointed in love or fortune, are momentarily depressed or are weary of life. The evidence thus furnished that men are controlled by their nerves instead of by character, faith, reason, a high purpose in life, is abundantly confirmed by the testimony of physicians, especially by such as have charge of insane asylums."

The picture thus painted of Europe is equally true of America; indeed, we Americans are proverbially the most nervous of people. Insanity is increasing at a fearful rate amongst us, and millions who are not insane are hysterical—the fine balance of nature is destroyed. We live too fast. Excitement is an appetite which grows by what it feeds on. The journals on the express of life are hot. 'Tis time to whistle "Down brakes!"

One remedy for this ominous state of things is to be found in physical culture. Stop the use of stimulants. Avoid excitement. Go slow. Live simply. Go back to nature. And, above all, develop the body. A prominent physiologist affirms that it is necessary, in order to do the best thinking and living, that the brain be supplied with a regular and plentiful supply of blood; that this blood be kept free from carbon dioxide and charged with oxygen; and that it be nourished with wholesome food. These ends can be secured only when the heart pumps the blood vigorously on its appointed rounds; when the lungs thoroughly purify and oxygenize it, and when the nutritive processes of the body are so stimulated that the digestive organs do their work with thoroughness.

How can these three results be attained? By sanitary living, and not otherwise. We must live more out of doors, must exercise more, must develop muscle, and must avoid unnecessary drains upon vitality. Huddled as we are in cities, in an artificial environment, with sedentary pursuits and habits, we must find or create some means whereby we can counteract these evils and secure the necessary amount of exercise. "I wish," cries a well-known physician, "that a commissioner of physical education could be appointed for the nation. Would it be possible for the various state legislatures to make physical education compulsory in all the free schools? It has vitally to do with the mental and moral life of the country. Few truths are more clearly taught by history than that the physical condition of the people determines the fate of the commonwealth."

Side by side with this bodily culture should go the culture of the soul. The age has lost its moorings; anchor it again. Principles have been shaken; reestablish them. A sensational philosophy dominates the masses; replace it with the philosophy of reason. Conscience has been robbed of its authority; put the scepter back again in its right hand. God has been dethroned in the irreverent thoughts of multitudes; reseat Him on His throne with ringing hosannas. There is plenty of occupation nowadays for both school and meeting-house.

That was a devoted lover who swallowed the postage stamp on her letter, because her lips had touched it.



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles; and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hairdressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE mailed free to any lady on receipt of stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful." 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, "Beauty Doctor," 103 Post street, San Francisco.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,

SACRAMENTO.

Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT

1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-Atlantic Ports, by First-Class Steamers to and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN. Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO Daily.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

California Exchange,

900 K STREET.

Southeast Corner Ninth, Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

KEY WEST AND IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

HAHN'S

Eau de Quinine,

Or, QUININE HAIR TONIC.

The stimulating effects of this tonic are unrivaled for removing dandruff, preserving the scalp in a healthy condition, rendering the hair soft, pliable and brilliant. It promotes the growth of the hair, prevents the same from falling out, and imparts to it an agreeable perfume.

JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,

Sacramento, Cal.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

W. A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

W. H. HUMPHREY, southwest corner Seventh and J streets, rooms 7 and 8

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney). Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, State of California.—In the matter of Arthur Turner, an insolvent debtor. Arthur Turner, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Arthur Turner is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said Arthur Turner, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm, or corporation, or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, on the 12th day of February, 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in the THESIS, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated, January 7th, 1892.

A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court. GEO. G. DAVIS, Attorney for Petitioner. ja9-5t

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP.

We certify that we constitute a partnership transacting business as dealers in general merchandise in the State of California, under the firm name and style of NORTON & MYERS. The principal place of business of said firm is Sacramento, California. The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

Dated, Sacramento, California, December 4, 1891. H. J. NORTON, [SEAL.] Sacramento, California. E. E. MYERS, [SEAL.] Sacramento, California.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, ss.

COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO. On this fourth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, before me, L. T. Hatfield, a Notary Public in and for the County of Sacramento, personally appeared H. J. Norton and E. E. Myers, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

L. T. HATFIELD, Notary Public.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to KATE PYNE, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 25th day of November, 1891, in which action Ah Hon and Louis Pong are plaintiffs and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a judgment of this Court against you for the sum of One Thousand Six Hundred and Sixty-one and 5/8 Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to said plaintiffs in pursuance of a certain agreement in writing made between you and said plaintiffs on the 15th day of November, 1888, whereby you agreed to pay plaintiffs two-fifths of the net return from the sale of fruit, and one-half of the net return from the sale of vegetables and melons raised on the lands of the plaintiffs. That the net return of the sale of fruit in the year 1891 amounted to Five Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-five and 5/8 Dollars; and the net return of the sale of vegetables and melons amounted to Six hundred and Forty-nine and 3/4 Dollars, and for costs of suit, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiffs will enter your default and take judgment against you for the sum of \$1,661.50 and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 25th day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHODS, Clerk. By J. F. DOODY, Deputy Clerk. W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiffs. dec12-2m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of F. H. JOHNSTON, an insolvent debtor.—F. H. Johnston having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said F. H. Johnston is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said F. H. Johnston, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, on the 22d day of January, 1892, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in the THESIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed. Dated December 8, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET, Judge of the Superior Court. W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. dec12-6t

Order of Adjudication in Insolvency.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of Charles E. Crandall, an insolvent debtor.—Charles E. Crandall having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Charles E. Crandall is hereby declared to be insolvent. It is ordered that Lee Stanley, the Sheriff of the County of Sacramento, be and he is hereby appointed receiver of the property of said insolvent, and that upon qualifying he take charge and possession of all estate, real and personal, of said insolvent, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and keep, care for and dispose of the same until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons having the same or any part thereof are hereby directed to deliver said property to said receiver, and that said receiver keep said property, or the proceeds thereof, till the further order of this Court. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him, or to any person, firm, corporation or association for his use; and said debtor is forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. And that all creditors of said debtor appear before this Court, at the Court-room thereof, in the County of Sacramento, on the 5th day of February, 1892, at half-past 1 o'clock P. M., to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. And that this order be published in the THESIS, a newspaper published in said County of Sacramento, as often as said paper is published, before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And that, in the meantime, all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed. Dated December 29th, A. D. 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET, Judge of the Superior Court. CLINTON L. WHITE, Attorney for Petitioner.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to NOAH J. BENFORD, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 17th day of November, 1891, in which action, Lizzie L. Benford is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds of desertion and failure to provide, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 17th day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHODS, Clerk. By E. S. WACHHORST, Deputy Clerk. W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. dec5-8t

Quite Possible.

There was never a more surprised and dumfounded man in Philadelphia than a certain well-known merchant, whose wife presented him a short time ago with a little Chinese baby. "My—!" he exclaimed, when the nurse deposited the new-born infant in his arms, "where did you get this?" "It is yours," emphatically declared the nurse. The bewildered man gave one affrighted glance at his baby's queer little pigeon-eyes, high cheek bones, and bald pate with dark shadowy tuft at the crown, and nearly fainted away. He tried to persuade himself that he was the victim of some horrible nightmare, but the evidence of his senses was too convincing. He flew to his wife's bedside to find her also in a most distressed state of mind over the advent of the miniature Ah Siu. "It is all due to that wretched Sunday-school class of yours," he could not help moaning. For a long time his wife has been a zealous teacher in one of the local Sunday schools, and has been endeavoring to instill the gospel into the benighted minds of a class of Chinese. Her labors among them had so impressed their features upon her mind as to produce the disastrous result. Whether or not she will now give up her interesting class is a matter unannounced.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Col. Tom's Sentiment.

"Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead," says Thos. P. Ochiltree. "Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way."

Where Isinglass Comes From.

The best isinglass comes from Russia, where it is obtained from the giant sturgeon which inhabits the Caspian sea and the rivers which run into it. This fish often grows to the length of twenty five feet, and from its air-bladder the isinglass is prepared. It is subjected to many processes before being ready for sale, but the Russians, knowing it has the reputation of being the best, take great pains in its preparation, and in the world's markets it has practically no rival. A great deal is made along the Amazon, in Brazil, but it is very coarse and inferior and is used for the refining of liquors and similar purposes. The adulteration of good isinglass with the inferior kinds can always be detected by placing samples in boiling water. The best isinglass will dissolve completely, leaving no visible residuum, while the inferior variety will show threads of fibrous tissue and be of a dark color, often almost brown.

A Question of Ownership.

Uncle Epimenides, called Uncle Ep, in the days of his slavery brought out a nice point of meum et tuum. He had been given by his master a new hat, of which he was very proud, and which was only worn on Sunday or other state occasions. He was met by his master on one occasion returning from church through a heavy summer shower, the rain beating on his bare head, while the new hat was tucked carefully under his coat.

"Why don't you put on your hat, Ep? your head will get wet," said his master.

"Well, you see, mars," answered Ep, "the head's yours, but the hat's mine, and I'm 'blege' to take care of it."

Most young men, when they become of age, look around for some business in which they can either find wealth or fame, regardless of the natural law in such cases, believing they could succeed in a business they do not know better than a prosperous acquaintance; and such wild ideas are not unfrequently carried out and followed by disastrous results. If young men just entering a business career would study out what they are best adapted for, and what they know most about, there would be fewer failures; for it is always safe to do what we can do well; there we meet with the weakest competition. If the young man's mind is on money, he will be the slave of money; and if it is on business he will be far more likely to win both fame and fortune; but these things are not of mushroom growth; they do not come in a day, but require long years of persistent effort and patience.

Affection is the broadest basis of good in life.—*George Eliot.*

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTERS,

410 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

*Cards,
Circulars,
Ball Tickets,
Programmes,
Posters,
Billheads,
Statements,
Letterheads,
Noteheads,
Envelopes,
Show Cards,
Wedding Invitations,
Briefs and
Transcripts,
Legal Blanks,
Constitutions and
By-Laws,
Postal Cards,
Election Tickets,
Great Registers.*

* Election Printing. *

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outside of San Francisco.

ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR
PROMPTLY FILLED.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

410 J STREET.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California
Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County
Coroner. Telephone 134.

CELEBRATED

WEINER LAGER BEER

CAPITAL BREWERY

LOUIS NICOLAUS,

Corner Twelfth and I Streets

SACRAMENTO.

Grubler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

PRINTING

D. JOHNSTON & CO.
410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED

Agent for the Celebrated W. J. LEMP'S ST. LOUIS
LAGER BEER

WISSEMAN'S SALOON,

Klebetz & Green's Old Stand,

1020 FOURTH ST., BET. J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

GEO. WISSEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Saloons supplied by bottle or keg.

BOHEMIA PILSENER,

BAVARIA HERSBRUCKER.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

MISCELLANY.

Silence is one of the hardest arguments to refute.—*Shaw.*

The tallest and the shortest people of Europe, the Norwegians and the Lapse, live side by side.

The greatest plague ever known visited Naples in 1656 and carried off 380,000 people in 28 weeks.

That Baltimore lecturer who went in to prove that the devil has red hair, did it to harmonize with the theory of death on a white horse.

Vicious people who imagine they have grievances against others and try to injure them, are a good deal like the scorpion which nearly always stings itself.

"All is fair in love and war, isn't it?" she said. "I don't know," he replied, doubtfully. "I've been in love a good many times, but I never was married."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Are you pretty well acquainted with your mother tongue, my boy?" asked the school teacher of the new scholar. "Yes, sir," answered the lad, timidly; "ma jaws me a good deal, sir."

There is a very strong dislike to the bat among the peasants of south Germany. A feeling of disgust and fear takes possession of the farmer who finds bats in his chimney, not only because he believes the creatures will feed upon his pork that hangs in the smoke, but because bats are regarded as unlucky, and bring poverty and misfortune.

The Spaniards are the most expert smokers in the world. A Spaniard takes a heavy pull at his cigarette, inhales it, takes up a wine skin, or wine bottle, pours a half pint down his throat, holding the vessel a foot from his mouth and not spilling a drop, and then with a sigh of satisfaction closes his eyes and exhales the smoke from his nose and mouth in clouds. He will also inhale the smoke, converse for a few minutes in a natural manner, and then blow out the smoke.

Handed down for generations in the family is a curious and valuable relic of colonial days now in possession of Mrs. Lizzie B. Link, a niece of the late Judge Stites and a clerk in the general delivery department of the postoffice. On a sheet of brown paper three by two inches in size are the characters which pronounce it a legal tender for one-third of a dollar. One side bears the inscription, "According to the resolution passed by Congress February 17, 1776;" also a dyspeptic-looking sun dial, beneath which is the terse admonition, "Mind your own business." On the reverse is a circle of thirteen links, each representing one of the states of the young union, in the center of which is the motto, "We are one." It is an interesting and valuable relic of the good old days of our forefathers and their fractional currency, some of which would prove very inconvenient at the present day.—*Louisville Commercial.*

The diseases the American presidents died of are given thus: Washington's fatal illness was due to a cold caught while riding about his farm in a sleet storm. John Adams' complaint was old age; that of Jefferson chronic diarrhoea, due to excessive drinking of the waters of White Sulphur springs, Va.; Madison and Monroe, old age; John Quincy Adams, paralysis; Andrew Jackson, consumption and dropsy; Van Buren, asthma and catarrh; William Henry Harrison, pleurisy, the result of a cold caught at his inauguration; Tyler, unknown; Polk, cholera; Taylor, cholera morbus, caused by drinking of ice water, followed by immoderate eating of cherries; Fillmore, paralysis; Pierce, dropsy, and Buchanan, rheumatic gout. The remaining diseases are fresh in mind, Andrew Johnson's having been due to paralysis. It is noticeable that colds and bronchial affections played a large part, effectually refuting the fallacy that "only a cold" is a matter of trifling concern.

Said a Nevada man a few evenings since: "Hank Monk was greatly overrated as a stage driver. I have known scores of better ones. But his getting Horace Greeley over the Sierras and down into Placerville 'on time' gave him great notoriety. It was a dreadful drive, and that it didn't kill the old editor was no fault of Monk's. The road was slough and rough, and Hank was full of tarantula juice when he left Carson. It was about twenty-six years ago, and Hank was thirty-eight years old. He died a few years ago, something over fifty. In the goodness of Greeley's heart he presented Hank with a gold watch, which he many times pawned, sold, and managed to get back. But there were so many ridiculous exaggerations and right up-and-down falsehoods told of that ride that Greeley became very 'tired,' and, in reply to a request of Hank some eighteen years ago for some favor, Horace wrote: 'I would rather see you 10,000 fathoms in hell than ever give you a crust of bread, for you are the only man who had the opportunity to place me in a ridiculous light, and you villainously exercised that opportunity, you d—d scamp!'"—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Live Crockery House

HAS DEMONSTRATED BY ITS
INCREASE IN BUSINESS
THAT IT CARRIES BY FAR THE

Best Selected Stock of Crockery and Glassware and Lamp Goods

EVER CARRIED IN THIS CITY.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

JOS. THIEBEN CROCKERY CO.
518 J Street.

W. D. Comstock, 501 -- 507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN WATERS
A NATURAL MINERAL WATER
OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT.
"SHASTA" WATER
BOTTLED FOR EUROPEAN TRADE
MOUNT SHASTA, ELEVATION 14,442 FT.
TRADE MARK.
MOUNT SHASTA MINERAL SPRING CO.
GENERAL OFFICE 908 & 910 2ND STREET.
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.
BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS
TRADE MARK
COPYRIGHTED

1891. **HOLIDAY GOODS!** 1891.

New Stock, Open and Ready for Sale, Consisting of
Bisque, Royal Worcester, Doulton, Dresden, Terra Cotta.

Also, an attractive lot of DECORATED CHINA DINNER and TEA SETS, and open stock goods in great variety. We Solicit Careful Inspection.

Sacramento Glass and Crockery Company
629 J STREET. JOHN WEIL, Manager

SUN WING COMPANY,
DEALERS IN
JAPANESE FANCY GOODS.

STAMPING

Done free of charge for all customers the first two weeks in December.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT

Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs

From 25 Cents Up.

TOYS, JEWELRY, NOTIONS, ETC.

No. 815 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

A. H. ROTT. C. H. KREBS.
C. H. KREBS & CO.,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,

Varnishes, Wall Paper, Brushes, Window
Shades and Picture Mouldings.

Ready Mixed Paints and Building Papers.

House and Sign Painting, Plain and Decorative
Paper Hanging, Glazing and Gilding,
Pictures, Frames and Mouldings.

626 J STREET,

Between Sixth and Seventh. SACRAMENTO.
TELEPHONE 267.

CALL ON THE
AGENT
OF THE
SUN INSURANCE CO.

AT

1014 FOURTH STREET,

WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.

Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46

THEO. J. MILLIKEN,
Manager Sacramento Branch

ASK YOUR GROCER

FOR THE
SACRAMENTO

Packing and Drying Company's
GOODS.

They Are the Best.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

December 6, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6:50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:05 A
8:00 A	Calistoga and Napa	4:00 P
3:05 P	Vallejo and Calistoga	8:40 P
10:50 P	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4:20 A
7:00 P	Deming, El Paso and East	6:35 P
7:35 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7:40 A
10:40 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	10:30 A
11:55 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	6:45 P
10:00 P	Central Atlantic Express	7:40 A
3:00 P	Oroville and East	10:30 A
3:00 P	Oroville via Roseville Junction	10:30 A
10:35 A	Redding via Marysville	4:00 P
4:35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:05 A
6:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:30 A
8:00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8:40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	9:40 P
7:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	10:30 P
10:00 A	San Francisco via Steamers	26:00 A
10:40 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2:50 P
10:40 A	San Jose	2:50 P
7:00 P	Santa Barbara	10:30 A
*6:50 A	Santa Rosa	11:05 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	*8:40 P
8:30 A	Stockton and Galt	10:30 A
10:40 A	Stockton and Galt	2:50 P
7:00 P	Stockton and Galt	6:35 P
11:55 A	Truckee and Reno	7:40 A
10:00 P	Truckee and Reno	6:45 P
*8:00 A	Vallejo	8:40 P
3:05 P	Vallejo	11:05 A
*8:20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2:40 P
*12:15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10:20 A
*4:45 P	Folsom	*8:00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K. COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK
OF SACRAMENTO.

\$100,000 TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE.
Semi-annual Dividends on Deposits. Correspondence promptly answered.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

PHOENIX BAKERY,

C. SCHURR, Proprietor,

Southwest Corner Thirteenth and J Streets.

Bread, Pies and Cakes,

FRESH EVERY MORNING,

Delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's
Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and
gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its method
of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who
desire a thorough education, and especially those
who expect to make teaching a profession, are
cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods
of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are
no vacations.

THEMIS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1892.

No. 48.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

An Oakland divine last Sunday preached on the evil influences of Saturday night in California. So far as his statement is concerned that that particular night is characterized by unusual debauchery, disorder, and crime, no one will dispute, and will agree that drinking places should be placed under rigid surveillance. The reverend gentleman is reported by the press as believing that Saturday night had more to do with small audiences in the churches on the Sabbath day than any other cause. The custom of keeping the business houses open on that night until 10 and 11 o'clock had a demoralizing effect on both customer and merchant, as well as on the clerks. The last mentioned were required to do a day and a half's work in the day, and consequently they went home tired out and jaded. Many a young girl clerking in a store is so tired out that, no matter how much she may desire, she could not get rest sufficient to attend the Sunday-school, or morning service at church. Not only were the clerks jaded and tired, but the merchant as well, because after the close of business he would have to look over the receipts and the accounts of what had been done during the long day and evening. There was no necessity for this. He believed in the half-holiday system; and if it were adopted in California it would be a great benefit to all. He believed that if the stores closed other days at 6 o'clock in the evening, they should also do so on Saturday. More money is spent in three hours on Saturday night than in any three hours during the entire week. If the Saturday night was spent this way and in balls and parties, as was frequently the case, it was no wonder that God got very little of service on the Sabbath.

There is here a forgetting that the business of the world is governed by the law of necessity, and the fact there is more barter Saturday night than any other is because it is the desire of patrons, and to their wish the merchants must accord. At the blowing of the whistle on that evening the tired workingman ceases his week's labor, goes to his home, feeling he will have a rest Saturday night and Sunday. The professional man is largely in the same category. It would seem our clerical friend thinks people generally should forego their Saturday night shopping, stay at home, and rest up for the day of rest; that on Sunday they should attend church, willing or not willing. It must be recollected that religion itself, and particularly the observance of the Sabbath, has changed much in the last few centuries—very manifest has been the change since the beginning of the present century. England has not yet fully gotten out of the old rut of compelling people to worship in such form and at such time as the clergy dictate.

An eminent English theologian, in a work published in 1785, declared that duty on the Sabbath day is violated: First, by all such employments or engagements as (though differing from our ordinary acceptation) hinder our attendance upon public worship, or take up so much of our time as not to leave a sufficient part of the day at leisure for religious reflection; as the going of journeys, the paying or receiving of visits which engage the whole day, or employing the time at home

in writing letters, settling accounts, or in applying ourselves to studies, or the reading of books which bear no relation to the business of religion. Secondly, by unnecessary encroachments on the rest and liberty which Sunday ought to bring to the inferior orders of the community; as by keeping servants on that day confined and busied in preparations for the superfluous elegancies of our table or dress. Thirdly, by such recreations as are customarily forborne out of respect to the day; as hunting, shooting, fishing, public diversions, frequenting taverns, playing at cards or dice. We doubt not the Oakland divine heartily endorses the views of the writer of 100 years ago, and it seems he outdoes him, that he desires to make Sunday commence on Saturday night. It would appear from a comparison with former years that church attendance is falling off, when the increase of population is considered. We do not ascribe this to a growth of wickedness of the people, but to the advancement of liberality in their views. The majority of the people do violate the duty to the day, if the code of the English writer is to be considered orthodoxy. Particularly is this so in cities.

Thousands there are whose tastes incline them to rest without the walls of the church; and it would hardly be charged that this great mass are wrong and the more straight-laced are right. In fact, both are right. It would be straining conscience to condemn a man who had spent six days in close confinement in the shop, the store, the office, or in fact any place of labor, if he consulted his own inclination as to the harmless disposition of the twenty-four hours which, only, during the whole week he could uninterruptedly call his own. He may be inclined to write letters to his friends, to cast up his accounts, to apply himself to the study of that which in his judgment will advance him in the world; to the reading of secular literature, to hunting or fishing, or to witnessing a game of baseball or some other innocent public diversion. Perhaps it may be his tastes incline him to array himself in his finest attire, visit and converse with his friends, or enjoy the air and sunshine in a stroll and the viewing of objects of interest. Would it be esteemed out of place if his wife or servant prepared the "Sunday dinner," or that at the setting of the sun he took his wife and little ones to an open-air concert and patronized a candy store?

Let it not be understood that we decry churches or do not appreciate to the fullest extent their moralizing influence. Sunday-schools are, above all others, agents for good, and the fact that they are largely attended is due in large degree to their attractiveness. The impressions the child receives in the Sunday-school remain with him through life. This cannot be said of church services, as a rule, for, with few exceptions, little original thought comes from the pulpit. The successful minister of to-day is the one of broad views who can look on the world as it is and divine the motives that impel the actions of individuals. The minister who feels that he has been specially ordained to reform the people of an entire city or state, to make them think as he does, to turn the current of business from its normal channel, will be a failure, and the chances are few new faces will appear in his congregation.

The Chilean story does not agree with the sworn statements of the "Baltimore" soldiers. It is likely that the government of the United States will give

more credence to the uniform testimony of our blue jackets than to the secret inquisition of prejudicial and unfriendly officials of Chile. The procedure in criminal cases may be secret under the laws of Chile, but it is not mandatory that such investigations be with doors closed to all parties. In cases like the assaults on the American sailors, if Chile wished to be fair and honest, some representative of this government could have been allowed to be present. This would have shown fairness.

Julien Gordon, in discussing the works of Herbert Spencer, indulges in some happy thoughts on that gifted author's ideas of woman and her relation to government. He asks us if the political rights of women are the same as those of men—realizing that the assumption is now widely made—and if their only duty of citizenship is to consist in the casting of a vote. How shall one portion of a community, he argues, assume the rights of government without incurring any of its risks? Men have to man war vessels, to shoulder the musket in times when the public peace is threatened. Are women not only ready to do so—are they able? He concludes with the statement that, if they are not, it is useless to prate of their political rights, unless, indeed, we lived in a state of permanent peace. Here, then, in a nut-shell, lies the gist of the whole matter—the opinion of the greatest of living philosophers. Women are unqualified for governing because they are unqualified for fighting. It may here be said that it seems, indeed, a pity that women should be so unqualified. Women are by nature quicker to resent injury than men, more fiery, more easily roused to indignation at the sight of wrong, more combative. The last word is proverbially the feminine one. Then, they are more dramatic than men, and therefore more prone to be thrilled and stirred by the heroic. They are courageous, and they are cheerful under physical pain. No one will deny that in their narrow sphere—and why not, then, in a wider one?—they are diplomats, strategists, and tacticians; eminently, therefore, fitted for the subtleties of the art of war. One cannot doubt that morally they would make excellent soldiers. As to endurance! only watch the evolutions of the maiden *à la mode*, at one of our great watering-places; the veriest unbeliever would be persuaded, nay, converted. She will be up with the lark, swim all the morning, attend a "girl's luncheon" at noon, be in the saddle all the afternoon, dine at eight, and dance till three, and this for a period of six months of summer heat; and she will not look much the worse for the regime!

A case was tried in the court of Justice Henry this week, the title of which is "The People vs. William Curtis et als."—an innocent entitlement truly. The charge was of the filling a certain canal that had been excavated by the supervisors of this county from Sixth and Y streets in this city to Snodgrass slough. As we say, the title of the case is innocent, yet there is deep significance in the meaning of the action. The canal was designed for a double purpose: to carry from Sacramento city the surplus water and the sewage matter, and to drain the basin lying to the south of the city. Perhaps, had the canal been properly constructed in the first place, it would have answered the purpose for which it was designed, but from the evidence in this case it would appear the canal was of uneven levels, and that the water could not pass through its entire length. Of late years portions of the canal have been filled up from the tramping of stock and general neg-

lect, and the result has been that lands to the extent of some 2,800 acres have been submerged and rendered worthless. Aside from that it is claimed, and reasonable is the claim, that the noxious odors rising from the filth in the water discharged from the city caused sickness and death. Colonel McNasser, who owns considerable land in the district affected, purchased an acre of land at the immediate point of discharge from the city, and had the ditch filled; for that act his employes were prosecuted.

We have said the case is of deep significance. It is in this: the city cannot hope to relieve itself of its sewage matter by turning it upon the lands of those without. In principle it is, as lawyers put it, "on all fours" with the hydraulic mining contention: use your property as you choose, so long as you do not injure others. A city has no more right than an individual to destroy the property and impair the health of those adjacent to it. There is another consideration: to discharge this matter upon lands south of the city, to have it there dammed up and decomposed, is injurious to the health of our own people—the prevailing winds are from that direction. The claim is made by the city authorities that of late the foul matter is pumped into the river, and that nothing but the surface water finds its way into the canal. Let that be so. We are complaining that the waters of the rivers are befouled above the suction pipe through which we draw our water supply. With what grace can we cast our filth into the Sacramento river and send it to our neighbors below? There is but one practical solution of this matter, and the sooner it is arrived at the better: put in place a modern sewerage system. In cities in the east the sewage is disposed of upon scientific principles; indeed, there are instances where profit is made from its conversion into fertilizing material. The present death rate of the city, and the numerous cases of sickness, should admonish us of the importance of immediate action. True it has been public meetings have been held on the subject, much talk and writing has been indulged in, but absolutely nothing has been accomplished. It is said we can do naught until the bonded indebtedness is paid. To the devil with the bonded indebtedness, when a question of public health is concerned. In the first place, the speculative bondholders will not starve if they will be made to wait until the bonds are due; in the second place, it is about time they were made to understand they are a little too previous. They went to the trouble of procuring from the late supreme court a decision giving them 55 per cent. of the gross, instead of 55 per cent. of the net, revenues of the water-works, and have so crippled the goose that lays the golden egg that the institution is not self-sustaining. What is the matter with cutting down the water rates to a nominal figure and giving our poorer fellow-citizens a chance to escape an oppressive burden? Three dollars a family per quarter is a considerable item; 55 per cent. of it passes to the bondholders direct. Water rates are controlled by ordinance; so are business and other licenses. Cut them down; then levy special taxes for that which we need: appropriate public buildings and a modern sewerage system. Let us instance, Would a man not be classed a fool who, owing a note due some years hence, worried about it, and, in anticipation of its coming to maturity, permitted his house to fall into decay, and jeopardized the health and lives of his family by not perfecting his kitchen and closet drainage? We do hope, that the March election is approaching, the subject of a system of sewerage will be agitated. It may hurt the doctors, may be death to the undertakers; we are not aware the people will complain.

There used to be a saying current in Lincoln's Inn years ago of a judge who recognized three degrees in liars: the liar simple, the d—d liar and the expert witness. The point lies in the fact that expert witnesses are allowed to give evidence as to what is their opinion, and hence are out of the reach of an indictment for perjury, which always hangs over the head of the ordinary witness, who can testify to fact only. There is another version which is of interest, namely, the three degrees of liars, which are said to be the liar, the d—d liar and the mining engineer.

New Yorkers want the church bells suppressed. They hate to be disturbed while they are reading the Sunday papers.

SOME UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

Sacramento in Embryo—How Government Was Formed from Chaos.

PART XXII.

The city council again met January 14, 1850. The city was at that time inundated, and the meeting was called by the president to request the council to take further steps for the relief of those in distress.

On motion of councilman Miles, the action of that body at its last meeting in appointing captains of relief was approved, and the appointees continued in their positions until the overflow should subside.

A communication was received from Drs. Morse and Stillman in relation to taking city patients into their hospital. On motion of councilman E. J. C. Kewen, it was resolved that for all patients sent to the hospital of Morse & Stillman the city pay nine dollars per day for each, up to twenty in number; for any number over twenty, the amount proposed in their communication. [This communication is lost, and the latter rate cannot now be given.]

At this meeting of the council a communication was received from Demas Strong (afterwards first president of the city council under the charter passed in February, 1850). It was addressed "To the gentlemen of the relief committee," and continued: "Allow me to congratulate you upon the success which has attended your indefatigable exertions to alleviate the sufferings and wants of those who, by the disastrous floods which now inundate our city, have been thrown upon your hands to be provided for. Personal examination yesterday and to-day satisfies me that nothing but the most strenuous and well-directed endeavors on your part could have accomplished so much good as was ascribed to your agency, and earned so many praises as were justly bestowed upon you. In addition to the tender already made of the full use of my rooms for the accommodation of families, allow me also to say that such articles of clothing, blankets, shoes, stockings, etc., as may in your opinion be needed, I shall be most happy to place at your disposal." On motion of Dr. Miles, the communication was received and ordered to be entered on the minutes, and that the thanks of the council, under the seal of the city, be tendered to Mr. Strong for his kind and charitable offer. [To what extent the relief committee availed itself of the offer of Mr. Strong we may, perhaps, be able to set forth in a future number of this series, when we receive the private notes of Mr. Strong, kept by him during his early stay in our city.]

Councilman Snyder presented to the council several bills for taking care of the sick, which were, on motion, referred to the health officer.

Dr. George I. Pheeland, through the city council, tendered his professional services to the destitute sick through the period of inundation; and, on motion of Mr. Kewen, he received the thanks of the council for his kind offer.

The president of the council called its members to meet at the store of Smith, Bensly & Co. on the 24th of January, 1850; but, as no quorum was present at that date, it adjourned without doing any business.

The council again met on call of its president on February 2, 1850, at the Gordon House.

The account of Dr. Morrill was taken up for consideration, and it was allowed for \$800. The account of Col. A. M. Winn, for \$12,158 10, was presented to the council for allowance. It was referred to a committee consisting of Dr. Miles and Messrs. Kewen and Warbass, who, after examination, reported the account correct, and it was allowed, after deducting a credit to the amount of \$1,825 30, and the balance ordered paid. The items of that account, which would be interesting, are not given. No public works were then being prosecuted, and nothing remains to show the services for which that large sum was paid by the council to its president. The sum of \$800 was allowed to N. C. Cunningham for two months' services as marshal of the city, and \$600 to C. H. Miller for services as assistant marshal. Murray Morrison (brother of the late chief justice of our supreme court) was allowed \$425 for services as city attorney. Also, the sum of \$300 to C. C. Sackett. The report of the secretary containing a statement of the amount of allowed accounts was received and ordered on file.

At this session of the council the following resolutions, offered by councilman Kewen, were unanimously adopted:

1. That the city council of Sacramento city return their most grateful acknowledgments to his excellency Peter H. Burnett, and Albert Priest for their liberal donation of one thousand dollars each for the care of the sick and destitute poor of this community.

2. That this and the foregoing resolution be published, and that the secretary also communicate in writing to Gov. Burnett and Albert Priest the grateful sense of the city council for the liberal aid they have tendered in alleviating the distress of the community. The council then adjourned to meet again on Feb. 5th, 1850.

Pursuant to that adjournment, the council met at the Gordon House. Present, councilmen Mills, Rogers, Warbass, Snyder and Smith.

In No. XXI of this series we referred to the fact that a public meeting was held on the 25th of January to consider the subject of constructing a levee around the city, which meeting was adjourned to Feb. 4th, and that the proceedings of that meeting were reported to the council on the 5th of February. This report was read to the council and ordered to be spread on the books of the Secretary as follows:

Proceedings of meeting of citizens; Monday, Feb. 4, 1850. At a meeting of citizens of Sacramento city, held this day at Priest, Lee & Co.'s store, to take into consideration the protection of this city from subsequent overflow, Mr. Lee took the chair and C. W. Coote was elected secretary. Mr. Woodworth made the following statement relative to the protection of the city from overflow (marked A). On motion of Mr. Bigelow it was resolved that a regular and correct survey, levels, etc., be made for the construction of the necessary works to secure the city from further overflow. On motion of Major Snyder a committee was appointed to wait upon the city council relative to this subject. Messrs. Bigelow, Gelston and Giles were appointed as said committee. On motion of Capt. Gelston, it was resolved that when this meeting adjourn it adjourn to meet again to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock to receive the report of said committee.

Exhibit A—Memoranda, with estimates of a survey made with a view to ascertain the practicability of protecting Sacramento city from inundation in high water. Commencing with soundings at the center of Sutter slough and running thence up the bank of the American fork. Embankment in slough, 100 cubic yards; from slough to Union street, 712 feet; average soundings, 2 feet; levee 2.5 feet high, with a base of 50 feet, will amount to 1,620 cubic yards. Thence to a point above head of Sutter lake, near Sixth street, 3,240 feet; average soundings, 5.6 feet; levee 2 feet high, with base as above, amounts to 6,000 cubic yards. Thence to a high ridge opposite head of lake, about 1,200 feet dyke; average soundings less than 3 feet, with a bank 3 feet high and 5 feet on top, will amount to 1,266 cubic yards. Thence high and dry ground continues round to a low swail, or slough, extending from near Sutter's fort to the American fork. Across the swail at narrowest point is about 165 feet, with an average of about 4.5 feet soundings; dyke with a bank 5 feet high and 5 feet on top will amount to 382 cubic yards. Thence high ground continues, with many deep sinuosities, around to a point opposite the burying ground ridge. Here we find a broad swail extending back to the tule swamps. The shortest distance across the burying-ground ridge is about 5,000 feet, with average soundings of a little less than 8 feet; dyke 8 feet high, 5 feet wide on top, will make 25,185 cubic yards. Thence from burying-ground point to river, 3,200 feet; average soundings, 5.8 feet; dykes with a bank 6 feet high, 5 feet on top, will amount to 10,666 cubic yards. Thence on river bank to Sutter slough, 2,440 feet; average soundings, 2 feet; levee 2.5 feet high, 50 feet base, amount to 5,555 cubic yards. Embankment in slough, 100 cubic yards. Total, 50,874 cubic yards. From the above examinations, and estimates resulting, it will be seen that Sacramento can easily be protected from inundations, and that, too, at comparatively small expense. Should, however, the city authorities, or gentlemen proprietors of real estate, deem it expedient to go into the work of leveeing and embanking to protect property from inundations, I should recommend by all means the adoption of plans of work larger in extent and more liberal in dimensions than those upon which the foregoing estimates were made. Indeed, I am of the opinion that when proper surveys and examinations are made for suitable and sufficient works to protect the city from inundations, and to secure and benefit all interests concerned, locations and plans must be adopted that will nearly or quite double the amount of work above estimated. But even at that, the great object to be accomplished, and great interests to be secured, seem to sink the expense to insignificance. Further remarks or a more detailed exposition of my views in relation to the subject, in connection with the above hasty and necessarily imperfect surveys, must be deemed unnecessary at the present time. II. P. WOODWORTH, Engineer.

The action of the city council on matters submitted to it by that committee of citizens will be given in our next number.

We give this report in detail, showing as it does in an authentic form the early struggles of the city for protection against high water at this point. The problem is not yet solved. Our present levee was constructed under an act passed in 1862; and since the decision of our supreme court holding that each landholder must protect himself against all water that may be turned on his land by others who wish to protect their own land from overflow, it looks as though the struggle must be perpetual, and that from time to time, as other levees are raised and strengthened, our city must meet the emergency by raising and strengthening its walls of defense.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

The peanut gallery is the place where the bad actors get roasted.

This is the year when only servant girls will wear big hats at the theater.

Five times out of six notoriety will draw a full house and swell the box receipts, while true merit performs to empty benches.

Friend of Playwright—Tell me, now, what do you consider your greatest work? Playwright—Getting my plays accepted after they are written.

I like to quote the fragrant lines of Keats,
And often I am caught by Shelley's tone;
And yet, for clever turns and quaint conceits,
Give me some tender lyrics of my own.

Cora—The amateurs decided at the last moment not to put on *Hamlet*. Dora—Such a sweet play, too; what was the trouble? Cora—They found out that it had been done before.

Henry Irving recently attended the rehearsal of a play to be given by boys in the Manchester grammar school, and admirably assisted the amateur actors with many little suggestions.

Joseph Jefferson's son Charles, instead of going on the stage, has preferred to act as business manager for dramatic companies. He is conducting two or three ventures of this sort besides looking after his father's affairs. He is said to be the image of his gifted parent, except for their dissimilar ages, and to be exceedingly witty in conversation.

Mr. Richard Mansfield is learning the trials of authorship. The critics are rather rough in handling his published version of *Don Juan*, and the New York critic describes the work as "the crude production of a clever but unbalanced youth who had but one aim—to make himself the conspicuous figure of a romantic drama—and missed it."

There is one story of Jenny Lind which I always recall with entire confidence in its truth, because it ought to be true. After her return from her American triumph she was in Italy and went one day from Florence to the convent of Vallombrosa, to which the young Milton went when on his travels. When she came to the chapel the monks, with courteous and deprecating regret, told her that no woman could enter. She smiled as she said: "Perhaps, if you knew who I am, you would let me in." "And who might the gracious lady be?" asked the monks. But when she said, "I am Jenny Lind," every head bowed and the doors were flung wide open. Then when she seated herself at the organ and sung, where Milton had sat and played, I can imagine the heavenly visions that floated before the minds of the monks, and that they crossed themselves reverently as they listened, and believed that St. Cecilia had descended.—*George William Curtis*.

The Chicago *Mail* has the following story of Sol Smith Russell: "I've had some queer experiences during the last quarter of a century," remarked Sol Smith Russell the other night between acts at the Grand, "but the one which produced the most powerful impression on me, I think, occurred last year at Mobile. I was dining at the leading hotel in that town, and, calling one of the darkey waiters to me, said: 'Will you please bring me a glass of water?' 'Yis, sah; yis, sah,' responded the waiter. But he never moved a peg. After waiting a minute I again attracted the fellow's attention, and quietly remarked: 'Perhaps you did not understand me. I would like a glass of water.' 'Oh, yis, sah; sartingly, sah; bring it in jist a jiffy, sah.' Wondering at the necessity for so much deliberation, I at last lost patience and said, rather sharply: 'See here! I want a glass of water, and I want it now. I'm in a hurry.' The darkey seemed to be genuinely alarmed, for he started toward the kitchen at a brisk gait, walked half way across the dining-room, halted, wheeled about and rather timidly returned to my table, where he made a most obsequious gesture and added, apologetically, 'Presently, sah.' This was a little too much, for my thirst had grown in geometrical proportion to the waiter's dilatoriness. 'Confound you,' I exclaimed, 'do you intend to bring me that glass of water or not? I've been trifled with long enough now, and I am getting weary.' 'Pahdon, sah,' replied the terrified darkey. 'In jist one minute, sah. Done bring it to yuh jist as soon's ever I kin. De odder gem'len, ober dar, is using de glass now, but he'll be t'rough wid it in a minute.'"

What is a boy? He is a fun-loving human animal. His reason is as yet only instinct. His conscience is *in posse* rather than *in esse*. He is so much raw capacity. Whether he shall become a devil or an angel depends upon two things, viz.: environment and tuition. Watch ye, therefore.

Book Chat.

A literary man becomes a nobleman when he is baron of ideas.

Alexander Dumas proposes a tax upon diners-out, the revenue of which shall go to the poor.

All the correspondence from the vatican at Rome concerning church matters is carried on in Latin.

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those who have just turned saints.

Edgar Saltus, the novelist, is pictured as a small man with a sturdy frame, a fine head, an observant eye and a mustache black as night.

Some French author's have adopted the practice of using green tinted paper for manuscript, finding it less harmful to the eyes than white paper.

Andrew Lang says we use too little ceremony nowadays in speaking of living great men. Our forefathers said "Mr. Addison" and "Mr. Pope." Quite so. We say "Addison" and "Pope," and posterity may possibly say "Lang."

Hattie Tyng Griswold has written a new novel, soon to be issued under the name of "At Klosterheim." The story deals with the problem of vice and poverty in great cities, and introduces localities and people never before treated in fiction.

Alexander Kielland, the poet-novelist of Norway, is a candidate for mayor of his native town, Stavanger. As Kielland has ridiculed the society institutions and intellectual culture of Stavanger in his stories, his political ambition has caused considerable surprise. At first it was believed that the novelist was not in earnest.

A young Milwaukee girl who met Paul B. Du Chaillu recently, says that the explorer is a "funny-looking little man," who sat and stared at her for an hour before he was introduced, and then overwhelmed her with flattery. The genial traveler's reputation as a "lady's man" seems from this anecdote to be not wholly undeserved.

Nathaniel Hawthorne made a curious wager with Jonathan Cilley when both were at college in 1824. The memorandum in writing dated Bowdoin college, November 14, binds Cilley to pay Hawthorne a barrel of the best old Madeira wine if Hawthorne marries before November 14, 1836. Hawthorne, who was a bashful youth, pledging himself in turn to pay Cilley the wine in case Hawthorne should still be a bachelor. Cilley lost, but was killed by Graves in a duel before he could pay the debt.

A letter of Charles Dickens, printed in the Hans Christian Andersen correspondence, invites the Dane to visit England and stay at Tavistock house or Gads-hill, whichever he prefers: "When Aladdin shall come out of those caves of science to run a triumphant course on earth, and make us all wiser and better—as I know you will—you ought to come for another visit. You ought to come to me, for example, and stay in my house." Andersen accepted this invitation, and to the close of his life was never weary of telling how he and 'Charle-ss Deeckeens' played at 'creeckeet.'"

At some time in their lives the great majority of people feel their need of poetry just as they do of preaching. They are perhaps as willing to pay their poets as they are their preachers. Some few they do pay well, but the rest must ride Pegasus around the circuit with barely enough in the way of solid returns to pay for his oats. And every poet, no matter how fine a writer he is, must begin and be content to remain a circuit rider all his life—content to be solaced with the thought that perhaps, in the long processes of time, his work may get reputation enough to enable the publishers to make money out of it after his death.

Mark Twain's wife was a Miss Langdon, of Elmira. When "Mark" first met her, says the Hartford *Courant*, he was not so distinguished as now. Her father was a judge, and doubtless expected "family" and social importance in his son-in-law. Clemens, however, became interested in his daughter and after awhile proposed, but was rejected. "Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me, but thought I'd try." After awhile he "tried" again, with the same result, and then remarked, with his celebrated drawl: "I think a great deal more of you than if you'd said 'yes,' but it's hard to bear." A third time he met with better fortune, and then came the most difficult part of the task—to address the old gentleman. "Judge," he said to the dignified millionaire, "have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?" "What? what?" exclaimed the judge, rather sharply, apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtless getting a glimpse of it from the inquiry. "Have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?" "No, indeed," replied the magnate, sternly; "no, sir, I have not." "Well, look sharp and you will," said the author of "Innocents Abroad," and that is the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand.

Professional Chat.

Client—What makes you so certain that you will be able to break the will? Lawyer (in a whisper)—I drew it.

When Mr. Blaine was in congress he used frequently to repeat bills under discussion after having read them once.

Daniel Webster was able to repeat the whole constitution of the United States, word for word, including punctuation stops.

Senator Sherman, Senator Hoar and ex-Senator Evarts are all cousins, and they trace their lineage back to Roger Sherman, the grim puritan of revolutionary times.

Lipsius, a professor at the University of Leyden, offered to recite Tacitus' history in its entirety in the presence of a person armed with a poniard, who should stab him with it at the first error.

The old school of oratory represented by Marshall, Clay, Webster and Everett has almost passed away, and only George William Curtis and a few others remain to show us what American oratory was in its prime. The popular speaker of to-day is he who can put tersely his thoughts in the language of the multitude.

The late Senator Plumb was a plain, blunt man—blunt even to the point of rudeness. When Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Russell Harrison asked him to exert his influence in behalf of an appropriation for the woman's department of the world's fair he is reported to have said: "You ladies come here and use your positions and influence to affect senators, but the poor woman who is starving for the want of a pension has the doors of senators shut in her face." It seemed a rude speech, but the senator's friends say he would have acted with equal firmness toward a queen.

This story about General Butler, picked up by the Boston *News*, if not true, is good enough to be so: It is said that the veteran lawyer formerly owned a large mastiff, who became famous for continued depredations on various butcher carts as they passed through the streets of Lowell on their morning rounds. The dog was so ferocious that none dared attack it, so for a time he was quite master of the situation. Finally one victim decided to approach the general on the subject; so one morning, accosting him on the street, he said: "General Butler, if a man's dog stole meat from your butcher cart what would you do?" "Why," said the lawyer, "I should make him pay for it." "Very well," continued the butcher, "your dog has stolen \$2 50 worth of meat from my cart, and I want you to pay for it." "Certainly," said General Butler, "but I shall have to charge you \$5 for professional advice." It is said the case was not pressed.

A rather crude citizen of Seguin, a small town in western Texas, was elected justice of the peace, and the only law book he had was Cushing's Manual. The first case before him was that of a cowboy for stealing a steer. When the case was called, the leading lawyer of the town, Hon. John Ireland by name, was there to defend the prisoner. "As there is no counsel for the other side," he said, "I make a motion that the case be dismissed." The justice looked over his manual. "A motion has to be seconded," he said. "I second the motion," promptly responded the prisoner. "The motion has been seconded that the case be dismissed," said the court; "all in favor will please say 'aye.'" The prisoner and his attorney voted "aye." "All opposed will say 'no.'" Nobody voted. "The motion is carried, and the case is dismissed," repeated the court. "A motion to adjourn is now in order." The prisoner made the motion, and the court adjourned to a saloon in the vicinity.

Bishop Hare, of South Dakota, is fond of telling stories about himself to illustrate the point which he playfully makes, that a man who lives long on the plains comes to be a good deal of a barbarian. Once, so one of his stories runs, he had the misfortune, while entering a dining-room in this city, to step upon the skirt of a lady's dress. Apologizing, he said: "You know that I have been living with the Indians lately and have grown somewhat awkward." The lady, Miss Potter, quickly replied: "I don't think that, bishop; but I am surprised at one thing—that, after living so long with the Indians, you shouldn't be better at following up a trail." A few evenings later another little affair occurred, the story of which the bishop tells as follows: "I was talking with a charming woman, when up came a gentleman who claimed her attention for a moment in another part of the house. As she went away she gave me her ice and asked me to keep it for her. She had hardly gone before a brother clergyman engaged me in a talk on the Indian question. Now, if there is any subject in which I am more interested than I am in the Indian question I can't think of it just now. At any rate, I became absorbed in my talk with my friend. Suddenly I was aroused by an inquiry addressed to me in a woman's voice. 'Where is my ice, bishop?' was the question. Upon my word, I had eaten every bit of it."

NOTES.

Colonel Ingersoll has discovered that "nothing can really kill a lie." If anything could, the lecture business might suffer.

It is often said of a man in his misfortune that he has "lost his grip;" of late he is most unfortunate when he holds his gripe.

We notice the marriage of a Mr. Solomon to a Miss Owen, both of San Francisco. That wise man has got himself into a hot place.

It is said that Emperor William is growing more unpopular in Bavaria. This would seem to imply that that province is becoming Frenchy.

It was the custom in France in the seventeenth century to kiss a lady when saluting her, and continued the common usage in England for 100 years later.

Dr. Heller, of Vienna, has made a discovery worthy of his name. It is that sauerkraut will cure dyspepsia. In the raw and gamy state it would vanquish almost anything.

Lemons are used for soap in many countries where they grow. When the men and women of the East Indies want to wash their hands they squeeze the juice of a lemon over them briskly in water until they are clean.

Secretary Rusk's daughter is said to be a model housekeeper. She arranges the menu every morning and does the marketing herself. Miss Blaine, also, "not only looks after the house, but sees to the purchasing of supplies, often visiting the stores herself."

The Farmers' Alliance is thinking of starting a paper in San Francisco, and to that end the gentlemen managing the matter are looking around for a "plant." Have a care, gentlemen, the "plant" you are looking for is a little more costly than cabbage plants, etc.

An exchange says that thirty years ago at this time, the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys were full of water. At the same period many of the inhabitants of those valleys were full of whisky, and many lost their lives because the two commodities would not mix.

Medical science is becoming distressingly unorthodox. Here is a Massachusetts doctor, and a village doctor at that, who has had the heretical audacity to set a broken neck and to have his patient in excellent health at the end of three months. A doctor with so little reverence for tradition should be tried by somebody, somewhere, and in a hurry.

The *Record-Union*, in expressing its just indignation at the outrage of the people of the Glenn ranch having killed twenty horses afflicted with the glanders and then throwing the carcasses in the Sacramento river, exclaims: "This is too much!" Yes, we agree with our offended neighbor; twenty dead horses for one river is too much. One would have been sufficient.

The governor suggests that the state should erect a government building in San Francisco, in order that the many public institutions having headquarters down there may be centered in one general place. This is all right and should be done; but does his excellency realize how long it takes to finish a public building in California? The new city hall is but one example. It was a new city hall twenty years ago.

There are two kinds of recipes for the cure of the grip. One kind tells what to take, and the other prescribes what not to take. As both kinds of recipes seem to hit upon about the same articles in the materia medica, it is a nice point, when you have purchased your medicine, as to whether you are to cure yourself by taking it or by not taking it. Either way may be excellent, but it is manifestly difficult to adopt both.

The telegraph lines find profit in sending messages out here to the effect that the Spanish skirt dancer, Carmencita, while dancing at Worcester, Mass., one night last week, met with the misfortune of having her skirt fall off. The dispatch does not inform the throbbing reader what was left on the voluptuous Castilian after she lost her petticoat, or what kind of a dance it became when the article from which it takes its name was discarded.

Uncle Sam loses money on some of his goods. The last session of congress appropriated \$150,000 for the recoinage of worn subsidiary coin in the treasury. Of this amount \$25,000 still remains, which will be used after the 15th inst. in the coinage of the new designs. The sum will be divided between the mints at San Francisco, Philadelphia and New Orleans. The appropriation was not made for the mechanical expense of coinage, but to cover the shrinkage in value due to abrasion of old coins. It is estimated that the sum will cover the loss in about \$700,000 of silver pieces.

On the 18th of December last the passenger steamer "Abyssinia," on her way from New York to Liverpool, caught fire in mid-ocean. For a time it seemed that not one would survive the flames to relate how the vessel perished. But soon the German Lloyd's steamer "Spree" hove in sight. It is barely possible that it was the first occasion known when women and children, as well as men, offered up prayers in being able to get on a spree.

Rev. Mr. Silcox, in his last Sunday evening's lecture (subject, "The Eminent Dead of Last Year"), in speaking of the great services of the Rev. Dr. Crosby, told of how the latter once closed up all the saloons of New York for nine days; "and," said Rev. Silcox, "if we had half a dozen men like Mr. Crosby we could close up every dive in this little hamlet" (Sacramento). The reverend divine should not forget, in belittling the town, that there are many good people who find it convenient to reside here that they may make a living—himself among the many.

The late George Jones, of the New York *Times*, never claimed to be a saint. But he was an honest man—that is, according to the poet Pope, the noblest work of God. When once offered a bribe of \$5,000,000 if he would refrain from the publication of certain information, of which he was the sole possessor, exposing the Tweed ring, he replied: "I don't think the devil will ever make a higher bid for me than that. Nevertheless, I cannot consider any offer not to expose this rascality." We wonder how long any of our newspaper men in these days would hold out against such a temptation.

The horrid fact is sent from Russia that a doctor, supposed to have been dead, was buried alive. On an examination being made, it was discovered that in his struggles the unfortunate victim of the trance state had actually turned on his side in the coffin, had beaten his forehead to a jelly and had bitten his fingers to the bone. The cruel and barbarous treatment of Siberian prisoners, and the starvation in that country, are enough to make all the dead in Russia turn in their coffins, and make the Russian authorities squirm in the other world worse than the poor doctor did in his grave.

Sacramentans appreciate the import of the old phrase "Better late than never," that the local authorities have at last mustered the courage to close down four dives that were notoriously the rendezvous of criminals. *THEMIS* has from the very first advised the absolute and summary closing of drinking places that menace the lives and property of our citizens, and has called for the rigid enforcement of the vagrancy law. It did seem those in power feared to act. That they have acted, it is now manifest the people were not the ones to be feared. That the wedge has entered, let more powerful blows be struck. The community will save money; there will be little likelihood the city will suffer the disgrace of having repetitions of street murders. Think of Robert Allen!

We have taken little interest in the lengthy articles that appear on the editorial pages of our daily contemporaries upon the subject of the injurious effects of using baking powder because it contains ammonia; we do not presume the people do, for the perverse housewife complacently orders the traduced powder from the grocer, and will not return to yeast. From the earnestness the editors of our contemporaries manifest it will not surprise us if they restrict their diet to crackers and beans. This will work all right until some enemy of Chile will produce an affidavit that the beans in our market are raised with guano, and that that fertilizer contains a large per cent. of ammonia. It is said of Mr. Greeley, when he was a presidential candidate, that he was asked his views on protection, and what he thought of levying a tariff on guano. "Certainly," the agricultural philosopher replied, "I am in favor of protecting our American birds from competition with the priest-ridden and pauper birds of South America." We observe in an exchange that Prof. Garner uses ammonia to subjugate gorillas, and that he has a bag like an exaggerated canteen, filled with concentrated ammonia, with thirty inches of rubber hose and a nozzle attached. If the gorillas try to form a combination and surround him he will shoot some of the ammonia at them and make them respect the peaceful scientist. The fumes from the ammonia will strangle any number of gorillas, and render them temporarily helpless and half-conscious. Whoever has gone foolishly near to a woman's smelling salts may multiply the effect on his nose by 1,000, and get a faint idea as to what Mr. Garner has in store for these gorillas if they act badly. While the gorillas are recovering from their half-strangled condition and talking about it, Mr. Garner's phonograph and graphophone will take down their remarks. He will take pictures of their attitude with the 4x5 camera that he will have in his cage, while the 5x8 camera perched up outside will perpetuate the general scene. We have not yet joined the so-

ciety for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals, but suggest if it is necessary to photograph a gorilla, it would be humane to feed him tempting cakes leavened with baking powder—the subjugating power would be the same, and the animal would have a happy expression on his face.

Queer Superstitions of Some Semi-Barbarous Peoples.

In the Caucasian province of Georgia, where a drought has lasted long, marriageable girls are yoked in couples with a yoke on their shoulders, a priest holds the reins, and thus harnessed they wade through rivers, puddles, and marshes praying, screaming, weeping, and laughing.

In the district of Transylvania when the ground is parched with drought, some girls strip themselves naked, and, led by an older woman who is also naked, they steal a harrow and carry it across the field to a brook, where they set it afloat. Next they sit on the harrow and keep a tiny flame burning on it for an hour. Then they leave the harrow in the water and go home.

A similar rain charm is resorted to in India—naked women drag a plow across the field by night. It is not said that they plunge the plow into a stream or sprinkle it with water. But the charm could hardly be complete without it. Sometimes the charm works through an animal.

To procure rain the Peruvians used to set a black sheep in a field, pour chicha over it, and give it nothing to eat till rain fell.

In a district of Sumatra all the women of the village, scantily clad, go to the river, wade into it and splash each other with the water. A black cat is thrown into the water and made to swim about for awhile, then allowed to escape to the bank, pursued by the splashing of the women.

In these cases the color of the animal is part of the charm, being black it will darken the sky with rain clouds. So the Bechuanas burn the stomach of an ox at evening, because, they say, "Black smoke will gather the clouds and cause the rain to come." Timores sacrificed a black pig for rain, a white or red one for sunshine. The Garos offer a black goat on the top of a very high mountain in the time of drought.—*Chambers' Journal*.

A Geographical Question.

A great deal has been said and written about the woes which the compositor inflicts upon his helpless victims, and, speaking from experience, I know that they are many and varied; but yet "the gifted author" has occasionally to put up with a good deal of annoyance from higher powers than the poor "comp," as the following experience of an intimate friend of mine will prove:

He was the art critic, and he had just sent out an unusually brilliant account of a recent exhibition of paintings to the desk editor, who, not having made much of a study of art, was naturally unfamiliar with the language of the studio, but was preparing to wrestle with his difficult task. He was new at the work, and it was beset with pitfalls. Heading the list was this enigmatical sentence: "A Landscape in Sepia."

"Landscape in Sepia!" shouted the scribe, addressing the sporting editor, who was busily engaged in describing a spirited set-to between two favorite light weights. "Where the deuce is Sepia?"

"Don't know," answered the sporting editor, thoughtfully. "Never heard of the place. Sepia can't be in the United States, or I must have heard of it, surely. It must be in Syria somewhere."

"I don't believe the place exists at all," snapped the puzzled genius at the desk. "I think—"

A heavy fall in the adjoining room broke off the conversation here, and a hurried investigation revealed the art critic in strong convulsions on the floor. He had heard the entire conversation, and was conveyed to his lodging place in an ambulance.—*Harpers' Magazine*.

German Women.

One of the most striking proofs of the backward state of civilization in Germany is the undoubted inferiority of the women to the men. This is to be noticed in all ranks and conditions of life, and is the more curious since the German usually receives an admirable education, not only in "book-learning," but also in cookery and needle-work. Yet, after her marriage she accepts her position as the "hausfrau" and "hausmutter," with few ideas or aspirations beyond her kitchen and nursery, and no topics of conversation, except the iniquity of her servants and the extravagance of her neighbors. Her husband, on the other hand, is, as a rule, original and intelligent, and would be an agreeable conversationalist if he were not too argumentative and self-opinionated. In theatrical matters the same contrast may be noticed. The actors are invariably better than the actresses, the tenors and baritones outshine the sopranos and contraltos; even the male ballet dancers are more agile and graceful than their short-petticoated colleagues.

There's nothing in size—when a pint bottle can exert more influence over some men than a church spire.

First Comic Paper in the United States.

It was "dear old Frank Bellew," as we youngsters called him, who was the father of comic journalism in America. The name Bellew, inside three lines forming a triangle, in the corner of political and social cartoons, was familiar to the readers of *Punch* and other English comic weeklies away back in 1850.

There was then no comic paper in the United States, and the American who had a taste for the comic side of life had to be satisfied with imported jokes—far-fetched jokes they might be called—that came to him from across the seas, in the columns of *Punch*. He chuckled over these at the rate of about twenty-five cents per chuckle; for twenty-five cents was the New York price of a copy of *Punch*, and no one is known to have ever discovered more than one joke in a copy.

Frank Bellew came to the United States in 1854, and lived in New York until he died, three years ago. He and John Brougham started the first comic paper published in the United States. It was an illustrated weekly called the *Lantern*, and was modeled after the English comics, even to the publishing of columns of conundrums that were senile and moth-eaten long before Columbus discovered us, pages of petrified puns that had been brought over to England by the Norman invaders, and strings of little three-line witticisms with which Joshua used to amuse his soldiers while they camped outside the walls of Jerico.

Bellew was the artist-in-chief and Brougham was the editor. There was none of what is now known as American humor in the columns of the *Lantern*; no dialect stories; no short dialogues between the dude and the summer girl, the policeman and the inebriate, the Hebrew clothier and his customer. It is true that the mother-in-law joke and an occasional *bon mot* regarding the mule were then in existence, but they were used sparingly. The jokes that now constitute the bulk of published American humor had not been discovered. The lonely oyster in the church-fair stew was then unknown, and not a word had been printed about the size of the Chicago girl's foot.

Bellew used to tell us how the chief work on the paper was done. The editor, the artist, and the contributors met once a week and dined in a restaurant in Park row kept by a man named Windhurst. These weekly meetings were for the alleged purpose of evolving ideas for the leading cartoons and most important editorials of the forthcoming number. Around the table sat Brougham, who acted as chairman; Lester Wallace, then the handsomest man in New York; Fitz James O'Brien, poet and journalist; Thomas Powell, an Englishman, admitted to have been the original of Micawber, and described by Bellew as "a man of no little wit and culture, but with an inartistic jocularly, the result, probably, of defective early humorous training;" Walt Whitman, the "good gray poet" of later years, then the Bohemian newspaper writer whose robust form, flowing locks and wide sombrero made him a conspicuous and picturesque figure in New York thirty odd years ago; H. Farrar MacDermott, also a poet and journalist; Thomas Butler Gunn, artist and writer; Charles Gaylor, the playwright. There were others at those dinners, but these were the principal contributors to the *Lantern*. As I write this Walt Whitman is dying, and all the others named are dead, except Gaylor.

In describing these dinners Bellew used to say: "After we had all partially dulled our faculties with a copious dinner, and impaired our powers of concentration by numerous libations of ale and sherry, the genial Brougham would call the meeting to order."

Then it seems that they smoked and drank ale, and talked and drank ale, and sang songs and drank ale, and made puns and drank ale, and Brougham made a speech and Whitman read a poem, and then they all drank ale out of pewter pots. Then, when some one moved that the matter of the cartoon for next week's issue be discussed, it was discovered that it was time to close the restaurant, and so they took a drink of ale and went home.

The *Lantern* did not pay, of course, and after a time it passed away, and the man who furnished the paper on which it was printed and the man who had done the presswork mourned exceedingly.—*Printer's Ink*.

Tools Get Moon-Struck.

It is not generally known that the light of the sun and the moon exercises a deleterious effect on edge tools. Knives, drills, scythes and sickles assume a blue color if they are exposed for some time to the light and heat of the sun; the sharp edge disappears and the tool is rendered absolutely useless unless it is retempered. Purchasers should, therefore, be on their guard against buying tools from retail dealers and peddlers, which, for show purposes, have probably been exposed for days together to the glare of the sun. The unserviceableness of tools acquired under these conditions is generally wrongly attributed to bad material or to inferior workmanship. A similarly prejudicial effect has been exercised by moonlight. An ordinary cross-cut saw is asserted to have been put out of shape in a single night by exposure to the moon.

FLASHES.

Never cross a buzz-saw or a woman.
Let us always think the best is ahead.
It seems that fools always have the best luck.
Vice does the greatest harm when hid in virtue.
The Sunday-school Chinaman is an orthodox failure.
An ounce of discretion is better than a pound of wit.
It seems that the Jews are not the only sufferers in Russia.

We sometimes feel that it is better to be happy than wise.

The thinner the story of a scandal the more likely it is to spread.

The fellow who jokes about the grip is the one who has never had it.

Many people with high pretensions actually live in ostentatious poverty.

There can be no greater compliment than to say "she is an old-fashioned woman."

Every seed of beauty is sown by modesty. Beauty without modesty becomes repulsive.

"Time often heals what reason cannot," says Seneca. This is because in time we may forget.

Athletic Club Masquerade.

The Sacramento Athletic Club will give a grand masquerade carnival and promenade concert in the assembly chamber on Thursday evening, January 28, 1892, the proceeds of which will be used in the erection of a club building. The masquerade will be conducted on a magnificent scale and promises to be one of the finest events ever presented to the people of Sacramento. During its existence the club has furnished splendid entertainment, and we are sure that our people will respond liberally and aid the club in making the affair a financial success.

Advertisement Mention.

Sacramento Athletic Club masquerade carnival and promenade concert, assembly chamber, January 28th; Fred. Kolliker, pharmaceutical chemist, S. W. corner Sixth and J streets; "The Play," William Fawcett, proprietor, 423 K street.

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

Counter Romance.

She was romantic. Her father was a millionaire, whose life had been devoted to sausage-making. He was practical naturally, but all the poetry of the family was centered in her. She was beloved by another millionaire's son, but she had been reading romance and stuff, and, when he proposed to her, declared he must do something poetical for her. "Dearest, what can I do?" "Become a poor artist." "I couldn't be any other kind of an artist." "I mean you must pretend to become a poor artist. Pa does not know you. You must come and make love to me and I will fall in love with you. Pa will object and make a row. We will elope and get married, and when it is all over we'll tell him, and it will be delightful."

And so he became a poor artist and took a poor studio and daubed on canvas and pretended to paint pictures. And there was another millionaire's daughter got to coming to his studio and sitting for her picture. In those delightful tete-a-tetes he forgot all about the romantic maiden; and when the romantic maiden came one night in peasant costume as a sweet surprise, to run away with him, she found he was married to the other girl and had gone off on his honeymoon. She thinks that romances are all lies now, and that nothing happens in real life as it happens in books.—*London Tid-Bits.*

Queer Chinese Marriage Customs.

In one part of the canton of Ticino a very quaint marriage ceremony prevails. The bridegroom dresses in his "Sunday best," and accompanied by as many friends and relatives as he can muster for the fete goes to claim his bride.

Finding the door locked he demands admittance. The inmates ask him his business, and in reply he solicits the hand of his chosen maiden.

If his answer be deemed satisfactory he is successively introduced to a number of matrons and maids, some perhaps deformed and others old and ugly. Then he is presented to some large dolls, all of which he rejects with scorn, amid general merriment. The bewildered bridegroom, whose impetuosity and temper are now sorely tried, is then informed that his lady love is absent, and invited in to see for himself.

He rushes into the house and searches from room to room until he finds her in her bridal dress ready to go to church. Then are his troubles over, and his state as a benedict assured.—*Youth's Companion.*

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Last night the *Devil's Auction* was presented to a full house. There are many new features in this popular spectacular comedy. The scenery is new, costumes bright and new. The company is excellent. To-night *Devil's Auction* again.

Dan Sully in *The Millionaire* is booked for next Wednesday and Thursday at the Metropolitan. This is one of the best of our modern dramas. It is a play of the times, and Dan Sully has a very congenial role. We saw the play at San Francisco, and pronounce it superior.

Manager Washington Norton, of the Clunie Opera House, will open on Monday night with a fine stock company. This will be a new era in theatricals for this city, as manager Norton intends to present continuous and varied programmes, alternating with comedy drama, light opera, and popular plays. The company selected for this new enterprise consists of sterling artists. Mr. Norton's long experience in stage matters is an assurance of the success of his undertaking. Certainly the people of Sacramento should reward the manager with patronage. The people must be amused, and here is an opportunity to have continued amusement, something long needed in the capital city. The Clunie Opera House has been thoroughly refitted and new scenery set up, making the place cheerful and comfortable. Good plays will be given, and good patronage should follow.

One of the rarest and most valuable cameos in the world is now in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. It is a head of Jupiter Aegiochus, dating from the second century A. D., and is exquisitely carved from a single chrysoprase seven inches long by five wide. Antiquarians prize it because it shows both the oak leaves and the aegis, or armor, a combination known in only two other representations of Jupiter. The cameo is a part of the Somerville collection of 2,000 engraved gems and talismans, and is valued at over \$50,000.

"There's plenty of room at the top," he said, As he stood by the mirror there, With a brush and a towel in either hand, And parted his seldom hair.

Masquerade Carnival

—AND—

Promenade Concert,

—GIVEN BY THE—

Sacramento Athletic Club,

IN AID OF THEIR BUILDING FUND,

Assembly Chamber, Thursday Ev'g, Jan. 28th

TWO STRING BANDS—18 MEN.

Promenade Concert, 8 to 12. Grand March, 9 o'clock
Dancing until 2 A. M.

PRIZES:

Handsome Dressed Lady, \$20
Most Original Costume, Lady, 10
Best Sustained Character, Lady, 5
Same for Gentlemen,

SINGLE ADMISSION, \$1.00.

Tickets can be had of members, or at the door.
Parties must unmask to committee at the door; No improper characters admitted.

FRED. KOLLIKER,

Pharmaceutical & Chemist,

S.W. Cor. Sixth and J Streets,

SACRAMENTO.

Importer of Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Essential Oils, Perfumery and Fancy Goods. Dealer in Artificial Teeth and Dental Supplies of every description.

A. H. ROTT. C. H. KREBS.

C. H. KREBS & CO.,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,

Varnishes, Wall Paper, Brushes, Window Shades and Picture Mouldings.

Ready Mixed Paints and Building Papers.

House and Sign Painting, Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, Glazing and Gilding, Pictures, Frames and Mouldings.

626 J STREET,

Between Sixth and Seventh, SACRAMENTO.
TELEPHONE 267.

The Play,

WM. FAWCETT, PROPRIETOR.

Metropolitan Theater Building,

423 K Street, Sacramento.

Order of Adjudication of Insolvency.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of J. E. Coutner, an insolvent debtor. J. E. Coutner, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, from which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. E. Coutner is hereby declared to be insolvent. It is hereby ordered that Lee Stauley, Sheriff of Sacramento, be and he is hereby appointed Receiver of the property of said insolvent, and that upon his giving a bond to the People of the State of California, conditioned as required by law, and in such sum as the Court may order, and qualifying, he take charge and possession of all of the estate, real and personal, of said J. E. Coutner, insolvent debtor, whatsoever and wheresoever situate, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and to keep and care for and dispose of the same until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons having the same or any part thereof (including the Sheriff of the County of Sacramento) in his or their possession, are hereby directed to deliver said property to said Receiver, and all persons owing money to said insolvent are hereby directed to pay the same to said Receiver; and that said Receiver keep the said property, or the proceeds thereof, till the further order of this Court. And all persons are hereby forbidden to pay any debts to said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent, to him, or to any person, firm, corporation or association for his use; and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered.

It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Hon. A. P. Catlin, Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court room of said Court, on the 26th day of February, 1892, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor.

It is further ordered, that this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the day set for the meeting of creditors.

And it is further ordered, that in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Dated January 15, A. D. 1892.

A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.
W. H. HUMPHREY, Attorney for Petitioner.

ANNUAL

Clearance Sale.

THIS WEEK

We are showing

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

Throughout Our Stocks of

Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods

And Especially in Our

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Bearing in mind that our Stock is NEW and DESIRABLE in every respect, and the

Prices Cut to Actual Cost,

There seems to be no reason why you should even look at the old-fashioned, shop-worn sealettes and other stuffs displayed by the thousands elsewhere.

The Chas. Wiegner Dry Goods Co.

519, 519½ J Street.

Miss Mamie Castella,

Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

← All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction. →

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

Elegant Millinery.

LADIES OF SACRAMENTO AND VICINITY are cordially invited to call and examine the FINE STOCK OF NOVELTIES, Just arrived, and which are being sold at the VERY LOWEST PRICES.
MRS. E. KATZENSTEIN,
No. 605 J STREET.

DR. MARY M. CRONEMILLER.

Office and Residence, 507½ J street.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 P. M.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

WM. B. MILLER,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

628 J Street, near Seventh, Sacramento.

Importer and dealer in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware. American Gold and Silver Watches a specialty.

JEWELRY MANUFACTURED AND REPAIRED.

Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. The Repairing of Watches a specialty.

DR. T. WAH HING,

ENGLISH AND CHINESE

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

(Graduate Hongkong Medical College.)

Office, 926 Third street.

Office Hours, 8 to 11 A. M., 1 to 4 and 6 to 8 P. M. At other times may be found at No. 304 I street.

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

—IN—

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

→ Are the Leaders! ←

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

Futterer's Saloon,

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.

A FINE POOL TABLE.

My Angel.

My angel wears no wings; her soft brown hair
Floats like a veil to hide her shoulders fair;
Her step is light, her motion is full of grace,
And ah! could I describe her lovely face,
The rounded cheek, its blush of faintest red,
The aureole light that seems to crown her head,

The lips of perfect shape and lively hue,
The gentle smile that bids you think them true;

Her eyes are blue—the color of the sky—
When days are warm and fleecy clouds ride high;

She has a winning way, the sweetest voice
That ever bade the heart of man rejoice.
She loves at eve along the mead to stray,
To pluck the flowers that spring beside the way,

And loosely twine them in her shining hair.
Though many times I loiter with her there,
In vain I try to whisper of my love;
Bashful and mute, I wander through the grove,

Or speak of flower, or tree, or rock, or bird,
But of herself I cannot breathe a word;
Though never flower was there so fair as she,
Or bird that sang so sweet a song for me.
Last eve, O blessed night! I dreamed of her;
I thought my coward heart forgot its fear,
And spoke the words that begged her for my own.

As we were straying in the grove alone.
The sun was gone, but twilight lingered still;
The rising moon peeped o'er the distant hill,
And all was still, save listening Philomel
Hearing my vows, began her own to tell;
But when I kissed her, in the moonlight's beam,
The vision fled, and lo, it was no dream.

Legend of the Chinese Lilies.

Many, many years ago there lived in China a very rich and very good man. According to the custom of the country and time he had two wives. Each wife had blessed him with a son. He was very happy. Finally, having lived to a good old age, he died and left his estates to his two sons. Now, one of these boys, the younger, was very like his father, being of good and noble spirit; the elder son was evil minded and selfish. Most of the wealth of the father was in lands, of which he owned vast areas. Part of this was rich and fertile and was covered with houses; but a portion was swamp lands, too wet for cultivation, and valueless. Now, when the estates came to be divided the wicked one so planned that he got all the good land and his brother got all the swamp land. The younger brother, unsuspecting, did not know this until too late. For a time the elder brother lived in wealth, while the younger lived in poverty. His poverty became so great that he was near starvation. Lifting up his voice he cried to God for mercy, to know why he was to suffer so while his wicked brother lived in splendor. And lo! an angel appeared and bade him weep not, and told him that his days of poverty were over.

And behold when the morning came, for the angel's visit was in the night, beautiful lilies had sprung up where the angel had stood. These soon spread until all the swamp was covered with them, the lilies growing where nothing else had ever grown. When the story became known, people came from far and wide to see the "angel lilies." Soon it was discovered that if the bulbs were taken away they would grow, and would grow and thrive where other vegetation would die; that they would flourish on water alone. People came from far and near to purchase lilies. As fast as they were taken from the swamps others would grow in their places. An immense traffic sprung up and "angel lilies" were sent to furthestmost parts of the empire. The younger brother waxed rich and powerful. This was many years ago, yet to this day the offspring of the younger brother own that swamp, and are rich from the sale of lilies. And lilies are sent, not only all over the Chinese empire, but over the entire world.

Many people of that country came to believe that, because of the divine origin, the lilies had a significance of their own. That if, on New Year's day, an angel lily was bought and put in water, its development was a forecast of the year for the owner. If no blossoms came, evil would befall the owner; if a few blossoms, a share of good and a share of bad; but if profuse flowers came, the year would be one of continued prosperity.

It is Not Always Beauty that Wins.

There's a girl up on the hill who always gets a seat in the car if it is just jammed. She isn't pretty, nor nothing like that; but she is brainy and her feet are large. She wears common-sense shoes with heavy soles. She goes into a car and hangs to a strap in front of some man. Then every time the car jerks she lunges around with those heels. After a few lunges the man gives her his seat, and limps out and stands on the platform and swears.—*St. Paul Daily Globe.*

Friend, whoever thou art, live no longer a-tiptoe. Settle down upon thy heels. Enjoy and act in the passing hour. 'Tis all thou hast. For yesterday is dead, and to-morrow is for thee but a possibility.



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles; and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hairdressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE mailed free to any lady on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

Mrs. Gervaise Graham, "Beauty Doctor," 103 Post street, San Francisco.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,

SACRAMENTO.

Agents for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT
1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-Atlantic Points, by First-Class Steamers to and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN.
Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO Daily.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

California Exchange,

900 K STREET,

Southeast Corner Ninth, Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

WINE and LIQUORS

KEY WEST AND IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

HAHN'S

Eau de Quinine,

Or, QUININE HAIR TONIC.

The stimulating effects of this tonic are unrivaled for removing dandruff, preserving the scalp in a healthy condition, rendering the hair soft, pliable and brilliant. It promotes the growth of the hair, prevents the same from falling out, and imparts to it an agreeable perfume.

JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,

Sacramento, Cal.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

W. A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

MCKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

W. H. HUMPHREY, southwest corner Seventh and J streets, rooms 7 and 8.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, State of California.—In the matter of Arthur Turner, an insolvent debtor. Arthur Turner, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Arthur Turner is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said Arthur Turner, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm, or corporation, or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, on the 12th day of February, 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated, January 7th, 1892.
A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.
GEO. G. DAVIS, Attorney for Petitioner. jag-5t

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP.

We certify that we constitute a partnership transacting business as dealers in general merchandise in the State of California, under the firm name and style of NORTON & MYERS. The principal place of business of said firm is Sacramento, California. The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

Dated, Sacramento, California, December 4, 1891.
H. J. NORTON, [SEAL.]
Sacramento, California.
E. E. MYERS, [SEAL.]
Sacramento, California.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, ss.

COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO.
On this fourth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, before me, L. T. Hatfield, a Notary Public in and for the County of Sacramento, personally appeared H. J. Norton and E. E. Myers, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

L. T. HATFIELD, Notary Public.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO.—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to KATE PYNE, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 25th day of November, 1891, in which action Ah Hou and Louis Pong are plaintiffs and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a judgment of this Court against you for the sum of One Thousand Six Hundred and Sixty-one and 2/3 Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to said plaintiffs in pursuance of a certain agreement in writing made between you and said plaintiffs on the 15th day of November, 1888, whereby you agreed to pay plaintiffs two-fifths of the net return from the sale of fruit, and one half of the net return from the sale of vegetables and melons raised on the lands of the plaintiffs. That the net return of the sale of fruit in the year 1891 amounted to Five Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-five and 2/3 Dollars; and the net return of the sale of vegetables and melons amounted to Six hundred and Forty-nine and 2/3 Dollars, and for costs of suit; all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiffs will enter your default and take judgment against you for the sum of \$1,661.50 and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 25th day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. DOODY, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiffs, dec12-21

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of F. H. JOHNSTON, an insolvent debtor.—F. H. Johnston having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said F. H. Johnston is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said F. H. Johnston, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm or corporation or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court, of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, on the 22d day of January, 1892, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated December 8, 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,

Judge of the Superior Court.

W. A. ANDERSON, Attorney for Insolvent. dec12-6t

Order of Adjudication in Insolvency.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of Charles E. Crandall, an insolvent debtor.—Charles E. Crandall having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Charles E. Crandall is hereby declared to be insolvent. It is ordered that Lee Stanley, the Sheriff of the County of Sacramento, be and he is hereby appointed receiver of the property of said insolvent, and that upon qualifying he take charge and possession of all estate, real and personal, of said insolvent, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and keep, care for and dispose of the same until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons having the same or any part thereof are hereby directed to deliver said property to said receiver, and that said receiver keep said property, or the proceeds thereof, till the further order of this Court. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him, or to any person, firm, corporation or association for his use; and said debtor is forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. And that all creditors of said debtor appear before this Court, at the Court-room thereof, in the County of Sacramento, on the 5th day of February, 1892, at half-past 1 o'clock P. M., to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. And that this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper published in said County of Sacramento, as often as said paper is published, before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And that, in the meantime, all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Dated December 29th, A. D. 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,

Judge of the Superior Court.

CLINTON L. WHITE, Attorney for Petitioner.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO.—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to NOAH J. BENFORD, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 17th day of November, 1891, in which action, Lizzie L. Benford is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds of desertion and failure to provide, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 17th day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By E. S. WACHMORST, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. dec5-8t

The Girl with the Crayon.

A girl about 18 years of age entered a third-avenue elevated car at the bridge the other day, having a crayon portrait on a stretcher in her hands. She took a seat beside a middle-aged man who had a sleepy look in his eyes, but who roused up just as the train got away and said:

"'Scuse me, but is that a crayon you have there?"

"Yes, sir," she replied in a timid way.

"Thought so. Some of your own work?"

"No, sir."

"Thought so. 'Scuse me. Somebody else's work, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it crayon portrait of your dear fazzer?" he continued after a bit.

The girl looked up and down the car for another seat and made no reply.

"Or it may be crayon portrait of your dear muzzer?" he suggested.

The girl got up and went to the other end of the car, and the man looked after her in a stupid way and then said to the passenger next to him:

"'Scuse me, but I didn't mean anything. I never see crayon portrait without being deeply affected. I had a muzzer once."

"Quite likely," coldly replied the other.

"I was goin' to present her with crayon portrait of myself for Christmas, but she—she died. Poor muzzer!"

Tears filled his eyes and ran over his cheeks, and, as he failed to find his handkerchief, he wiped them off with a dogskin glove.

"She'd have died when you presented her the portrait, anyhow," heartlessly observed the passenger.

"'Scuse me; is your muzzer dead?" asked the other.

"No."

"Then you can't realize how I feel. I was born with a tender heart. No home is home without a muzzer. I was goin' to present her with portrait next day, but she died. Was I to blame?"

"Perhaps not."

"Can't shee how I was to blame, but it always makes me shad to think of it. 'Scuse me, will you?"

The guard looked in to call out "Ninth street," and, seeing the condition of the man, he took him by the arm and led him out on the platform. The deeply affected son got one arm around a post and used the other hand to wipe away more tears, and he called to the other man through the window:

"'Scuse me, but you'd better shee that girl and speak to her. She may kill her muzzer jes' as I killed mine."

"Go on down with your jag!" exclaimed the guard as he slammed the gates.

"Jag! Jag! Have I got jag? Where's jag? Shee that girl afore it is too late. I had crayon portrait all ready for Christmas, and she died—my dear ole muzzer fell right off her chair and died. 'Scuse me, but I was born tender—"

The ticket-chopper had him by the back of the neck and was heading him for the stairs as the train moved off.—*M. Quad, in New York World.*

He Failed to Catch On.

An amusing incident occurred in a New-ark music store the other day. A new and very pretty ballad is entitled "Kiss Me." A very pretty girl, having heard of the song and thinking she would get it with some others, stopped into a music store to make a purchase. One of the clerks, a modest young man, stepped up to wait on her. The young lady threw her veil back, saying:

"I want 'Rock Me to Sleep.'"

The clerk got the song and put it before her.

"Now," said the young lady, "I want 'Wandering Refugee.'"

"Yes, ma'am," said the clerk, bowing; and in a few minutes he produced the "Refugee."

"Now, 'Kiss Me,'" said the young lady, meaning, of course, the song above mentioned.

The poor clerk's eyes almost popped fire as he looked at the young lady in astonishment, for he was not aware of the fact that a song by that name had been written.

"Wh—what did you say, miss?"

"'Kiss Me,'" said she.

"I can't do it, miss; I never kissed a young lady in my life," said the clerk.

About that time a veil dropped, a young lady left in a hurry, the clerk felt sick, and the proprietor lost the sale of some music.—*Young Ladies' Fashion Bazar.*

The world contains bushels and bushels of jolly good fellows. Some of them are in prison; others are not, but ought to be; some are in Europe, and some in Canada, Mexico and South America. The jolly good fellow smiles and smirks and smirks and smiles like a dream in a sun dog. He is a quilted dancing jack and as conscienceless as a sheep tick. He fingers for fancy and fables for flattery. When he sneezes he flips the trip hammer of senseless adulation, and when he scrapes he unjoints pig-headed mannerisms and upsets the jurisprudence of the freckled fluke. He is the tag end of a d—n fool, with just enough mischief to play the devil. Out upon the jolly good fellow, except as a plaything for sucklings.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. * JOHNSTON * & * CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTERS,**410 J STREET,****SACRAMENTO.**

*Cards,
Circulars,
Ball Tickets,
Programmes,
Posters,
Billheads,
Statements,
Letterheads,
Noteheads,
Envelopes,
Show Cards,
Wedding Invitations,
Briefs and
Transcripts,
Legal Blanks,
Constitutions and
By-Laws,
Postal Cards,
Election Tickets,
Great Registers.*

*** Election Printing. ***

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outside of San Francisco.

**ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR
PROMPTLY FILLED.**

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.**D. JOHNSTON & CO.,****410 J STREET.****Weinstock, Rubin & Co.**

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of Califor-
nia Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County
Coroner. Telephone 134.

Grubler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

**THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY**

WE HAVE OVER ONE THOUSAND PASTEUR
Germ proof Filters in use in private resi-
dences, hotels, restaurants and saloons. If a single
one of them is not giving entire satisfaction we have
not heard of it.

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed
in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

ST. LOUIS MARKET,

R. WEBER, PROPRIETOR.

SPARERIBS AND HOGS' HEADS,

FRESH MEATS,

SUGAR-CURED HAMS,

CHOICE BACON,

LARD, SAUSAGE, ETC.

Southwest Corner Eleventh and H Streets.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

A Social Tragedy.

The following is from *Harper's Magazine* for January:

SCENE I.—*Fifth avenue, New York. Madge and Daisy walking toward Delmonico's. An elderly gentleman approaching from opposite direction.*

MADGE. "Why, there's old Stuart Meanboy! Wonder if he's going to Del's?"

DAISY. "Don't know; but, anyway, just see me get a lunch out of him." (To Mr. Meanboy.) "Oh, how do you do? I'm so delighted to see you!"

MR. MEANBOY (*shaking hands, and dropping his monocle*). "Ah, Miss Daisy, Miss Sandy; charmed to meet you. [*All stop in front of Delmonico's.*] Were you going to lunch here?"

MADGE. "We did think of it, but—er—" DAISY. "Yes, we had thought of it, but—er—"

MR. M. Oh, do come in with me, and let me show you what a good lunch I can order for you."

DAISY (*casting a triumphant, "I-told-you-so" glance at Madge*). "We hardly like to—er—"

MR. M. (*interrupting*). "No trouble at all, my dear young lady; no trouble at all, I assure you."

SCENE II.—*Madge and Daisy, murmuring thanks, follow him into the restaurant, and seat themselves at table.*

MR. M. "Waiter, bring me a bill of fare. Now, what will you have first—bouillon?"

DAISY (*nudging Madge*). "Oysters are good to start with—don't you think so?"

MR. M. "Capital! Then bouillon and croquettes."

DAISY (*beaming*). "That is a splendid beginning. What afterwards?"

MR. M. "Miss Sandy must choose next."

MADGE (*with a coquettish smile, after searching for an expensive dish*). "Shall it be squab and French pea?"

MR. M. "Immense! Nothing more appetizing. You are an epicure, Miss Madge."

[*Madge smiles sweetly at him, and she and Daisy exchange kicks under the table.*]

DAISY. "It is your turn, Mr. Meanboy."

MR. M. "How kind of you to rely upon my judgment! but really, Miss Daisy, you must suit yourself."

DAISY (*to Madge*). "Is there anything else you would like?"

MADGE. "No. I must insist upon Mr. Meanboy choosing a dish. I should feel so badly if he did not."

MR. M. "Then let us make it a *terrine de fois gras* and salad, and finish up with ices and coffee."

THE GIRLS (*in unison*). "Oh, Mr. Meanboy, you are too thoughtful!"

[*Mr. M. beams upon them, and suggests champagne as a drink.*]

MADGE. "How nice! We never thought of that."

MR. M. (*orders champagne, and rises*). "Well, I can congratulate myself upon having ordered as good a lunch as you could get anywhere. I'm afraid I shall have to leave you now, as I have an engagement to lunch with a fellow at the club at two o'clock."

[*Exit Mr. M.*]

DAISY (*faintly*). "How much money have you, Madge?"

MADGE (*dumping contents of her purse on the table, announces, in an agitated undertone*). "One dollar and seventy cents. How much have you?"

DAISY (*hopelessly*). "One dollar, ninety."

[*They simultaneously seize a menu, and commence adding up the cost of their lunch. At the end of five minutes they gaze dumbly at each other—total, ten dollars and thirty five cents. Tableau—Curtain!*]

Proud of a Family Trait.

Seated in a Philadelphia café a night or two ago was a member of a strange family. The gentleman in question is a brilliant lawyer, and would undoubtedly make his mark in the world were it not for a unique family pride which keeps him almost constantly under the influence of stimulants. In fact, for generations the family has been addicted to the liquor habit, and the present generation appears to glory in the ancestral record. The lawyer in question has in his residence portraits in oil of his father, grandfather and great-grandfather. When entertaining visitors he points to these pictures with such proud soliloquies as this: "Now there was my grandfather. Isn't he a beauty? He died drunk. That old duck over there is my great-grandfather. What a superb drinker that old man was! Fell down stairs at the age of 92 and broke his neck. This one is my father. He died of delirium tremens." But the chief delight of this eccentric individual is to get an old uncle drunk. The old man is 85. The nephew takes delight in showing him off to visitors, pointing out the old man's points just as one would a horse. "Isn't he a beauty!" he will exclaim admiringly as the veteran gives a lurch. "Just look at him stagger! Isn't that old man a beauty?" There are strange instances of family pride, but this is undoubtedly the strangest on record.

The Live Crockery House

HAS DEMONSTRATED BY ITS
INCREASE IN BUSINESS
THAT IT CARRIES BY FAR THE

Best Selected Stock of Crockery and Glassware and Lamp Goods

EVER CARRIED IN THIS CITY.
ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

JOS. THIEBEN CROCKERY CO.
518 J Street.

W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth
FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING! LOW PRICES!

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN WATERS

A NATURAL MINERAL WATER OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT.

"SHASTA" WATER

TRADE MARK

MT. SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS

SHASTA MINERAL SPRING CO.
GENERAL OFFICE 908 & 910 2ND STREET
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA U.S.A.

BOTTLED FOR EUROPEAN TRADE

1891. HOLIDAY GOODS! 1891.

New Stock, Open and Ready for Sale, Consisting of

Bisque, Royal Worcester, Doulton, Dresden, Terra Cotta.

Also, an attractive lot of DECORATED CHINA DINNER and TEA SETS, and open stock goods in great variety. We Solicit Careful Inspection.

Sacramento Glass and Crockery Company

629 J STREET.

JOHN WEIL, Manager

A. C. SHAW & CO.

1023 EIGHTH STREET,

Sacramento, California,

BRANCH AGENCY FOR THE

World-Renowned Knabe,

HAINES, HEMME & LONG, GILBERT & CO.

And other

PIANOS.

The Original Mathushek Piano.

THE LATEST STYLES OF ORGANS.

The Largest Stock!

The Best Quality!

And the Lowest Prices!

North of San Francisco.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO HOLIDAY TRADE

J. J. DUNCKHORST,

Interior Decorating.

LATEST DESIGNS IN

WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.

1223 J Street,

Sacramento.

CALL ON THE
AGENT

OF THE

SUN INSURANCE CO.

AT

1014 FOURTH STREET,

WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.

Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46

THEO. J. MILLIKEN,

Manager Sacramento Branch

ASK YOUR GROCER

FOR THE

SACRAMENTO

Packing and Drying Company's

GOODS.

They Are the Best.

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

December 6, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.05 A
8.00 A	Calistoga and Napa	8.40 P
3.05 P	Vallejo and Calistoga	4.30 A
10.50 P	Ashland and Portland via Chico	6.15 P
7.00 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7.40 A
7.35 P	Knights Landing and Oroville	10.30 A
10.40 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	6.45 P
11.55 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	7.40 A
10.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	10.30 A
3.00 P	Oroville, via Roseville Junction	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.35 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.05 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.30 A
8.00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	9.40 P
7.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	10.30 P
*10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26.00 A
10.40 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.40 A	San Jose	10.30 A
7.00 P	Santa Barbara	10.30 A
*6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	*5.40 P
8.30 A	Stockton and Galt	10.30 A
10.40 A	Stockton and Galt	2.50 P
7.00 P	Stockton and Galt	6.35 P
11.55 A	Truckee and Reno	7.40 A
10.00 P	Truckee and Reno	6.45 P
*8.00 A	Vallejo	8.40 P
3.05 P	Vallejo	11.05 A
*8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2.40 P
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10.20 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	*5.00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning, P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDGOUT
VICE PRESIDENT.....FRED K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Ridgout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

OF SACRAMENTO.

\$100,000 TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE.
Semi-annual Dividends on Deposits. Correspondence promptly answered.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON.

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

PHOENIX BAKERY

C. SCHURR, Proprietor,

Southwest Corner Thirteenth and J Streets.

Bread, Pies and Cakes,

FRESH EVERY MORNING,

Delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

THEMIS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1892.

No. 49.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

Of late much has been printed in ephemeral literature concerning the prevalence of political corruption, particularly that which has affected members of the legislature. The bald truth is, that there exists much of corruption, and very much more than the people have any conception of, in the management of political primaries and conventions, and in legislative bodies, both state and national. We can dismiss the federal legislature in a short paragraph: Wealth, not title by brains, is the "Open, sesame!" to the American house of lords; upon the portal might with appropriateness be inscribed, "No statesman need apply." The lower house is weighted down with numbers; there honors are alike easy and empty. To come to our state legislatures of recent years (do our readers say, "Close the book?"). There is much of interest in the history of our state, that was born, it might be said, with a golden spoon in its mouth. In the days of yore men were elected to the legislature, that they were fitted for the important position by reason of marked ability and integrity. There did come a change. Why did it come, and from what cause? The history is brief, and its tracement is of ease. In 1867 came the first open demonstration of the effort of a railroad corporation to control the politics of the state, and it was made in the republican party. Gorham, the railroad candidate, was nominated for governor, over Bidwell, by the convention of that party. Incidentally, we will say Bidwell could have secured the nomination had he given heed to the advice of his friends and thawed the ice with which he was incrustured. It was the party split and Fay was nominated by the true-blue Republicans. Haight, the democratic nominee, was elected by the people upon an anti-railroad platform. In 1871 Booth, anti-railroad, was nominated, over Selby, by the republican convention, and he was elected over Haight. It was the toss of a penny which of the two nominees was the more objectionable to the corporation, and Booth was supported that he was a new man, while Haight had been tried and found wanting in the element of subserviency. The administration of Booth was, if anything, more unsatisfactory to the corporate power than had been that of Haight.

Then it was bolder tactics were adopted. Newspapers were established or bought up; political managers employed to control primaries and conventions, and systematic work was commenced at the very bottom of our political system. No offices, however small, were overlooked. They were valuable, that they afforded rewards to the faithful. The opposition was awed; the more obdurate were subdued by business persecution. Particularly did that state of affairs exist in this city and county. The machinery of the republican party was captured and placed into the control of men who are now remembered but with execration. There soon came rebellion of the people, and in 1873 the independent party swept the state and elected the legislature. Matters took a change in 1875. In anticipation of the gubernatorial election in that year, desperate measures were resorted to. It had become necessary to silence the *Sacramento Union*, a journal long established and of influence. An opposition paper had been established against it that had the backing of

unlimited capital. The struggle lasted for years, and on February 20, 1875, the *Union* succumbed. It is impossible to estimate how much this conquest cost the corporation, but the sum must have been very considerable. The old *Union* went down as did the "Cumberland," with its colors flying. In its last issue it said:

The *Union* has constantly aimed at two things: To protect and elevate the character of the common people, and reform abuses by which they are made to suffer at the hands of bad men. It would have been much easier and very much more profitable to the paper to have drifted with the general current of corruption, and let the people take care of themselves, or assist the false-hearted in cajoling them. It did not escape our observation that this was the road to fortune and riches; nor yet that it was the way to dishonor and treason to the public. The reader need not be told which path the *Union* took. That we are now—after a long and tolerably successful struggle against the banded cohorts of a piratical and powerful corporation at league with men of a low and groveling nature, content to be slaves and menials of an overbearing, ignorant, brutal and exacting master—at last compelled to withdraw from the paper and give up the fight is a convincing proof that our course has been governed by considerations of honor and duty, and not of gain.

The *Union* had, early in the year, predicted that Irwin would be elected governor, and that Farley would be sent to the United States Senate in reward for their service in the state legislature with regard to the bills looking to a regulation of the rates of freights and fares. The prediction was verified. Irwin was elected governor over Phelps and Bidwell, and a democratic legislature was chosen that returned Farley. Things went on swimmingly until 1878, when the workmen's movement took head, and, while the medicine was severe, it was for a time efficacious. The result was the adoption of the new constitution, and had it not been for the formation of side-parties the republican party would have suffered defeat. Perkins, however, was elected governor in 1879. In 1882 the current of popular opinion again manifested itself, and both political parties passed stong anti-railroad resolutions. Estee, the republican gubernatorial nominee, delivered a bitter anti-railroad address before the convention, and it has been said that when the powers addressed him a note of inquiry as to his stand, he sent back a blank sheet of paper in an envelope. However that may be, the forces were turned against him, and the railroad newspapers openly attacked him, but in some counties sought to carry the republican legislative ticket. Stoneman, democrat, was elected governor, and a democratic legislature chosen.

Whatever may be said of legislatures of late, the one of 1883 is perhaps entitled to the palm as "being out for the stuff." A very pretty romance has been published entitled "Frankenstein," wherein it is related an ingenious artizan manufactured an artificial man; of course, the creation was not perfect. It had the bones, the muscles, and the other physical attributes; reason was but partial—enough, however, that the being realized it was not of normal origin, and that it was loathed by those naturally born. It conceived resentment against its maker, and sought his life. The builder of the Frankenstein found he had created a monster, and endowed it with a power he could not control; flee where he might, the menace followed him, and it did cause his destruction. In the creation of the legislature of 1883 the corporation builded a Frankenstein; the men it had selected as tools sought the mastery, and like the bulls of Lord Peter, in Dean Swift's "Tale of a Tub," would not be pacified "till you flung them a bit of gold." That the maker of this legislative Frankenstein was severely bled to prevent the passage

of "cinch" bills is a matter the people do not regret; it was a deserved lesson, and the corporation was admonished to go a little slow.

Since there has been the profession: "We are out of politics; let the people act uninfluenced; let our elections be pure." Does the Southern Pacific company keep aloof from politics? Not as we have had opportunity to observe, particularly in the selection of members of the legislature. We are not disposed to dispute the right of any individual or corporation to engage in politics as a matter of self-protection; that is eminently proper; but we have never seen the sense of the company interesting itself in political matters where it can have no earthly concern, and where favoritism to one or more candidates will inevitably lead to the estrangement of the defeated. It is a patent fact there are all over the state, and particularly in the cities, men who make politics a trade and who sell their influence. In this city one blindfolded can place his fingers upon them. These political harlots do organize the base element of society, and they have been able to produce so many votes for so much money. Debased as these men are, those who should feel polluted by association with them hesitate not to barter for their chattels.

It is well enough to say—and truly it is so—that the fault lies with the better element, that they do not attend to the duty citizenship casts upon them; but can we ever hope the people will pay the attention they should to political matters? That which is everybody's business is the business of nobody, has been written. It is not true. Politics is the business of every citizen. It is neglected by the majority; it is made a business by a few, many of whom would not be trusted in responsible positions in private life.

We have great hope the new election law will correct abuses that have existed; but it will not reach primaries and conventions, and there is where much mischief is done. We do not believe in witchcraft, yet feel, did the Witch of Endor live, the good people would be justified in following the example of Saul and calling up the spirit of Samuel for advice. Perhaps it would be the disquieted spirit would answer as it did to Saul, that it is too late to correct the error, and that the Philistines will prevail. It may be the people would faint at the prophecy, and that there would be necessity to feed them on the fatted calf and the unleavened bread to revive them.

Were it the evil stopped with the feeling of the political cormorants, it would not be particularly serious; but there have been results that have been extremely costly. At times incompetent men have been elevated to positions of official power; at times there have been those selected who made no pretext of honesty.

Much has been said concerning the last legislature. It was no worse than its predecessors for many years back. The only distinction is they were caught at their tricks. It is much the same as in ordinary life: a man may be generally known to be a trickster or a rouse, and all will go well—he may, in fact, be admired—until he is caught out, and then the finger of scorn is pointed at him. We would much like to believe that the railroad company is in good faith out of politics, but we must have evidence to convince us of it. If it will assist in giving the state a few more legislatures such as we have had of late years, it may be the menacing words "Mene, mene, tekem, upharsin" may

appear upon the wall of the banqueting hall. The danger will come from two quarters: men who will sell themselves when in office will not always stay bought, and in all likelihood will at the first opportunity strike at the hand that has feed them; the natural jealousy of large accumulations of wealth, as well as a feeling that injustice has been done, will array the great mass of the people against the corporation. Public sentiment is not expressed by the press on this subject, for the reason that most of the papers are either directly or indirectly under railroad control, or are afraid to speak out from apprehension of loss of business.

One reading the daily telegraphic news would naturally think the world is getting very bad; but the sentiment expressed by an eastern journalist puts the matter in its true light: Look over your morning paper and you receive the impression that the world is filled with crime and disaster. You lay it aside with a feeling almost of despair. But you were abroad all day yesterday, threading miles of streets and mingling with thousands of people, and you saw no crime committed. You did see, however, enough of duty done, of kindly helpfulness, of cheerful self-sacrifice in time, convenience and service, to have filled a dozen newspapers with the recital of them. Here are columns of the papers filled for weeks with the doings of one woman who is said to have poisoned her husband. Well, you know of some wife whose daily self-sacrifice for a helpless husband would furnish materials of noble heroism for a volume; but such devotion is so common as to pass without comment. Wifely devotion is not "news," while wifely infidelity is news, and there is a deep, hopeful, reassuring meaning in it. It would be a bad world if it had to be raked all over every day to find good deeds sufficient to fill a newspaper.

THE VOICE OF SCIENCE.

Mrs. Esdaile of the Lindens, Birchspool, was a lady of quite remarkable scientific attainments. As honorary secretary of the ladies' branch of the local Eclectic Society she shone with a never-failing brilliance. It was even whispered that on the occasion of the delivery of Prof. Tomlinson's suggestive lecture on the "Perigenesis of the Plastidule" she was the only woman in the room who could follow the lecturer even as far as the end of his title.

Rose Esdaile had just passed her twentieth year, and was looked upon as one of the beauties of Birchspool. Her face was, perhaps, a trifle long for perfect symmetry, but her eyes were fine, her expression kindly and her complexion beautiful. It was an open secret, too, that she had under her father's will £500 a year in her own right. With such advantages a far plainer girl than Rose Esdaile might create a stir in the society of a provincial town.

A scientific conversazione in a private house is an onerous thing to organize, yet mother and daughter had not shrunk from the task. On the morning of which I write they sat together surveying their accomplished labors, with the pleasant feeling that nothing remained to be done save to receive the congratulations of their friends.

With the assistance of Rupert, the son of the house, they had assembled from all parts of Birchspool objects of scientific interest, which now adorned the long tables in the drawing-room. Indeed, the full tide of curiosities of every sort which had swelled into the house had overflowed the rooms devoted to the meeting, and had surged down the broad stairs to invade the dining-room and the passage. The whole villa had become a museum.

"You've really managed it splendidly, ma," said the young lady, craning her neck up to give her mother a congratulatory kiss. "It was so brave of you to undertake it."

"I think that will do," purred Mrs. Esdaile, complacently. "But I do hope that the phonograph will work without a hitch. You know at the last meeting of the British Association I got Prof. Standerton to repeat into it his remarks on the history of Medusiform Gonophore."

"How funny it seems," exclaimed Rose, glancing at the square, box-like apparatus which stood in the post of honor on the central table, "to think that this wood and metal will begin to speak just like a human being."

"Hardly that, dear. Of course the poor thing can say nothing except what is said to it. You always know exactly what is coming. But I do hope that it will work all right."

"Rupert will see to it when he comes up from the garden. He understands all about them. Oh, ma, I feel so nervous."

Mrs. Esdaile looked anxiously down at her daughter and passed her hand caressingly over her rich, brown

hair. "I understand," she said in her soothing, cooing voice, "I understand."

"He will expect an answer to-night, ma."

"Follow your heart, child. I am sure that I have every confidence in your good sense and discretion. I would not dictate to you upon such a matter."

"You are so good, ma. Of course, as Rupert says, we really know very little of Charles—of Capt. Beesly. But then, ma, all that we do know is in his favor."

"Quite so, dear. He is musical and well informed and good-humored, and certainly handsome. It is clear, too, from what he says, that he has moved in the very highest circles."

"The best in India, ma. He was an intimate friend of the governor general's. You heard yourself what he said yesterday about the D'Arcies and Lady Gwendoline Fairfax and Lord Montague Grosvenor."

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Esdaile, resignedly, "you are old enough to know your own mind. I shall not attempt to dictate to you. I own that my own hopes were set upon Prof. Stares."

"Oh, ma, think how dreadfully ugly he is."

"But think of his reputation, dear. Little more than thirty and a member of the royal society."

"I couldn't, ma. I don't think I could if there was not another man in the world. But, oh, I do feel so nervous; for you can't think how earnest he is. I must give him an answer to-night. But they will be here in an hour. Don't you think we had better go to our rooms?"

The two ladies had risen when there came a quick, masculine step upon the stairs, and a brisk young fellow with curly black hair dashed into the room.

"All ready?" he asked, running his eyes over the lines of relic-strewn tables.

"All ready, dear," answered his mother.

"Oh, I am glad to catch you together," said he, with his hands buried deeply in his trousers pockets and an uneasy expression on his face. "There's one thing that I wanted to speak to you about. Look here, Rosie, a bit of fun is all very well, but you wouldn't be such a little donkey as to think seriously of this fellow Beesly?"

"My dear Rupert, do try to be a little less abrupt," said Mrs. Esdaile, with a deprecating hand outstretched.

"I can't help seeing how they have been thrown together. I don't want to be unkind, Rosie, but I can't stand by and see you wreck your life for a man who has nothing to recommend him but his eyes and mustache. Do be a sensible girl and have nothing to say to him."

"It is surely a point, Rupert, upon which I am more fitted to decide than you can be," remarked Mrs. Esdaile, with dignity.

"No, mother, for I have been able to make some inquiries. Young Cheffington of the gunners knew him in India. He says"—

But his sister broke in upon his revelations. "I won't stay here, ma, to hear him slandered behind his back," she cried with spirit. "He has never said anything that was not kind of you, Rupert, and I don't know why you should attack him so. It is cruel, unbrotherly."

With a sweep and a whisk she was at the door, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, her bosom heaving with this little spurt of indignation, while close at her heels walked her mother with soothing words and an angry glance thrown back over her shoulder. Rupert Esdaile stood with his hands burrowing deeper and deeper into his pockets and his shoulders rising higher and higher to his ears, feeling intensely guilty, and yet not certain whether he should blame himself for having said too much, or for not having said enough.

Just in front of him stood the table on which the phonograph, with wires, batteries, and all complete, stood ready for the guests whom it was to amuse. Slowly his hands emerged from his pockets as his eye fell upon the apparatus, and with languid curiosity he completed the connection and started the machine. A pompous, husky sound, as of a man clearing his throat, proceeded from the instrument, and then in high, piping tones, thin, but distinct, the commencement of the celebrated scientist's lecture.

"Of all the interesting problems," remarked the box, "which are offered to us by recent researches in the lower orders of marine life, there is none to exceed the retrograde metamorphosis which characterizes the common barnacle. The differentiation of an amorphous protoplasmic mass"—Here Rupert Esdaile broke the connection again, and the funny little tinkling voice ceased as suddenly as it began.

The young man stood smiling, looking down at this garrulous piece of wood and metal, when suddenly the smile broadened and a light of mischief danced up into his eyes. He slapped his thigh and danced round in ecstasy of one who has stumbled on a brand-new, brilliant idea.

Very carefully he drew forth the slips of metal which recorded the learned professor's remarks and laid them aside for future use. Into the slots he thrust virgin plates, all ready to receive an impression, and then, bearing the phonograph under his arm, he vanished into his own sanctum. Five minutes before the first

guest had arrived the machine was back upon the table and all ready for use.

There could be no question of the success of Mrs. Esdaile's conversazione. From first to last everything went admirably. People stared through microscopes, and linked hands for electric shocks, and marveled at the Gallapagos turtle, the os frontis of the Bos montis, and all the other curiosities which Mrs. Esdaile had taken such pains to collect. Groups formed and chatted round the various cases.

The Dean of Birchspool listened with a protesting lip while Prof. Maunders held forth upon a square of triassic rock, with side thrusts occasionally at the six days of orthodox creation; a knot of specialists disputed over a stuffed ornithorhynchus in a corner; while Mrs. Esdaile swept from group to group, introducing, congratulating, laughing, with the ready, graceful tact of a clever woman of the world. By the window sat the heavily mustached Capt. Beesly, with the daughter of the house, and they discussed a problem of their own, as old as the triassic rock, and perhaps as little understood.

"But I must really go and help my mother to entertain, Capt. Beesly," said Rose, at last, with a movement as if to rise.

"Don't go, Rose. And don't call me Capt. Beesly; call me Charles."

"Well, then, Charles."

"How prettily it sounds from your lips! No, now, don't go. I can't bear to be away from you. I had heard of love, Rose; but how strange it seems that I, after spending my life amid all that is sparkling and gay, should only find out now, in this little provincial town, what love really is!"

"You say so, but it is only a passing fancy."

"No, indeed. I shall never leave you, Rose—never, unless you drive me away from your side. And you would not be so cruel—you would not break my heart!"

He had very plaintive blue eyes, and there was such a depth of sorrow in them as he spoke that Rose could have wept for sympathy. "I should be sorry to cause you grief in any way," she said in a faltering tone.

"Then promise"—

"No, no; we cannot speak of it just now, and they are collecting around the phonograph. Do come and listen to it. It is so funny. Have you ever heard one?"

"Never."

"It will amuse you immensely; and I am sure you would never guess what it is going to talk about."

"What, then?"

"Oh, I won't tell you. You shall hear. Let us have these chairs by the open door, it is so nice and cool."

The company had formed an expectant circle around the instrument. There was a subdued hush as Rupert Esdaile made the connection, while his mother waved her white hand slowly from left to right to make the cadence of the sonorous address which was to break upon their ears.

"How about Lucy Araminta Pennyfeather?" cried a squeaky little voice. There was a rustle and a titter among the audience. Rupert glanced across at Capt. Beesly. He saw a drooping jaw, two protruding eyes and a face the color of cheese.

"How about little Martha Hovendean of the Kensal choir union?" cried the piping voice.

Louder still rose the titters. Mrs. Esdaile stared about her in bewilderment. Rose burst out laughing, and the captain's jaw dropped lower still, with a tinge of green upon the cheeselike face.

"Who was it who hid the ace in the artillery card-room at Peshawar? Who was it who was broke in consequence? Who was it?"

"Good gracious!"—cried Mrs. Esdaile, "what nonsense is this? The machine is out of order. Stop it, Rupert. These are not the professor's remarks. But, dear me, where is our friend Capt. Beesly gone?"

"I am afraid that he is not very well, ma," said Rose. "He rushed out of the room."

"There can't be much the matter," quoth Rupert.

"There he goes, cutting down the avenue as fast as his legs will carry him. I do not think, somehow, that we shall see the captain again. But I must really apologize. I have put in the wrong slips. These, I fancy, are those which belong to Prof. Standerton's lecture."

Rose Esdaile has become Rose Stares now, and her husband is one of the most rising scientists in the provinces. No doubt she is proud of his intellect and of his growing fame, but there are times when she still gives a thought to the blue-eyed captain, and marvels at the strange and manner in which he deserted her.

Louis XIV, playing at backgammon, had a doubtful throw; a dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers remained all silent. The Count de Grammont happened to come in that instant. "Decide the matter," said the king to him. "Sire," said the count, "your majesty is in the wrong." "How," replied the king, "can you thus decide without knowing the question?" "Because," said the count, "had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it to your majesty."

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

Atlas was the first leading gentleman. He supported Earth in her great roll.

Actors and lovers have one trait in common. They often "make up" with each other.

Patti's hair is black this year. Let us hope that it has not gone into full mourning over Patti's voice.

In the London Gaiety theater all women occupying seats on the first floor and in the first balcony are requested to remove their hats. A refusal would oblige them to go to the upper galleries, where hats are allowed.

An agent for a rural play visited a Long Island farmer a few days ago to hire a pair of steers with which to impart realism to the performance. When the farmer learned that they were to appear in a playhouse he refused to let them go, saying that the devil was in charge of all the theaters. An offer of \$50 obliterated all fear of the devil, however.

Miss Sibyl Sanderson has captured the Russians at St. Petersburg. Her rendition of *Esclarmonde* was received with great favor. Our California girl should give her old home a visit. We think she owes it to the friends and associates of her childhood's days to let them hear her marvelous voice before the world's praises have been raised much higher.

Maud Granger, a finished actress, and a former member of the famous *Diplomacy* company, which included those great artists, Montague, Shannon, Warde, and Jeffreys-Lewis, will hold the boards of the Metropolitan theater on Monday and Tuesday nights, January 25 and 26. Maud Granger now ranks among the leading actresses of the day. *Inherited* is the principal play in her repertoire, and will be presented Monday night.

The text of Pietro Mascagni's new opera, *L'Amico Fritz*, was written by Nicola Daspuro, a clever young journalist and poet in Naples. The text is little more than a translation of *Friend Fritz*, the work of Erckmann and Chatrian. The owners of the copyrighted work at first demanded 60,000 francs and 5 per cent. of the total receipts of the opera for the privilege of using it as the text. Mascagni declined to accept these terms and was on the point of abandoning the piece entirely when a compromise was reached.

Prof. F. Nicholls Crouch, who composed the music for many famous songs, but for none more famous than "Cathleen Mavourneen," is a veteran of 83 years. He is a man of medium stature and stoutly built, with coal-black eyes and few indications, even in his slowly whitening hair, of his great age. He has been four times married, and has been the father of 33 children. One child, the first of his second marriage, was the notorious Cora Pearl of Paris.

A newspaper man in Augusta, Ga., went to hear the Juch company sing *Tannhauser*. Then he went to the office and wrote several things, among which was this: "We are even inclined to deal gently with the young man with a cold who was a substitute in the title role. If he had simply made signs instead of trying to sing, or had died in the first act, his forgiveness would have been assured; but between him and the stout-whiskered Gambrinus, who posed as Lord Ham and Gravy, there was almost sufficient ground for mob violence. On the whole, we are glad the audience refrained from lynching either, and we suppose it was because the people were too drowsy for such vigorous measures. But we'll let that pass and say simply that we are not educated up to 'Vagner.'"

The Clunie Opera House reopened on Monday night under the management of Mr. Washington Norton. While the company had never played together before, there were no jars nor breaks. All was smooth, and the ladies and gentlemen evinced the fact that they are painstaking artists. The introductory drama was *For His Natural Life*. Without desiring to criticize the play or its production, it occurs to us that a sparkling comedy would have been more to the public taste than a heavy melodrama. Comedy is always best to introduce a good company. The Clunie Opera House company is evidently equal to any line, comedy or tragedy, and we give it as our judgment that comedy at the start would have been more popular. However, the drama, *For His Natural Life*, was well staged, and each member of the company was equal to the respective role assigned. Next week the management will introduce new plays and novelties, during which his leading lady, Miss Sterling, will be seen. Miss Sterling did not appear at the opening. Mr. Ingo Tyrrell makes a splendid stage manager. The business men of Sacramento should see to it that Mr. Norton's enterprise is encouraged and patronized. Nothing tends to attract visitors more than places of amusement. With the strong company now engaged at the Clunie, there is every probability of continued entertainment for the lovers of the drama.

Book Chat.

There are 587 languages spoken in Europe.

The waste basket is filled with the self conceit of the editor and other poems.

The Bible has now been translated into sixty-six of the languages and dialects of Africa.

Wordsworth was no reader. He once said he had not spent five shillings for books in as many years. He went to school to nature and humanity.

William Morris, the English poet, who is deemed a probable successor to Lord Tennyson in the laureatship, is the manager of a factory for wall paper, has a profitable bric-a-brac shop and owns several shares in a successful magazine.

The fact that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is sometimes betrayed into making childish and silly remarks about Americans does not constitute sufficient ground for the assertion that his books are tiresome. Far from it. They are exceptionally clever.

Phrenologist—Your bump of imagination is abnormally large, sir. You should write poetry. Visitor—I do write poetry. Only yesterday I took a poem to an editor, and that bump you are feeling is where he hit me. Don't bear on it so hard.

Among the periodicals now published by the Johns Hopkins university in Baltimore are the *American Chemical Journal*, the *American Journal of Mathematics* and the *American Journal of Philology*. A large number of professors of the university are contributors to these periodicals.

The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Russian social question is what Hall Caine hopes his new novel will be, and it is not forbidden to any to hope. Mr. Caine wears a Vandyke beard and has auburn hair. He is just 41 and began life as an architect. He has been called "the Victor Hugo of English literature" on the strength of "The Deemster" and "The Bondsman."

The English language is full of pitfalls for the foreign student of its intricacies. The Boston *Commonwealth* tells that a private tutor recently showed a young German pupil's rendering of the familiar lines, "Tell me not in mournful numbers life is but an empty dream." His pupil had bent all his energies to the work of translation, and this was the result: "Tell me not in sadful poetry life is the larger end of a vain imagine."

Gladstone will be known as a Greek scholar as long as his fame as a statesman shall endure, and were he no statesman at all he would still be famous as an author. Yet great statesmen are rarely great authors. It is said with all seriousness that Chatham and Pitt, Wilberforce, Fox and O'Connell, "have left nothing which lives in literature." Burke, the orator, statesman and author, left speeches that will live with those of Demosthenes.

The demise of the London Browning society is announced. Organized to study the poetry of Robert Browning, the more they studied it the more incomprehensible it became. Compared with their work the translation of obscure Greek plays and Egyptian hieroglyphics was a pure pastime. At last they reached the sage conclusion that the game was not worth the candle, and now the Browning fad flourishes nowhere outside of Boston.

In his new novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," Mr. Thomas Hardy has a passage relating to the emigration of the agricultural classes which offers a somewhat novel explanation. It was penned, we believe, before the recent discussion arose, and is the more noteworthy because of the writer's long and careful study of life in the southwestern counties, and the fact that he belongs to no political party. "All the mutations," he observes, "so increasingly discernible in village life did not originate entirely in the agricultural unrest. A depopulation was also going on. The village had formerly contained, side by side with the agricultural laborers, an interesting and better-informed class ranking distinctly above the former—the class to which Tess' father and mother had belonged—and including the carpenter, the smith, the shoemaker, the huckster, together with nondescript workers other than farm laborers; a set of people who owed a certain stability of aim and conduct to the fact of their being lifeholders, like Tess' father, or copyholders, or occasionally small freeholders. But as the long holdings fell in they were seldom again let to similar tenants, and were mostly pulled down if not absolutely required by the farmer for his hands. Cottagers who were not directly employed on the land were looked upon with disfavor, and the banishment of some starved the trade of others, who were thus obliged to follow. These families, who had formed the backbone of the village life in the past, had to seek refuge in the large centers—the process humorously designated by statisticians as 'the tendency of the rural population toward the large towns,' being really the tendency of water to flow uphill when forced by machinery."

Professional Chat.

Physicians of standing in Europe now employ hypnotism for the cure of drunkenness and the opium habit.

Though legal usage does not will
That lawyers plead a special gear in,
At court 'tis common for them still
To have a lawsuit to appear in.

An old school friend of Prof. Tyndall says that in his boyhood days the great scientist used to "walk home with teacher" after school and amuse while sometimes puzzling the pedagogue by demonstrating problems in Euclid in the snow.

John Randolph was lying on a sofa in the parlor of a tavern, waiting for the stage to come to the door. A dandified chap stepping into the room with a whip in his hand, just come from a drive, and, standing before the mirror, arranged his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman on the sofa. After attitudinizing a while, he turned to go out, when Mr. Randolph asked him, "Has the stage come?" "Stage, sir! stage!" said the fop; "I've nothing to do with it, sir!" "Oh, I beg your pardon!" said Randolph, quietly; "I thought you were the driver."

Billy Gett when first admitted to practice had a very exalted and important air about him. One day in justice's court he had a case in which his father was a witness against his side of the case. The father was called, and when Billy Gett commenced to cross-examine the old gentleman, he asked, "What is your name?" The answer was, W. A. Gett, Sr., sir." "Live in Sacramento?" "Yes." "Are you married?" "Now, look here," said Mr. Gett *pere*, "I'd like to know where you would be if I wasn't married." Young Billy found it would not do to go too far with the old stock, so dropped the cross-examination. Billy still retains his dignity and good opinion of himself, and is among the leading members of our present bar.

Judges should in all cases take care that the punishment does not exceed the guilt, and that some may not suffer for offenses which, when committed by others, are allowed to pass with impunity. Cicero, in one of his famous orations, gave utterance to sentiments in substance as above. We quote from that great orator of the classic era in the vernacular: Cavendum est ne major poena, quam culpa, sit; et ne usdem de causis alii ne appelenter quidem. In very many criminal cases the various courts of our country allow prejudice and a lack of proper discretion to rule their judgments. Even in the early days of Rome, Cicero took occasion to admonish against such displays of passion and prejudice.

"They while with partial aim their censure moves,
Acquit the vultures, but condemn the doves."

They are telling a queer story of the verdancy of the late Senator Plumb on business matters while a young man, says the Buffalo *Inquirer*. He had scraped together \$100, and had it on deposit in a local bank. Wanting to use the money he one day asked the president of the bank for it. He told Plumb to sign a check. The young man looked up and said: "Eh?" "Make out a check for the amount and sign it," remarked the banker. "No, sir-ee!" said the statesman in embryo. "no, sir-ee, I don't put my name on paper unless I keep the paper. I gave you my money without taking your receipt, and I want it back on the same terms." And it took considerable arguing to persuade him that it was the customary thing to make checks for money. But when years went on the senator rose to the million rank by smart business faculty, and could sign checks with almost anybody.

The following anecdote of Daniel Webster, who was, in 1796, a member of Phillips Exeter academy, says the Boston *Globe*, was related to a friend of mine by Samuel Lawrence, of Exeter: A few days after Mr. Webster had entered Exeter academy he returned to his boarding house one evening in a very despondent mood and told his friends there that the city boys in the academy were constantly laughing at him because he was at the foot of his class and had come from the backwoods. The next day Mr. Nicholas Emery, who was then an assistant tutor in the academy, urged Webster to think of nothing but his books, and added that all would yet come out right. The advice was heeded, and at the end of the first quarter Mr. Emery, mustering his class in a line, formally took the arm of young Webster and marched him from the foot to the extreme head. At the end of the second quarter, when the class was mustered, Mr. Emery said: "Daniel Webster, gather up your books and take down your cap." The boy obeyed, and, thinking that he was about to be expelled from school, was sorely troubled. The teacher soon dispelled the illusion, for he continued: "Now, sir, you will please report yourself to the teacher of the first class. And you, young gentlemen, will take an affectionate leave of your classmate, for you will never see him again." They never did see him in that classroom again, but the day came when the eyes of the nation beheld him.

NOTES.

In Persia, where the government has a monopoly of tobacco, the chief authorities at Kuhela proclaimed an edict against smoking, and ordered the people to break their pipes.

The wine crop of California last year amounted to one quart for every man, woman and child in the United States. The total abstinence of some, however, will enable others to swell their quota to a barrel.

Last year was a most extraordinary one for agricultural products. Both the wheat and the tobacco crops were the greatest ever known in this country. The cotton crop was equal to the greatest and best. The corn crop was the second best, and the fruit and vegetable crops were never better.

A Tammany sagem a few days ago, in discussing politics and the relative standing of leading presidential candidates, gave expression to this characteristic Tammany sentiment: "The gang can't afford to tie to a dead horse." Mr. Cleveland certainly cannot appreciate this "classic" idea.

Perhaps everyone does not know how easily fresh apple blossoms can be had in winter. Get the ends of branches with plump flower buds and place them in water in a warm, sunny window and they will soon bloom. No doubt many other kinds of trees and shrubs will give as good satisfaction.

Parlor cars now transport tourists from Jaffa to Jerusalem, shrieking steamboats ply the sea of Galilee and regattas are held on the river Jordan. It is no longer the "Wild Judea" of the Scripture, or the mystic land to which the Crusaders turned their faces. Palestine is rapidly losing its poetic glamor.

The National Editorial Association has determined to visit California next May. This is a great representative body, and will be of incalculable benefit to this coast. The country press is fully represented in this body, and our people and this state will be published among those from whom benefits may come to this coast. Our people should at once take steps to entertain this association when they arrive.

The emperor of China is said to rest in serene security, confident that his enemies can never prevail over him by force of arms. He has hired an able magician, who promises to put a mystic "kibosh" on the firearms of the imperial adversaries so that they cannot be used. European powers having any idea of coercing the emperor from and after this date would better consider this matter before beginning hostilities.

It may be a matter of interest to the public to know that of all the principal agricultural products grown in the United States (including corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, tobacco, hay, rice, cotton, sugar, potatoes and hops) the proportionate increase in quantity and value for the last forty years is far greater for barley and hops, the two products used in the manufacture of malt liquors, than for any of the others.

Small things, in the hands of Providence, often deprive men of life in this world. Pope Adrian lost his life by the sting of a gnat. A distinguished Rouish counselor lost his life by a hair, which was in some milk that he drank. The emperor of France, Charles V., was deprived of his life by eating a mushroom. Anacreon, the famous Greek poet, who lived in the sixth century before Christ, was choked by a grape seed, in the act of drinking wine, at the age of eighty-five years.

Cyrus Truman Wheeler.

Death has claimed Cyrus Wheeler. He died on the 17th instant. It is unnecessary his life-course should be more than generally reviewed; he leaves no enemies; his friends—many, indeed—will reverence his memory. It has fallen to the lot of but few that, when the ending came, the ledger-balancing showed a pronounced credit. Cyrus Wheeler left the world in debt to him. It would have been unseemly had reference been made to his charitable acts while he was in life; to him it would have been distasteful. That he has passed away, the veil may with propriety be lifted. An unknown hand did aid the distressed at Christmas time; some one did seek out the needy, and did relieve them; many there are in this community who felt the benefit, yet never knew from whom it came. Let it now be understood our fallen brother was the Samaritan. Mr. Wheeler was a native of New York, but spent the greater part of his life in Sacramento. From the very early days he was connected with the house of Booth & Co.; practically was the director. A useful citizen; his loss is severe to this people.

Pioneer Reminiscences.

The following article appeared in *Our Paper of Concord Junction, Mass.*, on January 9th. It will interest some of our "old-timers":

On the 18th of January the "bear flag" will be hoisted over the Revere House to notify California Pioneers and others that it is the anniversary of the discovery of gold in California, and that the New England Associated California Pioneers of '49 will hold their annual business meeting and banquet in commemoration of that event. There they will meet comrades who have shared with them all the trials, dangers and fun of a miner's life during the pioneer days. They have slept in the same blankets, sometimes in a cloth tent or log cabin, and often with nothing except the blankets to protect them from the elements. They will meet their "old pards" who have toiled dirt, rocked the cradle, used the pick and shovel, forked down the long tom and sluice, cooked beans and flapjacks, washed the dishes, cut the wood and did other chores, "turn and turn about." Comrades will there meet their rivals at the fandangoes of the mining camps of '49, and those who have side by side "stood in" with each other against claim jumpers, ballot-box stuffers, Sydney thieves, shoulder-strikers, and other enemies of fair dealing and good government. They will again tramp with their blankets, frying-pan, coffee-pot, double-barreled shotgun and Allen's pepper-boxes, over the trail to Hornitas, Woods Creek, Spanish Dry Diggins, Hawkin's Bar, Long Bar, Beal's Bar, Horse-shoe Bar and other rich mines; and—Ynbadam.

When the bear flag is displayed at the top of the staff, forty-miners from all over New England rally to meet old chums who knew no other banner to rally around in pioneer days. Forty-miners honor the bear flag without conflicting in any way with their love, devotion and loyalty to the stars and stripes.

At the ballot-box in 1850, the pioneers made it possible for California to be admitted into the union, as a free state, and the pioneers from New England largely contributed to the defeat of the schemes of slave-holders who flocked to the Pacific hoping to add another to the list of slave states. Those were times that tried men's nerves and courage, their loyalty and the comradeship which has never been severed. The New England pioneers were true to their early education and instincts, and they had the courage of their convictions. Californians consider it a high honor to be a forty miner. To the pioneers of '49 and the Grand Army of the Republic is due the credit and honor of making and of saving California a free state in the union. The pioneers defeated the slave-holders at the ballot-box in 1850, and the volunteer soldiers of '61-'66 vanquished the rebels in the field. When the "emblem of treason" was carried defiantly on the streets, and insolently flaunted in the public halls of the capitol of the state, there was no strong loyal organization; but a few firemen under the leadership of a New England pioneer, who has always since that time made Sacramento his home, charged the secession standard-bearer and captured the flag, and soon after the out and out rebels left Sacramento for a more congenial clime.

The boys of '49 offer no apology for gray hairs or lost teeth; they will meet as comrades and shipmates who have fought the Indians and the elements side by side; divided the last flapjack and dollar, and "drank from the same canteen." The forty-miners meet for a sociable good time, only when their banner floats from the top of the staff, for when the old grizzly bear stops at half-mast and there remains hugging the pole, all know that another forty-miner is gone on the trail that leads to St. Peter's gate, and serious thoughts of who will be the next to go quiet their mirth, to be renewed when the bear climbs again to the top of the pole. W. W. Story says:

"E'en as I listen down Time's narrowing cone,
The voices cheer me that from earth have gone.
From the far east their earliest voice I hear,
Vague, faint, and distant, muttering to my ear;
Still to the west they call, and evermore
Their tone comes purer, clearer than before."

J. A. G.

"People about to marry" who wish to know the proper ages are referred to following precedents: Shakspeare, 18; Ben Johnson, 21; Franklin, 24; Mozart, 25; Dante, Kepler, Fuller, Johnson, Burke and Scott, 26; Tycho Brahe, Byron, Washington and Bonaparte, 27; Penn and Sterne, 28; Linneus and Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth and Peel, 32; Wordsworth and Davy, 33; Aristotle, 36; Sir William Jones and Wellington, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 48; Buffon, 55; Old Parr, last time, 120. Adam and Eve married before they were a year old, and the veteran Parr buckled with a widow at 120.

I wonder why it is we are not all kinder than we are! How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How infallibly it is remembered! How superabundantly it pays itself back! For there is no debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable, as love. "Love never faileth."—Prof. Drummond.

Caricatures of Washington.

General Washington was inaugurated president at New York in 1789. How often has the world been assured that no dissident voice was heard on that occasion! The arrival of the general in New York was a pageant which the entire population is supposed to have most heartily approved; and a very pleasant spectacle it must have been, as seen from the end of the island—the vessels decked with flags and streamers, and the president's stately barge, rowed by thirteen pilots in white uniforms, advancing toward the city, surrounded and followed by an immense cloud of small boats, to the thunder of great guns. But even then, it seems, there were a few who looked askance. At least one caricature appeared. "All the world here," wrote John Armstrong to the unreconciled General Gates, "are busy collecting flowers and sweets of every kind to amuse and delight the president. People were asking one another," he adds, "by what awe-inspiring title the president should be called, even plain Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, regarding 'His Excellency' as beneath the grandeur of the office. Yet," says Armstrong, "in the midst of this admiration there are skeptics who doubt its propriety, and many wits who amuse themselves at its extravagance. The first will grumble and the last will laugh, and the president should be prepared to meet the attacks of both with firmness and good nature. A caricature has already appeared, called 'The Entry,' full of very disloyal and profane allusions." It was by no means a good natured picture. General Washington was represented riding upon an ass, and held in the arms of his favorite man, Billy, once huntsman, then valet and factotum; Colonel David Humphreys, the general's aid and secretary, led the ass, singing hosannas and birthday odes, one couplet of which was legible:

"The glorious time has come to pass
When David shall conduct an ass."

This effort was more ill-natured than brilliant; but the reader who examines the fugitive publications of that period will often feel that the adulation of the president was such as to provoke and justify severe caricature. That adulation was as excessive as it was ill executed; and part of the office of caricature is to remind Philip that he is a man. The numberless "verses," "odes," "tributes," "stanza's," "lines" and "sonnets" addressed to President Washington lie entombed in the dingy leaves of the old newspapers, but a few of the epigrams which they provoked have been disinterred, and even some of the caricatures are described in the letters of the time. Neither the verses nor the pictures are at all remarkable. Probably the best caricature that appeared during the administration of General Washington was suggested by the removal of the national capital from New York to Philadelphia. Senator Robert Morris, being a Philadelphian, and having large possessions in Philadelphia, was popularly supposed to have procured the passage of the measure, and accordingly the portly senator is seen in the picture carrying off upon his broad shoulders the federal hall, the windows of which are crowded with members of both houses, some commending, others cursing, this novel method of removal. In the distance is seen the old Paulus Hook ferry-house, at what is now Jersey City, on the roof of which is the devil beckoning to the heavy-laden Morris, and crying to him: "This way, Bobby." The removal of the capital was a fruitless theme for the humorists of the day. Even then "New York Politicians" had an ill name, and congress was deemed well out of their reach.

Heirs to European Thrones.

It is rather an interesting occupation to note how few of the thrones of Europe are destined to descend in a direct line. Russia and Italy rejoice, it is true, in direct heirs, but the future emperor of Austria is the brother of the present sovereign, and so, too, is the next king of the Belgians and the future king of Saxony as well. In Bavaria the crown will pass from the mad King Otto either to the present regent, his uncle, or to that regent's oldest son, Prince Louis. The little king of Spain has a charming heiress in the person of his eldest sister, the Princess Mercedes. Should the little queen of Holland die unmarried or childless, her crown will pass to her aunt, the Princess Sophia, who is quite an old lady, being 68, or to the eldest son of that princess, the Grand Duke Charles Augustus of Saxe Weimar Eisenbach, whose eldest son, Prince William Ernest, has already been mentioned as a possible candidate for the hand of the little queen.

Searching the history of China for evidences of a stone age, Joseph Edkins finds that as far back as B. C. 2205, in the time of Yu, all the common metals are mentioned, in a list of tribute offered the emperor. Fifty years before, the emperor Shun had buried gold to make the people more covetous. A stone hatchet has lately been found near Kalgau in a mound forty feet high. The mound and others in its neighborhood are said to resemble those of Ohio, and the hatchet is not to be distinguished from those of "mound builders" in Ohio's museum.

Swamp Fox Marion and His Men.

It is said that Marion often encamped at The Oaks, near Charleston, South Carolina, the owners, the Middletons, having been from the first devoted patriots. And this brings up again Marion and Marion's men, a little band who probably never dreamed that they were to go down on the page of history embalmed in poetry and romance and song, figures strong in local South Carolina coloring, and yet known all over the country almost as widely as George Washington himself. General Francis Marion, who, as the angry and harassed British officer complained, "would not fight like a Christian and a gentleman," belonged to the Huguenot colony of the Santee, north of Charleston, the same Santee that owned those high hills. On the formation of the revolutionary army of Carolina, Marion was made a captain in the regiment commanded by Moultrie; he rose to a colonelcy before the evacuation of Charleston, and, escaping the fate of prisoners of war which fell to Moultrie and many other officers, he collected the fragments of his regiment together in the recesses of the swamps, and from that moment became a dread to the whole British army in the south. Marion made war in his own way; now here, now there; now seen, now gone; he was like a meteor in the night, and the successes gained by his extraordinary swiftness and daring seemed marvelous alike to friend and to foe. He selected young men for his band, generally from his own neighbors of French descent; he lived in the swamps; he swam rivers on horseback; his favorite encampment was a cane-brake. He did not wait for all his troops, but sallied out frequently with only ten or twelve; he took saws from the mills, and turned them into swords; he frequently engaged when he had but three rounds to a man. Scouts were kept out constantly, and when word was brought in of a small party of the enemy anywhere, then forth went Marion's men after them. It is said that he was so secret in his plans that his own soldiers had no idea when they were to be called out, and that their only way of knowing was to watch the negro cook. When the old man was seen cooking a little store of poor food, which was their only fare, then they prepared for departure. Marion's favorite time for starting was at sunset, and then the march lasted all night. Marion's men—brave, shoeless, ragged, blanketless, gallant little band—the following is a verse of one of the many songs that were made about you:

"Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader swift and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us
As scamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass."—[BRYANT.]

It is said that Cornwallis had an especial fear of Marion, and never sat down in any strange house in the neighborhood of Charleston, but always on a piazza or under a tree, that with his own eyes he could watch for the swift-darting foe. Poor Cornwallis! what joy swept over the country when he was taken! Even the Dutch watchmen of Philadelphia called the news after midnight, "Bast twelve o'clock, and Cornwallis es dagen!"

Rothschild's Maxims.

These are the maxims which Baron Rothschild, reputed to be the richest man in Europe, wrote when a boy, and to the observance of which he attributes much of his success in life. It is not certain that every boy can do likewise, but it will do no harm for every boy to try.

Attend carefully to the details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well and then decide positively.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation or business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parent.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not, intoxicate drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of a wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Extend to everyone a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for right.
And success is certain.

When Sydney Smith compared matrimony to a pair of shears, he divided the latter evenly between the man and the wife. Since that time, however, things have so changed that the woman has come to be regarded as the shears and the man as the shorn.

FLASHES.

Color is subject to the touch. We have often felt blue.

Some men are wise for others, but fools for themselves.

There is always something wanting to make us happy.

Too much familiarity becomes a bore, even from our friends.

Local pride is most apparent in those who have lots for sale.

The man who is in the hands of his friends is not fit for office.

What roof covers the most noisy tenant? The roof of the mouth.

Hard work will kill some men, but worry and indiscretion kills hundreds.

The fellow who never gives up misses the answer to some good conundrums.

To forget a wrong is the best revenge. But how few follow this sentiment.

This is a world of wonder. Hot words produce coolness. Salt water fresh fish.

Friendship Council's Entertainment.

The literary and musical entertainment and dance given by Friendship Council, No. 65, O. C. F., in their fine new hall on Tenth street, on Thursday evening last, proved highly enjoyable to the large crowd in attendance, and was a most complete success in every particular. The following programme was excellently rendered, the participants all receiving hearty encores: Overture, orchestra; piano solo, Miss Maggie Young; vocal solo (in costume), Clarence M. Love; vocal duet, Miss Jessie Clark and Miss Susie Dodson; recitation, little Anna Laughlin; violin solo, Prof. Carl Vandal; recitation, Miss Kitty McCarty; instrumental duet (guitar and mandolin), Venezuela brothers. Prof. Neale's orchestra furnished superb music, and both old and young whirled through the giddy mazes of the dance until the hour of twelve bade them desist. Friendship council contemplates giving a series of these social entertainments, and, judging from the success of the one on Thursday evening, they will prove drawing cards to the public.

Advertisement Mention.

Messrs. Ing & Allee, druggists and dealers in trusses, silk elastic stockings, rubber goods, etc., 712 J street; Mr. J. A. Moynihan, fine candies, ice cream and soda water, 418 J street; Odell & Herzog, butchers and packers, 1020 and 1022 K street.

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

It is in the teacup that the girl of the period reads a tale of joy or woe. It is rather mystifying to see a lot of women balancing their spoons on the edge of their cups, first having made sure that they are perfectly dry, and then, with another spoon, partially filled and held above the first, watch them count the drops as they fall from the one above into the bowl of the other. Each drop stands for a year, and show how many years will pass before each young woman may expect to be married. The witchcraft of the whole thing lies in the fact that even the girl who is careful only to take a little liquid in the second spoon may have as many drops as she who dips liberally and as if she didn't care. Silence reigns supreme while these fate readings are absorbing attention, and it is astonishing to mark how profound the silence is in place of the usual chatter. When some one begins to stir her tea quite rapidly, a little to one side, you may safely guess that she has found a "beau" and is trying to see if he is attracted to the spoon; if so, she may expect a call very soon, perhaps that very night. Tea thus becomes a momentous sign of fate.

Japan is made up of a chain of volcanic mountains, and the arable land of the empire is officially put at 11,215,000 acres—less than one-half the area of the state of New York—and this is so fertile and thoroughly cultivated that it feeds a population of 37,000,000—about that of France. Rice is one of the principal crops, and of this some 200,000,000 bushels are raised annually. Hand labor is generally used, and two or three crops a year are raised on the same land. Artificial irrigation is general, being necessary over half of the cultivated land, and frequently the water is taken from streams twenty to thirty miles distant. The total number of horned cattle is 1,115,000, and of horses 1,605,000. Wool of all kinds is cheap and abundant.

Glass drinking-cups have been found in Anglo Saxon graves, and they are all round-bottomed. Such cups could not be made to stand upright, and it is supposed they were so designed in order to cause the drinker to empty them at once. This feature is said to have given rise to the word "tumbler" which has been applied to our drinking vessels, though these do not possess the curious shape of the ancient cups.

Wise Folks' Sayings.

For insult given, the noblest vengeance is forgetfulness forever.—*Florian*.

It is a proof of the highest culture to say the greatest matters in the simplest way.—*Emerson*.

Life is short, art long, opportunity fleeting, experiment uncertain, judgment difficult.—*Hippocrates*.

The primal duties shine aloft like stars; the charities that soothe and heal and bless lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.—*Wordsworth*.

This is the law of benefits between men: The one ought to forget at once what he has given; the other ought never to forget what he has received.—*Seneca*.

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

Apologizing—a very desperate habit—one that is rarely cured. Apology is only egotism wrong side out. Nine times out of ten the first thing a man's companion knows of his shortcomings is from his apology.—*Holmes*.

It is the nature of parties to retain their original enmities far more firmly than their original principles. But when parties arrive at this stage it is a sure sign that the dry rot has set in. Their day of usefulness is over.—*Macaulay*.

It always grieves me to contemplate the initiation of children into the ways of life when they are scarcely more than infants. It checks their confidence and simplicity, two of the best qualities that Heaven gives them, and demands that they share our sorrow before they are capable of entering into our enjoyments.—*Dickens*.

God lades the wings of private prayer with the sweetest, choicest and chiefest blessings. Ah! how often hath God kissed the poor christian at the beginning of private prayer, and filled him with light, joy and assurance upon its close! As is the fresh air to a close, infected room, so is the keen, invigorating breeze from the throne of God, which peers into the narrow chamber of the heart, stuffed with the prejudices and passions and fancies of our own little circle, of our own little thoughts, whose doors have never been opened to new ideas or bright feelings, whose windows have been closed against all wider and higher views.—*Dean Stanley*.

Oh, did we but know when we were happy! Could the restless, feverish, ambitious heart be still, but for a moment still, and yield itself, without one farther-aspiring throb, to its enjoyment—then were I happy; yes, thrice happy! But no; this fluttering, struggling and imprisoned spirit beats the bars of its golden cage, disdains the silken fetter; it will not close its eyes and fold its wings; as if time were not swift enough, its swifter thoughts outstrip its rapid flight, and onward, onward do they wing their way to the distant mountains, to the fleeting clouds of the future; and yet I know that ere long, weary and wayworn and disappointed, they shall return to nestle in the bosom of the past.—*Longfellow*.

How Monkeys are Captured.

How are monkeys caught? The ape family resembles man. Their vices are human. They love liquor, and fall. In Darfour and Senor the natives make a fermented beer, of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the parts of the forest frequented by the monkeys and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as the monkey sees and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy, that soon attract his comrades. Then an orgie begins, and then in a short time they show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The few who came too late to get fuddled escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust the negroes, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. The negroes take some up, and these begin to weep and cover them with mandarin kisses. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support, and endeavor to go on also. Another will grasp at him, and so on until the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys. When finally brought to the village, they are securely caged and gradually sobered down; but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

Pottery was discovered, Grant Allen suggests, by accident. A savage carried some water in a calabash—the hard shell of a tropical fruit—when it occurred to him to smear the outside with clay and put the calabash itself over the fire. This he did, the water boiled, and upon removing the calabash he found it encased and protected by a hard, red, stone-like substance.

When a little boy sits down to the table he wants to eat pie first. And that trait follows him through life. None of us like to wait until the last for the good things of life. We want the dessert first. Everybody seems to be looking for a pudding.

The best leeches come from the pine districts of New Jersey, but the most of them come from Sweden and Norway. They are imported into this country by a firm whose office is in Maiden Lane, New York, who collect orders from their customers and make but one general importation, receiving fully 2,000,000 leeches per year. The average price is about \$8 per thousand, and the cost, price and freight, is about \$2. The profit is simply enormous.

MOYNIHAN'S.

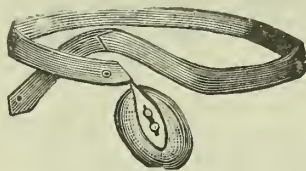
The only first-class place in the city for

Fine and Home-made Candy

ICE CREAM AND SODA.

418 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.



Trusses, Silk Elastic Stockings, Shoulder Braces,

RUBBER GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

ING & ALLEE, Druggists,

712 J Street, Sacramento.

ODELL & HERZOG,

Wholesale and Retail Butchers,

1020 AND 1022 K STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Families, Hotels and Restaurants Supplied with the BEST OF MEATS.

Masquerade Carnival

—AND—

Promenade Concert,

—GIVEN BY THE—

Sacramento Athletic Club,

IN AID OF THEIR BUILDING FUND,

Assembly Chamber, Thursday Ev'ng, Jan. 28th

TWO STRING BANDS—18 MEN.

Promenade Concert, 8 to 12. Grand March, 9 o'clock Dancing until 2 A. M.

PRIZES:

Handsome Dressed Lady, \$20
Most Original Costume, Lady, 10
Best Sustained Character, Lady, 5
Same for Gentlemen,

SINGLE ADMISSION, \$1.00.

Tickets can be had of members, or at the door. Parties must unmask to committee at the door. No improper characters admitted.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

—IN—

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

—Are the Leaders!—

WM. B. MILLER,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

628 J Street, near Seventh, Sacramento.

Importer and dealer in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware. American Gold and Silver Watches a specialty.

JEWELRY MANUFACTURED AND REPAIRED.

Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. The Repairing of Watches a specialty.

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street,

Sacramento, Cal.

ANNUAL

Clearance Sale.

THIS WEEK

We are showing

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

Throughout Our Stocks of

Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods

And Especially in Our

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Bearing in mind that our Stock is NEW and DESIRABLE in every respect, and the

Prices Cut to Actual Cost,

There seems to be no reason why you should even look at the old-fashioned, shop-worn searlettes and other stuffs displayed by the thousands elsewhere.

The Chas. Wieger Dry Goods Co.

519, 519½ J Street.

DR. MARY M. CRONEMILLER,

Office and Residence, 507½ J street.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 P. M.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

Miss Mamie Costello,

Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

—All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.—

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Grand Humbly & Co.
Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO

FRED. KOLLIKER,

Pharmaceutical * Chemist,

S.W. Cor. Sixth and J Streets,

SACRAMENTO.

Importer of Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Essential Oils, Perfumery and Fancy Goods. Dealer in Artificial Teeth and Dental Supplies of every description.

Miss Mabel.

"Bless my soul! Miss Mabel must be going to have company. Two white papers and three brown ones! Tea and cake must be in the white papers," said Granny Page, flattening her nose on the window frame and gazing across the street as a little figure tripped up the opposite dwelling. "But come, 'Becca, be sly and hev yer eyes open."

"It's just like Miss Mabel to keep so close," said Granny Page, as the flaxen-haired Abigail resumed her knitting, "not that I'm of the curious kind, as always likes to pry into their neighbors' affairs; but I'd be almost willin' to wager my silver snuff box that it's Deacon Green as is bobbin' round; and all I hev to say is that Miss Mabel might do worse than get the deacon—the ten little Greens slapped in in the bargain. But, bless my heart, there goes Mrs. Grimly, Miss Mabel's only sister. How strange it was I didn't happen to think of her. I knew Sally Grimly and her sister Mabel—for ne'er a one is as young as she once was—when they hadn't the second stitch to their backs, and they did hev their disappointments."

"Why, grandma, what were they?" asked a young girl who had hitherto remained silent.

"So you've woke up, hev you, Millie?" asked the old lady, "and expected to hear a love story. Well, for once you shall hear one."

"Sally and Mabel Miller lived within a stone's throw of our house. Their father, Jacob Miller, was as poor as a church mouse, yet Mrs. Miller wanted her daughters to be more than common folks."

"They were lively girls, full of fun, and as ready for a frolic as any of us. Mabel, particularly was a great favorite, and every one in the village had made up their mind that she and Charlie Long—Farmer Long's youngest son—would make a match of it, when all on a sudden Mrs. Miller giv out that her darters war goin' to York, and sure enough, they went."

"Of course, Charlie Long giv up all thought of Mabel, for you see he was not to be mentioned with the city chaps; an' the day was fixed for a grand weddin', which was to take place in the city at Mrs. Miller's sister's, where the girls had been stayin'."

"I shall never forget the day," continued Granny Page, "when Mattie Miller drov off to see her darters married. She looked as proud as a peacock, an' the whole village was talkin' of how she'd worried Jacob into mor'gagin' thar bit of a place to giv' the gals a regular outfit. Judge, then, if we warn't amazed when the next day she returned with both of the gals, and when we ventured in to see her new son-in-law she told us we needn't be in a hurry, for her gals had changed thar minds."

"Now I ain't curious, but I hadn't seen my sister Debby, as lives in York, nigh on ten years, and I jest told yer grand'ther I'd a notion to pay Debby a visit, an' sure enough, off I started."

"We war takin' our cup o' tea together, Debby and I, when it popped in my mind to ax her if she know'd Mattie Miller's sister."

"I reckon I do, Betsy," ses she.

"Then yer ve heard o' Mattie's darters," ses I. "They've been stayin' with their aunt this winter."

"Pity they hadn't stayed in home," said Debby.

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Why, bless yer heart, Betsy, didn't yer kno' the gals war all trigged out to get married, the parson waitin', an' ev'ry blessed soul expectin' to 'gratulate 'em, when all on a sudden up steps two p'lice and clapped thar hands on the britegrooms, and, ses they, 'ver my prisoners.' Of course, thar war a great time. Mabel fainted clean away, and Sally made at the p'lice like a wildcat."

"Well, Millie," continued Granny Page, "I wasn't much surprised, for that jest come o' Mattie Miller's thinkin' her darters above their betters. But I hev'n't told you all yet, child."

"The youngest 'un, Miss Mabel, tuk it right to heart, an' settled down to readin' good books, an' goin' to meetin'; the other 'un didn't seem to mind it a bit arter a spell, and somehow or other she managed to get on the soft side of Peter Grimly."

"Sally Grimly has set up her carriage, and goes down to Saratoga, etc. Once in a while she comes down to see her sister, Miss Mabel. But here comes the Widow Larkson. Set a chair for her, Millie."

"I jest dropped in, Betsy," said the newcomer, "to see if you were axed to the weddin'."

"What weddin'? What on 'arth do you mean, neighbor?"

"Why, Deacon Green and Miss Mabel."

"Deacon Green and Miss Mabel? Well, I ain't a curious woman, neighbor Larkson, but to think that after all they should step off and me not know it."

There are 169 confederate battle flags in the collection of war relics at Washington. Of these, twenty-eight separate regimental colors were captured after Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

When a man tries to drown trouble in drink the devil always supplies the trouble with life preservers.



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles; and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hair-dressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE mailed free to any lady on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, "Beauty Doctor," 103 Post street, San Francisco.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,

SACRAMENTO.

Agent for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT

1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-Atlantic Points, by First-Class Steamers to and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN.

Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO Daily.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

California Exchange,

900 K STREET.

Southeast Corner Ninth, Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

WINE and LIQUORS

KEY WEST and IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Binding neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET.

SACRAMENTO.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street.

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

W. A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKINE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth and J Streets.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

W. H. HUMPHREY, southwest corner Seventh and I streets, rooms 7 and 8.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney). Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

Order of Adjudication of Insolvency.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of J. E. Contner, an insolvent debtor. J. E. Contner, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, from which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. E. Contner is hereby declared to be insolvent. It is hereby ordered that Lee Stanley, Sheriff of Sacramento, be and he is hereby appointed Receiver of the property of said insolvent, and that upon his giving a bond to the People of the State of California, conditioned as required by law, and in such sum as the Court may order, and qualifying, he take charge and possession of all of the estate, real and personal, of said J. E. Contner, insolvent debtor, whatsoever and wheresoever situate, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and to keep and care for and dispose of the same until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons having the same or any part thereof (including the Sheriff of the County of Sacramento) in his or their possession, are hereby directed to deliver said property to said Receiver, and all persons owing money to said insolvent are hereby directed to pay the same to said Receiver; and that said Receiver keep the said property, or the proceeds thereof, till the further order of this Court. And all persons are hereby forbidden to pay any debts to said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent, to him, or to any person, firm, corporation or association for his use; and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered.

It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Hon. A. P. Catlin, Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, on the 26th day of February, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor.

It is further ordered, that this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the day set for the meeting of creditors.

And it is further ordered, that in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Dated January 15, A. D. 1892.

A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.

W. H. HUMPHREY, Attorney for Petitioner.

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP.

We certify that we constitute a partnership transacting business as dealers in general merchandise in the State of California, under the firm name and style of NORTON & MYERS. The principal place of business of said firm is Sacramento, California. The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

Dated, Sacramento, California, December 4, 1891.

H. J. NORTON, [SEAL].

Sacramento, California.

E. E. MYERS, [SEAL].

Sacramento, California.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,) ss.

COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO.

On this fourth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, before me, I, T. Hatfield, a Notary Public in and for the County of Sacramento, personally appeared H. J. Norton and E. E. Myers, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

[SEAL.] L. T. HATFIELD, Notary Public.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to KATE TYNE, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 23rd day of November, 1891, in which action Ah Hon and Louis Pong are plaintiffs and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a judgment of this Court against you for the sum of One Thousand Six Hundred and Sixty-one and 2/3 Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to said plaintiffs in pursuance of a certain agreement in writing made between you and said plaintiffs on the 15th day of November, 1888, whereby you agreed to pay plaintiffs two-fifths of the net return from the sale of fruit, and one half of the net return from the sale of vegetables and melons raised on the lands of the plaintiffs. That the net return of the sale of fruit in the year 1890 amounted to Five Thousand and Eight Hundred and Ninety-five and 2/3 Dollars; and the net return of the sale of vegetables and melons amounted to Six hundred and Forty-nine and 2/3 Dollars, and for costs of suit, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiffs will enter your default and take judgment against you for the sum of \$1,661.50 and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. Doopy, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiffs, de12-2m

Order of Adjudication of Insolvency.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of Charles E. Crandall, an insolvent debtor.—Charles E. Crandall having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Charles E. Crandall is hereby declared to be insolvent. It is ordered that Lee Stanley, the Sheriff of the County of Sacramento, be and he is hereby appointed receiver of the property of said insolvent, and that upon qualifying he take charge and possession of all estate, real and personal, of said insolvent, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and keep, care for and dispose of the same until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons having the same or any part thereof are hereby directed to deliver said property to said receiver, and that said receiver keep said property, or the proceeds thereof, till the further order of this Court. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent to him, or to any person, firm, corporation or association for his use; and said debtor is forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. And that all creditors of said debtor appear before this Court, at the Court-room thereof, in the County of Sacramento, on the 23rd day of February, 1892, at half past 1 o'clock p. m., to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. And that this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper published in said County of Sacramento, as often as said paper is published, before the day set for the meeting of creditors. And that, in the meantime, all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Dated December 29th, A. D. 1891.

W. C. VAN FLEET,

Judge of the Superior Court

CLINTON L. WHITE, Attorney for Petitioner.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to NOAH J. BENFORD, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 17th day of November, 1891, in which action, Lizzie L. Benford is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds of desertion and failure to provide all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand [SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 17th day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By E. S. WACHMORST, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. dec5-8t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, State of California.—In the matter of Arthur Turner, an insolvent debtor. Arthur Turner, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Arthur Turner is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said Arthur Turner, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm, or corporation, or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered. It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, on the 12th day of February, 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the county of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated, January 7th, 1892.

A. P. CATLIN,

Judge of the Superior Court.

GEO. G. DAVIS, Attorney for Petitioner. ja9-5t

A Delicate Poem.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender robes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst
Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.
We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind, and the lightning now
Is tangled in the tremulous skeins of rain.
—T. B. Aldrich.

Time.

Fly, envious time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's
pace,
And glut thyself with what thy womb de-
vours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.—Milton.

He Got Even.

A young couple who had been keeping company two years, became engaged, with the consent of all concerned, and looked forward with the customary supreme bliss to the consummation of their betrothal. Suddenly the betrothed maiden changed her mind and told her lover she would not marry him. When he recovered his breath he begged for an explanation, but could get no other than that she had decided to marry somebody else. Sorrowfully he left her, and in the solitude of his chamber put on his thinking cap. The result was that the jilt received a formal note from him telling her that he would call on a certain evening for a final answer. He called and met with a frigid reception. His affianced told him that her decision was irrevocable, and handed him a package containing all his gifts to her. "By Jove!" he cried, "you're the best girl in the universe! I feel as though a ton might have been lifted from my breast." He grabbed the package and his hat and made for the door. The girl was petrified with amazement. "What is the meaning of this?" she stammered. "Why, it means," he answered, "that I am free. I tried my best to muster up courage enough to ask you to release me, but couldn't do it. I'll send you your letters and everything but the ring. That, I am afraid, Cora will not give up."

"And pray, who may Cora be?" was snapped out rather viciously.

"Oh, she's the girl I'm going now to ask to marry me. She's a beauty. I'll send you her picture and I'll give her the diamond earrings you have returned to me." His hand was on the knob when these words arrested him:

"If you attempt to go I'll scream. I want you to understand that our engagement holds good. Don't go near that Cora again. I am going to marry you myself."

The nuptials will be celebrated at the time originally set.

Man and Woman's Headache.

"Bab" gives the following description of the headache: It's funny the different ways men and women have headaches. A woman has a headache, and she walks around the house with her head wrapped up in a handkerchief dipped in bay rum, and she scolds the servants, administers punishment to the child that doesn't need it, and wonders what in the world she ever got married for, and wishes she were dead, and then has a cup of tea about every three quarters of an hour. She says she is letting it "wear off," but it's the family who endure the wearing process, and until a headache has become nothing but a memory the entire establishment endures it.

When a man gets a headache he comes home and announces that he is going to die; and then he goes to bed, has the doctor sent for, takes whatever he gives him, groans and makes a great time generally, gets the sympathy of the entire household, and day after to-morrow is quite well and ready to go down town and tell how near he came to dying, what a close call he had, and how only the skill of the doctor and the nursing of his wife saved him. Now, the man's way is decidedly the best. He gets rid of the cause of the headache, and, as the entire household has been moaning, "Poor papa!" he has their sympathy. The woman just lets the headache go away, irritates and upsets everybody, and it is certain it will come back another day. Why are the women such geese? Why, when they feel ill, don't they just have it out by going to bed and making the best of it? It is a much more sensible way and much more satisfactory. Headaches are absolutely the skeletons in some houses, because they bring so much terror with them.

"If you think you're going to have the grip, Maria," observed Mr. Billus, peevishly, "of course you'll have it. Any doctor will tell you that a constant dread of any disease is likely to make you catch it." "Not always, John," replied Mrs. Billus. "You might live for sixty years in constant dread of a brain disease and you'd never get it, John."

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. * JOHNSTON * & * CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

* PRINTERS, *

410 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Cards,
Circulars,
Ball Tickets,
Programmes,
Posters,
Billheads,
Statements,
Letterheads,
Noteheads,
Envelopes,
Show Cards,
Wedding Invitations,
Briefs and
Transcripts,
Legal Blanks,
Constitutions and
By-Laws,
Postal Cards,
Election Tickets,
Great Registers.

* Election Printing. *

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outside of San Francisco.

ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR
PROMPTLY FILLED.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

410 J STREET.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND
SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO
OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HAHN'S

Eau de Quinine,

Or, QUININE HAIR TONIC.

The stimulating effects of this tonic are unrivaled for removing dandruff, preserving the scalp in a healthy condition, rendering the hair soft, pliable and brilliant. It promotes the growth of the hair, prevents the same from falling out, and imparts to it an agreeable perfume.

JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,

Sacramento, Cal.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St.

SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

Grubler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

THE PASTEUR

GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WE HAVE OVER ONE THOUSAND PASTEUR Germ-proof Filters in use in private residences, hotels, restaurants and saloons. If a single one of them is not giving entire satisfaction we have not heard of it.

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

THE WASHINGTON

Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1892.

No. 50.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

The *Wasp* of San Francisco recently published two articles relative to the history of the late Sacramento *Union* and regarding its proprietors and writers. The history of that paper and of the men who controlled it will ever be of interest in this state. The *Union* existed here from March, 1851, until February, 1875. No paper was more independent. It knew but one purpose, and had but one motive—to do right. What it, in the light of a large experience and an unfettered judgment, understood to be the highest interests of the people, without regard to what the people themselves thought at the time, was the pole star which ever directed its course. A boundless faith in the trained judgment and implacable honesty of its conductors made the paper authority with the people upon all public questions, such as has been rarely witnessed. It commanded public confidence to the end, and fought its battles to the last ditch with unquenchable energy and spirit.

It was the instrument that brought about, in large measure, the establishment of the Pacific railroad; created the very power which destroyed it. During the civil war the pen of its editorial writer, Mr. Watson, and the eloquence of Thomas Starr King and Henry Edgerton—lamented dead—wrote and voiced the sentiment of the loyal people of California, and gave assurance to the president that this far-off state would sustain whatever measures he should adopt to crush the rebellion. In matters political the paper made governors and congressional representatives; indeed, swayed the political balance.

Yet it was, time did come when selfish interests demanded its destruction. Its proprietors refused a bribe to betray the people, and war was declared against it. From 1867 to 1875 it battled against heavy odds. It was not until about 1871, however, that its enemy embarked in expensive journalism; then a paper similar in typography to the *Union* was established and given all the advantages which coin could afford. So petty a measure, indeed, was resorted to that the sale of the *Union* upon the railway cars and in the depot was prohibited. The fight lasted until February 20, 1875, when the *Union* struck its colors—no, it did not strike its colors; it went down with them flying at the masthead.

We are amused at the expressions of some that are quoted in the *Wasp* that the destruction of this paper was due to business competition. In a degraded sense of the word it might be termed "business," but the business lacked the element of legitimacy. The writer had been connected with the *Union* during several years of this war, and until the moment its last issue left the printing press; was in a position to know from association in the editorial-room the cause which brought about the determination of its proprietors to surrender their journal. The effort to crush it by the publication of a rival paper had proved ineffectual; that it did not command the confidence of the people; its maintenance had been extremely expensive, and its owners were in a position to realize the situation Satan was in at one time, when, as it is related, he compacted with a man he would furnish unlimited capital if at the

ending of a certain year the man would agree to go to hell and acknowledge to those below he came there of his free will. Things went on well with the man for much time, and while indulging in all sorts of extravagance, the devil graciously yielded the coin. As the time for accounting approached, the man concluded this world was good enough for him, and he conceived a winning idea: he started a newspaper; the devil saw the point, he knew it would break him, and released the compact.

In this case the ending was brought about through one of these public meetings of "prominent citizens," for which Sacramento is so ridiculously noted. A municipal election was about to transpire, and at an opportune time a "prominent citizen" was privileged to make public here an intimation that, if our people would behave themselves, there would be erected in the city a rolling-mill. A man unspectacled, and even at a distance, can readily see the effect such an intimation would have on the "prominent citizens" of Sacramento. A public meeting was called by "a committee of citizens," and it met in Turner Hall on the night of February 9th, 1875. At that meeting the spokesman announced that a conference had been had with the railroad directors, and that assurance had been given them that there was a prospect of changing the feeling of the people of Sacramento, and that Governor Stanford "very promptly replied that, if the people of Sacramento were willing to bury the hatchet, to forget old scores and bring about a better feeling, the railway directors were willing to meet them half way;" and the present of rolling-mills was promised. Then followed the usual speeches of the numerous advantages that would flow from their establishment. That the mischief has been done, its seriousness has in measure passed, and view can be taken of it in degree in the light of ridicule. For instance, Judge H. O. Beatty, in an enthusiastic speech, said: "If these workshops are established here, they will bring to this city no less than three thousand or four thousand workmen in the end. We will not have that many immediately, but it will not be years before that number will be here; and with those dependent on these workmen, it will come near doubling our population within five years." Then followed in the meeting the adoption of a preamble and ten resolutions, that, perhaps, are the most subservient ever adopted by any body of men. They are, however, of advantage. They should be framed side by side with the declarations of protest that were made by our forefathers against the exactions of the British government. Profitable it will be for the children of to-day, and of days to come, to compare the papers. So pitiable a bauble as a promise that was never intended to be fulfilled brought about the abject surrender, apparently, of the people of a great city, and the destruction of the best friend they ever had—a fearless and independent newspaper. Perhaps we can excuse the enthusiasm of Judge Beatty, that he had in mind the wiping out of the city debt within five years; but, unfortunately, the three thousand or four thousand men and their contingent have not so far loomed up.

There were two meetings held in Sacramento city that night, and the writer attended both. He had been directed by his employers to take down in shorthand the proceedings had at Turner Hall. Subsequently, in the editorial-room of the *Union* he found assembled the proprietors and editors of the paper, with a few of their friends, and to them there was read

that which had been said. The picture will never fade while life remains with those who were present. Morrill and Anthony uttered not a word: realized it was a doom—an edict of destruction from men they had befriended—ingratitude. Seabough paced the room with that manifestation of defiance that was his characteristic. He alone did speak and interrupt the reading at times by expressions concerning the men who had part in the meeting of humility. Ten days later the last issue of the paper was put forth. Then it was Seabough wrote, among other things:

The construction of railways to San Francisco, followed by the publication of cheap papers, maintained by the monthly subsidy of rich men and a corporation that could afford to place one dollar out of every thousand it had stolen or expected to steal from the state and the municipalities, had doubtless some influence in curtailing the circulation and business of the *Union*; but by no means as much as is claimed by the enemy. The establishment and maintenance of an opposition paper here by the Central Pacific Railroad Company was more a blunder on their part than an injury to the *Union*. It was never in our way to the extent of \$50 a month, until that part of the citizens of Sacramento, who are proud to be the slaves and menials of the man who scorns them as Coriolanus did the plebian rabble, organized their kennel with the avowed purpose of destroying the oldest and most faithful friend of the city. After this the proprietors of the *Union* felt that, having neither pleasure nor profit in further continuing the fight for the people here, it was best to end it; and they appeal to the candid judgment of the people to say whether they are right or wrong in this course. As long as the struggle touched their pockets only, the sacrifices it entailed were borne cheerfully; but when it also assailed their pride, further endurance was impossible; the more especially as the treacherous and dastard blow came from the hands of old neighbors who had for half a lifetime shared to the full in the benefits of having such a paper published in the city. There is, perhaps, no parallel to this in the history of journalism, that a first class paper has been able, upon its own merits and unaided by subsidy from any quarter, to maintain itself in a sixth or eighth-class town, for nearly 25 years. There is also no other instance known to us, where a single journal, by appeals to the reason and judgment of mankind, has been able, like the *Union*, to defeat the worst schemes of a corporation as powerful as the Central Pacific, and to baffle all its efforts at destruction for seven years of constant and most bitter warfare. But for the fidelity of this paper to its high trust and its vigor in exposing the designs of the enemy, the state and counties of California would now be in debt to Leland Stanford and his company in the sum of not less than twenty millions of dollars. The loss of this coveted and eagerly hunted prize is the main cause of the hatred which that corporation bears to the *Union*. And this remark leads to the reflection that so great a service as the *Union* has rendered in this single respect was worthy of a better recognition than it received; a remark which, if we are not mistaken, will meet the concurrence of many as they grow in a knowledge of the far-off plans of the enemy, and look in vain for a journal as capable and as honorable as this one has been in the protection of the people against them.

It may be incidentally remarked the destruction of the *Union* was in part brought about by a boycott. That was understood in the office. Public opinion did not then sustain the action of the men who assumed to voice the sentiments of this community; nor has it since. A little more of recorded history and we will close. In the course of a speech delivered in this city on the night of July 23d, 1875, Senator Booth said:

It is constantly asserted that the railroad holds the prosperity of this city in the hollow of its hand, and we are given to understand that the conduct and policy of the company toward the city will depend—not upon public interests, nor even the interests of the company, but upon the subservience of the city to their wishes. Let us see how the city has dealt with the railroad. She has given without charge the use of the levee for a road-bed, all her interest in the land in the slough, the land along Front street where the depots are, and almost the whole of the water front which has any practical value, so much that no rival steamer can run upon the river in competition with those of the company. What else is there that the city might, could, would, should or can give? What else do they want? Here is a community that has done more than any and every other to build up this company, yet every election that has been held here since they grew powerful, has been under a threat of their displeasure and vengeance. These threats have been not only open and wholesale, but private and retail. Men have been told personally over and over again, that unless they voted a railroad ticket, they would be injured in their business; and all who had the temerity to advertise in the Sacramento *Union* were

first "warned" by the company, then placed on the black list for proscription. [Applause.]

In 1872 an election was held here, and we were warned as before, that, unless the city went their way, the offices of the company would be removed. The city did go their way by a small majority, and forthwith the offices were removed to San Francisco, which gave an average of 2,000 against them at the same election. Possibly, they might not have been removed, only the building designed for them had been commenced long before the specific threat was made, and was ready for occupancy. A decree had been registered by the railroad company that the Sacramento Union should be destroyed. It was the ablest newspaper ever published in a community of this size. [Applause.] Its service in the cause of right and truth had been of inestimable value. It had never bowed to power or truckled to position or soiled its integrity. [Applause, and three cheers for the Sacramento Union.] Being dead, it yet lives, and its spirit walks abroad. [Applause.] But it had refused to share with the railroad in a legislative scheme of plunder, and had stood boldly up in defense of the people and their rights, against all schemes, open or insidious. It was destroyed, at their bidding, in the house of its friends. There has been no other such exhibition of the brute power of money to crush free speech, in American history. [Applause, and three cheers for the Sacramento Union.] You have exchanged the Sacramento Union for the promise of a "rolling-mill!" [laughter] a promise that will be renewed as often as you are asked to sacrifice your manhood to the will of those who aspire to be your august masters—and fulfilled when it suits their sovereign pleasure, convenience and interest; and if it should ever be fulfilled, its smoke will only serve to remind you of your shame!

The California Press Association will meet in Oroville in April, and there is no doubt but what proper measures will be taken for the proper reception and entertainment of the National Editorial Association which is to meet in San Francisco in May next. Regarding the receptions and entertainments which have heretofore been tendered to visiting organizations to our state, there has been altogether too much gush and rot and too much of a desire on the part of the "prominent citizen" to push himself to the front on all such occasions at the expense of the community in which he lives, and who only succeeds in making himself very obnoxious to his fellow-citizens and repulsive to their guests. The result of this method of entertaining is simply to "dull the palm of entertainment," and the visitor leaves our state with the impression that all we have to boast of is climate and hospitality. Treating of this subject, the *Record-Union* makes the following pertinent remarks:

We should provide them transportation—that is the office of the host; we should escort them and respond to their inquiries—that is an obligation of the receiver of visitors; we should entertain them in unaffected and unostentatious effort—that is the duty of hospitality. But let us hereafter cease to bore our guests, reject programme-herding of them, and above all, resolutely resolve that we will no more corral and talk them to death. It does us no good; it is undignified and inhospitable; it makes an unfavorable impression upon the helpless guest; it gives to our receptions a selfish and insincere character. Could the after-comments in which our visitors indulge in the privacy of their communing be published to us, they would, we fear, flatter neither our vanity nor our taste.

Of the 800 or more representatives that are expected to be present at the meeting of the National Editorial Association every section of the United States will be represented, and the incalculable benefit which our state will derive from this meeting cannot be overestimated. We are certain that the Southern Editorial Association and the California Press Association, when they come together for the purpose of arranging a programme for the proper reception and entertainment of their guests, that it will be of such a character as will meet with liberal responses from all parts of our state, and will be more than appreciated by the members of the national association.

It is evident that the leading democratic politicians consider New York the great battle ground in the next national contest. Actuated by this idea no effort, fair or foul, is being spared to secure the electoral vote of New York for the democratic nominee. The plan to so gerrymander the state by the present legislature, which has been captured by trick and fraud, is one of the steps looking toward securing the electoral vote despite any republican majority that might exist in that state. The total votes of states which are surely democratic foots up 172. With Indiana and New York added would make 223. If there is no change made by the present congress, the total electoral vote will be 444, which will require 223 to elect. Thus the solid south, with Indiana and New York would give the desired number of electors. The state of Michigan has changed its form of electing electors, so as to name them by congressional districts; this was brought about by democratic gerrymandering, and will probably give 6 votes

in the electoral college for the democratic candidates despite the republican majority in the state. The same tactics are likely to be invoked in New York. With the six votes from Michigan, and those of Connecticut and Montana, the democrats can without Indiana. But without New York there is no possibility for the democracy to win. The possible admission of Arizona would make some change in the electoral vote. The doubtful states are Connecticut, Indiana, Michigan, Montana, and New York.

The republican party leaders must direct their attention to these doubtful states, particularly New York, and no man should be nominated that does not have the favor of the entire republican party of that state. Our tactics must be of the aggressive order in the campaign, and in New York we are in a position to pursue the policy of attack. The democracy will be on the defensive, which is, in politics, always the most difficult to bring success. It was the fact that two years ago the republican party was forced into an attitude of defense of the tariff laws. That caused defeat. The situation now has been reversed. The fact has been demonstrated that there was no foundation for the democratic predictions of higher prices and evil consequences from the tariff laws. The law has proved to be advantageous, and has been fully vindicated. Republicans are not called upon to defend them. The republicans never won a victory by operating on the defensive, nor can the democracy win in a defensive campaign, which is their position now.

SOME UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

Sacramento in Embryo—How Government Was Formed from Chaos.

PART XXIII.

Continuing from part xxii of this series the proceedings of the city council on February 5th, 1850, on the report submitted to that body by H. P. Woodworth, the engineer employed by the committee of citizens to inaugurate measures to construct a levee around the city. On motion of councilman Miles it was resolved that the communication be received, that the city engineer be instructed to take the necessary levels and surveys therewith connected, and to report to the city council a full statement of his operations, as well as an estimate of the necessary expenses to effect the same. That four commissioners—two from the council and two from the citizens—be appointed to act in conjunction with the city engineer in locating the proposed levee. And thereupon the council appointed as such commission Hardin Bigelow and Barton Lee from the citizens, and councilmen Warbass and Smith from the council. It was further resolved by the council that the city engineer and the commissioners have power to employ such assistants as they might require, at the expense of the city council. And thus the matter of constructing a levee to secure the city against overflow was confided to such commission.

At this meeting of the council a communication from Dr. Bridgeman was received, requesting permission to cut down two trees on the levee. His request was granted.

The following accounts were allowed: To J. W. Carr, for use of boat, \$100; to Linda Company, use of boat, \$150.

The report of the committee appointed to examine the account of Dr. Snyder was received, and a warrant for \$231.73 was ordered to issue for the same.

The committee to whom was referred the account of D. J. Lisle reported that they had examined the same and allowed \$1,030 for the use of a boat manned and managed by him.

The account of Dr. Hazan was received and referred to councilmen Rogers and Warbass, who reported the same back allowing \$9 per day, instead of \$16 per day charged, and the sum of \$387 was allowed him.

The account of Fisher Folkes, for digging graves, was referred to councilmen Warbass and Rogers, and the council adjourned.

The council again met February 9th, 1850.

It allowed an account in favor of Smith, Bensley & Co. for \$532.50.

A communication from Albert Priest was received, containing a draft for \$1,000 as a donation to be paid on the first Wednesday after the work of building a levee around the city shall have been commenced. This communication was ordered on file, and the secretary was directed to communicate to Albert Priest the grateful acknowledgment of the president and council for his generous donation.

The following resolutions offered by councilman

E. J. C. Kewen were unanimously adopted: 1. "That the occupation of the streets and public landings by persons whose property was inundated during the late flood was just and reasonable;" 2. "That the water having abated so as to enable persons to occupy their own property, and the public interests demanding the removal of such obstructions as soon as possible, the president is hereby directed to issue a proclamation notifying all persons to remove from the landings, streets and public lots of the city on or before the 25th day of February, 1850." The council then adjourned to Tuesday, February 13, 1850; but it did not again meet until February 21, 1850; when it met, pursuant to a call from the president, at 4 P. M., John Lacroze acting as secretary pro tem.

The proprietors of the *Placer Times* had previously presented their account, which had been referred to a committee. That committee on this day asked for further time. That time was granted. Councilman Warbass was added to the committee, and the committee was instructed to call on the publishers of that paper for a detailed statement of this account. The following accounts were presented and allowed, and warrants ordered to issue in payment thereof: Thomas Brewster, \$45.60; Haight & Mayhew, \$75; *Pacific News*, \$80; Clark & Godfrey, \$380; John Lacroze, \$1,200; N. C. Cunningham, \$400; Wm. Glaskin, \$813.32.

The council again convened, pursuant to adjournment, on February 23, 1850.

The first business was the receipt of the resignation of Jacob R. Snyder as a member of the council. The reason given was that he intended to at once leave the state. This communication was received and the resignation accepted. The council then proceeded to ballot for his successor, Councilman Rogers acting as teller. On counting the ballots it was found that Mr. E. Meconnekin had received a majority of the votes cast, and he was declared elected a member of the council. He thereupon was introduced, took his oath of office and was seated as a member.

The following accounts were then presented and allowed: John H. Harper, \$1,258.50; Covillaud, Favard & Co., \$22.50; E. Meconnekin, \$648; S. M. Miles, \$300. The accounts of doctors Hazard and Taylor and Dr. I. F. Snyder were received and referred to a committee composed of councilmen Miles, White and Rogers.

It is to be regretted that these accounts are not extant, as they would tend to illustrate the particulars of the business done by the city council at that early date.

The council again met the next day at 10 A. M., at the store of E. Meconnekin. The secretary made his report of the amount of accounts allowed by the council up to that date, which was, on motion, ordered spread on the minutes. The secretary informed the council that at the request of Col. A. M. Winn, president, he had issued warrants to the amount of \$6,000. The warrants reissued are numbered and payable as follows: No. 75, John A. Sutter, \$1,312.50; No. 76, Franklin Bates, \$1,312.50; No. 77, Elisha O. Crosby, \$1,312.50; No. 78, B. Simmons, \$1,406.25; No. 79, N. E. Smith, \$656.25. These warrants were issued in payment of the following warrants surrendered: Nos. 11, 14, 15, 17, 18, and 19, for \$1,000 each, and payable to A. M. Winn.

On motion of councilman Gillespie, it was resolved that the secretary be requested to inform N. C. Cunningham (marshal) that the council would meet tomorrow at the store of E. Meconnekin to hear his report on the progress he had made in clearing the levee and public lots of the city of the occupants.

The report of the secretary shows the accounts allowed by the council to February 26, 1850, as follows: Thomas Coulter, \$24; John Lacroze, \$42; Joseph Wheelwright, \$10; A. C. Bonnell, \$16; St. Louis Exchange, \$255; J. C. Zabriskie, \$680; Hungerford & Bryant, \$58; Hazard & Taylor, \$72; Abraham Thorpe, \$147; Hazard & Taylor, \$41.15; Manson & Frolie, \$120; — McNulty, \$80; A. M. Winn, \$801; H. S. Benedict, \$160; — Eastman, \$100; C. W. Coote, \$361.05; Thomas Bannister, \$8; James Dean, \$8; A. M. Winn, \$11,357; C. Morrell, \$800; N. C. Cunningham, \$800; C. H. Miller, \$600; Murray Morrison, \$425; C. C. Sackett, \$300; E. Meconnekin, \$1,275; Morse & Stillman, \$3,815; Deal & Morton, \$2,500; J. W. Carr, \$100; Linda Co., \$150; J. F. Snyder, \$2,573; D. J. Lisle, \$1,130; Hazard & Taylor, \$387; Smith, Bensley & Co., \$532; Thos. Bannister, \$45.60; Haight & Mayhew, \$75; *Pacific News*, \$80; Clark & Godfrey, \$380; John Lacroze, \$1,200; N. C. Cunningham, \$400; Wm. Glaskin, \$813.32; John H. Harper, \$1,250.50; Covillaud, Favard & Co., \$22.50; E. Meconnekin, \$645; S. M. Miles, \$300. Total, \$34,695.12.

If the bills allowed could be produced the doings of the city council would be thoroughly illustrated. But after this lapse of time we can hardly expect they will ever be brought to light. Some future "Dryasdust" may examine papers hidden away in some box kept for that purpose; but when the bill consolidating the city and county in 1858 was passed all archives of the city passed into the custody of the board of supervisors.

ors, and they have never been all returned to the city authorities. Old residents of this city will recognize many of the names of those drawing moneys from the city treasury. Some of those names have often appeared in this series of articles. C. Morrell was for some years a prominent druggist of the city. C. C. Sackett was a justice of the peace in 1850, and as such took part in cases arising out of the affair of August 14th, 1850. John F. Morse was a prominent physician here, who wrote a history of the city, and established a lucrative practice, having his headquarters at the northeast corner Second and K streets, Dr. Cluness being his successor. W. Grove Deal was a prominent physician here, with Sutter's fort as his headquarters. D. J. Lisle established a ferry across the American river in 1849 (Frank Hereford being his partner), and later represented Sacramento county in the assembly.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

The theaters in London regularly employ over 12,000 people.

"All flesh is grass," said the barn-storming tragedian, as he thrust a handful of hay into the calves of his tights.

The empress of Japan is distinguished for her musical taste and ability, and, in particular, plays the koto—a Japanese instrument resembling the zither—with great success.

Ellen Terry's superb wig of white hair which she wears in Irving's production of *Henry VIII* was cut from her mother's head to relieve neuralgia, and made up into a wig for the daughter.

Bernhardt never wears jewels next the face. She claims that they detract from the sparkle and beauty of her eyes, and that it is suicidal to a woman's good looks to wear anything flashy next the face.

Jean Lasalle, the great baritone, says: I do not believe it possible to make others feel what you do not feel yourself. Often, when on the stage, I shed tears unconsciously and find myself so deeply interested in the character I am portraying as to be oblivious of my surroundings.

Opera in Vienna is heard under delightful conditions. People go into the building as quietly as they enter a church; not a whisper is heard after the orchestra begins to play; the ventilation, heat and light of the house are perfect. The opera, in Vienna, is as much an affair of state as the army, and is supported in the same way—by a settled, annual income. The result is that opera is better rendered in Vienna than in Berlin.

Judic's jewels and other treasures brought absurdly low prices at the auction sale by which she disposed of them. A diamond necklace worth \$6,000 was sold for \$1,900, and the laces were almost given away, one fine princess dress in point applique going for \$19. But the greatest sacrifice of all was a life size portrait of the actress, painted by M. Aime Pierret, an artist of talent, and exhibited at the salon of 1878. It was bought by a colored man for \$70.

"The Growler," who writes "About Player Folk" in the *Chicago Post*, says: That it is not an easy matter to shake off at once the habits acquired by a lengthy experience in one particular kind of pursuit, is the Growler's firm opinion; and at present comedian Dixey is passing through this difficult task in connection with his evolution from burlesque to legitimate light comedy. On the opening night of *The Solicitor* in New York an amusing instance occurred illustrating this fact. He was standing in the wings waiting for the curtain to go up, when he stuck out one of his famous graceful legs, and, while standing on the other, he twirled the outstretched member into a variety of rapid and graceful contortions. Ceasing this, he began bobbing up and down a number of times, drawing his legs in and out after the manner of grotesque dancers. Mrs. Buchanan watched the proceedings with unfeigned surprise, and exclaimed: "What in the world are you doing?" "Oh, only limbering up," replied Dixey. "Limbering up? What for?" inquired the handsome actress. "Why—to go on—oh, I forgot!" said Dixey when it suddenly dawned upon him that there was no occasion to "limber up" in his new line of business. He has recovered from the habit now.

The daughter of Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, has become somewhat famous in Turkey of recent years for her poetical gifts. She lives on the heights of Pera, in a house that overlooks the blue Bosphorus and the minarets of Constantinople, where every prospect pleases, and there is enough of poetry in the scene to inspire even a prose writer. Though one of the sultan's subjects, she has a great fondness for the civilization of western Europe, and is well versed in the languages and literatures of Germany, France and England. She is young, not more than 28, but as she was married to a rich nobleman when only 13 her view of life has been extensive.

Book Chat.

Jules Lemaitre predicts that by the year 2000 there will be no more poets. About that time there will be more piety in newspaper offices and some depression in the waste-basket business.

Dickens was a short-hand writer, and he said once that the accomplishment was as hard to acquire as a half dozen modern languages, and much less valuable. But the stenography he knew was the primitive and complex system, devoid of modern labor-saving make-shifts.

There is hardly a more popular author in the country, certainly not in the south, than Thomas Nelson Page, whom the Harpers have chosen to succeed Charles Dudley Warren as editor of the "Drawer" in their monthly magazine. Mr. Page is still a young man, a lawyer in good practice in Virginia, and a man of interesting personality. It has been said of him that he resembles the type of old Virginia gentlemen that he loves to portray, though that description would hardly seem to fit with the sandy hair and elaborate sandy mustache that mark his features.

Sir Edwin Arnold forgot that he was in Boston when he wrote as original, in an autograph album, a very pretty quadrain called "Life," running thus:

Let us be like the bird, an instant lighted
Upon a branch that swings,
She feels it yield, yet sings on unafrighted,
Knowing she hath her wings.

Someone chanced to repeat it in presence of Miss Kate Sanborn, who instantly remarked that there was a surprising similarity between these lines and those of Victor Hugo:

Be like the bird,
Who, halting in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she has wings.

It may be admitted that Sir Edwin's is the more musical setting, but the idea is unquestionably Victor Hugo's.—*Boston Advertiser*.

David C. Murray, in the *Contemporary Review*, expresses some splendid ideas upon the literature of the day. He does not agree with a recent writer who has set on record his despairing belief that all the stories have been told, a conclusion in which there is a surface truth, but a profound fallacy. "It is quite true," he says, "that there is no great passion the workings of which have not been exposed in many forms, but the combinations of human interest are simply infinite. All the stories were told before the days of 'Monte Cristo,' before the time of Shakspeare, before the 'Decameron' delighted men, before the great unknown Arab wrote the Book of Job. It is likely enough that men in the Stone Age had told all the stories in the simple sense, and had made all the primeval jokes on which the humor of a later world is founded. Charles Reade said, very wisely, 'When everybody can see how a story will end, the story is ended.' A story nowadays is not the narration of an event but the history of the encroachment of personality on personality, with its accompanying illustrations of morals and manners. It is no wiser to say that all the stories have been told, and therefore to advise writers of fiction to lay aside the most difficult but most charming portion of their work, than it would be to advocate the suppression of chess, or whist, or billiards, on the ground that all the games had been played. Even if every possible combination in each had been exhibited, which is, of course, out of question, all the potentialities can never have been exhausted in any one of them by any one person. The most practiced and assiduous chess-player finds novel developments in every thoughtful game he plays, and wide as the world of chess is, the world of tragedy and humor is a little larger. Originality, to use the word simply, may not be looked for. An original man would have to come to us from another planet. The man who writes and speaks in any known language is, in a sort, a plagiarist. The man who addresses himself to the public must make himself intelligible, and to do this must employ many formulæ which are as old as the beginnings of intelligence. It may be assumed with tolerable safety, that if ever the craft of creative fiction shall die out among men it will not wither for want of new and interesting stories. All the stories will not have been told, all the songs will not have been sung, all the music will not have been drawn from wire and catgut or blown through brass and reed until all the people have come and gone and the last man lies unburied. The invention of great stories is still possible, and to be great they not only need not be, but must not be, original. They will always have to hold in solution the ancient elements, but must perforce hold them in such combined proportion as to offer something of a novel flavor to the taster. For my own part, I no more expect an original drama than an original dinner, but one may not unfairly look to each for nutriment, and expect in each taste, skill and discernment. All great novels, plays and poems offer the staple emotional foods of humanity. There is no new emotion discoverable."

Professional Chat.

Home doctoring in nearly every case is an invitation to the gratified undertaker.

When a physician checks a patient's malady he feels that sooner or later he ought to have a check in return.

You can't prove anything about a physician's smoking habits by the number of cigarette cases he has on hand.

The greatest men have often done no more than to make existence miserable for themselves in order that posterity might have occasional diversion in talking of their deeds.

Not long ago a London preacher indulged in a little bit of sarcasm over a small collection, and he did it very neatly. "When I look at the congregation," said he, "I ask: Where are the poor? and when I look at the collection, I ask: Where are the rich?"

A preacher in Texas tells the *Southern Advocate* why his people should pay his salary. He says "If I aint a big preacher, I can get as hungry and cold as Sam Jones or Talmage. Some think a preacher can live on wind. He can, if he can get bread and meat to go with it."

Congressman Hatch is said to have cured himself of a strong taste for liquor ten years ago by adopting Edmund Burke's cure-all of hot water. He drank quantities of it, and thinks he derived great benefit from it. It stimulated him without any of the reactionary effects that follow stimulation from drinking alcoholic liquors.

Senator Morrill's oratory is of the severely classical order, but he knows the benefit of using metaphors occasionally, as he showed in his recent speech on silver, when he said: "Dynamite may not bring rain from the clouds, but the showers of financial balloonists will not fail to bring portentous monetary storms upon our people."

Gladstone has never used tobacco. He drinks very little—so little, indeed, for a British statesman, as to amount almost to abstinence. A glass of bitter beer at luncheon and a glass of claret or port at dinner form the limit of his indulgence in stimulants. What an anchorite they would have thought him in the days of Pitt and Fox and the three-bottle prime ministers!

Bishop Wilberforce's most notable discomfiture was in 1860, when, at a meeting of the British association, he made an eloquent assault on Darwin's "Origin of Species," and, asking Huxley whether he was related to an ape on his grandfather's or grandmother's side, receiving an answer not less memorable than Dean Stanley's to those who sneered at Bishop Colenso in convocation. "If there were an ancestor," said Huxley, "whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would be a man—a man of restless and versatile intellect, who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunged into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them with an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice."

It is not always expedient for a physician to make a confidant of his patient, as the following story shows: A celebrated German physician was once called upon to treat an aristocratic lady, whose only trouble was that she ate too much and took no exercise. Instead of telling her, however, he said to her: "Arise at 5 o'clock, take a walk in the park for one hour, then drink a cup of tea, then walk another hour and take a cup of chocolate. Take breakfast at 8." Her condition improved visibly, until one fine morning the carriage of the baroness was seen to approach the physician's residence at lightning speed. The patient dashed up to the doctor's office, and on his appearing on the scene, she gasped out: "Oh, doctor, I took the chocolate first." "Then drive home as fast as you can," ejaculated the astute disciple of Esculapius, rapidly writing a prescription, "and take this emetic. The tea must be underneath." The grateful patient complied. She is still improving.

During the flood winter of 1861-62 in Sacramento, Mr. Henry Watson, the brilliant editor of the *Sacramento Union*, indulged in stimulants to such an extent that a consultation of the proprietors was held, and it was determined by them that Mr. Watson must either abandon his frequent libations or resign his position on the *Union*, and he was so informed of their ultimatum. When Mr. Anthony acquainted Watson of the conclusion arrived at by himself and partners, the latter gentleman expressed himself as being very sorry for his actions, and promised them reformation at once, remarking that he "did not like the thought of leaving Sacramento at the present time, for it seemed so much like an American Venice, where gondolas were plentiful, and every man was his own godolier." Mr. Watson pulled himself together, and afterwards from his pen came war articles upon the rebellion which added to his fame as a brilliant writer and a profound thinker, and gave to the *Union* a greater prestige than it had ever before attained.

NOTES.

"The pen is mightier than the sword." So it is—in mid-summer and has not been cleaned out for a long time.

Corn is king in America. In 1891 the farmers of this country produced \$836,439,228 worth of this food product.

There are about two and one-half gallons of whisky now on hand for every man, woman and child in the United States.

And it came to pass that the miner and the valleyman lay down together. And lo! there was peace in the land. Selah!

It is strange, though true, that in Asia and Africa, where grass will not grow, the most beautiful flowers and shrubs flourish to perfection.

Every man in the world is telling what he would do if he were a woman, and every woman tells of things she would not do if she were a man.

The dowry of a Turkish bride is fixed by custom at about \$170, and the wedding day is invariably Thursday. Even this small dowry is more than some of our American girls get; they are often sold.

What a jolly time ye valleyman and ye miner will have going to and spending a few weeks in Washington this winter. No duty like that pro bono publico. We would all enjoy it, but can't.

The Chinese attribute storms to the movements of the bob-tailed dragon that dwells in the Sing-Sing mountains. He comes out occasionally, to look for his long-lost tail, and in his fury he takes revenge upon the inhabitants.

The athletic club masquerade held on Thursday night was a splendid affair, and reflects credit on the managers and the club generally. We hope there may be frequent repetitions of these harmless and interesting entertainments.

The Chinese make what is called "chiwah-hi," or grass-cloth, from the fibre of the common nettle. It is said to make a splendid cloth for tents, awnings, etc. When made into belting for machinery it is said to have twice the strength of leather.

The Austria minister of finance has recommended to the government that women be allowed to practice medicine. This was a result of the number of Mohammedan women living in Austria, who refuse to be attended by any but women physicians.

John S. Wickham, the oldest man in Iowa, died the other day, at the age of 120 years. For the past few years of his life he has refused to wear breeches. As he died of la grippe, the supposition is that he took off his pants so his complaint could get a better hold.

The sacred standard at Constantinople is believed to be formed of the nether garment of Mohammed, and a pair of his pyjamas, which are reverently preserved at Lahore, and are held by the faithful to have miraculously extinguished a fire at that place no longer ago than 1890.

The kind of reform we need is the reform that teaches men to look up. Labor is honorable; honest labor is commendable. Intelligence is working its way into all fields of labor. Some of the alleged labor reformers seek only to live without work, and are constantly working to that end.

If politics is impure it is essentially because a very large portion of upright citizens do not care enough about making public life pure to exert themselves to that end. But they could put an end to political uncleanness with startling effectiveness if they only chose to unite for that purpose.

When we contemplate the vast amount of periodical literature, it discloses how impossible it is for us to keep up with it. Ours has been called the age of brevity, but when we note the "padding" and "space" productions we are constrained to say that it does not apply to current literature.

It is an odd family that does not take a newspaper at this age and stage of the world. It sheds a gleam of intelligence around; it is a communicant of all important events, a never-failing source of amusement, and has an inexhaustible supply of instruction. The man who neglects to read the papers is deficient in the duties of a good citizen.

How funny it seems to see a lot of old maids, which compose some of the great female reform societies, discussing the question of "How to Manage Husbands." These forlorn creatures talking about managing that which they never were able to secure, is supremely ridiculous. It is a little like those people who know just how a newspaper should be managed, although they never wrote a line or had any interest in a newspaper. As a matter of fact, we would pity the poor husband that might fall a victim to one of these old spinsters.

San Francisco came within an ace of securing the democratic national convention. The fight was made by Matt Tarpey, after he got on the ground (Washington), the day before the national committee met. And some are mean enough to assert that the effort would have been a success had not Ed Curtis been about the town as a representative of the democratic party.

It would be difficult to invent a greater degree of infamy than has been manifest by the democratic press of the *Examiner* order in regard to the administration in the Chile affair. It seems impossible for such cattle to discard rank partisanship for patriotism. In the president's treatment of the Chile question there has been unusual forbearance, dignity, calmness, and an absolute disregard of politics. With this class of hide-bound partisans nothing can be done by the opposition which is right, and every act must be the target of vituperative abuse.

From all outward indications, there is likely to be a pretty general mess of local politics in the approaching municipal election. Those least calculated to direct political affairs are to the front desiring to control certain municipal offices, not in the interest of the public, but for personal gain. We look to the convention which is to assemble on Monday, to attend to this matter and see to it that men not under the control of sinister and corrupt individuals are selected as the nominees of the party. We regret to mention this matter in this manner, but it is apparent to the naked eye.

There has been a harvest of death during the past few months. Last week was prolific of deaths among the Argonauts of '49." Ex-Secretary of State W. C. Hendricks, one of the best-known and most popular men in this state, was called to his rest; Albert Leonard, a prominent pioneer, also yielded to the last summons; W. C. Felch, also an Argonaut and an estimable citizen, was stricken down without warning; T. W. Palmer, one of the early settlers of the territorial days, passed to the dark unknown. It seems that Death's shafts have been hurled with deadly aim at the old pioneers. At this rate it will not be long before the race of these hardy old adventurers will become extinct. There is no recruiting of the depleted ranks. None realize the steady and sure approach of the end more than these sturdy old veterans.

Last week Cardinal Manning, one of the princes of the Catholic Church and an eminent citizen and publicist of England, died. His death called forth loving paegyrics from the canons of the Anglican Church, the rabbis of that country's synagogue, and eulogies from the nobility and the royal family and from every crowned head of Europe. America bent lowly in mourning over the bier of the first, best friend of the world of laboring men. The press of the United States, with no exception, honored his memory in well-deserved tributes of sorrow over his loss. But it was reserved for the *Los Angeles Express* to cap the climax of the ridiculous while treating of the subject and making the announcement of the death of the eminent churchman. In its spirit of enterprise, and to keep pace with its contemporaries, that paper undertook to give a "cut," or picture, of the deceased cardinal. The result of the effort of the *Express* to recall those distinguished features was a popular woodcut of Dan Manning, now dead, who was President Cleveland's first secretary of the treasury. Was it ignorance on the part of the *Express* to permit this blunder? That is impossible. It looks more like the stupid effort at a joke on the part of some senseless booby about the office, without the knowledge of the editor till it was too late to correct the witless strain of the fellow, who should have been instantly discharged.

Miss Kate Field came out here with the press association, and she and Mrs. Frank Leslie-Wilde divided the great enthusiasm with which the ladies of the company were received everywhere in California. But Miss Field could not let this one occasion pass by pleasantly, as it was in all other respects, without showing her strong-minded, masculine tendencies. The gentlemen of the association were given a banquet at the Palace Hotel by the press club of San Francisco one of the last evenings the visitors spent in that city. No ladies were invited, for no special reasons except it may be that "the boys" wanted an hour or two by themselves, just once, before they would part company. But the cranky Kate could not bear to think those horrid men might be telling little yarns that she could not hear. So, as she was attending another banquet, given to her and her fellow-sojourners by the ladies of the press club, she was so full of wrath that she scarce had room for more substantial provender, and could not contain her dignity till she relieved her stomach of the accumulated bile by giving the male portion of the press gang an unstinted piece of her mind for not inviting her and her sister-travelers to the big feed at the Palace Hotel, although no

other lady had thought anything about it. She registered an oath then and there that it was the last time she would ever travel with that crowd. Miss Field should remember that there are times when men like to be by themselves and indulge in and enjoy a little chat at which it would be highly improper for females to be present—especially if they call themselves ladies—and such social gatherings of men make them none the less gentlemen nor none the less respectful toward or admirers of ladies or their society. But Kate Field is of that class of the copper-lined of her sex who, if a party of the gentlemen with whom she travels would suggest that they retire to the shade of a clump of sycamores on the bank of the Sacramento river and go into its limpid waters for a swim, she, too, would insist on being one of the crowd.

The Incas Skilled in Metals.

At the time of Pizarro's conquest there were sent to Spain remarkable pieces of gold and silver work. This trade was a monopoly of the crown. The Inca and his family encouraged these artificers. Gold was hammered into the thinness of the finest note-paper and with a perfection of delicacy. It was used to cover the roof of a house or the side of a temple, or a litter, which looked like gilt work, but was really of beaten gold. Of this were cast and moulded figures of animals and human beings and vegetable products. An ear of corn was rendered perfectly, even to its tassels of silk. Gold butterflies were pretty toys that, thrown into the air, would fly fifteen or twenty feet before alighting, their wings being arranged so as to float them. The workmanship of these gave value to the tiny amount of metal used. One Spanish colonel of late times who had accumulated 5,000 of these butterflies from ancient tombs desired to sell them, and found they were worth \$200 in silver, there being only 15 cents worth of gold employed in each. Specimens of thin modern filagree work in silver were displayed resembling the best work of Genoa and Stockholm.

Obeyed Orders at a Doctor's Expense.

Dr. Batty Tuke, the eminent Edinburgh psychologist, had a laughable experience the other day.

A Scotch laborer was engaged in the grounds of the doctor's asylum, near Edinburgh, and had received injunctions to pay no attention whatever to the remarks of the patients who noticed him.

Some little time after Dr. Tuke, looking at the progress of the work, mildly suggested an alteration. The workman dug solidly on and never lifted his head. The doctor raised his voice, the man dug energetically. The doctor threatened, stormed, and finally thundered out: "Do you know who I am?"

The son of the soil straightened his back, looked at him for a minute, and, shaking his head sorrowfully, exclaimed: "Puir deleerious cratur, I'm sorry for ye!" and went on calmly with his work.—*Tid-Bits*.

Not a Fool's Paradise.

The soul of a rajah, who has been released from the cares of this world and an uncongenial wife, presented himself at the gates of Paradise. "Have you been in Purgatory yet?" demanded Brahma. "No; but I have been married." "Enter then—it is the same thing." At this moment another soul arrived, who begged Brahma to allow him also to enter. "Softly, softly—have you been in Purgatory yet?" "No; but neither has that other fellow—he died the same day I did." "Very true, but he had been married." "Married, indeed! Why, I have been married three times." "Away, then, to the lower regions," said Brahma, sternly; "Paradise is not made for imbeciles."

How Prairie Dogs Get Water.

It has always been a subject of curiosity and inquiry as to how and where prairie dogs, living on the prairie far away from any river or stream, obtain their water. Mr. F. Leechi, a frontiersman of experience, asserts that the dogs dig their own wells, each village having one with a concealed opening. He knows of one such well two hundred feet deep, and having a circular staircase leading down to the water. Every time a dog wants a drink he descends the staircase, which, considering the distance, is no mean task. In digging for water the animals display as much pluck as they do in resisting the efforts of settlers to expel them from the land of their progenitors.

In England the words "selling off at an alarming sacrifice," "bankrupt stock," and so forth, in great red letters in a shop window are not necessarily considered as plain statements of facts to which the tradesman would be prepared to swear in the witness box. It is otherwise in France, or it will be probably, in consequence of a solemn decision recently given in the law courts. The judges have condemned a shopkeeper at Tours for falsely representing that he was selling off a bankrupt stock, "seeing," says the judgment, "that it is manifest that the tradesmen selling goods by means of such false representations succeed in drawing customers to their shops who would otherwise have patronized other firms."



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles; and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hair-dressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful." Sample bottle mailed free to any lady on receipt of SAMPLE BOTTLE of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, "Beauty Doctor," 103 Post street, San Francisco.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,

SACRAMENTO.

Agent for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT

1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-Atlantic Points, by First-Class Steamers to and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN. Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO Daily.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

California Exchange,

900 K STREET,

Southeast Corner Ninth,

Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

WINES AND LIQUORS

KEY WEST AND IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind

ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

FLASHES.

A pretty girl is a subject worth pursuing.
Many families have skeletons on storage.
The finger of scorn is often a troublesome member.

Many girls boast of habits and practices that are unladylike.

A corkscrew not only draws the cork, but often draws the man out.

The need of the hour is the capable management of our city affairs.

The big head on the man is about as bad as the big hat on the woman.

When we have to wait for inspiration the opportunity has always passed.

The public may sometimes be unjust, but it is oftener the victim of injustice.

It seems that many of the labor reforms are more to abolish work than poverty.

It is woman's nature to be dissatisfied; inconsistency and discontent are ever with them.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Manager Norton has done a good business this week at the Clunie Opera House with *A Million of Money*. The company grows in public favor. Next week a new programme.

Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah* will be produced by the Sacramento Choral Society on February 4th, at the Metropolitan. It will be presented in a grand style, under the direction of W. H. Kiuross, and with the largest chorus ever heard in this city.

Carleton's Opera Company filled the Metropolitan last night. *Indigo*, an opera new to the Sacramento public, was given in a finished manner. *The Gondoliers* is booked for to-night. This is also the first time of the opera in this city. Matinee this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Matters Educational.

During this week the board of education made the annual inspection of the schools, with the view of determining the needs for the next year. From the needs that are apparent and which reasonably appeal to the sound and intelligent judgment of men, there is no question the full percentage of the municipal tax contemplated by the charter should be levied. We have not the space to refer in detail to that which was manifest to the members of the board; will, however, speak of them hereafter. There is no use to stint in the matter of the education of our children. Parents, who are directly interested, certainly desire the schools will be maintained to the very best standard. Four of the present board of education were pupils in the public schools, and had opportunity this week to contrast that which did exist with the condition of to-day. To them in particular it was a retrospective view that was of interest; time will come pupils in the department now will look upon a picture similar. Let it be to them there will be the same satisfaction; that they will see the world moves, and that educational advantages are becoming more perfect.

Ladies, send a two cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I st., Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

A Pretty Law-breaker.

Writes Justin McCarty in a volume of "Recollections of Parliament," about American visitors to the house of commons: A reminiscence comes to my mind. The American girl has no respect for musty traditions. Some years ago we used to be permitted to take ladies into the library, but the rule was strict that they must not be allowed to sit down there. I was once escorting a young American married woman through the various rooms of the library, and I mentioned to her, as a matter of more or less interesting fact, that it was against the rules for a woman to sit down there.

"Is that really a law of the place?" she asked, with wide opened and innocent eyes. "The very law," I answered. "Then," said she, calmly, "just see me break it!" and she drew a chair and resolutely sat down at the table.

Gadding Wives.

A certain man became so interested in the subject of "Where Are We Going To?" that he called together a number of his friends to see whether their troubles were similar to his own. All of the men agreed that it was impossible to get wives nowadays to stay at home and boil the kettle. "Where," asks one of these gentlemen, "are our wives? In the streets," he answers, "at teas, lunches, dinners, in the shops, traveling abroad, or away for an 'outing,' at Browning clubs, faith cure seances, women's rights meetings, Ibsen reunions, Meredith mornings, Blavatsky circles, indigent female rescues, arriving emigrants' shelters, mothers' meetings, church sociables, Bulgarian bazaars—anywhere, everywhere, except at home."—*New York Advertiser*.

California Argonauts' Festivities.

On January 18, 1892, at New York city, the Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California celebrated the forty-fourth anniversary of the discovery of gold at Sutter's saw mill by a grand banquet, at which the following members were present or represented:

1833—Jacob P. Leese. 1846—Gen. Edward F. Beale and Wm. Colligan. 1847—Francis D. Clark, William H. Rogers and John H. Welsh. 1849—Edward R. Anthony, R. G. Berford, Jacob Brinckerhoff, Capt. Wm. F. Blanck, Capt. Samuel L. Clapp, Gardner Q. Colton, H. S. Crandall, Daniel W. Clegg, John S. Ellis, Hon. S. B. French, Col. A. C. Ferris, John Gault, Gen. H. G. Gibson, A. T. Goodell, R. R. Griffith, Jr., George H. Johnson, Cornelius Lydecker, L. L. Lombard, Gilmore Meredith, Hon. R. H. McKune, Capt. R. W. Meade, James J. McCloskey, Joseph M. Pray, Richard J. Paulson, James Hyde Pratt, Silas H. Quint, John Sickles, Joseph S. Spinney, James A. Sperry, Gen. T. W. Sweeny, Hon. Demas Strong, H. B. Schermann, Charles R. Street, Dr. L. S. Straw, John D. Townsend, Henry L. Twiggs, Wm. T. Vredenburg, Wm. M. Walton, Henry Wilson, James M. Wiltie and T. Robinson Warren. 1850—Gen. Francis Darr, Stephen L. Merchant, George B. Roys, Charles W. Schumann, Hon. Mark D. Wilber and Geo. F. Kohler. Sons of pioneers—Frank Sperry and Francis J. A. Darr.

At this banquet no wines other than Californian vintage were used.

The following comprised the exercises and toasts on this occasion: "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," by the assemblage, before seating. Salutation, by Francis D. Clark, president of the society. Announcement of regrets, by Frank Sperry, secretary. "The President of the United States," in response to which the orchestra played Yankee Doodle. "California Pioneers and the Golden State," E. Y. Bell, Esq. "Yosemite," Geo. B. Roys. "Yuba Dam," a reminiscence of mining days, James J. McCloskey. "The nation's marriage to the bride of the Pacific," response by W. W. Goodrich. "Song of the gold digger in 1849," sung by Chas. S. Dodd, the company joining in the chorus. "The day we celebrate," Hon. Mark D. Wilber. Poem, "The mining camp of '49" (then and now), Henry Wilson. "Woman, her influence and value," Nelson Taylor, Jr. "Anniversary hymn," air, *Arlington*, written by Geo. G. Spurr, Boston, Mass., Secretary "Associated California Pioneers of '49."

The song that once inspired the camp
Along the Yuba's streams,
Comes back to me each winter's night
Like well-remembered dreams.

That land, so full of memories dear,
Has changed since forty-nine;
The soil that once was filled with gold
Now teems with fruit and wine.

Beneath our flag of blue and white
We gather once a year,
And pay the homage due its rank,
In good old-time Revere.

And ere we part, my dear old friend,
Let's drink one cup of wine,
To days of old, to days of gold,
To days of forty-nine.

God bless that fair and favored land,
That land of fruit and wine;
God bless the men that gave her fame—
In eighteen forty-nine.

"The city of New York," Hon. Stephen B. French. Song, "Passing Away," dedicated to this society by the late Samuel C. Upham, sung by Mr. Charles S. Dodd. "Our sister societies of California pioneers," Hon. Demas Strong.

During the evening there were a number of anecdotes and reminiscences by old Californians. At the close of the exercises the company sang the "Song of the Argonauts," or the days of forty-nine, written by the late Samuel C. Upham. When it comes to having a good time the Argonauts are "in it."

President Clark read a communication addressed to W. H. Luther, secretary Sacramento Society of Pioneers, by Mr. Eugene J. Gregory, treasurer board of Sutter's fort trustees, upon the subject of the restoration of Sutter's fort; upon the conclusion of which the Hon. Demas Strong, at one time mayor of Sacramento, moved that the society subscribe not less than \$250 towards the work, which was approved by those present.

The gavel used on the festive occasion was made from an old oak timber cut from the old Sutter fort, and sent to New York by the Sacramento Society of Pioneers.

The following is some ancient lore regarding leap year. It is printed in an almanac of 1796, and in the publication it is credited to a book on "Courtship, Love and Matrimony." "Albeit it is now become part of common law in regard to relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they doe either by wrdes or looks, as to them it seemeth proper; and moreover no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doeth refuse to accept the offers of a lady or who doeth in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

Wonders of the Trance State.

Prof. William James, a well known Harvard instructor, in speaking of the trance condition and trances in general, says: "I know a woman who in her trances knows facts which altogether transcend her possible normal consciousness—facts about the lives of people whom she never saw nor heard of before. I make this statement deliberately, knowing the liabilities to which it exposes me. My own impressions are that the trance condition is an immensely complex and fluctuating thing, into the understanding of which we have hardly begun to penetrate, and concerning which any very sweeping generalizations are sure to be premature."

ROBT. W. PARKER,

Candidate for

SECOND TRUSTEE.

Subject to the decision of the Republican City Convention.

NOTICE TO REDEEM.

[Under Section 3785, of the Political Code.]

TO UNKNOWN OWNERS: PLEASE TAKE notice that the following described property, situated in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California, viz: East one-half of Lot Eight (8) in the Block bounded by V and W, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Streets, in the City of Sacramento, was, on the 24th day of February, 1891, by the Tax Collector of said Sacramento County, sold for delinquent taxes for the year 1890, to J. B. Giffen for the sum of Two and 7/10 Dollars. The amount due at the date hereof is Four and 1/10 Dollars, and the right to redeem said property from said sale will expire on the 24th day of February, 1892; and the undersigned, J. B. Giffen, will, as soon as the right of redemption expires, apply to the Tax Collector of the County of Sacramento aforesaid for a deed of said property. Witness my hand this 25th day of January, 1892. J. B. GIFFEN.

MOYNIHAN'S.

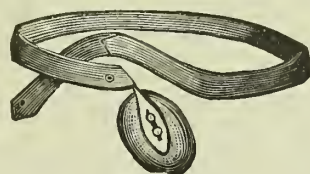
The only first-class place in the city for

Fine and Home-made Candy

ICE CREAM AND SODA.

418 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.



Trusses, Silk Elastic Stockings,
Shoulder Braces,

RUBBER GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

ING & ALLEE, Druggists,

712 J Street, Sacramento.

ODELL & HERZOG,

Wholesale and Retail Butchers,

1020 AND 1022 K STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Families, Hotels and Restaurants Supplied with the BEST OF MEATS.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

—IN—

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

—Are the Leaders!—

WM. B. MILLER,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

628 J Street, near Seventh, Sacramento.

Importer and dealer in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware. American Gold and Silver Watches a specialty.

JEWELRY MANUFACTURED AND REPAIRED.

Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. The Repairing of Watches a specialty.

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street,

Sacramento, Cal.

ANNUAL

Clearance Sale.

THIS WEEK

We are showing

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

Throughout Our Stocks of

Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods

And Especially in Our

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Bearing in mind that our Stock is NEW and DESIRABLE in every respect, and the

Prices Cut to Actual Cost,

There seems to be no reason why you should even look at the old-fashioned, shop-worn sealettes and other stuffs displayed by the thousands elsewhere.

The Chas. Wieger Dry Goods Co.

519, 519½ J Street.

DR. MARY M. CRONEMILLER,

Office and Residence, 507½ J street.

Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 P. M.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

Miss Mamie Bastella,

Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

← All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction. →

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Grand Hamworthy & Co.
Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

FRED. KOLLIKER,

Pharmaceutical * Chemist,

S.W. Cor. Sixth and J Streets,

SACRAMENTO.

Importer of Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Essential Oils, Perfumery and Fancy Goods. Dealer in Artificial Teeth and Dental Supplies of every description.

World and Success.

A laugh so full of mirth and honest joy,
I hear above the din of mart and street;
It touches tender cords that twine and meet
About the heart—this welcome of my boy.

As the departing sun does banish day,
Our minds forget the folly of the strife
That overwhelms the little gift of life,
That for fourscore years and ten we hold at bay.

Yet in the love and gladness of our home,
Through infant's lips, the Unseen shapes
a dart;

"Poor papa sick," a laugh that "papa's
come."

Yes, "papa's sick," the warning fills our
heart.

The day's work done, to suit ambition's
throne.

The goal being reached, see Charity de-
part.

THE STUDENTS' STORY.

"I'll wager the oysters for the crowd he
doesn't undertake it." "Oh, he wouldn't
go for a fortune."

These and similar remarks were made by
members of a group of medical students
who had lingered in the dissecting room of
— medical college after the demonstrator
had taken his departure. It was almost
midnight and the solitary flickering gas jet
caused the shadows to dance backward and
forward in an uncanny manner.

The subjects on the tables were like the
people we daily meet on the streets. A
man who had died in prison occupied a
table adjoining one upon which a Cæsus
was resting. The remains of a society belle
lay within arm's length of the body of a
burly negro. Next to him was the half-dis-
sected body of a favorite comedian.

It was a cosmopolitan collection. Class
and previous social position were not re-
garded here. But all this was observed by
the group of students. At that time the
"Anatomy Act," which assigns the deceased
prisoners and paupers to medical colleges,
had not been passed, and students resorted
to various schemes in order to obtain what
the coarser ones termed "stiffs."

Miss G——, a young lady, an heiress in
her own right, had died suddenly the day
preceding the one on which this narrative
begins. Her guardian, who, by the way,
was her uncle and something of a politician,
had summoned the coroner. An inquest
had been held and the jury had rendered
a verdict of "death from heart failure."
No post mortem examination had been held,
the guardian having informed the coroner,
over a social glass, that such a proceeding
would grate very harshly on his finer sensibilities.

The students had been discussing the case,
and as dissecting material was in demand,
they had concluded to notify Shelby Wise,
whose "turn" it was to furnish the next
"subject," that he must shoulder pick and
shovel and take an excursion to Greenlawn
cemetery that very night, the body having
been interred that afternoon.

Wise was a pale, handsome, timid sort of
man, and that was what provoked the vari-
ous opinions expressed at the opening of
this narrative. However, a committee pro-
ceeded to his room, which was located at
some distance from the college. He had al-
ready retired, but was soon awakened and
told what was expected of him.

"All right, boys, I'll fetch 'er in in great
shape," he laughed, while leisurely drawing
on his clothes. The other students then
scattered to their various homes, and left
Wise to get along as best he could with what
directions they had given him in regard to
the location of grave and precautions to be
observed.

"Didn't I tell you so?" "I knew he wouldn't
do it?" The speakers were the same who
had discussed the matter of obtaining the
body of the young lady the previous night,
and when they found no additional "sub-
ject" at the college in the morning they
jumped to the conclusion that Wise was a
coward.

The first lecture had begun when Wise
entered the amphitheater, so the students
must, perforce, suppress their chaffing.
Scarcely had the professor made his closing
bow when half a dozen students surrounded
Wise and asked:

"Where's the girl?"

"In the wardrobe in my room," he re-
plied. At this there was a general laugh,
for nobody believed him. However, he told
how extraordinarily long it had taken him
to find and open the grave, that he had had
much difficulty in opening the casket, and
that when he had finally slipped the bag
over the body, the first rays of light were
appearing in the east, barely giving him
time to fill the grave and hurry away with
his burden.

Observing that lamps were already burn-
ing in several houses, and that people were
beginning to stir, he concluded that it would
be too hazardous to attempt to reach the
college just then, and that he had better
leave the body in his room until the follow-
ing night, when it could readily be trans-
ferred. "If you don't believe me," he said,
"come up to my room at noon and I'll let
you see her. It's worth your while, too, for

she's the first corpse I've ever seen that could
be called pretty."

Several accepted the invitation and found
that his statement was true in every respect.
"Wise, you're a daisy," was the unanimous
verdict.

That night he was to take the body to the
college in a hand cart, he being disguised as
a banana vender. The students waited until
midnight, but in vain. Wise did not come
to the college. The following morning he
did not appear at the lectures and several of
his fellow-students, becoming anxious, called
at his room.

The landlady informed them that Mr.
Wise had gone to his room that night and
she found his bed undisturbed in the morn-
ing, and that she had not heard him depart.

The students knew that she was ignorant
of the presence of the dead body, and, in
order to ascertain if it was all right, one of
them entered Wise's room under some pre-
text. What was his astonishment to find
the wardrobe open and the body gone.

Hastening out, he communicated the re-
sult of his search to his companions, and
they concluded that Wise must have been
arrested while conveying the body to the
college.

They expected to see a report of it in the
evening papers, but nothing of the kind ap-
peared.

Several days elapsed and no tidings came
from Wise. The students then revisited
Wise's room and learned from his landlady
that she had received a brief note from him,
directing her to express his trunks, books,
etc., to the Palmer House, Chicago, without
delay, as he would remain there but a few
days.

He did not explain his sudden departure.
She had carried out his directions and that
was all she knew. Wise had always been
reticent, so that little was known of his
previous life or home. The students were
sorely perplexed, but as they could not get
at the facts of the case without compromising
themselves as accessories to grave-robbing,
they concluded to drop the matter.

Mr. H——, the guardian, being the sole
heir, had taken possession of the young
lady's property and was living sumptuously.
His own property, while not large, netted
him a comfortable sum.

About five weeks after Miss G——'s death,
Mr. H—— received a letter addressed in a
delicate female hand. At sight thereof he
grew deathly pale and staggered to an arm-
chair, into which he fell.

"What," he hoarsely whispered, a "mes-
sage from the dead?" Gulping down a glass
of brandy to steady his unstrung nerves he
proceeded to lock the door and then, with
trembling hand, opened the letter. "My
God, it cannot be," he moaned, "and yet,
'tis the handwriting. Oh, what shall I do!
What shall I do!"

On the same day that Mr. H—— received
the mysterious letter which agitated him so
much the sexton of Greenlawn cemetery
found a pick and shovel hidden under a
clump of bushes. A suspicion of ghouls was
aroused and all recently made graves were
opened and examined.

No bodies had been disturbed except that
of Miss G——, and, as we already know, it
had been removed by Wise, the medical
student. People say that this discovery had
unbalanced Mr. H——'s mind, and, indeed,
circumstances seemed to warrant the re-
mark, for he went about looking like a mere
shadow of his former self. He disposed of
all his property.

He did not offer a reward for the recovery
of the body of his dead niece or the appre-
hension of the grave-robbars. When the
property was all sold he wrote out a check
for \$20,000, payable to Mrs. Shelby Wise.
The check he enclosed in an envelope and
mailed to Shelby Wise, Esq., Boulevard
Row, Boston, Mass.

After this Mr. H—— was often seen under
the influence of liquor. He went from bad
to worse, and during an attack of delirium
tremens, which proved fatal to him, he
shouted day and night, "I didn't give it to
her! I didn't give it to her, and you can't
prove that I did!"

The students of — medical college tell
the story to this day, and they always con-
clude by asking: "Was she dead?"

Why Hair is Curly.

The difference between straight and curly
hair is very apparent on a microscopical ex-
amination.

A hair is a hollow tube, and a straight hair
is as round as a reed, while a curly hair is
always flattened on both sides and curls to-
ward one of the flat sides, never toward the
edge. It is a curious and little known fact
that the hair of women is coarser than that
of men, as well as thicker on the scalp.

In an average head of hair there are about
130,000 individual hairs.—*Natural Barber.*

A German critic thus distinguishes between
ridicule, wit, irony and humor: Ridicule is
the wit of a stupid or vulgar person; wit the
ridicule of a superior intellect or a man of
the world; irony the wit of a thinker, and
humor the irony of a poet. Ridicule is like
a blow with the fist, wit like the prick of a
needle, irony like the sting of a thorn, and
humor the plaster which heals all these
wounds.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J
streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and
Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.

M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J
streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh
and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9,
Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth
and J Streets.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and
J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

W. H. HUMPHREY, southwest corner Seventh
and I streets, rooms 7 and 8.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House, Practices in all
Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney), Practices in all the
Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City
Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

Order of Adjudication of Insolvency.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY
of Sacramento, State of California. In the mat-
ter of J. E. Contner, an insolvent debtor. J. E. Con-
tner, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule
and inventory in insolvency, from which it appears
that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. E. Con-
tner is hereby declared to be insolvent. It is hereby
ordered that Lee Stanley, Sheriff of Sacramento, be
and he is hereby appointed Receiver of the property
of said insolvent, and that upon his giving a bond to
the People of the State of California, conditioned as
required by law, and in such sum as the Court may
order, and qualifying, he take charge and possession
of all of the estate, real and personal, of said J. E.
Contner, insolvent debtor, whatsoever and whereso-
ever situate, except such as may be by law exempt
from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books
of account and papers, and to keep and care for and
dispose of the same until the appointment of an
assignee of his estate. All persons having the same
or any part thereof (including the Sheriff of the
County of Sacramento) in his or their possession, are
hereby directed to deliver said property to said Re-
ceiver, and all persons owing money to said insolvent
are hereby directed to pay the same to said Receiver;
and that said Receiver keep the said property, or the
proceeds thereof, till the further order of this Court.
And all persons are hereby forbidden to pay any
debts to said insolvent, or to deliver any property be-
longing to such insolvent, to him, or to any person,
firm, corporation or association for his use; and the
said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver
any property until the further order of this Court,
except as herein ordered.

It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said
debtor be and appear before the Hon. A. P. Catlin,
Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacra-
mento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said
Court, on the 26th day of February, 1892, at 1:30
o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts and
choose one or more assignees of the estate of said
debtor.

It is further ordered, that this order be published
in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation
published in the County of Sacramento, as often as
the said paper is published before the day set for the
meeting of creditors.

And it is further ordered, that in the meantime all
proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Dated January 15, A. D. 1892.

A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.

W. H. HUMPHREY, Attorney for Petitioner.

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP.

We certify that we constitute a partnership trans-
acting business as dealers in general merchandise in
the State of California, under the firm name and
style of NORTON & MYERS. The principal place
of business of said firm is Sacramento, California.
The full names and respective places of residence of
all its members are signed hereto.

Dated, Sacramento, California, December 4, 1891.

H. J. NORTON, [SEAL.]
Sacramento, California.

E. E. MYERS, [SEAL.]
Sacramento, California.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, ss.

COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO. On this fourth day of December, in the year one
thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, before me,
L. T. Hatfield, a Notary Public in and for the County
of Sacramento, personally appeared H. J. Norton
and E. E. Myers, known to me to be the persons
whose names are subscribed to and who executed
the within instrument, and they acknowledged to
me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand,
and affixed my official seal, at my office in
the City of Sacramento, County of Sacra-
mento, the day and year in this certificate
first above written.

L. T. HATFIELD, Notary Public.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRA-
mento—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said
county. The People of the State of California to
KATE PYNE, greeting: You are hereby notified
that an action was commenced in the Superior Court
of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by
filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court,
on the 25th day of November, 1891, in which action Ah
Hon and Louis Pong are plaintiffs and you are defend-
ant. That the general nature of the action, as ap-
pears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a
judgment of this Court against you for the sum of
One Thousand Six Hundred and Sixty-one and $\frac{1}{2}$
Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from
you to said plaintiffs in pursuance of a certain agree-
ment in writing made between you and said plaintiffs
on the 15th day of November, 1888, whereby you
agreed to pay plaintiffs two-fifths of the net return
from the sale of fruit, and one half of the net return
from the sale of vegetables and melons raised on the
lands of the plaintiffs. That the net return of the
sale of fruit in the year 1891 amounted to Five Thou-
sand Eight Hundred and Ninety-five and $\frac{1}{2}$ Dollars;
and the net return of the sale of vegetables and
melons amounted to Six hundred and Forty-nine
and $\frac{1}{2}$ Dollars, and for costs of suit, all of which is
fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, refer-
ence to which is hereby made. And you are hereby
directed to appear and answer said complaint within
ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of
the day of service, if served on you in said county
of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of
the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are
further notified that unless you so appear and an-
swer within the time above specified, the plaintiffs
will enter your default and take judgment against you
for the sum of \$1,661.50 and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the
Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand
[SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court this 25th
day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By J. F. DOODY, Deputy Clerk
W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiffs, de12-2m

Order of Adjudication of Insolvency.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY
of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter
of Charles E. Crandall, an insolvent debtor.—Charles
E. Crandall having filed in this Court his petition,
schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which it
appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said
Charles E. Crandall is hereby declared to be insol-
vent. It is ordered that Lee Stanley, the Sheriff of
the County of Sacramento, be and he is hereby ap-
pointed receiver of the property of said insolvent,
and that upon qualifying he take charge and posses-
sion of all estate, real and personal, of said insolvent,
except such as may be by law exempt from execution,
and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and
papers, and keep, care for and dispose of the same
until the appointment of an assignee of his estate.
All persons having the same or any part thereof are
hereby directed to deliver said property to said re-
ceiver, and that said receiver keep said property, or
the proceeds thereof, till the further order of this
Court. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts
to said insolvent, or to deliver any property belong-
ing to such insolvent to him, or to any person, firm,
corporation or association for his use; and said debtor
is forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until
the further order of this Court, except as herein or-
dered. And that all creditors of said debtor appear
before this Court, at the Court-room thereof, in the
County of Sacramento, on the 5th day of February,
1892, at half past 1 o'clock P. M., to prove their debts
and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said
debtor. And that this order be published in the
THEMIS, a newspaper published in said County of
Sacramento, as often as said paper is published, be-
fore the day set for the meeting of creditors. And
that, in the meantime, all proceedings against said
insolvent be stayed.

Dated December 29th, A. D. 1891.
W. C. VAN FLEET,
Judge of the Superior Court.
CLINTON L. WHITE, Attorney for Petitioner.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRA-
mento—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said
county. The People of the State of California to
NOAH J. BENFORD, greeting: You are hereby
notified that an action was commenced in the Superior
Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by
filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on
the 17th day of November, 1891, in which action, Liz-
zie L. Benford is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That
the general nature of the action, as appears from said
complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of this
Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and
heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant
upon the grounds of desertion and failure to provide,
all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on
file herein, reference to which is hereby made; and
you are hereby directed to appear and answer said
complaint within ten days from the service of this
writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on
you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty
days, exclusive of the day of service, if served else-
where; and you are further notified that unless you
so appear and answer within the time above spec-
ified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief
demanded in the complaint.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the
Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand
[SEAL.] and affix the seal of said Court, this 17th day
of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By E. S. WACHHORST, Deputy Clerk.
W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff. dec5-8t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF SACRA-
mento, State of California.—In the matter of
Arthur Turner, an insolvent debtor. Arthur Turner,
having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and
inventory in insolvency, by which appears that
he is an insolvent debtor, the said Arthur Turner
is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of
the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take
possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the
said Arthur Turner, debtor, except such as may be
by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds,
vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep
the same safely until the appointment of an assignee
of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any
debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property
belonging to him or to any person, firm, or corpora-
tion, or association, for his use. The said debtor is
hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property
until the further order of this Court, except as herein
ordered. It is further ordered, that all the creditors
of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable
Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacra-
mento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said
Court, on the 12th day of February, 1892, at 10 o'clock
A. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one
or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is
further ordered that the order be published in the
THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, pub-
lished in the County of Sacramento, as often as the
said paper is published before the said day set for the
meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered
that in the meantime all proceedings against the
said insolvent be stayed.

Dated, January 7th, 1892.
A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.
GEO. G. DAVIS, Attorney for Petitioner. ja9-5t

How the Domestic Problem Strikes the Infant Mind.

Alice is 7. She was visiting at Teddy's house in the country. Teddy is 6. They were playing "keeping house" the other day when it rained, says the New York Recorder.

"I'll be the father," said Ted, "and go to the office. You are the mother, you must stay at home and dit the dinner."

"No," rejoined Miss Alice, "I must go to business, too. My mamma always puts on her bonnet and goes to the office after breakfast." (Her mother is an editor).

"Who dits the dinner at your house?" asked Teddy, thinking of his stomach.

"Nobody. We get things to eat at some restaurant or we have them sent in."

"Haven't you any kitchen in your house?"

"No; we have only mamma's room, the sitting room, the study and my room. Don't you tell any one, but my room is just a corner of the study behind the screen."

Ted sat thinking. Then, crossing his short, fat, little legs, he said, with the air of a man who has thought much and deeply upon the woman question: "Well, when I dit married I shall have a kitchen in my house and my wife shall cook the dinner. I fink it is funny for mammas to go to offices. I fink they ought to stay at home."

To which the small but progressive woman replied: "It isn't funny one bit. It's a good deal nicer than cooking dinners. When I am grown up I shall have a stylographic pen and wear it behind my ear just like mamma. I am not quite sure, though, whether I shall be a writer-woman or a doctor-woman like Aunt May."

Ted looked at Alice seriously out of his big brown eyes. "I don't fink I'll marry you, then; I was finking I would, maybe."

"I don't care," responded Alice, flippantly. "I've wiped dishes once and I don't like to. You might cook your own dinner and see how you'd like it for awhile. My papa says he can make cocoa just as good as he wants it any day. I don't want to play house with you if you want me to cook dinners. You play you're sick and I'll div you some medicine. Let me feel your pulps; where's your tongue?"

The eavesdropper tiptoed to the door for a peep at these wise children. Alice was standing over Ted trying to keep her mother's eye-glasses on her pug nose. Ted was rocking a scrubby-looking rag baby, and, judging by the dejected look on his rosy face, he felt that the years of servitude predicted by Alice had begun.

The First "Crank."

No word in the English language has been more abused than "crank." It is frequently applied to a cracked-brained, visionary fellow, who is a nuisance and a bore, whereas, its proper meaning is that of an enthusiast on one particular subject, which may or may not be visionary. The origin of the name dates back to 1835.

In that year Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, first made his appearance in Washington, and when congress met he was on hand to try to secure an appropriation of seventeen thousand dollars to build an experimental telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore. He brought along with him his wires, instruments, and electrical generator.

The former he stretched in and around the capitol building, with instruments here and there, and the generator, which was operated with a crank, he placed in a convenient location and secured the services of a man to do the generating.

The experiment created intense interest among the members of congress, especially among the northern members of the senate. They became so absorbed in Mr. Morse and his experiment, and they neglected their business in the senate to such an extent, that that body was frequently without a quorum.

The center of their interest was the crank machine turned by the man in his operation of generating the electric current for the wires. The interest but increased as Mr. Morse each day more clearly demonstrated the practicability of his invention, and the public's business in the senate suffered accordingly.

Finally, Senator Benton's patience became exhausted at the want of a quorum, and, rising in the senate one morning, he said: "Mr. President, it is quite evident to my mind that we will never be able to proceed with business till this crank man and his bill are disposed of; and, with the object of hastening him to fold up his crank and get away from the capitol so we may have the attention of the senators, I move that the bill appropriating seventeen thousand dollars to construct a line between this city and Baltimore be put upon its passage."

As soon as word went out that the bill had been called up, the northern senators flocked into the chamber, and in a few minutes Mr. Morse was happy over the passage of his bill. But from that time on he was known as "Morse the Crank."—*Golden Days.*

"I warn you," says Emerson, "that no dream of the future is so fair as the scenes and skies, weaving their unheeded enchantment about you to-day, shall appear when you shall look back upon them."

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. * JOHNSTON * & * CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTERS,**410 J STREET,****SACRAMENTO.***Cards,**Circulars,**Ball Tickets,**Programmes,**Posters,**Billheads,**Statements,**Letterheads,**Noteheads,**Envelopes,**Show Cards,**Wedding Invitations,**Briefs and**Transcripts,**Legal Blanks,**Constitutions and**By-Laws,**Postal Cards,**Election Tickets,**Great Registers.**** Election Printing. ***

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outside of San Francisco.

ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR
PROMPTLY FILLED.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.**D. JOHNSTON & CO.,****410 J STREET.****Weinstock, Rubin & Co.**

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL

HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HAHN'S

Eau de Quinine,

Or, QUININE HAIR TONIC.

The stimulating effects of this tonic are unrivaled for removing dandruff, preserving the scalp in a healthy condition, rendering the hair soft, pliable and brilliant. It promotes the growth of the hair, prevents the same from falling out, and imparts to it an agreeable perfume.

JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,

Sacramento, Cal.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St.

SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,**UNDERTAKING PARLORS**

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

Grubler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispeused by urbane and competent attendants.

THE PASTEUR

GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WE HAVE OVER ONE THOUSAND PASTEUR Germ-proof Filters in use in private residences, hotels, restaurants and saloons. If a single one of them is not giving entire satisfaction we have not heard of it.

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

MISCELLANY.

The queen has sixty housemaids at Windsor castle.

In the man whose childhood has known crosses there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues.—George Eliot.

There are times when a clergyman hardly knows whether to laugh or to cry over the inconsistencies of human nature—even regenerate human nature.

The human body contains one and one-quarter gallons of blood, but the blood corpuscles contained therein, if placed end to end, would reach four times around the globe.

Tomatoes, it is said, were first introduced into this country as an article of food on the table of the Astor House in 1830. In less than two years they were eaten all over the country.

The sapphire and emerald are credited with properties which rendered them capable of influencing ophthalmic disorders, and there is a superstitious belief that serpents are blinded by looking at the latter stone.

Aristotle attempted to weigh air by weighing a bag when empty and again after it had been inflated. The result of this experiment caused him to announce that air had no weight. Without air we could see the stars as plainly during the day as we can at night.

"What! another new dress?" said a married man to his better half, as the parcel was opened. "Don't distress yourself," she replied, "I paid for this out of my own pocket." "Oh, indeed! But where did you get the money from?" "I sold your overcoat," was the cool reply.

There is a curious Welsh superstition connected with the redbreast that far away in a land of woe and fire, day by day does the little bird bear in his bill a drop of water to quench the flame, so near does he fly that his feathers are scorched, and hence he is named "bron-rhuddyn" (breast-burnt).

Horses have a natural dislike of camels in mass, and can scarcely be induced to charge upon a body of these desert animals even when they are lying down and tied. This dislike of the horse for the camel was pointed out by Herodotus in his account of the great Persian war, when Croesus, king of Lydia, was defeated by his cavalry horses fleeing as soon as they scented the camels.

It is said that when Alaric, the Conqueror of Rome, died that "a river was turned aside to make a place in its bed for his grave, and when he was buried the water was again let into its former channel, and the prisoners who had helped to bury him were killed so that no one might find out where the conqueror of Rome was buried." The river thus turned was thy Busento, and the place near Cosento, Italy.

When a cat died a natural death in an Egyptian house the occupants of the dwelling went into mourning and shaved off their eyebrows. When a fire occurred they were more anxious to save the cats than to extinguish the conflagration. Nevertheless, in some parts of the same country cats were regarded as unclean animals, for a creature which was considered sacred in one town was often viewed with horror as impure in a neighboring city.

A Rural Congressman.

"Wal, sir, do you know I've been in this town for a week, eat three meals a day regular, and haven't had any supper yet?" said an M. C. of decided ruralistic appearance in the lobby of one of the leading hotels to another M. C., who represents the boys in the furrows also, but has been here once before, says the Washington Post.

"Well, why don't you eat supper, make it four meals a day, and get the worth of your money?" said the second-termer.

"Whiv, they don't have any supper up here," replied the first-termer. "Now, for instance, one of my senators asked me the other night to take dinner with him at 8:30 o'clock. Confound his old time, I recollect when he used to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning to feed the hogs and horses, and by 8:30 o'clock at night he was sound asleep. Wal, I reckon it all depends upon how and where a man was brought up, but if my wife knew I wasn't eating dinner until 8 o'clock she would think I was being worked to death."

One of the stories told about Prince George is that on one occasion his depredations were of such a character that his father determined to send him penniless and in debt to sea. Shortly afterward the Princess Beatrice brought the first young Battenberg into the world. Congratulations and presents for the baby were in order, and of course Prince George could not be found wanting in courtesy to his little cousin. But he had no money. However, he got a sailor to provide him with a cheap porringer. This he forwarded to the newcomer with an inscription, hoping that he would not be similarly penniless when anxious to make a present to a cousin. The porringer was received, the Prince of Wales laughed, and George was forgiven and his debts were paid.

W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth

FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!

1891. HOLIDAY GOODS! 1891.

New Stock, Open and Ready for Sale, Consisting of

Bisque, Royal Worcester, Doulton, Dresden, Terra Cotta.

Also, an attractive lot of DECORATED CHINA DINNER and TEA SETS, and open stock goods in great variety. We Solicit Careful Inspection.

Sacramento Glass and Crockery Company

629 J STREET.

JOHN WEIL, Manager

A. C. SHAW & CO.

1023 EIGHTH STREET,

Sacramento, California,

BRANCH AGENCY FOR THE

World-Renowned Knabe,

HAINES, HEMME & LONG, GILBERT & CO.

And other

PIANOS.

The Original Mathushek Piano.

THE LATEST STYLES OF ORGANS.

The Largest Stock!

The Best Quality!

And the Lowest Prices!

North of San Francisco.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO HOLIDAY TRADE

J. J. DUNCKHORST,

Interior Decorating.

LATEST DESIGNS IN

WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.

1225 J Street, Sacramento.

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

Futterer's Saloon,

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.

A FINE POOL TABLE.

CALL ON THE

AGENT

OF THE

SUN INSURANCE CO.

AT

1014 FOURTH STREET,

WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.

Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46

THEO. J. MILLIKEN,

Manager Sacramento Branch

ASK YOUR GROCER

FOR THE

SACRAMENTO

Packing and Drying Company's
GOODS.

They Are the Best.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

The Play,

WM. FAWCETT, PROPRIETOR.

Metropolitan Theater Building,

423 K Street, Sacramento

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

December 6, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at
SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6.50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11.05 A
7.00 A	Calistoga and Napa	
7.05 P	Vallejo and Calistoga	8.40 P
10.50 P	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4.20 A
7.00 P	Denning, El Paso and East	6.35 P
7.35 P	Knights Landing and Oroville	7.40 A
10.40 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	10.30 A
11.55 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	6.45 P
10.00 P	Central Atlantic Express	
10.00 P	Ogden and East	7.40 A
3.00 P	Oroville, via Roseville Junction	10.30 A
3.00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10.30 A
10.35 A	Redding via Willows	4.00 P
4.35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.05 A
6.50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11.30 A
8.00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8.40 P
3.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	9.40 P
7.05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	10.30 P
*10.00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	26.00 A
10.40 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2.50 P
10.40 A	San Jose	2.50 P
7.00 P	Santa Barbara	10.30 A
*6.50 A	Santa Rosa	11.05 A
3.05 P	Santa Rosa	*8.40 P
8.30 A	Stockton and Galt	10.30 A
10.40 A	Stockton and Galt	2.50 P
7.00 P	Stockton and Galt	6.35 P
11.55 A	Truckee and Reno	7.40 P
10.00 P	Truckee and Reno	6.45 P
*8.00 A	Vallejo	8.40 P
3.05 P	Vallejo	11.05 A
*8.20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2.40 P
*12.15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10.20 A
*4.45 P	Folsom	*5.00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen'l Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAWS EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDGOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK
OF SACRAMENTO.

\$100,000 TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE.
Semi-annual Dividends on Deposits. Correspondence promptly answered.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

PHOENIX BAKERY

C. SCHURR, Proprietor,

Southwest Corner Thirteenth and J Streets.

Bread, Pies and Cakes,

FRESH EVERY MORNING,

Delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Gutenberg's
Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and
gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods
of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who
desire a THOROUGH education, and especially those
who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially
invited to examine for themselves its methods
of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are
no vacations.

THE RECORD-UNION



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

No. 51.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

The republican city convention was held Monday night; its labors are concluded; judgment is yet to be passed by the tribunal of final resort—the people. THEMIS is a republican journal; desires the success of the party of its faith—an honorable ambition with any partizan. As we write we look back at a retrospective picture: that for years past republican nominees for trustees have been “thrown down,” though they have been, in every instance, men entitled to public confidence.

It was not many years ago a republican municipal convention sat in Armory hall to nominate a candidate for mayor; it could not induce one to run, and an adjournment was had to the next evening at the theater, when Hon. Joseph Steffens was nominated. Though a gentleman of state reputation, with a character without blemish, and an ability that would dignify an office in a commonwealth, he suffered defeat. That the strength of the party could have elected him is unquestioned; that he was not elected we will not say is unexplained, he owned himself. Later on Geo. Murray was nominated for third trustee. A false issue was raised against him. Nothing could be urged that he lacked in ability or honesty; yet he was forced out of the fight. Louis Elkus took his place on the ticket. He had been a pioneer resident of the city, prominent in business life, and while removed yet enjoys, and will enjoy, the kindest regard of our citizens. He was beaten; a democrat was elected over him. In 1889 the republicans nominated John Stevens for second trustee. Than him we are not aware there lives in this community one enjoying greater confidence. He bowed not to the powers who did hold the yoke; met sereat. The following year Mr. Comstock was elected mayor; Mr. Gregory, the republican nominee, was defeated at the last moment by those who should have been his friends. Last year Mr. Conklin, the nominee of the citizens' organization, was elected.

There has resulted a peculiar municipal governing board from the last three elections: perhaps one as weak as has ever administered the affairs of a city of 28,000. Distinguished truly, yet not creditably, by its Monday matinees—meetings that should be characterized by dignity. It would seem they should spare our inhabitants the ridicule of others who look upon us.

Now it is the republican party has named a candidate for trustee to be voted for next month—E. H. Green. Already it has been given out that he will be beaten; particularly why would be of interest to know. It was no surprise to us; we heard he would be “knifed;” men of his independence are not desired on the municipal board by the same elements that antagonized the men equally worthy whom we have named. It is about time, however, the people who contribute the revenues for governmental support should take a hand in the matter. That Mr. Green is not worthy and capable is not charged. It is claimed he falls under the ban that the collar fitted unpleasantly on his neck. Mr. Green's nomination came from an element that will support him. If he will be elected there will be no danger he will in any degree pension

politicians on the city government. The very fact it has been given out that it is intended Mr. Green will be knifed, and so early in the canvass, should place thinking citizens on their guard. Knifed from what quarter and for what reason?

Daniel W. Higgins is the nominee for chief of police. He is a young man who for many years was employed in the railroad shops. No man stands higher in the estimation of his fellow workmen, and the head men of the several departments of the shops have the warmest commendations for him. For three years he has been a member of the police department, and has made an energetic and faithful officer. He is of a modest and retiring disposition, but firm and brave in the discharge of his official duties. The fact that he gathered around him such a strong array of supporters, and defeated one of the most popular officers in the city, speaks well for his standing, particularly among the younger element of the republican party. His firmness of character is a guarantee that he will make an excellent executive officer. We do not believe that a man of his determination will ever allow any man, or set of men, to dictate his line of action as the head of the police force, or influence him to swerve from upright action. It is the duty of all republicans to give him and the whole ticket their full support.

Hon. E. C. Hart was renominated for city attorney without opposition—a deserved tribute to a capable and popular officer. T. J. Scott was named for fire commissioner. Mr. Scott has the advantage of general popularity; is a successful business man, and in the contest we feel he is abundantly able to take care of himself.

The impulsive Chileans are now rendering tardy justice to minister Egan. As the true light is thrown upon the calm, firm and statesmanlike acts of minister Egan he appears in great favor, and unjust accusations are fast being refuted. His attitude seems better understood now, and his services in protecting many prominent members of the congressional party from the vengeance of the late dictator, and in granting asylum to refugees who sought the American legation after the downfall of Balmaceda, are now generally recognized as both humane and proper. Eduardo Matta, president of the chamber of deputies, and many others whose lives were saved by minister Egan during Balmaceda's dictatorship, favor his retention there as American minister. Augustin Edwards, whose life and property was saved through Egan's influence, is the only prominent member of the old congressional party who now seems anxious to have Egan called home.

There is evidently impending a legal contest between the board of education and the board of trustees. That the matter of the tax levy will be the subject of judicial determination seems manifest from the attitude that has been assumed by the educational board. It is of gratification the board of education has determined to test the question with which body rests the determination of the needs of the public school department: the board elected for that purpose, or the trustees who have, as in this instance, acted superficially. This contest will be one particularly of interest to parents, and it is but right the facts of the case should be fully and fairly stated.

It is made the duty of the city superintendent of public instruction to submit an annual report to the

board of education. Such report was so submitted, and was published in detail in the *Record-Union* of January 5th. Then it is provided in “the Act to provide for the government of the common schools in the city of Sacramento” the following:

The board of education shall, on or before the first day of February, make and report to the board of trustees a statement in detail of the receipts and expenditures for school purposes in the city during the year then last past, and shall at the same time make and furnish a detailed statement of the probable amount of money that will be required during the current year, and the purposes for which it is required, and also an estimate of the amount that will be received by the city from the state and county for school purposes.

Upon receiving the estimate of moneys needed, as provided in section 1, the board of trustees shall, at the time of levying other city taxes, levy a direct special school tax, which, after making proper allowance for delinquencies, will produce a sum that (taken with the estimated amount to be received from the state and county) will make the amount required by the board of education; provided, however, that in no case shall such special school tax exceed 35 cents on the \$100 of taxable property.

On the 28th and 29th of last month all of the members of the board of education—eight men who had been selected by the votes of the people—with the superintendent, visited the school buildings and grounds. Each room even was inspected, and the results of their observations have been detailed in the public press. It is unnecessary there should be a recapitulation, as the reports are perhaps fresh in the minds of those interested in popular education. Last Monday the detailed statement required by the law was submitted by the board of education to the board of trustees, and the needs for the maintenance of the school department were demonstrated to require a tax levy of 35 cents on the \$100. The trustees arbitrarily cut the rate down to 26 cents. It is manifest the action of the trustees in this regard was without any consideration, for they had before them, and among their own files, figures that would have demonstrated that with that levy the revenue would fall far short of paying the necessary expenses.

It can hardly be understood why men who are well paid to intelligently administer the affairs of the municipality should act with such reckless indiscretion. It would be extremely unfair to hold Major McLaughlin to a statement credited to him, that “the board of trustees had come to the conclusion that the school department could get along with a 26-cent tax, and have money to spare.” We say it would be unfair to him that we have assumed his mind was broad enough to understand the import of plain, ordinary figures.

Among other things seemed to be objected to is the estimate of \$25 000 for a new high school-building that the board of education recommended should be erected on the Perry seminary grounds. That such a building is needed will be apparent to any intelligent citizen who will go through the building now used for high-school purposes. It has not escaped the attention of the public that the trustees have been persistent that the board of education shall sell the Perry seminary property; that the latter board have as persistently refused, and the refusal is based upon the broad ground that it is impolitic for a growing municipality to sell ground when unquestionably in a very few years another and more intelligible site will have to be purchased at a fancy price. In this regard the board of education is eminently right. If the board of trustees would manifest a spirit of modern idea there would be erected upon those grounds a school building that would be a credit of the city, one that would supply a pressing want.

The old cry is made: we must first pay off the bondholders. It would seem the policy of the board of education is to make a fight for the education of the children of the city, and if in that regard the bondholders will be made to wait until the obligations they purchased on speculation will be due, we are not aware they will particularly suffer; the city will have the credit of having made provision for public education. As it is now, aside from a couple of school-houses, the city has no creditable public buildings, and were they, with the state and county buildings, removed, Sacramento would be left with the city hall and the fire-engine houses!

The tax levy by the trustees was made Monday. The following afternoon a special meeting of the board of education was held, and that body unanimously resolved to take steps to compel, by legal process, the board of trustees to provide for a sufficient revenue to keep the public schools open during the current year. That they acted so promptly was that the trustees would have opportunity to amend their tax levy, or that in case a mandamus was granted, the city would be saved the expense of the imposition and collection of the deficit tax. Heretofore it has been when insufficient revenue was provided, members of the board of education borrowed the money from a bank on their personal note, and repaid it from the income of the following year. Manifestly this course was in direct violation of the rigid mandate of the state constitution, that all indebtedness contracted in excess of the estimates for the particular year is invalid. In this regard the directors jeopardized their individual properties, for, if protest had been made, they would unquestionably have been compelled to pay the note, and would have been without relief. It is manifest men elected to the board of education should not be expected to take such risks.

At the meeting of the board of education on Tuesday, the situation was carefully discussed, and it was evident from the expressions of the members that, in view of the fact the trustees had made a levy which would be conspicuously inadequate to pay the salaries of the teachers, there was but one present course to pursue: to obtain a judicial determination whether the considerate action of the educational board should be overturned by the trustees, who apparently had not taken the trouble to figure out the revenues that would be yielded and count them with the aggregate of the pay-roll of the school department, from the data they had in the room in which they sat. We might remark incidentally that there has been complaint that impossible problems are submitted to our school children. It would seem the trustees have little trouble to determine that an American dollar will pay one dollar and ten cents and yet leave some to spare! If we really did believe Major McLaughlin made the statement attributed to him, we feel he should be invited before one of the classes in the public schools to make the demonstration.

We are gratified the board of education has taken the stand it has. It will simply result in throwing the responsibility upon the board of trustees. If the levy that has been made will be permitted to stand it will be impossible to make any repairs to the school properties, and when the money will be exhausted, the public schools must, unquestionably, be closed. This is a matter we especially direct to the parents and the school pupils in this city, that it may be understood the fault does not lie with the board of education.

Since writing the above another meeting of the board of education has been held, at which legal advice was received, and it was determined to immediately institute legal proceedings. It is a question that will have to be met sooner or later, and the sooner determined the better, whether the board of education is a mere figurehead, and whether the laws mean what, in plain English, they say. If it is conceded the trustees have the arbitrary right to fix the school-tax rate at any figure they choose, regardless of the judgment of the men the people have chosen especially to look after the schools, ignorant or designing trustees could so cut down the rate that the school department would be absolutely paralyzed.

It has been the plaint of every century from the earliest history of the world, that the vice and immorality exceeded all prior times. The great Latin satirist and poet, Juvenal, in his day wrote that "there is nothing further that future times can add to our immorality; our posterity must have the same desires and perpetuate the same acts. Every vice has reached its climax.

"Nothing is left—nothing, for future times
To add to the full catalogue of crimes.
The baffled sons must feel the same desires,
And act the same follies, as their sires.
Vice has attained its zenith."

The gifted satirist of the classical age painted in glowing colors the hypocrisy and the vices of pretended philosophers of his time; but, like the alleged casuist of to-day, he was inclined to look on the dark side of life. There are those who always deplore the present, and, with a sigh, refer to the "good old times." It is not wise to make our models from any age that has past. At no period of the world have the people been better or wiser or happier than at present. The peasant and the laborer is the peer of the richest and most-favored. He has the same rights as well as conveniences of the rich. There has never been an age when morality was superior to ours. We have just read an elegant lecture by the Rev. Jos. Kraukopf on "To-day Better than Yesterday," and agree with the following sentiments therein expressed: Look at our age from whatever standpoint we may, compare it with what former age we please, we fail to discover a reason anywhere to justify the ushering in of the present year with a week of wailing and lamentation over the degeneracy of our time. Far more rationally acted they who parted from the old year with thanksgiving on their lips, and greeted the new with welcome smiles. Away with tears! Away with fears! We are not degenerating. We are fast striding forwards, onwards, upwards. We are the heirs of all the good of all the past, and are adding to it much good of our own. We are shedding the brute and are donning the garb of the God like. The Golden Age is before and not behind us. "What's past is the prologue" of the glorious scene the future shall enact. Each year adds its portion, each day its mite. To-day is better than yesterday.

Ambrose Bierce.

Allan Forman, editor and publisher of the *Journalist*, a periodical published in New York in the interest of newspapers, authors, and publishers, gives the following pen sketch of Mr. Bierce, in his issue of January 30:

No one appreciates Mr. Bierce's ability nor admires his genius more sincerely than I do. He is without doubt the most able—and vulgar—writer in American journalism. Were he less brilliant his vulgarity would be unbearable; were he less vulgar he would be the greatest newspaper writer of our generation. As he is, he is a disappointed, soured old man, a journalistic Ishmaelite with few genuine friends, an army of admirers, and a record of consistent failure—failure brought about by his own unwillingness to be a gentleman. He is drawing a paltry hundred dollars a week from the *Examiner*, when, with his genius, he should be making ten times that amount. A man with a most varied and vigorous vocabulary, a most graceful style and the broadest knowledge, a true poet, a wonderful writer of short stories, a novelist of great originality, is working for a pittance, in comparison to what he should be earning. Why? Because he is an ingrained and hopeless cad. It is a strange combination, and one which should rouse pity rather than anger. It is a curious twist in his mentality which impels him to ruin much of his work by his loafing, and it has kept his reputation—which should be world-wide—confined to a few newspaper men and readers on the Pacific coast.

Mr. Bierce has had an interesting history. He began in San Francisco as a porter in the mint, and while still serving the government in that capacity he wrote paragraphs for the *News Letter*. After he had obtained a foothold on that paper he threw up his position in the mint, and for two or three years he conducted the "Town Crier" page of the *News Letter*. At that time Mr. Bierce did some of the most brilliant work of his life. It attracted the attention of the editor of London *Fun*, and he was invited to go to London to take charge of a paper called the *Tommyhawk*. He made an exceptionally brilliant paper for a time, and then his employers were obliged to discharge him for blasphemy and eroticism. From London he came to New York with a letter to Ballard Smith, who was then managing editor of the *Sun*, and Mr. Smith gladly gave him a position on the staff of that paper, but his

blasphemy and vulgarity drove him from the *Sun*. He then went to J. Gilmer Speed, of the *World*, where he was given first-class assignments which he was unable to fulfil. While in New York he suffered the pangs of hunger a good many times, if my information is correct, and finally he managed to get back to San Francisco, where he was employed by Fred. Somers on the *Argonaut*. He lent brilliancy and snap to the columns of that best of weekly papers for some time, but marred his only creditable record by a series of vicious and unprovoked attacks upon San Francisco newspaper men. His victims were selected from the men who were not in a position to hit back even had they had the mental ability to cope with Bierce. He made an especial attack upon one Joe Erwin, a hard-working man of mediocre talent, who supported a mother and two sisters on a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. By persistent attacks he succeeded in having the poor fellow's salary reduced to twenty dollars a week. That was the triumph of Mr. Bierce's life.

He kept on attacking newspaper men who could not hit back until he was finally turned down by Arthur McEwen, who published in the *Mail* an article on Bierce, entitled "Me," to which Bierce never dared reply. Physically, Bierce is as great a coward as he is with his pen. He always selects a victim whom he regards as "safe." If, however, he is mistaken and is threatened with a thrashing, he goes into hiding until the storm blows over. His self-conceit is so abnormal as to be grotesque, a fact which made Mr. McEwen's article especially apropos and galling. On one occasion, while he was on the staff of the *News Letter*, he attacked a citizen of San Francisco, who started out after him with a gun. For three weeks Bierce could not be found; finally he was discovered, hidden in a little room in a big warehouse building, from which he ventured only at night to purchase supplies. Instances of his wanton malice and cowardice could be cited without number. Yet withal he is, I am told, a most interesting companion, a brilliant conversationalist, and the possessor of many admirable social qualities. It is pitiful that a man who might easily be truly great should make so ill a use of the talents with which he is endowed. As an undoubted genius, a brilliant writer, a man of powerful imagination and wonderful ability, I admire and respect him. As a cad, a coward and a liar, I have given him all the advertising he will get from the *Journalist*. The next time his name is mentioned in this paper will be when occasion demands the printing of his obituary.

"Is the use of wine decreasing at dinners?" is the subject of a number of interesting opinions from many men distinguished in social life, and which appear in the January number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Chauncey M. Depew expresses his views as follows: The use of wine at dinner has been decreasing for several years. In the novels and autobiographies of fifty and one hundred years ago, "one bottle," "two bottles," and "three bottles" men formed a feature of the description of the society of the period. They did not take light wines either, but solid sherries, ports, and Madeiras. We learn that it was common at those entertainments for a number of the guests to be hopelessly intoxicated. The fact that the diner-out was apt to get in this condition did not impair his popularity, or his standing among his friends. One may dine now every night in the year and never meet with a tipsy person. It is because we drink very much lighter wines, and less of them. Within the last ten years a great change has come over dinners in the number and variety of wines served. This is especially the case in the United States and in England. Formerly there was a procession of wines, one with each course. Anyone who went through such a dinner, after astonishing his digestion with white wines and sherry, with claret, champagne, Burgundy, Madeira, brandy and liqueurs, became an early subject for Carlsbad waters and a premature grave. I have noticed in London in the last two seasons that at the English dinner they now go almost to the other extreme, serving claret and champagne, according to the preferences of the guests for one or the other, through the whole meal. We have not come exactly to that yet, but at a New York dinner, while you still find several varieties of wine, champagne is the one which is served mainly through the entire evening. The amount of wine which is consumed per head is constantly diminishing at all dinners, and the number of men who abstain altogether is decidedly on the increase. The sparkling mineral water is largely performing the functions formerly filled by the stronger beverages. An infrequent diner-out is much more apt to indulge unduly in both food and drink than a veteran. When one's social obligations compel him to appear in evening dress at his own house or some one's else every night, he finds that to have a clear head and sound stomach for the business of the next day he must practice self-denial and temperance. We are all creatures of habit, and self-denial can become as much of a habit as over-indulgence. As the cares of business become more exacting, and the pace in life more rapid, we pay greater attention to the loss of health. We find not only longevity but comfort in avoiding

those things which impair or unduly excite our organism. Thus, while our temptations increase we become more temperate. As matters are now progressing in the social world, the next generation will be found dieting under medical directions. They will be enjoying better health, doing a larger amount of work and enduring a greater social strain in a festive way, and having a better time than their fathers did.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

It is interesting to observe how much easier it is for a man to behave like an actor off the stage than on it.

Miss Genevieve Ward, at last accounts, was filling a successful theatrical engagement at Cape Town, Africa.

A "razzle dazzle" was one of the nuisances specified in the complaint against a place of amusement in the old Cross Bones burial yard, near London. The "razzle dazzle" was a contrivance intended to make people experience the motion of the waves of the sea, and the screams of the razzle dazzlers were heard for blocks.

Modjeska is one of the most scholarly women of the stage. Besides being a tireless student of Shakespeare, she is a constant reader of his great contemporaries, and she has made and is still making a large collection of Elizabethan works. Besides all this, she speaks half a dozen languages, including some of the difficult tongues of eastern Europe.

Eugenie Blair, the actress, makes all her costumes. She buys the best crepe and usually takes ten yards for each dress. She cuts it in two pieces and sews down the center, and is able to make any manner of dress without the aid of pins, needles, thread, or sewing machine. She drapes the goods to suit her figure, and whenever fastening is needed she ties with a piece of tape of the same shade as the dress.

The late Alfred Collier, who died just before *The Mountebanks*, his first Gilbertian opera, was produced, had a remarkable experience with a song he wrote and sold for a few pounds. It was the song that was considered the greatest hit in the opera of *Dorothy*—which was sung a few weeks ago by the Boston Ideals in Detroit—and it was said at the time that Collier didn't write it. As a matter of fact, he had disposed of this same "Queen of My Heart" years before for a trifle, and had tried unsuccessfully to get a royalty on it. More than 40,000 copies had been sold, but it was another's property when the public heard it in Collier's opera of *Dorothy*.

The modern playwright who has suffered at the hands of the critics may gather some consolation from reading the pen-lashings which fell to the share of Oliver Goldsmith on the production of *She Stoops to Conquer*. One of these learned gentlemen says: "The drift tends to no moral, no edification of any kind—the situations, however, are well imagined, and make one laugh in spite of the grossness of the dialogue, the forced witticisms and total improbability of the whole plan and conduct. But what disgusts me most is that though the characters are very gross and aim at low humor, not one of them says a sentence that is natural or marks any character at all."

In speaking of arrests for playing on Sunday, an eastern paper says: The number of theatrical people who have been arrested in Cincinnati during the past few years runs up into many thousands. The sou-brettes, song and dance men, leading lovers, pretty opera singers and all, regard being arrested in Cincinnati as quite a necessary and not very disagreeable part of the business. The manager is notified before the performance as to the number of people the police desire to arrest after a Sunday performance. He picks out the requisite number and sends them in carriages to the police station, where they are registered and released to appear in the morning. At their own convenience they appear in police court next day, sign a bail bond and that is the end of it. When the actors first began giving their regular Monday performances before the police justices it created a good deal of amusement for the newspapers, but now it is such a matter-of-fact bit of routine that even the fanciful, faking police reporter, who always has his eye open for a pretty face in trouble, does not notice them.

A lesson of good breeding was administered by the Parisian diva of cafe concert fame, Mlle. De Dio, to several of the most high-born members of the jeunesse doree of Vienna. It seems that the other day a number of cavalry officers coolly addressed a request to the songstress to take supper with them after the performance, without having been presented to her beforehand. Mlle. De Dio replied: "I am not in the habit of taking my meals with persons whom I do not know. However, since it seems that my presence at the supper will give you pleasure, I shall come." The supper was prepared in a dining-room at Sacher's famous restaurant, and the most delicate viands were washed down

by wines worth their weight in gold. Almost immediately after the dessert Mlle. De Dio complained that she had a violent headache and withdrew, leaving the men to continue drinking champagne for some time longer. At length it was determined that the hour had come for breaking up the party and the head waiter was called to bring in the bill. "There is nothing to pay," replied the man, "Mlle. De Dio settled the bill before leaving."

Book Chat.

Twenty million copies of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," have been sold since 1872.

There are said to be 18,000 newspaper women in London, who have 22 press clubs and authors' societies among them.

Editor: "I am sorry, but I cannot talk to any one to-day." Author: "Oh, that's no matter. I will do all the talking myself."

In his last lecture Max O'Rell says: "If I could be born again, and choose my sex and birthplace, I should pray heaven to make me an American woman."

Among the relics that Robert Louis Stevenson is reported to have collected in Samoa, perhaps there may be found the remains of his once charming style.

"Cheer up, friend," said the parson to the dying editor, "you have a bright future before you." "That's what's bothering me," gasped the editor; "I can see it blazing."

J. M. Barrie, the author of the "Little Minister," is the new light in literature, and yet he is yet a very young man. He has ideas and he has the genius of style. Ideas and style in letters make the author immortal.

Alexander Dumas called his country house after the most famous of his novels, and never was so happy as when he had left Paris for "Monte Cristo." With a like fondness for his books, M. de Maupassant found his chief pleasure in visiting the ports on the Riviera in his yacht "Bel Ami."

Churton Collins is rather late in accusing Tennyson of plagiarism, but he has set certain circles in England agog over the energetic manner he has gone about it, naming in the laureate's poems many passages which he declares were taken bodily from Virgil, Lucretius and Theocritus, together with phrases from the early English poets.

The largest library in the world is that at Paris, which contains upwards of 2,000,000 printed books and 160,000 manuscripts. Between the imperial library at St. Petersburg and the British museum there is not much difference. In the British museum there are about 1,500,000 volumes. The royal library at Munich has something over 900,000, but this includes many pamphlets.

Owen Meredith's (Lord Lytton's) coffin was borne to the grave without a blossom to decorate its pall, according to the direction of Lady Lytton, who said that her husband had requested that not so much "as the tiniest violet or the smallest rosebud" should be used about his bier. "What in heaven's name have poor flowers done to be condemned to serve such a horrid purpose as being consigned to vaults and graves? I like a sad-looking funeral," was a frequent saying of the poet; and his funeral ceremony was, indeed, a gloomy one.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the great humorist, was always in sore straits for ready cash, and his money troubles at length had come to such a pass that his creditors lost patience, and sent a sheriff's officer to arrest him. Happily for poor Sheridan he chanced to be away from home when this ominous caller "dropped in"; and his house-maid, guessing the visitor's errand from his appearance (for in those days the dreaded "bailiffs" were known to every child by their glaring red waistcoats), took care to be profoundly ignorant as to when her master might be expected back. But when the latter came home next morning the girl, not liking to hurt his feelings by saying plainly that a sheriff's officer had come to seize him, put the case thus: "Please, sir, there was a gen'l'man called while you was away as was rather in a red weskit than otherwise."

Eugene Field, in speaking of the comparison between congressman Boutelle's and Proctor Knott's speeches, says: The comparison becomes all the more absurd when we remember that Proctor Knott's "pungent Duluth speech" was an atrociously high-handed plagiarism; it was pirated by the yard from the columns of a Missouri weekly newspaper, and when confronted with the proofs of his dishonesty Knott had the ineffable gall to explain that he would not have used the newspaper article if he had supposed it was going to make so greta a stir. Had Knott been a great man he would never have stooped to that plagiarism; had he not been a weak man he would have made public acknowledgment of his indebtedness to that Missouri editor for the means whereby mediocrity rose suddenly

into fame. Never before had Knott said a bright thing, and never after did he say a bright thing. He prospered solely upon an act of audacious piracy, pungent truly, but a piracy for all that—unscrupulous and detestable.

Professional Chat.

One of the necessities of jurisprudence is—prudence.

The confidence man who swindles clergymen may be called a "shepherd's crook."

Some men are born statesmen, some men acquire statesmanship, and others secure their political bearings from the misfit establishments.

There is a marked predominance of lawyers in congress, there being as many as 212 members who have practiced law in one form or another.

There are twenty-one law firms in the union composed of husbands and wives, and about 200 women who practice law in the courts or manage legal publications.

The reason we like to see our preacher hit from the shoulder is because we imagine he is hitting at the fellow in the next pew, and that fellow thinks the shot is at some other fellow, and so we all like to see evil handled without gloves.

A Japanese doctor never dreams of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical fraternity of Japan: "When the twin enemies poverty and disease invade a home, then he who takes aught from that home, even though it be given him, is a robber."

From many selections from Marcus Aurelius we choose this, as showing his keen insight into this weak human nature of ours, "I have often wondered how it is that every man loves himself more than all the rest of men, but yet sets less value on his own opinion of himself than on the opinion of others."

Judge Abraham Jefferson Seay, the new governor of Oklahoma, was not a precocious youth, it is interesting to learn. In fact, when he was twenty-one he could barely read and write. But at thirty-two he was a lawyer of some standing, next a county attorney, and for twelve years thereafter he sat on the bench as a circuit judge.

Drastic questions are, of course, sometimes necessary, as in the case of the Highland witness called by his chief. "Well, Donald, how did you get on?" was asked of him when he left the court. "Heaven knows; my wits are not just settled yet! I was going through the story my own way when an awful man that sits in the middle (counselor Haddington) broke in upon me and put such questions that I fear I've told the truth." But severity is not irrelevance. A witness speaking for his daughter, who had been shamefully used by the prisoner, was thus cross-examined: "Pray, sir, is this young lady your daughter?" "She is." "How do you know she is your daughter?" "Gentlemen of the jury," said the witness, "you hear the question that blackguard has put to me. Will you believe him or me?" and they made a very proper choice.

James Payn, the clever English writer, makes some strong and pertinent comments on the modern "cross-examination" of witnesses. The confidence of the bar has at last been shaken in the virtues of cross-examinations; that of the public it never possessed. The license of counsel has, we felt, long been carried beyond all decent bounds, and if, as has lately been made manifest, no certain benefit is derived from it, the sooner it is put a stop to the better. This must be done from outside, for bench and bar are but one vast trades union, the members of which play into one another's hands. It is no use for an honest witness to appeal for protection to the judge; a rabbit in torments might as well appeal to the college of surgeons against his vivisector. Cross-examination, as practiced at present, works very like the old passport system. It is of little use in the restraint of crime, because the habitual evildoer is more or less prepared for it, and is quite unscrupulous in his mode of defense; but it is most cruel and distressing to the nervous and the innocent, who are unaccustomed to it. There are no more amazing deliverances than the indignant comments we sometimes hear from the bench upon the absence of this or that person from the witness-box whose sense of what was owing to the public should have insured his attendance. The gentleman has probably had some sense of what is owing to himself, and very wisely removed himself out of the reach of a subpoena. In a law case those members of the *dramatis personæ* who appear gratuitously, or from a feeling of public duty, are the only ones who are habitually subjected to impertinence and insult. If the bar declines to reform itself, we must look for some honest and courageous witness who will refuse to answer all impertinent questions, be committed by the judge for contempt of court, and then appeal to public opinion, which will be very ready to stand by him. No one who knows what everybody outside the inns of court, and not a few within them, is saying, can doubt the issue.

NOTES.

Even the man who doesn't know a crupper from a surcingle likes to pretend that he is a first-rate judge of horses.

The bacillus of the gripe may have been discovered, but there is reason to believe that it has not yet been lassoed.

Two women quarrel every day about their complaints, each one forgetting her sufferings in trying to prove that she suffered twice as much as the other.

War was never but once declared by the United States. That was June 18, 1812, when such a declaration by congress became a law by the signature of President James Madison.

A wet silk handkerchief, tied without folding over the face, is said to be a complete security against suffocation by smoke; it permits free breathing and at the same time excludes the smoke from the lungs.

Now that the girls are to be able to propose when and as often as they please, the unprotected bachelors want to know if they can seek restitution in breach of promise suits in case the necessity may arise.

If you put cream into your cup before the sugar it "will cross your love," so be very careful. If, while the tea is being made, the lid, removed to pour in the water, is forgotten, it is a sure sign of a new arrival.

If any of the foreign countries are laboring under the impression that the United States has no navy just let them give us an occasion to call it out; although it would suit us better to have them wait a little while longer.

The Chinese cultivated wheat 2700 years before the beginning of the Christian era, always considering it as a gift direct from heaven. Scientific agriculturists are of the opinion that it was widely known and cultivated by prehistoric man.

We have received from State Librarian Perkins the "Finding List of Unclassified Art and Miscellaneous Books in the State Library." It is a catalogue strikingly original, and by the lady visitors to the library will be especially appreciated.

The absurd attempt of the German emperor to make his people moral by act of parliament seems to be the measure of that monarch's political sense. William is growing more and more medieval. He understands all other times better than his own.

It was a beautiful sight that was presented in the western horizon this week. Venus, in all her brightness, led the way, followed by Jupiter only a couple of degrees behind with the new moon in the rear, all in a line. For several evenings yet Jupiter and Venus will be close together and sparkle like huge diamonds.

Adolph Becker and his young bride have returned from their wedding tour. Adolph is one of the most popular and enterprising young business men of this city, and we are pleased that he has taken unto himself a life partner to share his good fortune. He realizes thus early in life that it is not well for man to be alone.

Impenituous dndes who "hang up their tailors" can take heart on reading of the late discovery of an unpaid tailor's bill of the Emperor Maximilian I of Germany, which is now about 400 years old. The heirs of the tailor are about to present the bill to the present emperor, and if they collect it it will "beat the Dutch."

That was a handsome compliment to Hon. Jos. McKeuna by the late republican city convention, whose platform indorsed the course and action of our congressman in his untiring efforts for the welfare of his constituents, as well as the republican party tenets. No man stands higher in the party councils than does Hon. Jos. McKenna.

An exchange remarks: "The cultivation of the licorice plant has been suggested for southern California. It thrives best in a rich, sandy loam, requires but little cultivation, and the manner of procuring the extract is simple." The licorice plant has been successfully cultivated in Sacramento county for many years, and we are surprised its cultivation has not extended to other parts of the state.

Sacramento is behind the times in that she does not copyright or patent her pronounced curiosities. It seems now that in Oakland the secret political organization known as the Citizens' Municipal League has adopted resolutions in opposition to the issuance of bonds for the construction of Peralta Park and Lake Merritt boulevard contained in the ordinances of the city council now being published. We would much like to know who the Sacramento missionary is who visited Oakland. Certainly the Athens of the Pacific could not have originated so sublime a farce as this seems to be. If we mistake not the good sense of the people of Oakland—

situated as they are upon a commodious bay—the next thing we will hear an outraged public will further pollute the waters of the bay; add to it other useless rubbish—the secret citizens' municipal league.

One of the dying requests of Nicholas of Russia, who was heir apparent to the throne, was that his younger brother, Alexander, who is now Czar, should marry the Princess Dagmar, to whom Nicholas was engaged. The young prince carried out the request, and on succeeding his brother as heir to the throne, he speedily became betrothed to the beautiful princess. If Prince George of England should marry the fiancée of his dead brother, the case would, therefore, not be without a precedent. The general voice of England has pronounced the Princess May a suitable woman to be their future queen, and Prince George might go further and fare worse.

The death is announced of "Old Jack Stewart," at San Diego, on Tuesday, at the age of 81. Stewart came to the coast as a pilot in the Boston ship Alert in 1832, and was a shipmate of the late Richard Henry Dana. The description of the voyage is the subject of Dana's famous book "Two Years before the Mast." Another very old-timer passed away this week in San Francisco—Jacob Primer Leese, who came to the coast in the early thirties, and built the first house in what is now San Francisco. Leese married a sister of the late General M. G. Vallejo, and with Vallejo was made a prisoner by the Bear-flag party, and was confined in Sutter's fort.

Always somebody else to blame. That trait of character—or lack of character—would seem to have descended legitimately from Adam, who said: "The woman tempted me, and I did eat," when called to account by the Creator for disobeying His commands. An actor in New York who attempted suicide left a scribbled note saying: "Don't blame me for doing it, as it was not my fault. Bad company and gambling was the cause of it, and may be a lesson to other young men." His deductions and moralizing are as faulty as is his grammar. Not his fault, indeed! Whose was it, then? Was it not his fault that he went into bad company, and indulged in gambling? "Conscience" not only "doth make cowards of us all," but liars as well. When David said "All men are liars," he must have been fresh from the contemplation of such a fellow as this. When a man holds himself to strict accountability he will be a great deal nearer right than when he blames some one else for his own sins.

The last census bulletin relating to paupers in almshouses, shows: The average age of an almshouse pauper in the United States is 51 years, which is 6 years more than it was 10 years ago. The number of male paupers under 30 years of age and of female paupers under 40 years of age is actually less than the numbers returned in the census of 1880. Relatively to the total population it must be very much less. In spite of the persistent efforts constantly made to get children out of almshouses, the number in these establishments who were under 10 years old is 4,338. In 1880 it was 6,902. Children constitute a much larger percentage of the total almshouse population in the southern than in the northern states. In the far west one-half of all the almshouse paupers are between 60 and 80 years of age. From 20 to 50 years the number of female paupers exceeds that of males. At all other ages the number of male paupers is in excess, except after passing 100 years. The figures for ages over 100 years are not trustworthy. The ratio of male to female paupers is, on the whole, slightly greater than it was 10 years ago. The excess of females in the middle decades of life is decidedly less marked than then.

The Folsom Telegraph has reached the age of 36 years. It is among the oldest established papers in the state. Recurring to memory our recollection of the history of Folsom's journal shows a number of changes. In 1855 the Granite Journal was founded by L. Bradley, and at one time Samuel Seabough was its editor. The Journal passed away, and from its plant came Tom Mooney's Express. Mooney was an alleged reformer and historian. With the Express he commenced a history of Ireland. After a couple of years' experience the Express vanished, and Geo. E. Wellington, at the time a classmate of the writer at the Folsom institute, then a flourishing institution of learning, took charge of the paper, changed the name to the Dispatch. Several years after it came into the hands of P. J. Hopper, when the present title, the Telegraph, was given it. Two years ago Thad. J. McFarland succeeded to the sole proprietorship of the Telegraph, and has by his industry and foresight made the Telegraph one of the best interior papers in the state. His devotion to the local interests merits and undoubtedly receives due recognition by the people of Folsom and surrounding country. In the early history of the Telegraph one of the editors of THEMIS was for a period in charge of the editorial pages, and inflicted a patient public with many of his crude and boyish efforts at journalism.

Home Days With Father.

Friday evening was always the brightest and happiest of the whole week at Chappaqua, for that was sure to bring my dear father home. The whole house was alive with happy preparation. The very pine trees pointed tiny little fingers down the wild woody road to show the way he was coming. How eagerly I remember watching a certain little pink gingham frock being ironed in which I was to go and meet him. I used to sit between two patriarchal oak trees till in the distance the familiar figure was seen, slightly bent forward, his arms loaded with good things, entering the gate; and then I would fly to meet him. How my little arm used to try to crook itself up and take as much of his load as it could, and how somehow the burden was always lifted just a little higher, so my help was only an empty form. We used often on these walks to talk of a wonderful pony that he was looking for, and which arrived, sleek and round, and mischievous, one birthday morning.

The first thing when we reached the house was to seek mother's room where the dear inmate for years struggled with a terrible cough. From there, carried in triumph on his back, I would ride down to dinner. After dinner, sitting around the table, he would call for Dana's book of poetry, and read to us many of his favorites. I look now at the familiar lines and smile to think how incomprehensible it must have been to my childish mind, and yet I loved the reading, and thought, like the wise men of to-day, I "knew it all." I used frequently to pipe up at those happy times "Papa, please tell us a 'nanydote.'" One of the anecdotes still remains in my mind; of a certain sea captain who travelling for his company used to bring in very long bills. One of the charges they especially objected to was three pounds for "a cocked hat" to be worn on a visit to an Indian prince. The next time the accounts were more wisely itemized, and they expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied "Ah," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "the cocked hat's there, but you don't see it."

At one of the home gatherings some one, fearing I was being petted too much, said: "Mr. Greeley, don't flatter the child."

"But," I answered in his defense, "Pussy just loves flattery," and if gentleness and a great loving heart injures anyone he would have given me some excuse for being spoiled.

I remember one incident of his indulgence. One day he brought home an umbrella with a wooden dog's head as a handle. My covetous little heart proceeded to set itself upon that canine effigy. In vain papa offered me a whole dog. But I pleaded that no other head in the world would be like that head, and the result was he sawed it off and went back to town with a handleless umbrella.

I cannot recall my father speaking a single harsh or unkind word to either my dear sister or myself, but I can recall to day an occasion in which I longed to give myself a good shaking. Papa was engrossed in his paper, and no word or inquiry of mine could rouse him. So, to get his attention at any price, I began tearing away little bits of his newspaper. I must have reached at length the article he was reading, for, gently rising, he lifted me by my arms (for my legs I made instantly limp) and so deposited me outside his locked door without a word. Howls of indignation from me brought anxious inquiries from a relative, but he made no explanation; neither did I. My humiliation was too great at being ignored.

The faces of people are children's books, from which they read searchingly. Scanning earnestly his dear face, so full of the sunshine of purity, so bright with humor and wisdom, a deep impression, never to be effaced, was made upon me at the terrible sorrow I saw written there when he came home and told us of Abraham Lincoln's assassination. Never again did I see that look till the one he loved to call "Mother" passed away. Then it settled down with a grief from which he never roused himself. I never could trace any signs of disappointment at the presidential campaign going against him, but rather a quiet and humorous philosophy. I think his main regret would have been for those faithful friends who had followed a lost cause. The Saturday before my mother's death he walked with me to Saint Mary's school, where he had placed me a few days before. Little did I think, as he left me at the door, we should meet on Monday at the side of that dear mother from whose face death had smoothed the cares and sufferings of years. From that time he could not sleep, and he seemed not to care to eat. The mainspring of his home had broken. The one who, though sick unto death for years, had been such a force and strength at home, holding up the noblest and highest examples to her children, teaching us that truth must be followed at any cost, yet reaching down in womanly tenderness to the smallest animal, or going out in the snow, though sick herself, to protect some poor drunken man whom the boys were pelting, telling me never to laugh at such a one, for they were suffering from a terrible disease; yes, the look that he had worn when Lincoln was killed came back to stay. The heart that could love and work for others could break when the highly-strung chords were strained too far. I have had to listen to long explana-

tions about his disappointed ambition. To die or live for the good of his laboring brothers and sisters was the only ambition I could ever discover in that great, loving heart. He had no tears to shed at his wife's funeral. But as he turned away from the simple plot at Greenwood he said: "That vault will be opened for me in less than a month." And it was not the first of his prophecies to be sadly fulfilled.

Years afterward a social man told me how one evening, near midnight, when Delmonico's was filled with gay pleasure seekers, he caught sight for one moment, in the light which streamed across the pavement from the doorway, of an old man in a white coat carrying the baskets of two little ragged girls, evidently taking them to a place of shelter from the storm. So do I love to picture him again. The world of the prosperous and thoughtless were little affected by his life, but as he faded into the darkness of the night of oblivion, I like to think of him as one who desired even to bring the homeless and the wretched to shelter, and to carry their burdens for them.—Mrs. Clendenin (*Daughter of the late Horace Greeley*) in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Absurd Beliefs About Our Satellite.

Farmers used to put a great deal of dependence on the moon. They planted crops, built worm fences, put on shingle and clapboard roofs, killed hogs, hung meat, cut timber, chopped weeds, and traded horses according to its phases.

Almost any old-time farmer will tell you that a worm fence built in the light of the moon and ascending node will worm around and finally fall down. If you plant potatoes during similar phases they will all go to tops and the tubers will be small and watery. This is the time, however, to plant cucumbers, especially when the sign is in the arms.

The carpenter of former times would not think of putting a shaved shingle roof on a building in the dark of the moon, because the shingles would curl up, pull the nails out and soon leak like a sieve. Neither would he cut timber for a house, nor would he paint it until the sign was right.

Your grandmother or veteran aunt can tell you that when hogs were killed in the wrong time of the moon the slices of ham would shrivel up more than half, and flitch would all fry away, leaving only small cracklings. Apples or any kind of fruit dried in the wrong time were certain to mould or get wormy, and cider vinegar refuse to become sharp.

It was to the moon that the farmer looked for indications of the weather. If the new moon lay well on its back it was a sign of dry weather, but if it tipped up to such an extent that a shot pouch wouldn't hang on its lower horn, you might depend upon the water's pouring out.

The time of changing had a good deal to do with the weather, but there was a lack of agreement upon this point. It was generally conceded, however, that a change before noon, or before midnight, indicated fair weather. A circle or halo around the moon was a sure sign of rain, and the number of stars visible within the circuit indicated the number of days before the rain would come.

The health, growth, and development of children and animals were supposed to be influenced by the moon. If the sign was right at the time of birth they would be well formed and intellectual, but if it was wrong there was no telling what sort of creatures they would become.—*American Notes and Queries*.

What Is a Well-Bred Woman?

A well-bred woman never dresses so that she attracts attention on the street.

A well-bred woman never talks about her personal affairs in public places.

A well-bred woman doesn't let the door slam in the face of the next comer.

A well-bred woman doesn't drop first her purse, and then her handkerchief, and then her gloves, and then her flower in a public restaurant until everybody is looking at her.

A well-bred woman doesn't read her morning mail in a street car.

A well-bred woman doesn't tell the name of any celebrity she may have met when she was traveling.

A well-bred woman is quiet and refined; a man is proud to be seen with her, and he can pick her out from a thousand, which is very much more than the average woman can do.

Isn't that so?

BAB.

A Leap-Year Idyl.

"Be mine," she cried dramatically, as she sank on one knee before him. "I have long loved you, and now I can resist no longer—I must know my fate. Sweet creature, say the word that will make me the happiest of women."

"I don't want to be married," he answered, coyly; "Ma says I'm too young and couldn't take care of a wife. Take some one of your own size. Let go of me. I do not want to be kissed."

"Oh, you great big nunny," she said, banging the furniture. "I was only rehearsing for a leap year party. I wouldn't have you if you were worth your weight in gold." And she bounced off in a huff.—*Detroit Free Press*.

FLASHES.

It is much easier to give—than to pay one's note.

There are too many pin-headed fellows who assume to run politics.

It is generally the poverty-stricken writer who writes upon the subject, "How to Get Rich."

Much of the theology of the day is very sour in its nature. Sinners can't be caught with vinegar.

Uncle Sam is likely to twist the British lion's tail some of these days if he don't keep his nose out of our affairs.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. Wilkinson's Widows will be the attraction at the Metropolitan February 12 and 13. This is one of the modern successes, and is brim full of mirth, wit and music.

To-night and Sunday Manager Norton will add to the attractions of the Clunie Opera House in the person of Miss Carol Crouse. On Monday night at the same house little Georgie Cooper will appear in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

That rich-voiced vocalist, Mrs. Percy Ross, will give a concert at the Congregational church on the evening of February 20. Mrs. Ross is deserving of a bouncing benefit. She has always responded to all the calls made upon her. The public should to it that there is a crowd.

What to Teach a Daughter.

Teach her that not only must she love her father and mother, but honor them in word and deed.

That work is worthy always when it is well done.

That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but that she ought to know and appreciate this value.

That the man who wishes to marry her is the one who tells her so, and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches and forgets that men cease to be men when they have no object in life.

That her best confidant is always her mother, and that no one sympathizes with her in her pleasures and joys as you do.

That unless she shows courtesy to others she need never expect it from them, and that the best answer to rudeness is being blind to it.

That when God made her body He intended that it should be clothed properly and modestly, and when she neglects herself she is insulting Him who made her.

Teach her to think well before she says no or yes, but to mean it when she does.

Teach her to avoid men who speak lightly of any of the great duties of life, who show in their appearance that their habits are bad.

Teach her that her own room is her nest, and that to make it sweet and attractive is a duty as well as a pleasure.

Teach her that if she can sing or read or draw, or give pleasure in any way by her accomplishments, she is selfish and unkind if she does not do this gladly.

Teach her to be a woman—self-respecting, honest, loving and kind—and then you will have a daughter who will be a pleasure to you always, and whose days will be long and joyous in the land which the Lord hath given her.

Imagination of Children at Night.

A word, a sound, a shadow will start a child's imagination into wild activity. Unreasoning fears will run riot in him; a host of dismal possibilities will suggest themselves, and we only who can remember back into the days of our infancy can sympathize with those uncontrollable terrors which make it a crueler punishment to some children to be left alone in the dark than the infliction of any bodily punishment could be. Their cry, like Goethe's, when his last night gloomed upon him, is for light. And from what untold miseries would a night lamp save them! In a story we read long years ago an infant was represented as thus crying for the light. His mother responding to the call, a philosophical discussion ensued between her and her little one; and by a series of artful questions she entrapped him into the acknowledgment that the candle he craved was nothing but wax and cotton. "And how can wax and cotton help you?" was, if we remember right, her triumphant conclusion as she left him, if not reconciled to the darkness, yet beguiled by the sophistry into delusive submission. We doubt not, however, that presently he was quaking again with all his former fears, which, perhaps, were no worse, after all, than the spurious comfort he had been subjected to.—*Argosy*.

Manner is one of the principal external graces of character. It is the ornament of action, and often makes the commonest offices beautiful by the way in which it performs them. It is a happy way of doing things, adorning even the smallest details of life.

Quinine cost \$20 per ounce in 1823, and \$3 in 1853; \$3 70 in 1878; while now it costs from 18½ to 24 cents.

The Lawyer's Ghost.

A lawyer and a bishop (perhaps the bishop should come first) were talking, and this was the manner of their talk:

"I have become thoroughly convinced," said the lawyer, "of the existence of nocturnal apparitions, for I have seen one!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the bishop, "I am very curious; relate the story."

"I will, my lord, I will," said the lawyer. "It was between the hours of 11 and 12. I had gone to bed and was just falling into my first comfortable sleep, when I was awakened by a strange creaking noise. It sounded as if someone was walking up stairs! The steps sounded nearer and nearer, slower and slower; solemn and measured they were, and presently they halted at my door. I drew the sheet over my head and lay there trembling, not daring to move."

"Something," continued the lawyer, "entered my room, and threw the sheet over my face. I felt rather than saw a faint, yellow, glimmering light. I could not move at first, but I presently managed to gain a little courage. I drew the sheet cautiously down from my face, and—looked!"

"Well!" cried the bishop, excitedly.

"In the center of the room," said the lawyer, slowly, "stood a tall old man. He seemed gaunt and worn with age or hunger, and his long gray beard hung half way down his breast. He was dressed in a queer loose cloak with a cape, and he wore a broad leather band about his waist. In one hand he held a peculiarly-shaped lantern from which flowed the yellow light, making strange, ghostly shadows on the wall behind him. In the other hand he held a staff, the look of which was unpleasant. He stood still in the middle of the floor, looking at me. Presently I said, 'Whence art thou? what dost thou require?'"

"And what did he say?" cried the bishop, fixing his eyes upon the odd expression of the lawyer's face.

"He said"—replied the lawyer, speaking in a hoarse whisper—"he said: 'I beg y'r pardon, sur. I'm the watchman of the street, sur; an' I thought 'twould be best for me, sur, to come up an' tell yer that yer front door stood open! If ye do be lavin' it that way, sur, it's bad luck ve'll have before the monin'!'"—*Harpers' Young People*.

Combating a Superstition.

Thirteen Philadelphia young men have banded themselves together, if rumors are true, in what timid superstitious ones will call a suicide club. This Club of Thirteen, as its name bears hint, has been organized in contempt of almost all known popular superstitions. The club meetings occur Friday evenings, and the 13th of the month, in room 13 of a house numbered 13. The fiery-haired member is the first to enter the hall, and all pass under a ladder raised in the room. On taking his seat, the president opens an umbrella handed him by the cross-eyed janitor and sits under it during the session. The sergeant-at-arms opens the proceedings by breaking a looking-glass. A skeleton sits opposite the president at all feasts, and two black cats stalk around the room. The walls are adorned with peacock feathers. Every member is under oath always to spill salt, look at the moon over his left shoulder, stumble whenever alighting from a journey, walk between couples on the street, and when together pass on either side of a post. They are eager just now to purchase a raven and rent a haunted house to hold their meeting in.—*Philadelphia Record*.

The Bankruptcy Bill.

The work of impressing the merits of the Torrey bankruptcy bill upon the new congress has already begun, and the prospect of success at the present session is regarded by its friends as promising. The general system of the bill unquestionably gains strength with discussion, and it is now accepted by a greater number and variety of representative commercial bodies than have indorsed any previous bill. Indeed, there is practically no organized opposition to it, and what little disposition there was at one time toward partisan prejudice has vanished under the candid and intelligent advocacy of the measure. The unfavorable feeling in the south no longer exists, as is indicated by the fact that Judge George W. Stone, for many years chief justice of the Alabama supreme court, came to Washington expressly to urge the subject on the attention of President Harrison. Judge Stone, in a recent interview, declared his opinion that the Torrey bill was the best plan of bankruptcy legislation yet proposed, and that its passage would be especially advantageous to the growing interests of the south.

Ladies, send a two-cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I street, Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

MOYNIHAN'S.

The only first-class place in the city for

Fine and Home-made Candy

ICE CREAM AND SODA.

418 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

E. H. GREEN,

Regular Republican Nominee

FOR SECOND TRUSTEE.

E. C. HART,

Regular Republican Nominee

FOR CITY ATTORNEY.

D. W. HIGGINS,

Regular Republican Nominee

FOR CHIEF OF POLICE.

TOM SCOTT,

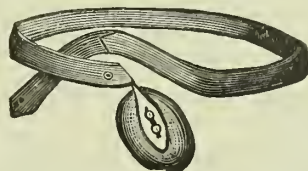
Regular Republican Nominee

For Fire Commissioner

MATT. KARCHER,

Independent Candidate

FOR CHIEF OF POLICE.



Trusses, Silk Elastic Stockings, Shoulder Braces,

RUBBER GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

ING & ALLEE, Druggists,

712 J Street, Sacramento.

WE ARE THE LEADERS

Furniture and Carpets

We have recently added to our large stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE a fine line of CARPETS, which we are selling at

BED-ROCK PRICES.

We will pay CASH for your Old Furniture and Carpets, and better prices than any other house in the city.

REMEMBER!

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920, 922 K STREET,

Are the Leaders!

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers In

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

WM. B. MILLER,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

628 J Street, near Seventh, Sacramento.

Importer and dealer in Diamonds, Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware. American Gold and Silver Watches a specialty.

JEWELRY MANUFACTURED AND REPAIRED.

Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. The Repairing of Watches a specialty.

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind

ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

ANNUAL

Clearance Sale.

THIS WEEK

We are showing

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

Throughout Our Stocks of

Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods

And Especially in Our

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Bearing in mind that our Stock is NEW and DESIRABLE in every respect, and the

Prices Cut to Actual Cost,

There seems to be no reason why you should even look at the old-fashioned, shop-worn sealettes and other stuffs displayed by the thousands elsewhere.

The Chas. Wiegner Dry Goods Co.

519, 519½ J Street.

F. R. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

Miss Mamie Costello,

Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the ECLIPSE CHAMPAGNE, 530 Washington St. SAN FRANCISCO

California Exchange,

900 K STREET,

Southeast Corner Ninth, Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

KEY WEST AND IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

Ruined.

The morning's sunlight streamed in through the window, and the clock struck the hour of 7, but the sleeper never opened his eyes.

A pale-faced woman, middle-aged, but youthful-looking, entered the room and stood gazing upon the face of her husband.

"John sleeps late," she said, in a low tone, "and he is dreaming again."

Just then the sleeper's features wore a singular expression, and the man started nervously in his disturbed slumber.

"A bad dream," remarked the watcher, "but he must have it out. He needs his sleep."

Quietly and cautiously, the woman left the room and nothing was heard but the ticking of the clock.

The sunlight reached out and played over the face of the dreamer—a thin, careworn face, with brown locks sprinkled with gray clustering around it.

It was half-past 7 when the man opened his eyes. He was wide awake, and he was evidently in no mood to try another nap.

He was dressed in five minutes. Outside of his garments he hurriedly drew on a workman's blue overalls, and then he paused a moment.

"My dream was the truth," he muttered. "The same thing three times in one night must mean something. It is a warning and I must heed it. When the work is done Mary shall know all about it. But not now—she might attempt to turn me from my purpose."

He slipped into the hall and listened. His wife was in another part of the house, and no one saw him.

The man in the blue overalls went out of the back door and walked swiftly down to his little workshop in one corner of the yard. He shut himself in and locked the door.

For the next half hour there was an indescribable clatter in the little workshop. Pedestrians on their way down town stopped to listen. Some laughed and went on their way, but a mechanic on his way to his work shook his head.

"Mr. Hale is not at work," he said. "That noise sounds like an ax. He is just the man to go crazy and smash his wonderful models. He's no common inventor. Money is only so much dirt in his eyes!"

And the carpenter walked off, saying something about "high-toned cranks."

It was a little after 8 o'clock when John Hale sat down to breakfast. He had thrown aside his working suit and had made his toilet with some care.

"Why, John!" exclaimed his wife. "I thought you had gone to work!"

"I have finished it, my dear," replied the husband, with a smile, "and it is the best day's work that I have ever done."

"But I don't understand," said Mrs. Hale. "Marv, I have smashed my models."

"Oh, John!"

"Smashed them to smithereens. They will do for kindling and scrap iron."

"Husband, are you crazy?"

"No, Mary; but I would have been something worse if I had given those models to the world. Now, let me tell you all about it."

The breakfast remained untasted while the inventor told his wife about the strange dream that had come to him three times the night before.

He had dreamed that his several inventions were all completed and in use throughout the country. They embraced various labor-saving machines and implements for factories, workshops, and the field. His name rang through the land. Wealth was heaped upon him, and millionaires feasted him, and pronounced him the greatest genius of the age. But in a short time poverty and distress came upon the masses. The starving poor rushed from the towns to the country, and were driven back by other hungry hosts on their way to the towns for relief. The labor-saving machines had done their work. There was room for only a few workers, and hundreds of thousands of toilers were knocked out by the machines.

Men clamoring for work were told everywhere that the country was suffering from over-production, and that the supply of labor exceeded the demand.

In the cities red-handed anarchists multiplied until the capitalists persuaded the government to proclaim martial law. In the country districts roving gangs of discharged laborers plundered the towns.

Amidst all this horrible anarchy the people cursed John Hale for taking the bread out of their mouths with his labor-saving inventions.

Three times this dream raged and seethed in the troubled brain of the inventor, and his first work that morning had been devoted to the destruction of his models.

"But, John," interposed his wife, when she had heard his story, "you have always said that with these inventions came new industries, and the men displaced went at something else."

"Yes," answered Hale sadly, "but in my dream the starving laborers told me that such talk was merely the argument of the capitalists. They said that there was a

limit in such things, and that I have overstepped the limit."

"And is that true?"

"I don't know, but I have given my fellowmen the benefit of the doubt. I may have done a cranky thing, but I feel better for it."

Mrs. Hale left her chair and gave her husband a kiss.

"It is all right," she said cheerily, "but what will you do now?"

"Oh, what I have always advised discharged workmen to do—go at something else."

Then these two cranks laughed, and ate their breakfast together, merrier than they had been in many a day.

And yet they knew that John Hale had with his own hand wrecked his fortunes, and was henceforth in the eyes of the world a ruined man.

The Duke of Wellington and the Crank.

Like most great public men, the Duke of Wellington was liable to be intruded upon at any time of the day or evening at his house overlooking Hyde Park. A sentry was put at his door, and servants were constantly on duty. But even these precautions did not always save the old soldier from intruders.

One day, as he sat writing at his library-table quite alone, his door was suddenly opened without knock or announcement of any sort, and in stalked a gaunt man, who stood before the commander-in-chief with his hat on and a savage expression of countenance.

The Duke was, of course, a little annoyed at such an unceremonious interruption, and looking up, he asked: "Who are you?"

"I am Dionysius," was the singular answer.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Your life."

"My life?"

"Yes; I am sent to kill you."

"Very odd," said the Duke, sitting back and calmly gazing at the intruder.

"Not at all, for I am Dionysius," said the stranger; "and I must put you to death."

"Are you obliged to perform this duty today?" asked the commander-in-chief. "I am very busy just now, and have a large number of letters to write. It would be very inconvenient to-day."

The visitor looked hard during a moment's pause.

"Call again," continued the Duke, "or write and make an appointment."

"You'll be ready?"

"Without fail," was the reply.

The maniac, awed, doubtless, by the stern old soldier, backed out of the room without further words, and half an hour later was safe in Beilham.

Lord Palmerston's Plan of Evading an Office-Seeker.

The complaints uttered by a well-known statesman now in office about the manner in which his life is made a burden to him by senators and congressmen pestering him for favors for their proteges, recalls the method adopted by Lord Palmerston to dispose of applications of this character.

Old "Pam" was a past master in the art of getting out of granting favors without offending the applicants.

On one occasion a certain politician was anxious to obtain a consulate for a friend. He applied to Lord Palmerston, who was then in charge of the foreign office.

"Too happy to oblige you," said Lord Palmerston; "Call on me at Downing street tomorrow and I will see what can be done."

At the interview the following day he proposed a consulate in Asia Minor, worth about \$3,000 a year. The politician was delighted, and thanked the foreign secretary most effusively. When he was taking his leave Lord Palmerston called out after him:

"Then I will have the papers sent for you to sign?"

"What papers?" demanded the surprised politician.

"Why, don't you know," replied Lord Palmerston, "that whoever recommends a consul has to sign a guarantee that he will be responsible for all the money which passes through the consul's hands."

This remark ended the question. There was no more trouble about the consulate, for the politician was not going to make himself responsible for a man whom he well knew to be a gambler, a fact which was no secret to Lord Palmerston.

If some such practice as this were adopted at the various government departments at Washington, and the senators and congressmen were required to furnish financial guarantees for all the candidates for office they recommend to the heads of the various departments, the latter would have far less of their time taken up in seeking to distribute a limited amount of patronage among an altogether unlimited number of candidates.—*Marquise de Fontenay.*

In Egypt the dog was a friend and faithful servant. He lived in the house with his master, followed him in his walks, attended the public ceremonies, sometimes free, at other times held in leash by a slave or child, or in princely families by a favorite dwarf. At his meals he had his place marked under the benches of the guests.



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles; and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hairdressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for your little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE mailed free to any lady on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, "Beauty Doctor," 103 Post street, San Francisco.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,

SACRAMENTO.

Agent for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautifying the Complexion.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT

1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-Atlantic Ports, by First-Class Steamers to and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN.

Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO Daily.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4.

R. M. CLARKEN, southwest corner Fourth and J streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

W. A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 604 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9, Postoffice Building.

GEO. A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth and J streets.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

W. H. HUMPHREY, southwest corner Seventh and J streets, rooms 7 and 8

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

GEO. G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney). Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City Hall, Front and I streets.

ISAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

Order of Adjudication of Insolvency.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of J. E. Contner, an insolvent debtor. J. E. Contner, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, from which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. E. Contner is hereby declared to be insolvent. It is hereby ordered that Lee Stanley, Sheriff of Sacramento, be and he is hereby appointed Receiver of the property of said insolvent, and that upon his giving a bond to the People of the State of California, conditioned as required by law, and in such sum as the Court may order, and qualifying, he take charge and possession of all of the estate, real and personal, of said J. E. Contner, insolvent debtor, whatsoever and wheresoever situate, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and to keep and care for and dispose of the same until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons having the same or any part thereof (including the Sheriff of the County of Sacramento) in his or their possession, are hereby directed to deliver said property to said Receiver, and all persons owing money to said insolvent are hereby directed to pay the same to said Receiver; and that said Receiver keep the said property, or the proceeds thereof, till the further order of this Court. And all persons are hereby forbidden to pay any debts to said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to such insolvent, to him, or to any person, firm, corporation or association for his use; and the said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered.

It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Hon. A. P. Catlin, Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, on the 26th day of February, 1892, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor.

It is further ordered, that this order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the day set for the meeting of creditors.

And it is further ordered, that in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Dated January 15, A. D. 1892.

A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court.

W. H. HUMPHREY, Attorney for Petitioner.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to KATE PYNE, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 25th day of November, 1891, in which action Ah Hon and Louis Pong are plaintiffs and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a judgment of this Court against you for the sum of One Thousand Six Hundred and Sixty-one and 8/10 Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from you to said plaintiffs in pursuance of a certain agreement in writing made between you and said plaintiffs on the 15th day of November, 1888, whereby you agreed to pay plaintiffs two-fifths of the net return from the sale of fruit, and one half of the net return from the sale of vegetables and melons raised on the lands of the plaintiffs. That the net return of the sale of fruit in the year 1891 amounted to Five Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-five and 1/10 Dollars; and the net return of the sale of vegetables and melons amounted to Six hundred and Forty-nine and 9/10 Dollars, and for costs of suit, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiffs will enter your default and take judgment against you for the sum of \$1,665.90 and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court this 25th day of November, A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. Doody, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiffs, de12-2m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, State of California.—In the matter of Arthur Turner, an insolvent debtor. Arthur Turner, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in insolvency, by which appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said Arthur Turner is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said Arthur Turner, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm, or corporation, or association, for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered.

It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, on the 12th day of February, 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is further ordered that the order be published in the THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the County of Sacramento, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated, January 7th, 1892.

A. P. CATLIN, Judge of the Superior Court.

GEO. G. DAVIS, Attorney for Petitioner. ja9-5t

"A Kentucky Gentleman, Sah."

An easterner, while riding along a bowlder-strewn road in Kentucky, espied an old fellow approaching, dragging his feet as if they were encumbrances, and shaking his fist toward the skies above.

"Good morning, dear sir. What's the matter with you?" was the horseman's greeting.

"No matter 'tall; jes fresh cut!"

"I mean no offense. You looked like a man sufferin' from some unusual trouble."

"Am sufferin'; but 'ta'nt nuthin' unusual; jes as usual as daylight, sah."

"Would you object to telling me your trouble? I might assist you."

"I don't object ter telling ye, but as fer assistin' me, nuthin' short of death can do that."

"Is it that bad?"

"Yes, an' wus too. I'm a married man, sah!"

"Family trouble, then?"

"No; jes my trouble. All the others o' the family are enjoyin' themselves, while I suffer, an' weep, and pray to die."

"How does it all come?"

"Comes with a second wife, sah. A mean painter of a woman that I married a week ago. Oh, Lordy, you don't know how I suffer, an' how that wildcat watches my life-blood a-drippin' away! I once had a good woman. Oh, she was a woman right. For thirty blessed years we lived together. Durin' that ar time no woman ever served a man better. She 'tended fifteen acres of co'n ever' summer, an' never was the woman ter say to me, 'Jake, hadn't yer better help me a little ter-day?' or, 'Jake, how would you like to go an' feed the hogs an' fodder the cattle this morning?' No, sah; she loved her man too well fer that. But I reckon I'm treated right fer not obeyin' her deathbed reques'. Jes afore death cum ter take her, she sed: 'Jake, don't never marry. Don't do it, Jake. You'll not find ever'body like Becky. Some varmint of a woman, I'm afeard, will git you and expect ye to h'p do the work.' I'm a Kentucky gentleman, sah; never was raised to work, sah. Catch more foxes than anybody in the county; that's a gentleman's sport, sah. Well, I didn't take Becky's advice, sah. I married agin a week ago, as I sed afore. The next mornin' arter the splice she wanted me ter git up an' make the fire. Two days later she tried ter force me to h'p gather a load o' co'n. Yistiday she wanted me to go up on the mountain an' haul down a load o' pine knots, sah. I, of course refused, sah, as became a Kentucky gentleman, sah, an' she threw a gourd of soft soap on me! An hour ago, jes afore I started off, she larruped me with a sled standard ter try ter make me turn the grindstone while she ground the axe. I'm a Kentucky gentleman, sah, an' won't stand it, sah! I'm going down ter 'Squire Jimmison's ter git a divorce, sah. I must be in a hurry, sah, as the 'squire is going off to-day. Good-mornin', sah.—*Harpers Magazine.*

Shadows of Venus.

Purinkja discovered a very simple and highly entertaining experiment by means of which the retina, with all its veins and blood vessels standing out in relief against it, can be thrown into the air before one's eyes. It is called the aborescent figure, from its likeness to a many-branched tree, and is produced in the following manner: In a dark room at night move a candle backward and forward before the eyes, these being firmly fixed on the walls beyond. After a few seconds the air will assume a reddish appearance, and running over it in all directions may be seen the veins and blood vessels in bold relief, while toward the center of the figure there rises up a dark trunk, from which the veins branch out on all sides. The trunk is visible where the optic nerve enters the eye, and this experiment is chiefly interesting to the student as proving that the parts of the retina which actually receive and produce the sensation of light must lie behind the blood vessels, since these cast their shadow on to it, and we are enabled to see them, as we see any other object, externally.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Meteor of the Sea.

The jelly-fish shines in the sea at night just as the meteor does in the over-arching sky. One of the most wonderful of these fishes ever seen was that viewed by Mr. Telfair, the naturalist, in 1840, near Bombay. Natives had reported at various times that a gigantic flaming monster had been seen in the sea, and some said they had beheld it in the sky years before, evidently meaning a comet. Finally Mr. Telfair himself saw the creature, which proved to be a jelly-fish of enormous size. Its tentacles at night seemed a fiery train over three hundred feet in length. Each tentacle appeared like a red-hot wire gleaming with a brilliant light, while the body was like a huge electric globe, throwing out light for many feet about it. The jelly-fish finally ran ashore, or was washed in. For several nights after it stranded it gave out so strong a light that it was visible for a considerable distance, and illuminated the forms and faces of those who stood about it with great brilliancy. It is estimated that it weighed two tons, and is believed to have been the largest invertebrate animal ever seen.

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. * JOHNSTON * & * CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTERS,

410 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Cards,
Circulars,
Ball Tickets,
Programmes,
Posters,
Billheads,
Statements,
Letterheads,
Noteheads,
Envelopes,
Show Cards,
Wedding Invitations,
Briefs and
Transcripts,
Legal Blanks,
Constitutions and
By-Laws,
Postal Cards,
Election Tickets,
Great Registers.

*** Election Printing. ***

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outside of San Francisco.

ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR
PROMPTLY FILLED.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

410 J STREET.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL
HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HAHN'S

Eau de Quinine,

Or, QUININE HAIR TONIC.

The stimulating effects of this tonic are unrivaled for removing dandruff, preserving the scalp in a healthy condition, rendering the hair soft, pliable and brilliant. It promotes the growth of the hair, prevents the same from falling out, and imparts to it an agreeable perfume.

JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,

Sacramento, Cal.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California
Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St.

SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County
Coroner. Telephone 134.

Gruhler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

**THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY**

WE HAVE OVER ONE THOUSAND PASTEUR
Germ-proof Filters in use in private residences, hotels, restaurants and saloons. If a single one of them is not giving entire satisfaction we have not heard of it.

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

Justice Prevailed.

There was once a robber in Cairo who fell from the second story of a house he was trying to enter and broke his leg. Thereupon he went to the cadi and complained. The man's window was badly made, and he wanted justice. The cadi said that was reasonable, and he summoned the owner of the house. The owner confessed that the house was poorly built, but claimed that the carpenter was to blame and not he.

This struck the cadi as sound logic, and he sent for the carpenter. "The charge is, alas! too true," said the carpenter; "but the masonry was at fault, and I couldn't fit a good window." So the cadi, impressed with the reasonableness of the argument, sent for the mason.

The mason pleaded guilty, but explained that a pretty girl in a blue gown had passed the building while he was at work, and that his attention had been diverted from his work. The cadi then demanded that the girl be brought before him.

"It is true," she said, "that I am pretty, but it's no fault of mine. If my gown attracted the mason, the dyer should be punished and not I." "Quite true," said the cadi; "send for the dyer."

The dyer was brought to the bar, and, hoping to help his business, he pleaded guilty. That settled it. The cadi told his robber to take the guilty wretch to his house and hang him from the doorsill, and the populace rejoiced that justice had been done. But pretty soon the crowd returned to the cadi's house, complaining that the dyer was too long to be hanged from his doorsill. "Oh, well," said the cadi, who by that time was suffering with ennui, "go find a short dyer and hang him. Justice shall prevail!"

Rosemary.

In the south of Europe the rosemary has long had magic properties ascribed to it. The Spanish ladies used to wear it as an antidote against the evil eye, and the Portuguese called it the Elfyn plant, and dedicated it to the fairies. The idea of the antidote may have been due to a confusion of the name with that of the virgin; but, as a matter of fact, the "rosmarinus" is frequently mentioned by old Latin writers, including Horace and Ovid. The name came from the fondness of the plant for the seashore, where it often gets sprinkled with the "ros" or dew of the sea, that is to say sea spray. Another cause of confusion, perhaps, was that the leaves of the plant somewhat resembled those of the juniper, which in medieval times was held sacred to the Virgin Mary.

In the island of Crete, it is said, a bride dressed for the wedding still calls, last of all, for a sprig of rosemary to bring her luck. And now we come to find rosemary in close association with both marriage and death, just as the hyacinth was, and perhaps still is, among the Greeks. It is interesting to trace the connection by which the same plant came to have two such different uses.

One of the earliest mentions of rosemary in English literature is in a poem of the fourteenth century, called "The Glorouse Rosemaryne," which begins thus:

This herbe is callit rosemaryne,
Of vertu that is gode and fyne;
But all the vortues tell I ne can,
Nor, I trowe, erthely man.

A Cry of Despair.

"Some time ago," says a Missourian, "a poor family came to our town. There was a widow and three daughters, two of them about grown. They took up their quarters in an old deserted house, and it wasn't long until we heard that they hadn't anything to eat.

"Well, a lot of us went out to the old house, and, sure enough, there they were, mighty nigh starved to death. Right there, sir, we raised \$8, and told the widow we'd see that she didn't go hungry. The grateful woman gave the money to her daughter, and said: 'Lou, you and the children run right away down town and get something with this money.'

"Well, off the girl put, and we waited to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them satisfy their hunger. They came back after a while, and now, what do you reckon they had bought?"

"I have no idea."

"Well, sir, they bought four finger rings and a quart of molasses!"

"The miserable fools. The poor mother must have been indignant."

"You bet she was."

"And what did she say?"

"Why, she said: 'Lou, I'd like to know what in common sense made you buy so many of these here blamed molasses!'"—*New York Tribune.*

Binkle—I had a great notion to lick my boy for getting to the bottom of his geography class to day. Pinkle—Why didn't you? Binkle—Well, he put some of the questions to me that the teacher put to him, and as I couldn't answer one of 'em, I let him go and licked the teacher.

She had a face like half-past six,
'Twould frighten a Chinese squall;
So in self defense we had to turn
Her picture to the wall.

W. D. Comstock, 501--507 K, Cor. Fifth FURNITURE and BEDDING.

On Exhibition, THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

FAIR DEALING!

LOW PRICES!

A. C. SHAW & CO.

1033 EIGHTH STREET,

Sacramento, California,

BRANCH AGENCY FOR THE

World-Renowned Knabe,

HAINES, HEMME & LONG, GILBERT & CO.

And other

PIANOS.

The Original Mathushek Piano.

THE LATEST STYLES OF ORGANS.

The Largest Stock!

The Best Quality!

And the Lowest Prices!

North of San Francisco.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO HOLIDAY TRADE

FRED. KOLLIKER,

Pharmaceutical * Chemist,

S.W. Cor. Sixth and J Streets,

SACRAMENTO.

Importer of Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Essential Oils, Perfumery and Fancy Goods. Dealer in Artificial Teeth and Dental Supplies of every description.

J. J. DUNCKHORST,

Interior Decorating.

LATEST DESIGNS IN

WALL PAPER DECORATIONS.

1225 J Street,

Sacramento.

SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House

1019 SECOND STREET,

Between J and K, SACRAMENTO.

First-class in every respect. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night.

BUCKMAN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors.

Futterer's Saloon,

1118 J Street, bet. 11th and 12th, Sacramento,

FRED. FUTTERER, Proprietor.

(Formerly driver for the Columbus Brewery.)

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Fine, Cool, Sharp Beer, 5 Cents a Glass.

A FINE POOL TABLE.

CALL ON THE

AGENT

OF THE

SUN INSURANCE CO.

AT

1014 FOURTH STREET,

WHEN WANTING INSURANCE.

Losses Paid Since Organization, - \$1,082,224.46

THEO. J. MILLIKEN,

Manager Sacramento Branch

ODELL & HERZOG,

Wholesale and Retail Butchers,

1020 AND 1022 K STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Families, Hotels and Restaurants Supplied with the BEST OF MEATS.

ASK YOUR GROCER

FOR THE

SACRAMENTO

Packing and Drying Company's

GOODS.

They Are the Best.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,

CONTRACTOR.

Artificial Stone Sidewalks.

2321 G Street, Sacramento, Cal.

The Play,

WM. FAWCETT,

PROPRIETOR.

Metropolitan Theater Building,

423 K Street, Sacramento

DAVE'S.

1022 FOURTH STREET.

Next door to Postoffice,

SACRAMENTO

Southern Pacific Company

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

December 6, 1891.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

Lv.	Trains Run Daily.	Arr.
6:50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:05 A
8:00 A	Calistoga and Napa	8:40 P
3:05 P	Vallejo and Calistoga	8:40 P
10:50 P	Ashland and Portland via Chico	4:20 A
7:00 P	Denning, El Paso and East	6:35 P
7:35 P	Knight's Landing and Oroville	7:40 A
10:40 A	Los Angeles and Mojave	10:30 A
11:55 A	Second Class, Ogden and East	6:45 P
10:00 P	Central Atlantic Express	7:40 A
3:00 P	Oroville, via Roseville Junction	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:35 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
4:35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:05 A
6:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:30 A
8:00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8:40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	9:40 P
7:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	10:30 P
10:00 A	San Francisco via Steamer	6:00 A
10:40 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2:50 P
10:40 A	San Jose	2:50 P
7:00 P	Santa Barbara	10:30 A
6:50 A	Santa Rosa	11:05 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	8:40 P
8:30 A	Stockton and Galt	10:30 A
10:40 A	Stockton and Galt	2:50 P
7:00 P	Stockton and Galt	6:35 P
11:55 A	Truckee and Reno	7:40 A
10:00 P	Truckee and Reno	6:45 P
6:50 A	Vallejo	8:40 P
3:05 P	Vallejo	11:05 A
6:50 A	Folsom and Placerville	2:40 P
12:15 P	Folsom and Placerville	10:20 A
4:45 P	Folsom	8:00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A for morning. P for afternoon.
RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

California State Bank

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT.....N. D. RIDEOUT
VICE-PRESIDENT.....FRED'K COX
CASHIER.....A. ABBOTT
ASSISTANT CASHIER.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:

C. W. Clarke, Jos. Steffens, N. D. Rideout,
Geo. C. Perkins, J. R. Watson, Frederick Cox,
W. E. Gerber.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

OF SACRAMENTO.

\$100,000 TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE.
Semi-annual Dividends on Deposits. Correspondence promptly answered.

WM. BECKMAN, President.

GEO. W. LORENZ, Cashier.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

Importers and Jobbers of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coal, Powder,

MACHINERY

And Agricultural Implements.

Send for Catalogue.

PHOENIX BAKERY

C. SCHURR, Proprietor,

Southwest Corner Thirteenth and J Streets.

Bread, Pies and Cakes,

FRESH EVERY MORNING,

Delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

SACRAMENTO

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

FRONT AND N STREETS.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings, Guttenberger's Patent Ground Roller; all kinds of iron doors and gratings for sidewalks and awnings.

WM. GUTENBERGER, Proprietor.

HOWE'S

High School and Normal Institute

SIXTH STREET, BET. J AND K,

SACRAMENTO.

Its course of instruction is thorough, and its methods of teaching systematic and ORIGINAL. Those who desire a thorough education, and especially those who expect to make teaching a profession, are cordially invited to examine for themselves its methods of instruction. Its doors are always open; there are no vacations.

THEMIS



Vol. III.

SACRAMENTO: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

No. 52.

THEMIS: Published weekly, by D. JOHNSTON & Co. Publication Office, 410 J Street. Subscription—One year, by mail, \$3 00; six months, by mail, \$1 50, in advance; per month, by carrier, 25 cents. (Entered at the Post Office at Sacramento as second-class matter.)

WINFIELD J. DAVIS AND W. A. ANDERSON, Editors.
W. J. HASSETT, Managing Editor.

Throughout the Atlantic states the national republican party is now effecting a complete organization for the approaching presidential campaign. The issues are plainly defined, and are simply protection, reciprocity, and honest money on the republican side, with free trade and depreciated currency as the democratic slogan. There is no room for any other national party in this contest. The present congress, which is largely democratic, is floundering amid the issues, and is practically without a leader on the majority side. The epigram of General Grant, "that the democrats could always be relied on to do the wrong thing at the right time," was never more likely to be verified than now. The people have been taught to realize that the doctrine of protection to American industry and manufacture is the true American idea, and that the calamities prognosticated by the democratic free traders have not come to pass. We are, therefore, on a progressive and aggressive platform, while the opposition is on the run and on the defensive. But notwithstanding the issues are made up, there must be thorough organization of the party cohorts, and the Pacific states, are thus far without any systematic organization. It must be observed that the democracy is always organized by means of its leagues and clubs, which centers in that great and powerful organization known as "Tammany," in New York. Our state central committee is moving in the right direction by calling upon the republicans to muster in force in this state by the organization of clubs in every precinct in the state. To-night there will be a meeting of republicans to consummate the plan and idea of the central committee. In this there must be no selfishness, no attempt to further individual interests, all must be sunk in the welfare of the great party.

In the issue of THEMIS of last week we spoke concerning the mandamus proceedings brought by the city board of education against the city trustees. Those proceedings have been brought in the superior court. While it is a misfortune there should be a clashing between the arms of the municipal government, we are convinced the board of education could not have acted otherwise. Last week we published the law governing both boards with relation to the estimates for the support of the city schools, and demonstrated that the board of education had followed the law strictly. That board in making up their estimate was governed by the provision of section 18, article xi of the constitution: "No county, city, town, township, board of education, or school district shall incur any indebtedness or liability in any manner, or for any purpose, exceeding in any year the income and revenue provided for it for such year. * * * Any indebtedness or liability incurred contrary to this provision shall be void."

Can language be plainer? Let us look back at the history of the state and municipal governments and we can see a reason for this wise provision. So early as 1856 Governor Johnson called the attention of the legislature that by the improvidence that had prevailed, and was then prevailing, the state was becoming bankrupt. This warning was reiterated by succeeding gov-

ernors, until finally a rigid prohibitory constitutional provision was enacted remedying this evil. The wisdom of this enactment has been proven, and it was found so essentially wise and sound that the last constitutional convention made it applicable to municipal governments.

If a city was ever cursed by the recklessness of its past officials, surely Sacramento must be counted among the number. Our bonded indebtedness is a monument of past negligence, almost criminal, and a legacy of bitterness and hatred under which the present generation are suffering. To prevent a repetition of such mal-administration is the desire of the board of education. A revision of the tax levies for school and other purposes in this city from 1875, a period of 16 years, may be of interest; and in considering the figures it should be remembered the assessment roll was not materially increased until very recently. In 1875, the total city tax was \$1 67 on the \$100, and of that 35 cents was for school purposes, the maximum the law contemplates. In 1876, of a total of \$2 08, the school tax was 35 cents. In 1877, it remained the same upon a total levy of \$2. In 1878, while the levy was increased to \$2 20, the school tax was reduced to 30 cents. In 1879, the total tax was \$2 50, and the schools obtained 30 cents. In 1880, the tax levy was \$2, and the schools had 30 cents. In 1881-2 the figures were the same. In 1883, the total tax was \$1 60, and the schools obtained 30 cents. In 1884, total rate was astonishingly low, \$1 20, and yet the school tax remained at 30 cents. In 1885, the school rate was the same upon a levy of \$1 90. In 1886, the tax levy was increased to \$2 10, and the school tax was cut down to 15 cents. The school records of that year disclose that, "on motion of J. F. Slater, it was ordered that the board require the city trustees to levy a city tax of 25 cents on each \$100 taxable property for the support of the city schools for the year 1886. All voted aye except E. K. Alsip, who moved to put 20 in place of 25, but received no second." And Mr. Alonzo Conklin voted thereon, and was then chairman of the finance committee. The glorious result of this financial wisdom was a shortage at the end of the year of \$8,302, which has been an incubus upon all succeeding boards. In 1887, the school tax was 20 cents upon a total of \$1 90. This year, and Mr. Alonzo Conklin was president of the board, a tax levy of 25 cents was asked for, and the finance record of the board shows a deficit of \$8,406 36, which indebtedness was generously handed over as a New Year's present to the succeeding board. In 1888, the total tax rate was \$2, and the school levy 28 cents. The minutes show that the tax was not deemed sufficient, and a motion to mandamus was made, but no action was taken. In 1889, the tax levy for school purposes was 32 cents, though the board did request a levy of 35 cents. In 1890, there was a school tax of 29 cents on a total tax levy of \$2 20. In 1891, the school tax was 32 cents on a total of \$2 20; the board asked for 35 cents. In this year there was, however, levied a special police tax of 12 cents, so that in reality the tax rate was \$2 32. For the current year the school tax has been levied at 26 cents, while 35 cents has been asked for. The incoming board found a deficit at the beginning of this year, even with a 32-cent levy of \$4,000, which is the natural result of former inadequate levies. The consequences resulting from these shortages are dilapidated school-houses, yards that in the winter season have pools of water, sidewalks that menace life and limb, the general lacking of

necessary school apparatus, and many other necessities and conveniences absolutely requisite for the comfort and better instruction of our children.

We were about to say the pending municipal election is of peculiarity; on slight reflection we know it is not. A painful sameness; an attack upon the republican nominees, and from the established quarter. The *Bee* has the undoubted right to do as it pleases; it is a business journal. But the *Record-Union*—there is a consistent history that extends over a decade.

We do not complain the owners of the *Record-Union*—the Southern Pacific Company—do engage in politics. True it has been, we have assisted the corporation to protect it against unjust assault; will do so again if necessity will occur. But there has been a declaration the corporation is out of politics, and as the late Jeff. Davis put it, desire to be severely let alone. We do not fully understand it that way, else why in the world does dictation come from San Francisco relative to the control of nominating conventions and elections here? We are free to say we do not believe the directory of the company are at all concerned in the local politics of this city and county; it cannot, however, escape the notice of our people San Francisco influence is exerted to direct and control our local politics. But merciful, it would be Sacramento city should be permitted to run its municipal affairs without the intervention of self-constituted guardians, whose judgment so far has not been creditable to themselves, and whose future, as we have it now outlined, may justly be characterized as vile. Someone who essayed to speak for the Southern Pacific Company from San Francisco assumed the responsibility of naming in advance the persons the people of this county should elect to the legislature; and the names were peddled about on the streets. Our primaries and conventions were shaped to the end they would be returned. If the company is out of politics it should muzzle some of its officious subordinates.

That the *Record-Union* is not owned in Sacramento is understood; that Mr. Huntington is not concerned in its publication here would seem manifest from a significant sentence in one of the famous letters introduced in the Colton case: that the best thing to do with it would be to box it up and cast it into the river. Yet it is the people of Sacramento are not permitted to mildly elect members of their municipal governing board without the dictation of gentlemen from abroad. This matter of interference is not new. Some years ago Mr. Brown was nominated for mayor by the democrats. The republicans tendered the nomination to several gentlemen of good character and excellent standing, but they declined and explained that circumstances appeared which made their declinations imperative. Finally, Mr. Steffens accepted the republican nomination. The files of the *Record-Union* contain much of evidence: the paper first committed itself to Steffens; at the last moment "a change came o'er the spirit of its dreams;" it was a matter of public comment on the streets the night before the last flop—the orders had been received from below it should support Brown.

Three years ago the predicament of the local management of the foreign organ was indeed pitiable; a placement of men that justified the homicide of those responsible for their position. It had been determined below a democrat should be elected to the board of trustees of Sacramento, and the journalistic exponent

of the policy of the San Francisco owners so directed the trimming of the sails of the hyphenized organ of thought that foundation was laid for democratic success, through the creation of a false issue on the liquor-license question. It was presented in a shape that Major McLaughlin, the democratic nominee, could declare himself in favor of low license, and be assured of the liquor vote, while whomever might be presented by the republicans would be placed in the position of absolutely losing that vote, with no assurance of support from the high-license advocates—a standpoint that had no relief from small treachery. It did happen, however, when Mr. Stevens received the republican nomination the directors at the San Francisco helm determined, at the eleventh hour, to support him. The orders came too late. We must credit the local management with the wearing out of much shoe leather in traveling about the city to solicit the counsel of leading republicans as to the best way to extricate the paper from an awkward bog. It was impossible, however, to rectify the blunder that had been committed. There have been generals who had the capacity to direct their troops from a distance; it is of demonstration, however, warriors have been more successful who were present on the field. The principle is generally the same: to successfully conduct a newspaper the controllers should be upon the ground. The telephone is a remarkable invention, but it is not in it when it is employed to run a newspaper in a distant town.

For a reason that is unexplained the policy of the San Francisco owners of the *Record-Union* has been for years back to antagonize the republican ticket, and to saddle the municipality with an incompetent board. It is refreshing they speak of "control, bossism, and hirelings." There may be a satisfaction the shortage bills of the concern will be paid without worryment or good management by the local engineers. Much they are in the position of the son-in-law to wealth: wife's daddy will paint the house. There is, however, the compensation to the editor of a paper of independence: he can write untrammelled; if he makes an erroneous break, like dying, he must do it alone.

Now it does occur from the consultation had Sunday the dictators at San Francisco determined to strike at Mr. Green, the republican nominee for trustee. We presume this determination surprises no one; it but comports with their attitude with relation to the affairs of the people of Sacramento they have pursued for years past. It does seem remarkable the Southern Pacific Company will permit its subordinates to interject a subtle influence in the government of a city that from the standpoint of human charity should be spared a blow from a distance, and from men who are not in position to know our needs. The people here have been conspicuously subservient; why rub it in? It would hardly seem in this late day necessity exists a democratic organ should be maintained here by the company. It would seem they could as well run their roads and permit local enterprise to own and conduct the press; the people to elect their local officers without foreign interference.

Inconsistency. About biennially we are appealed to to down the democracy. In 1882 it was not the case; then Stoneman was the favorite gubernatorial candidate of the railroad people. The medicine received from the legislature of 1883, it would seem, should be remembered. Let that, however, go. It is not for us to excuse the unpardonable folly of the political management of railroad politics of late years. It does, however, strike us time has come common sense should sway. To blow hot at one election, cold at another; to manifestly strike at the financial interests of the people of a friendly city, it seems to us, hardly wisdom.

Now it is the mandate comes from below our people must defeat Mr. Green for second trustee. If we understand it right, the claim is made the democratic candidate, Major McLaughlin, knows more about the duties of the office than his republican competitor; that the city has educated him, and therefore Green should not be in the fight. The fact is, Green has resided in this state and in Nevada since 1850, and for most of that time was a mining superintendent, and did control men and important works. Our grave foreign contem-

porary seems fearful Mr. Green will need education relative to the streets, levees, sewerage system, water-works, etc., and it would appear, did calamity befall Major McLaughlin, his place could not be filled. We do not know what our nervous neighbors would do should la grippe seize strong hold of him, or if the impetuous minister of state, Mr. Blaine, would declare hostilities with a foreign power. Think! would it be, the military ardor of the major would draw him into the combat; possibly to perishment! Who would be left amongst us who could determine the difference between an improved street and a section of the north levee? To whom could we look for information as to the location of the quarry from whence the cement blocks for our patent sidewalks are obtained? Upon the question of the disposition of the city sewage, it occurs to us other cities have looked into the matter somewhat. Our recollection is, the subject has been periodically agitated here since at least December, 1882. That nothing has been done save to talk about it is perhaps due to the fact the local managers of our San Francisco contemporary have not sufficiently educated the street commissioner.

And the mysterious water-works! We have taken the trouble to get information concerning them, and the information was furnished us by a school-boy. From his statement we are led to believe an underground pipe taps the Sacramento river at the foot of I street and extends to the city hall. The lad explained to us that the purpose of the men in shoveling coal into a furnace in the lower story was to warm up the water in the boilers above, and that the steam generated was utilized to turn a piece of machinery that resembles the entrails of a clock, save that it is constructed on a larger scale and has no pendulum. Attached to this engine is a crank that works a bar of iron in and out of a large iron barrel. It was explained to us that this was one of the pumps that sucked the water from the river and forced it into the arterial water system of the city. We may not have understood this thing thoroughly, and perhaps the conductors of our daily contemporary are right that a matter of that kind cannot be understood by a man of ordinary intelligence, except after a public education of something like three years. It would be perhaps impolitic did we rashly jump at a conclusion from the representations made to us by the school boy-referred to. However, we venture that if the water in the Sacramento river holds out, if the men will keep on shoveling coal into the furnace and the pumps do not break down, the people of this community will continue to receive their usual water supply, the bondholders will continue to draw their 55 per cent. gross of the revenue, and the host of water collectors will have a fair opportunity to consume the balance. We readily comprehend the embarrassment a raw trustee will labor under, and the necessity there should be a *Record-Union* education of the members of our governing board. We might assume from the gravity of the statements of the *Record-Union* a green citizen who would discover water running from a hydrant at a point three feet above the natural surface, would assume the water was running up hill, and that it would take him about three years to learn the contrary. If it is imperative we shall educate trustees before they will be elected, why in the world should our contemporary not advocate that a special class for that purpose be maintained in the public schools?

We look upon this matter lightly in the sense that the objections urged from San Francisco are nonsensical, and we are conscious they lack in sincerity. However, we desire to enter a very earnest protest against a repetition of past betrayments, and urge that the people of Sacramento shall assume control of their own affairs.

We believe that there is no question of such vital importance to the people of this country as that of the annexation of the dominion of Canada to the United States. Our statesmen in the past have treated this matter with altogether too much apathy. They have seemed to feel as though we had no interest in our neighbor whatever. But within the past few years a number of difficult problems have presented themselves for solution, of vast importance to each country, which have been a source of constant irritation and friction.

Among the more prominent of these questions are the cod and seal fishery disputes and the settlement of the boundary between Alaska and British Columbia.

Canada possesses a population of nearly 5,000,000. The border line between Canada and the United States is over 4,000 miles long, and for a space of 500 miles immediately north of that line the land is exceedingly fertile. The greater portion of this immense tract of country is one of the finest small-grain growing countries in the world. Since the construction of the Canadian Pacific railway, the lands immediately north of Montana, Dakota and Minnesota are being settled. The population of Manitoba and Assinaboia and Alberta has nearly doubled in the past decade. The amounts produced of wheat, barley, rye and oats, per acre, in these last mentioned provinces, greatly exceed the production of any except the most favored portions of the United States. The dominion of Canada is by far the best watered and best timbered portion of North America, and the stretch of country referred to above, lying east of the Rocky Mountains, 2,000 miles long and 500 miles wide, is by no means the cold, bleak, uninhabitable country imagined. Lying in the same latitude as that of Great Britain, and south of that of Norway and Sweden, the natural rigor of the north being tempered by the ocean breeze from the Japanese current, the winters are not as long nor so severe as those in the northern portion of Dakota and Minnesota.

It has been estimated that Canada is capable of easily supporting 100,000,000 of people. Whether this be true or not it is able to support a vast population, and all of her interests are identical with ours. We have by the exercise of a farseeing statesmanship protected our industries so that we have become a great manufacturing people. The high rate of wages paid to artisans and to laborers of all grades and occupations has attracted an immense immigration to this country from all the nations of Europe. Railroads have been laid in every direction throughout our broad domain. But the available lands have nearly all been taken up by settlers and speculators, and the poor man can with difficulty obtain lands from the government. The result is that the poorer class of people are driven to the cities to find employment, and when found, at a comparatively poor remuneration. This has created a feeling of unrest among the laboring classes. We notice this in the increased number of strikes that are almost daily inaugurated. By annexing Canada a vast domain would be opened up for immediate settlement. Instead of the great rush that is being made for the large cities the tide would again turn toward the country and toward agricultural employments.

The policy of our government has been for forty years to encourage the location of government land by actual settlers. The laws are gradually becoming more stringent, so that it is very difficult for speculators to obtain large tracts of land. A nation is great in proportion to the number of its small land holdings. Curtail the immigration laws and Canada will afford lands for settlement for fifty years to come. Again, Canada is seriously considering the adoption of a free trade policy. This will be done for the very reason that our country has a high protective tariff. Manufactures will be started in that country, and with over four thousand miles of frontier to guard, it will be impossible to prevent smuggling at a wholesale rate. Again, Canada has an unlimited quantity of the finest timber just north of our border. Our own forests have been denuded to supply the great and increasing demand. Unless Canada is annexed by us she will supply us with timber at a great loss to us. Why, then, not annex her to the United States? There is no good reason why we should not. A great majority of her people are in favor of it, and are continually agitating the question. In fact, the great dividing line between the political parties of Canada is based upon this very question of annexation. They are a brave, honest, industrious people. Her sons and daughters are by tens of thousands annually migrating to the United States to get the benefit of our tariff laws, and those that remain have thus the strongest reasons for being joined to us. Let us then annex her, as we can do so peaceably. We will then be one nation in fact, and the people of both countries can cut bait and fish, cut timber, manufac-

ture, raise agricultural products without regard to tariff questions or treaty stipulations, and have nearly the whole of North America to exchange their commodities in. We are allied to them by blood, customs and manners. Let us hasten the day when we shall be joined to them in fact and in deed.

The Stage.

[Under this caption will appear a fair and impartial criticism of the drama, actors, music, and all noteworthy matters pertaining to the stage.]

The New York debut of Joseph Grismer and Phœbe Davis will be made in August at the Madison Square Theater.

Mr. Wilkinson's Widows was given at the Metropolitan last night to a good house. It is a pretty and attractive comedy. It will be repeated to night.

George Hanlon, the famous acrobat, is about to enter the ministry. He ought to give a good illustration of muscular Christianity.

Jerome Eddy is writing a new play which will be heard next season. It will have a sensational scene which will employ six horses.

John R. Rogers has booked over one-half of Wilson's Barrett's tour for next year. Mr. Barrett will bring over from London two new plays and his own company.

John W. Mackay, Jr., gave an elaborate dinner party in honor of Marie Van Zandt, in New York a few evenings since. Mackay is 22 years old—and Marie is 20, too.

"So he praised my singing, did he?" "Yes; he said it was heavenly." "Did he really say that?" "Well, not exactly, but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly."

On Monday night Hoyt's latest and greatest success, *A Texas Steer*, will be given at the Metropolitan. The company is substantially the same that presented the comedy last year.

"Won't you favor us with one of your own pieces?" said Mrs. De Porque to the professor. "Vell, since you vish eet, I vill play you a number from my new opera." "Certainly, professor," said Mrs. De Porque, with affability, "as many as you wish; but, professor, a number of what?"

Mr. Lorimer Stoddard, the actor, is a son of the poet Richard Henry Stoddard. He has made a success of his stage career, and is remembered as the funny little lord in Robson and Crane's *The Henrietta*. Mr. Stoddard has also found time to do some literary work, and is the author of the little comedy *She'll be Happy To-morrow*.

The four-act farce of *The Cabinet Minister*, by Arthur W. Pinero, is bright and entertaining, but unquestionably better suited for the closet than for the stage, though with its parts assigned to competent actors it would not be dull. The vivacious Imogen Twombly retains to the dance in the closing scene the interest which she excites at first. The humor throughout is fresh and enlivening.

On Thursday night Miss Mabel Casedy took her departure to join the Carleton opera company. We feel assured that there is a high place in store for Miss Casedy on the operatic stage. She is possessed of a strong, clear voice, and has a magnificent stage presence. Whenever the young lady appeared before the public as an amateur she evinced fine dramatic as well as musical power. We expect to hear of great achievements from our little Sacramento nightingale.

Manager Norton has a really good stock company at the Clunie. The production of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* this week was superior to the original in many particulars. Georgie Cooper is a bright little genius. In her personation there was originality without the shadow of imitation. The cast throughout was excellent, each artist fitting the part. Craig, Cooper, Delano, Benrimo, Miss Woodthorpe and Miss Carmen form a splendid stock combination. The staging at this house is of the best. To-night and Sunday night this company will present the popular play *Among the Pines*, in which Miss Woodthorpe is said to be particularly happy. The management will have two new attractions next week.

Edmund C. Stanton, in the *North American Review*, gives an interesting history of the opera from a national view, from which we extract the following: The impresario of the future will not confine himself to Italy or to Germany. The Slavic countries and Hungary have already produced operas of sterling merit and startling originality. And what a splendid operatic mine has yet to be exploited for our benefit in Russia, which can boast of not only a national but of an international operatic repertory, including works by composers of all countries, not excepting Wagner, and which has symphonic and operatic composers like Rubinstein and Tschaiowsky. Turning to Bohemia, there is Devorak, whose cantatas alone are known to us, but who has written several interesting operas for

the Bohemian stage; while England has produced of late years several grand operas by her native composers, some of which have been adopted in the German operatic repertory. France, too, has many modern writers of opera, whose works have not yet been heard here, but which have found brilliant interpretation, for the most part in Brussels.

Book Chat.

Bill Nye's pretense that he has written a play is about the funniest thing he ever did.

Julien Gordon, otherwise known as Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, weeps profusely and refuses to be comforted when her books are unfavorably criticised by the newspapers.

Richard Malcolm Johnson has completed a novel which he regards as his strongest work. It is called "Widow Guthrie," and pictures various social phases in the Georgia of sixty years ago.

Walt Whitman, Robert Browning, Martin Tupper: three men who in life tasted the sweet of popularity because they were peculiar. Tupper's fame did not last as long as he. Browning's began to decline on the day of his death. Will Whitman's linger on when he is gone?

A new edition of the writings of Thomas Jefferson has been edited by Paul Leicester Ford for the Putnams. Mr. Ford has for years devoted himself to studies in earlier American history, and has given special attention to the subject of Jefferson. The edition comprises ten volumes.

We need no longer go to France, Greece, or Great Britain for our plays. The time has come when the United States produces her own drama, as she produces her own poetry, oratory, newspapers and bread-stuffs. American soil and genius have a legitimate and promising field in drama, as in all else.

Mark Trafton is preaching to mankind the philosophy of hearty breakfasts, and a good philosophy it is. The poet stated a pat truth when he said: "Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day;" but fate usually encounters the ordinary man during the daytime before the dinner hour, and a well-filled stomach is a good bulwark against it.

The London *Literary Opinion* chivalrously regrets that so few American writers are known over there, but names "Mr." Craddock as one of our reputable authors whose novels are read. It says that "Mr." Craddock deserves a vogue far better than many another of "his" compatriots; that "Mr." Craddock has a pretty humor, and "he" has also pathos, etc. Our literary critic forgets that this gifted writer is not a "Mr."

"The Story of Jane Austen's Life," by Oscar Fay Adams. Jane Austen, the novelist, is too well known to the literary world to need much more said concerning her; but Jane Austen, the woman, is still a stranger to most of those who read her books. To place her before the world as the winsome, delightful woman that she really was, and thus to dispel the unattractive, not to say forbidding, mental picture that so many have formed of her, was the purpose of the author of this volume, who received the hearty collaboration of the Austen kindred.

Among the rare and valuable books in the late Duke of Devonshire's library there are a few of which there are no duplicates anywhere, and, what is still more extraordinary, no one has ever read them. The following are some of them: "Percy Vere," in forty volumes; "Tadpoles, or Tales out of My Own Head;" "The Life of Zimmerman," by himself; "Boyle on Steam;" "Voltaire, Volney, Volta," three volumes; "Barrow on the Common Weal;" and "The Recollections of Bannister," by Lord Stair. These curious titles were supplied to the Duke by Thomas Hood for lettering certain sham volumes. It is much easier to give names to sham books than to real ones, as novelists have reason to know. If all the good stories have not been told, most of the good titles have been taken, and there is no means, thanks to the idiocy of the authorities at Stationers' Hall—who only enter books by their authors' names—of finding out whether they have been taken or not. Even when the enterprising publisher who lives on the blackmail exacted for an unhappy coincidence of this kind did not exist, there was always a difficulty in selecting titles. We are told that "The Rambler" was one so little understood that a French journalist translated it "Le Chevalier Errant," and, when it was corrected to "L'Errant," that a foreigner drank Johnson's health by the appellation of "Mr. Vagabond." It is curious, by the way, that Disraeli the elder prophesied failure to "The World" (a much earlier one than the present), upon the ground that it suggested a mere circuit round St. James' street, which shows that a philosopher is not always a journalist, though a journalist should be always a philosopher. "The Champion of Virtue," the same authority tells us, could find no readers, but, as "The Old English Baron," it passed (one may add, in spite of its excessive dullness) through many editions.

Professional Chat.

There are 6,000 lawyers in New York city.

A bad tempered lawyer is liable to file a cross-complaint. Good natured ones often do this.

It is credibly reported that since ex-senator Edmunds lectured the supreme court Chief Justice Fuller's mustache has relaxed a portion of its curl.

An illustration of the mortality among the judges of our supreme court is afforded in the circumstance that all of the present members, with the exception of Harlan and Field, have been appointed by the last three presidents.

When Pitt at twenty-one stood up in the house of commons to make his first and unpremeditated speech his elders listened in interested silence, and after he had finished Burke said: "It is not a chip of the old block, but the old block itself."

Dr. Gautrelet, of Vichy, says that a piece of cotton wool steeped in a 5 to 10 per cent. solution of pyrogallic acid and inserted in a pipe or cigar-holder will neutralize any possible effects of the nicotine in tobacco without in any way spoiling its taste.

Cardinal Manning was, to use his own phrase, "a formal skeptic" about medical science and a passionate foe of the cruelty wrought in its name. He hated physic, and, although he took great care of his health, he guided himself by the light of nature.

Insurance solicitor—"Well doctor, have you examined this new client?" Doctor—"I hadn't thought it necessary. You see I've been treating him for the last seven years." I. S.—"That's enough, doctor. If he survived that he must be a man of wonderful vitality."

Counsel for the defense—My client has a claim on the indulgence of the court, for he only took ten francs, without touching the pocket-book, which contained 5,000 francs. (Here the prisoner burst into tears.) Magistrate (affected)—Then you are sorry? Prisoner—Yes, for not seeing the pocket-book.—*From the French.*

A belated story of Cardinal Manning tells of his meeting, when a priest, with an Irishman whom he besought to take the pledge. "It's myself would take the pledge, your reverence, if I thought I needed it," said the son of the Emerald Isle, "but I thought the pledge was meant for those who took too much." "Well," said the future cardinal, by way of encouragement, "I have taken the pledge myself." "Indeed!" said the Irishman, "and did your reverence use to take too much?"

The audacity of Senator Edmunds in lecturing the supreme court on a point of law recalls an anecdote of Henry Clay, who once, while arguing a case before that august tribunal, stopped in the middle of his speech, advanced to the bench and helped himself to a pinch of snuff out of Mr. Justice Washington's box. Then, as he returned to his place, he remarked, "I see that your honor still sticks to the Scotch." Clay was the only man of his time who could dare to do such a thing, as Edmunds is of his own day.

Dr. Starr says that it is impossible to draw any conclusion from the size or shape of the head as to the extent or surface of the brain, and so as to the mental capacity. It is absurd to judge of the brain surface by either the size of the head or the extent of the superficial irregular surface which is covered by the skull without taking into consideration the number of folds or the depth of creases. "For a little brain with many deep folds may really, when spread out, have a larger surface than a large brain with few, shallow folds."

The late Judge Jeremiah S. Black was famous for his prompt and ready answer to all questions, and many of his responses have become historical. None were, however, more to the point than his definition of a "ring." It is well known that Judge Black was not a favorite with Chief Justice Sharswood, and, at one time, while arguing before the supreme court, Mr. Black used the term "ring." The chief justice who, as was his custom, was walking up and down in the rear of the other justices, stopped and exclaimed sharply: "Mr. Black, what is a ring?" "A ring, sir," was the prompt response, "is an aggregation of talented but unscrupulous men banded together for public plunder."

A living English bishop was staying at the house of a country gentleman who posed very ostentatiously as an ardent total abstainer. During dinner on the first day of the bishop's visit, there being nothing to drink on the table besides syrups and mineral waters, the host, turning toward his reverend guest, said in an undertone: "My lord, you will find some wine in your bedroom." The bishop briefly acknowledged this curious concession, and partook of the refreshments placed before him. Some short while after this the bishop received his teetotaler friend with becoming hospitality at the palace on a return visit. During dinner his lordship quietly remarked to his guest: "Mr. So-and-So, you will find some water in your bedroom."

NOTES.

Sixty persons a minute is the revised death-rate of the world, according to a recent French authority.

True religion does not consist in looking pious and wondering what the trimming on the dress in the next pew cost per yard.

According to a Maine belief, a nutmeg pierced and hung on a string around the neck prevents boils, croup and neuralgia.

This is the time of year when the comic valentine leers out of the shop window at the passer-by and the statistics of suicide show a large increase in consequence.

It is pitiful to note the manner in which some people, with none of the spirit of mirth in their souls, indulge in a forced laugh. A grimacial spasm, a dry cackle and the hollow mockery is over.

Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, Labor Day and the Fourth of July each falls on Monday this year, and as next Christmas and New Year fall on Sunday they will also be celebrated on Monday.

There is no political question that does not involve and depend upon a moral question. Ethics is the life of religion. This being true, the discussion of political questions is as legitimate in the pulpit as on the stump.

The vitriol fiend has again asserted himself—this time in Chicago. A rejected suitor took fearful revenge on the object of his affections by throwing vitriol in her face. Such demons should be hanged, drawn and quartered.

With the Chile war cloud has vanished our prospects for a great gun factory at Benicia. The prospects of a gun factory on this coast are not flattering. If congress is prevailed upon to provide for such a factory it will probably be on the northern coast.

C. P. Huntington, the famous millionaire, likes nothing better, when feeling out of sorts, than to saw and split a few sticks of cord-wood. He used to do it for his health. He keeps on sawing wood, in a figurative sense, and continues to add to his millions.

During an exceedingly violent eruption in the sun, observed by astronomers on the 18th of last June, masses of matter were projected into space, it is estimated, at the rate of 600 miles a second. This speed was so long continued that these masses must have escaped the attraction of the sun.

At the last meeting of the police commissioners Mayor Comstock complained that the police officers were all at the democratic city convention that was held the week before, and without permission. Was not that the most flattering tribute he could have paid them? There was then no business for them on the streets. They knew their business and their place.

It seems somewhat singular that there is an outcry against an adequate levy for school purposes. The levy of 26 cents is only 5 cents more than the levy for police purposes. For the latter 21 cents is levied to pay 15 policemen while only 26 cents is given to pay over 100 teachers, not to mention the costs of running the department. The fact that we receive state and county aid is our good fortune, and no obligation from the trustees.

It is with unusual pleasure that we announce that the mollahs of Persia have removed the swinging long curse they had laid upon the use of tobacco, and that incense again arises from a million altars to nicotine in that once more happy land. The shah held out as long as he could, but finally canceled the monopoly he had sold to a British syndicate, and the weed is once more purchased at the old prices. Uncertain on its pins is a crown that rests upon the issue of people's tobacco, and the shah has found it out in time to save his bacon.

The board of trustees refuse even to levy the sum of 3 cents on the \$100 for school purposes, after inviting the board of education to meet them under the implied understanding that 30 cents should be a compromise figure. The act of the trustees in inviting the board of education to such a conference, and then abruptly adjourning without action is a great discourtesy to the gentle men of the board of education. The accurate figures of the revenue and expenditures for the educational department, even with the 30 cents, would leave a deficit of over \$2,000, not including any sum for the contemplated high-school building.

Hon. Jos. McKenna has been appointed by President Harrison circuit judge for the ninth circuit. It is evident that our favorite congressman held a high place in the estimation of the president. This is a deserved recognition of an able and learned man. No man on this coast is possessed of a finer judicial mind than Jos. McKenna. While he has never occupied the bench, those who know

him best are able to determine the extent of his logical legal mind. As a legislator and parliamentarian he has but few superiors, and a brief time on the bench will develop his keen, logical judicial acumen. He has always been one of the closest students, and is a thorough scholar, classical as well as legal. When this distinguished honor did not fall upon Hon. W. C. Van Fleet, we are glad that our personal friend and fellow-student succeeded to the great honor.

Were we right we predicted the controllers of Sacramento politics—the bosses—would attempt to knife Mr. Green? It comes out rather straight. And so silly! He is opposed that he has not received a three-years' education at the expense of the city. Rodgers is urged for chief of police that he has not received the necessary education.

To say Sacramento lacks enterprise! What is the matter with the Bee? It reaps a harvest upon this little municipal election; prints pictures of the various candidates with flattering notices, at the rate, we understand, of four bits a line. It would seem the cash box in the counting room does control. Hardly the style that did prevail when the independent editor wrote.

Do women who want their rights ever stop to think what would happen if they were placed upon even competition with the other sex? If women had their alleged rights it would not mean that a chosen few would occupy lucrative callings and professions. It would mean that the whole sex was to be pitted against the world in competition for a livelihood. Man is physically stronger, tougher and more enduring than woman. He is more logical and clearer in his reason. With no favoritism or special consideration for her sex, woman would be crushed in competition by brutal man.

The appointment of Congressman McKenna to the United States judgeship creates a vacancy in the house of representatives that will have to be filled by a special election. Sacramento county has never been honored that one of its citizens has been chosen as a representative in the lower house of the federal legislature. Why not at this time make effort on behalf of one of our fellow-citizens? Hon. Grove L. Johnson is an available candidate, and would, if nominated, make a determined fight for election. At Washington he would zealously guard the interests of the people of his district.

Elsewhere we speak concerning the legal controversy between the board of education and the board of trustees. The trial of the matter was set for yesterday, but was continued a week on motion of the trustees. Thursday night a joint meeting was held of the two boards. Then it was the board of education expressed a willingness to compromise upon a rate that would at the very best leave them some \$2,000 short at the ending of the year. The trustees, who have received the education deemed necessary by our San Francisco guardians, were consistent: they were unable to form a judgment. In the discussion it developed the trustees are sadly behind in their accounts, and it would appear they regard it financial wisdom other departments should run in debt. Wise is the tend of modern legislation: pay as you go, leave no legacy of debt for those who come after to pay.

Queer Theory About Insanity.

"There is something in the atmospheric conditions that develops insanity and murderous impulses," said a student of human nature. "That is my theory. It is like the grip and other diseases that prevail at certain times and under certain conditions. There are all sorts of diseases and impulses in people, and it only needs the conditions to develop them. Insanity is a peculiar disease, and to a greater or less degree exists in a pretty large proportion of mankind. In most cases it is shown in a harmless idiosyncrasy, and excites no more comment than mild ridicule, but in many cases it has a homicidal tendency that is suddenly and unexpectedly developed. Can this be through natural and general causes, or is it imitation that produces these mind waves? I believe it is the former—that general causes similar to the conditions that produce the grip wave, the cholera wave, the horse-distemper wave, or any other disease of a season also tend to unbalance the badly balanced mind."—*New York Herald*.

Several Facts.

You will never be successful at anything unless you first make up your mind that you will be.

You will never have friends until you show yourself friendly.

You will never become rich until you have learned to practice self-denial.

You will never get any good out of money that has not been obtained honestly.

You will never care much about heaven as long as your treasures are here.

You will never be lovable as long as you are selfish.

You will never become successful without first becoming prudent.

You will never fully enjoy riches until you can be contented without them.

[Written for THEMIS.]

Men's Equality Comparative.

Humanly speaking, beyond the natural right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, there is, and of necessity can be, but little equality among men. There is everywhere and always, upon the last observation, an almost infinite gradation of qualities and capacities that go to determine the true altitude of every man, and to show that men are no more equal in intellect, morals and sociality than the trees of a forest are equal in height. And this fact, instead of impeaching—as some aver—the beneficence of the Creator, is one of the clearest proofs of His unerring wisdom; for without this gradation, there could be no satisfactory division of necessary human labor, and no harmonious community among men. If all men were equal, in all respects, who would be found willing to serve in any subordinate capacity, or accept any inferior reward or honor? Who would consent to toil and drudge while his no better fellow-man takes but the pleasurable post, or perchance idles in luxury? It is easy to see that with such a condition of humanity, there would be no willing doers of humbler duty. But if all such difficulty were to be overcome by each doing his own drudgery, still, perfect equality would reduce society to a monotonous dead-level. Without the spur of a possibility of superior individual excellence, the human mind would stagnate. Praise and blame would become idle terms, and ambition cease to stimulate where there were no chances for distinction. The Almighty knew better than our would-be social leaders—who, by the way, are for leveling down those who are above, rather than leveling up those who are below—how to qualify and dispose mankind for their own highest good. By the means of the very inequality, which foolish fault-finders would do away, if they could, God has provided fit hands for every species of human labor, giving some hopeful spur to every worker, and harmonizing the endless variety of conditions and professions. Human philosophy can no more improve this divine arrangement than it can improve the physical machinery of the universe. It is a part of "the eternal fitness of things," which characterizes all of God's works. But while the bad man must be ever condemned, and the foolish man given over to his folly, there is nothing, necessarily, in the inequality of human conditions derogatory to the humblest man. If he seeks the best he knows, and does the best he can, he will do his whole duty. If he accepts a toil beneath his capacity when he might have had a higher, he will demean and punish himself. It is the working out the best that is in man that attests his worth and nobility, and though his talent and sphere may be humble and inferior, his purpose and spirit, compared with his advantages, may be equal to the greatest man's. Equality, except in natural rights, must be forever among men a comparative term. Men are not equal to one another, but to what God has endowed them to be and do, and each finds his level and labor far more providentially than is generally understood.

Grim Humor.

"Patsy" Toody, the boxer and mimic, who died the other day, was better known in the fourth ward than "Mickey" Padden himself, says the *New York Tribune*. Toody was a natural wit, if one ever lived, and he was regarded as a diplomat by his constituents because he never did a day's work in his life. "Patsy" was "tough," but a bad cold caught at New Orleans about a year ago settled into consumption, which carried him away last week. On the day of his death "Patsy" turned to the doctor and priest in attendance, and said: "How is it with 'Patsy,' father?" "You are very low," said the good man, "and you will be with us for only a few hours." "That's too bad," said "Patsy," but his eyes twinkled merrily as he said: "I want to live over to-morrow, for I had some things which I wanted to do before I died. Call my wife." When the little woman came in "Patsy" asked the doctors to retire, and then said: "Don't cry, little woman, for 'Patsy' will be all right. Just go down to the store and get a half pound of gunpowder." When she came back with the explosive "Patsy" took the package and requested her to hand him the big tin tobacco box which stood on the mantel. It was half full of tobacco. Mixing the powder and tobacco together, "Patsy" handed the box to his wife and told her to put it back on the mantel. "You are wondering what that's for, little girl," said "Patsy," "and I will tell you. That's for my blooming friends to smoke at me wake to-morrow night."

A Strange Japanese Belief.

The Japanese believe in a species of fox which, if it lives to be fifty years old without having been chased by a dog, transforms himself into a beautiful woman. This same fox, if he lives to the age of 100 years, gains some new powers, among which is that of becoming a wonderful wizard. When he reaches the age of 1000 years, he becomes a celestial fox, with nine golden-colored tails, and has the power of going to heaven whenever he chooses.

The Secret of a Good Memory.

Whatever may be said in regard to training the memory it must be remembered that memory is not, as used to be supposed, an independent faculty of the mind that in some mysterious way may be directly strengthened by exercise, as the blacksmith strengthens his arm; but that memory is retentive is due to the plasticity of nerve substance and to the property of nerve centers by which they retain in growth their functional modifications; and that recollection depends upon physiological conditions such as the cerebral circulation and the proper functioning of nerve cells; moreover, that a complete act of recollection is a complex process involving comparison, inference, and the like. Hence, whatever in general is conducive to vigorous health, and whatever tends to habits of clear and orderly thinking—such conditions will aid recollection. And whatever is detrimental to the normal functioning of the nerve cells—fatigue, intense emotion, or the like—and whatever blinds the judgment will hinder recollection. In short, all psychological beatitudes are on the head of him who has good health, sane emotions and trained power of attention. But no amount of study, nor all the prescriptions of mnemonic doctors, from Simonides to Loissette (except so far as they train attention) can atone for anæmia of body or lack of the power of attention.—*Prof. William H. Burnham, in February Scribner.*

On the Wrong Scent.

First Little Girl (at fashionable summer resort)—"I'm awful glad to get 'quainted with you 'cause you're nice."

Second Little Girl—"So'm I with you. That's what we come for. Mamma says so herself."

"To get 'quainted?'"

"Yes, with nice people—people in society, you know."

"Why, that's just what mamma wants. We're to get 'quainted with people in society."

"Ain't you in society in the city?"

"No. You are, aren't you?"

"No. We've been rakin' and scrapin' the whole winter to come here and get 'quainted with people in society, you know."

"So've we."

"Then your folks ain't anybody at home?"

"No."

"Neither are we."

"Guess there ain't much use of us gettin' 'quainted."

"Guess not."

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

Eat What You Like.

It is a sound rule for all of us, says an eminent doctor, that with respect to food our likes and dislikes are the best guide as to what is good for us, and it is safe to eat upon the plan that whatever we relish will prove on the average harmless and wholesome, and whatever produces disgust will prove, as a general thing, indigestible. Nothing can be more wrong, for instance, than to make children eat fat, for example, when they don't want it. A healthy child likes fat and eats as much of it as he can. If he shows signs of disgust at fat that proves him to be of a bilious temperament, and he ought never to be forced to eat it against his will. A good many of us have disordered digestion in after life simply because we were compelled to eat rich food in childhood when we felt instinctively was unsuitable to us.

Origin of a Well-known Phrase.

Phrases and slang terms, says *Harper's Bazaar*, are frequently born of interesting episodes, as witness the following:

Peter the Great, while driving in the neighborhood of Moscow on one occasion, was seized with the pangs of hunger. "What have we in the hamper?" he asked of his aid.

"There is but one candle left, your majesty," replied the aid, "but I think I can exchange it for a fowl at the next farm house, if you wish."

"Do so," replied the czar, "for I am famished and do not care for a light luncheon."

The aid laughed, and, as he surmised, managed the exchange, but the bird was found to be unusually tough.

"I do not think, Vosky," said the emperor later, "I do not think the game was worth the candle."

Celt and Saxon.

Sheridan tells of an Irishman who met a Briton of the true John Bull pattern standing with folded arms in a contemplative mood, apparently meditating on the greatness of his little island, says the *Washington Post*.

"Allow me to differ with ye!" exclaimed the Celt.

"But I have said nothing, sir," exclaimed John Bull.

"But a man may think a lie as well as publish it," persisted the pugnacious Hibernian.

"Perhaps you are looking for a fight?" queried the Briton.

"Allow me to compliment yez on the quickness of your perception," said Patrick, throwing down his coat, and then they pitched in.

White deer, which were once very rare, are said now to be plentiful in eastern Maine.

FLASHES.

The hardest thing to raise on the farm is the mortgage.

An apology is about the most superfluous thing in the world.

A man who has no enemies is not likely to have many friends.

The barber lathers people and often smashes their mugs.

Some of our political dogs may growl a little, but they won't bite.

The Nevada senator does not believe in bichloride of gold—he is a silver man.

It is a paradox when we say that education lifts a man up, when in fact he gets lore.

It is difficult for girls to learn to play the violin, because they cannot use the chin rest.

The Sacramento river gets full because its head becomes swollen. It is the reverse with man.

Originally man was created "a little lower than the angels." He has held his own beautifully.

When you want to cultivate a man, it is not wise to harrow his feelings or plant the seeds of discord.

If some of our citizens really did as much as they think they are doing, they would have no time to sleep.

Columbian Celebration.

On February 22d, which is the 160th anniversary of the birth of George Washington and the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, the Improved Order of Red Men will give historical and patriotic tableaux. The entertainment will take place at the old pavilion, Sixth and M streets. Governor Markham and staff, with the state officers, will be present. Hon. Grove L. Johnson, Albert Hart, E. C. Hart, Mrs. B. F. Howard, Mrs. Addie Carter, Mrs. S. Katzenstein, Mrs. A. Bonheim, Miss Lida Clinch, Miss Eva Evans, Mrs. J. D. Moynihan, Walter Longbottom, C. T. Milliken, A. W. Black, Homer Smith and many others will participate in the exercises. Some splendid historical and patriotic tableaux have been arranged for the occasion. The whole to conclude with a grand ball.

Ladies, send a two-cent stamp to Mrs. C. Birdsall, 707 I street, Sacramento, and receive something of vital importance to you. *

Famous "Rides."

The following collections of poetry and prose on famous rides, although still incomplete, the writer believes to be the largest yet brought together:

Sheridan's Ride—Thomas B. Read.
Tam O'Shanter's Ride—Robert Burns.
Black Valley R. R. Ride—I. N. Tarbox, D. D.

John Gilpin's Ride—William Cowper.
Charlotte Churchman's Ride—A. A. Preston.

Collins Grave's Ride—John Boyle O'Reilly.
Erl King's Ride—Wilhelm von Goethe.
Ichabod Crane's Ride—Washington Irving.
King of Denmark's Ride—C. E. Norton.
Kit Carson's Ride—Joaquin Miller.
Lady Godiva's Ride—Alfred Tennyson.
Mary Butler's Ride—B. F. Taylor.
Parson Allen's Ride—Wallace Bruce.
Paul Revere's Ride—H. W. Longfellow.
Ride to Aix—Robert Browning.
Skipper Ireson's Ride—J. G. Whittier.
The Radical Ride—A. J. Walker.
Warren's Ride—E. H. Weston.
Young Lochinvar's Ride—Walter Scott.

To the above may be added Grayson McArthur's Ride, Israel Putnam's Ride, Wilhelm's Ride with Lenore, John Sullivan's March, Don Quixote's Parole, Mazepa's Circus Feat, News from Flodden Field, Pythias' Homeward Race, Ride of the Light Brigade, Ride of Commendatore, The Ride for Life and Dick Turpin's Ride.—*St. Louis Republic*.

What Lincoln Said.

The friends of monopolists, including J. J. Ingalls, are affirming that the saying attributed to Lincoln about the "approaching crisis that unnerved him"—meaning the rule of corporations—cannot be found in his writings.

The curious thing about it is that these lickspittles of our tyrants go on to prove that this lack of authenticity shows that Lincoln was not that sort of a man.

We believe that the passage was from a private letter to a friend. But while we are finding that let them chew on this from the artist carpenter's "Six Months in the White House."

This gave occasion for the strongest expression I ever heard from the lips of Lincoln. Knotting his face in the intensity of his feeling, he said: "Curtain, what do you think of those fellows in Wall street who are gambling in gold at such a time as this?" "They are a set of sharks," returned Curtin. "For my part," continued the president, bringing down his clenched hand upon the table, "I wish every one of them had his devilish head shot off."—*Chicago Express*.

POLITICAL NOTES.

The political contest for municipal offices waxes warm as the ides of March approach.

The democratic ticket in full will be found in our advertising columns. The committee of that party has seen fit to include the names of the library trustees, although no election for such officers occurs.

Timothy Lee is announced through this paper as the democratic candidate for chief of police. Mr. Lee has long been an efficient member of the police department, one time chief, and for the past two years captain of police under Chief Drew.

Matt Karcher's card as an independent candidate for chief of police appears in our columns. Mr. Karcher is an experienced officer, and has heretofore been elected chief of police as an independent candidate. He has served two terms as chief.

Major William McLaughlin is the democratic candidate for second trustee, as will appear by his card to-day. Major McLaughlin has the virtue of firmness, and has never been accused of a lack of backbone. While not the candidate of our party, he commands our respect. He always evinced the courage to do what he conceived to be right, whether any body else liked it or not.

National Editorial Association.

There will be a meeting of all persons interested in the proper reception of the national editorial association at Stockton on the fourth Tuesday of this month, the 23d. The state board of trade will join with the press associations of the state in making arrangements for the national meeting in San Francisco, and the excursions will precede and follow business sessions. Among the more prominent publishers of the country who will be with the editors here in May, Geo. W. Childs of the Philadelphia *Ledger* is included. He will attend the dedication ceremonies of the "Childs-Drexel Home for Union Printers" at Colorado Springs, Col., May 12th, the anniversary of his birth, coming thence to California, here to take a part in the proceedings of the national body.

GRAND CELEBRATION!

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Historical, Patriotic Tableaux

—BY THE—

IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN,

To conclude with a GRAND BALL.

Old Pavilion, - Monday Evening, February 22d, 1892.

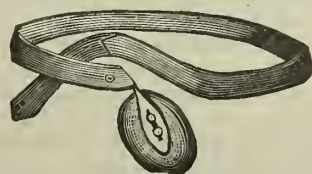
Admission, 50 Cents.

NOTICE.

SACRAMENTO, February 11, 1892.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE SACRAMENTO-MEXICAN MINING COMPANY—Take Notice: That a meeting will be held of the stockholders at the office of the company, in the City of Sacramento, State of California, corner Seventh and I streets, on the SIXTEENTH DAY OF APRIL, 1892, at 7 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of increasing the capital stock P. M., for the purpose of increasing the capital stock one hundred and twenty thousand shares, and for the further purpose of considering the purchase of the Carrizal Mine, in the Urez Mining District, State of Sonora, Mexico, and all other property situated at or near the mine owned by the Carrizal Mining and Smelting Company. And such other business will be transacted as may be brought before the meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JOHN W. ARMSTRONG, President.
Attest: B. S. NOURSE, Secretary. 52-9t



Trusses, Silk Elastic Stockings,
Shoulder Braces,

RUBBER GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

ING & ALLEE, Druggists.

712 J Street, Sacramento.

S. H. DAVIS,

DEALER IN

Mechanics' Tools and Builders'

HARDWARE,

704 J Street,

Sacramento, Cal.

B. Ruhl

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler and
Blank Book Manufacturer.Periodicals, Magazines, Music, and all kinds of Bind
ing neatly done at the lowest prices.

No. 409 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

REGULAR

Democratic Ticket.

Election: - Tuesday, March 8, 1892

For Second Trustee,
WILLIAM McLAUGHLIN.

For Chief of Police,
TIMOTHY LEE.

For City Attorney,
HENRY C. ROSS, JR.

For Library Trustees:
W. C. FITCH,
S. H. GERRISH,
E. B. WILLIS,
L. E. SMITH,
ADD. C. HINKSON.

J. M. SULLIVAN,
Secretary Democratic City Central Committee.

W. M. McLAUGHLIN,

Regular Democratic Nominee

For Second Trustee and Street Commissioner.

(Present Incumbent.)

TIMOTHY LEE.

Regular Democratic Nominee

FOR CHIEF OF POLICE.

E. H. GREEN.

Regular Republican Nominee

FOR SECOND TRUSTEE.

E. C. HART,

Regular Republican Nominee

FOR CITY ATTORNEY.

D. W. HIGGINS,

Regular Republican Nominee

FOR CHIEF OF POLICE.

TOM SCOTT,

Regular Republican Nominee

For Fire Commissioner

MATT. KARCHER,

Independent Candidate

FOR CHIEF OF POLICE.

Republican Club.

A MEETING OF REPUBLICANS WILL BE held THIS (Saturday) EVENING, at 8 o'clock, at the County Court-house, for the purpose of organizing a Central Republican Club, pursuant to the recommendation of the National and State Republican Committees.

We extend invitation to all Republicans to be present.
JOSEPH STEFFENS,
Of the Executive Committee of the Republican State Central Committee.

WINFIELD J. DAVIS,
Chairman Republican County Central Committee.
A. J. JOHNSTON,
Chairman Republican City Central Committee.
ED. F. TAYLOR,
President Republican League.

EBNER BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Wines and Liquors.

CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

116 and 118 K Street, bet. Front and Second,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

MOYNIHAN'S.

The only first-class place in the city for

Fine and Home-made Candy

ICE CREAM AND SODA.

418 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

ANNUAL

Clearance Sale.

—THIS WEEK—

We are showing

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

Throughout Our Stocks of

Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods

And Especially in Our

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Bearing in mind that our Stock is NEW and DESIRABLE in every respect, and the

Prices Cut to Actual Cost,

There seems to be no reason why you should even look at the old-fashioned, shop-worn sealettes and other stuffs displayed by the thousands elsewhere.

The Chas. Wiegner Dry Goods Co.

519, 519½ J Street.

F. R. WAGONER, M. D.

Physician and Gynecologist

(Diseases of Women).

OFFICE—Over Sacramento Bank, corner Fifth and J streets. Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M. Residence, 707 J street.

Miss Mamie Castella,

Fashionable Dressmaking

821 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

← All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction. →

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE.
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO

California Exchange,

900 K STREET,

Southeast Corner Ninth, Sacramento.

GUSTAVE WAHL, Proprietor.

← WINES AND LIQUORS →

KEY WEST AND IMPORTED CIGARS.

Wieland's Lager on Draught.

The Old Scissor's Soliloquy.

I am lying at rest in the sanctum to-night—
The place is deserted and still—
To my right lie exchanges and manuscripts
white;
To my left are the ink and the quill—
Yes, the quill, for my master's old-fashioned
and quaint,
And refuses to write with a pen;
He insists that old Franklin, the editor saint,
Used a quill, and he'll imitate Ben.

I love the old fellow—together for years
We have managed the *Farmers' Gazette*,
And although I'm old, I'm his favorite shears,
And can crowd the compositors yet;
But my duties are rather too heavy, I think,
And I often times envy the quill
As it lazily leans with its nib in the ink,
While I'm slashing away with a will.

But when I was new—I remember it well,
Though a score of long years have gone by—
The heaviest share of the editing fell
One the quill, and I think with a sigh
Of the day when I'd scissor an extract or two
From a neighboring editor's leader,
Then laugh in my sleeve at the quill as it flew
In behalf of the general reader.

I am being paid off for my merriment then,
For my master is wrinkled and gray,
And seldom lays hold on his primitive pen,
Except when he wishes to say,
"We are needing some money to run this
machine,
And subscribers will please to remit;"
Or, "That last load of wood that Jones
brought us was green,
And so knotty it couldn't be split."

He is nervous and deaf and getting quite
blind
Though he hates to acknowledge the latter,

And I'm sorry to say it's a puzzle to find
Head or tail to the most of his matter;
The compositors plague him whenever they
see

The result of a luckless endeavor
By the daring old rascal just lays it to me,
And I make no remonstrance whatever.

Yes, I shoulder the blame—very little I care
For the jolly compositor's jests,
For I think of a head with the silvery hair
That will soon, very soon, be at rest.

He has labored full long for the true and the
good
"Mend the manifold troubles that irk us,"
His own emolument raiment and food,
And—a pass, now and then, to the circus.

Heigho! from the past comes a memory
bright

Of a lass of the freshness of clover,
Who used me to clip from her tresses, one
night,

A memorial lock for her lover.
That dear little lock is still glossy and brown,
But the lass is much older and fatter,
And the youth—he's an editor here in the
town—

I am employed on the staff of the latter.

I am lying at rest in the sanctum to-night—
The place is deserted and still—
The stars are abroad and the moon is in sight
Through the trees on the brow of the hill.
Clouds hurry along in undignified haste,
And the wind rushes by with a wail—
Hello! there's a whopping big rat in the
paste—

How I'd like to shunt down on his tail.
—Cleveland Leader.

Saved by a Dream.

An instance in which a dream was useful
in preventing an impending catastrophe is
recorded of a daughter of Mrs. Rutherford
at Elerton, the grand daughter of Sir Walter
Scott. This lady dreamed more than once
that her mother had been murdered by a
black servant. She was so much upset by
this that she returned home, and, to her
great astonishment, and not a little to her
dismay, she met on entering the house the
very black servant she had met in her dream.
He had been engaged in her absence. She
prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an
adjoining room during the following night.

About 3 o'clock in the morning the gentle-
man heard footsteps on the stairs, came out
and met the servant carrying a quantity of
coals. Being questioned as to where he was
going, he answered, confusedly, that he was
going to mend the mistress' fire, which, at 3
o'clock in the morning in the middle of sum-
mer, was evidently impossible. On further
investigation a strong knife was found hid-
den in the coals. The lady escaped, but the
man was subsequently hanged for murder,
and before his execution he confessed that
he intended to have assassinated Mrs. Ruth-
erford.

"Brown, do you know why you are like a
donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed Brown,
opening wide his eyes. "No, I don't. 'Do
you give it up?' 'I do.' 'Because your
better half is stubbornness itself.' 'That's
not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife
when I get home.' 'Mrs. Brown,' he asked,
as he sat down to supper, 'do you know why
I am so much like a donkey?' He waited a
moment expecting his wife to give it up.
She looked at him somewhat commiserat-
ingly as she answered: 'I suppose because
you were born so.'

The Development of Reason.

The problem, whether or not man has a
monopoly of the faculty of reason, seems to
be as disturbing an element among philoso-
phers and scientists as ever. The criticism
by James Sully, in the *Nineteenth Century*,
on Dr. Romanes' recent work on animal
reasoning, draws out many interesting con-
clusions.

This much of the problem, at least, ap-
pears settled—the power of animals to form
pictorial images. This is a power that seems
to be possessed by all birds and quadrupeds,
enabling them to recognize food, habitat
and men. In the pictorial representations,
moreover, there seems to be involved a pro-
cess of classification or generalizing. Wild
game have a generalized idea of man, and
will run or fly, as they will not from other
animals. A crow carries the generalization
further, and distinguishes between a man
with a gun and a man unarmed. Mr. Sully's
monkey even grasps "unperceived abstrac-
tions," and rises to "generic ideas of prin-
ciples," as when, having discovered the way
to take the handle out of the hearth brush
by unscrewing it, his monkeyship then pro-
ceeds to apply the principle of the screw to
the handle of the fire shovel, poker, and bell.

The nominalist school of psychologists
find that the difference between man and
animals is the power of language, which
enables us, by the use of class-symbols, to
note down and keep distinct the results of
successive comparisons and analyses. Dr.
Romanes and Mr. Sully, however, think
that, while language may profoundly assist,
it is not absolutely necessary to the power
of generalizing, or even of symbolizing.
The case is given of a parrot that barked
whenever it saw a certain noisy dog. This
sign of denotation was afterward applied to
other dogs, as the parrot came to recognize
barking as a common attribute of the dog
species. A parallel is cited in the case of
the child that applied "dada" to all men, or
calls all bright objects stars. The recogni-
tion of signs is illustrated in the ox that
obeys "gee" and "haw," in the horse that
minds "whoa" and "get up," and in the
dog who sometimes acquiesces, so to speak,
a vocabulary embracing "charge," "speak,"
"pray," "sleep," "eat," "rats," "go fetch,"
"hunt 'em up," etc.

The generic image Mr. Sully considers the
first and important stepping stone across the
"unfordable Rubicon." "The child that
dreams and imagines," says he, "is already
a different being from the infant that merely
touches and sees." Anyone who has watched
a sleeping dog and noticed how the animal
will at times during his slumbers alternately
wag his tail, pant, lick his jaws, and some-
times bark aloud, is ready to testify to canine
dreaming. Whether or not this dreaming
in sleep-moments extends to full fledged im-
agination in waking moments, is another
thing. It would appear, however, that we
will have to credit our Sheps and Brunos
with the possession, at least, of fancy. The
fleeting images of bones, beef-steaks, hostile
dogs and neighbors' cats, which pass through
the canine brain, may be to the canine life—
who knows?—all that the images of pretty
girls, pretty bonnets, fine dinners, and balls
are to the life of the society leader. With
the faculties of dog Bruno and beau Brum-
mel it may be as Milton describes it, alike
true:

Among these Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things
Which the five watchful senses represent
She forms imaginations, very shapes.

Another Girl's Sweetheart.

You are pretty, you are young, you are a
little bit of a coquette, and you have just met
somebody's else sweetheart, writes Ruth Ash-
more in her monthly "Side Talks With
Girls," in the February *Ladies' Home Jour-
nal*. It is all right to be merry, but if you
are the girl I think you are you will not give
those coquettish glances, those tender words
and those indescribable but flattering sug-
gestions to him. You may be prettier than
the girl he loves; don't try to make him con-
scious of that; you may be brighter and wit-
tier and able to make him feel more at ease,
but never for an instant let him dream of
this. Don't let his meeting with you be one
that he will not care to tell her about; but
rather act so that when you let the white cur-
tains down over your big, bright eyes it will
be with an easy conscience, or you will know
that he has gone back to the girl he loves,
and that he has told her of your kindness, of
your courtesy, and that he has ended by say-
ing: "Yet with it all, my dearest, you were
ever before me and I never forgot you." Then
you will have one other woman who is
your friend, for she will know what you
could have done, and she will respect you for
your honor and good will.

Too Smart.

"Do you keep corn meal?" inquired the
man with the basket on his arm.
"No, sir," said the grocer. "We sell it.
How much do you want?"
"Did I say I wanted any?" mildly asked
the man with the basket.
And he went out and hunted up another
grocery store where the salesmen were not
quite so smart.



MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber
and
Elder Flower
Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term
is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It
creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by
daily use gradually makes the complexion several
shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the
effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and
freckles, and blackheads will never come while you
use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and
water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and
thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives
the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that
you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or
old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful ap-
pearance to any lady, and that permanently. It con-
tains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as
dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the
flower. Price, \$1.00, at all druggists and hair-
dressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establish-
ment, 103 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats
ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies
at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her
little book "How to be Beautiful." SAMPLE BOTTLE
mailed free to any lady on receipt of stamp. The
of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing.
Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, "Beauty Doctor," 103
Post street, San Francisco.

MRS. M. L. SWILLING,

FRENCH DRESSMAKER,

No. 1012 Eighth Street, between J and K,

SACRAMENTO.

Agent for Mrs. Graham's Face Bleach for Beautify-
ing the Complexion.

G. W. Railton,

RAILROAD and STEAMSHIP AGENT
1004 FOURTH STREET.

Special Facilities for Passengers from Trans-
Atlantic Points, by First-Class Steamers to
and from ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE
and GREAT BRITAIN.
Through Car Service to and from CHICAGO
Daily.

Attorneys at Law.

A. L. HART, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J
streets.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 504 J street

CHAS. T. JONES, 607 I street, between Sixth and
Seventh.

CHAS. N. POST, 627 J street, Rooms 3 and 4

CLARKEN & ROSS, southwest corner Fourth and
J streets.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, 607 I street.

W. A. ANDERSON, No. 209 J street.

JAMES B. DEVINE, 601 I street.

W. A. GETT, JR., Bryte Building, corner Seventh
and J streets.

HOLL & DUNN, Fifth Street, between I and J.

C. W. BAKER, Northeast corner Fourth and J Sts.

A. J. & ELWOOD BRUNER, Rooms Nos. 5, 7 and 9,
Postoffice Building.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, 405 J Street, up stairs.

J. W. HUGHES, Sutter Building, corner Fifth and J.

McKUNE & GEORGE, Northeast corner Fourth
and J Streets.

ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Southwest corner Fourth and
J Street.

CHAS. H. OATMAN, No. 418 J Street, up stairs.

W. H. HUMPHREY, southwest corner Seventh
and I streets, rooms 7 and 8

J. W. ARMSTRONG, No. 405 J street, up stairs.

G. GEORGE G. DAVIS, Room 26 Postoffice Building.

P. PHILIP S. DRIVER, 920 Fifth Street, Sacramento.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Court House. Practices in all
Courts of the State.

E. C. HART (City Attorney). Practices in all the
Courts of the State. Office, up-stairs in City
Hall, Front and I streets.

T. SAAC JOSEPH, N.W. corner Sixth and K streets.

Order of Adjudication of Insolvency.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY
of Sacramento, State of California. In the mat-
ter of J. E. Contner, an insolvent debtor. J. E. Con-
tner, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule
and inventory in insolvency, from which it appears
that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. E. Contner
is hereby declared to be insolvent. It is hereby
ordered that Lee Stanley, Sheriff of Sacramento, be
and he is hereby appointed Receiver of the property
of said insolvent, and that upon his giving a bond to
the People of the State of California, conditioned as
required by law, and in such sum as the Court may
order, and qualifying, he take charge and possession
of all of the estate, real and personal, of said J. E.
Contner, insolvent debtor, whatsoever and whosoever
situate, except such as may be by law exempt
from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books
of account and papers, and to keep and care for and
dispose of the same until the appointment of an
assignee of his estate. All persons having the same
or any part thereof (including the sheriff of the
County of Sacramento in his or their possession, are
hereby directed to deliver said property to said Re-
ceiver, and all persons owing money to said insolvent
are hereby directed to pay the same to said Receiver;
and that said Receiver keep the said property, or the
proceeds thereof till the further order of this Court.
And all persons are hereby forbidden to pay any
debts to said insolvent, or to deliver any property be-
longing to such insolvent, to him, or to any person,
firm, corporation or association for his use; and the
said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver
any property until the further order of this Court,
except as herein ordered.

It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said
debtor be and appear before the Hon. A. P. Catlin,
Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacra-
mento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said
Court, on the 26th day of February, 1892, at 1:30
o'clock P. M. of that day, to prove their debts and
choose one or more assignees of the estate of said
debtor.

It is further ordered, that this order be published
in the *THEMIS*, a newspaper of general circulation
published in the County of Sacramento, as often as
the said paper is published before the day set for the
meeting of creditors.

And it is further ordered, that in the meantime all
proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Dated January 15, A. D. 1892.
A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court
W. H. HUMPHREY, Attorney for Petitioner.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRA-
mento—ss. In the Superior Court in and for said
county. The People of the State of California: to
KATE FINE, greeting: You are hereby notified
that an action was commenced in the Superior Court
of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by
filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court,
on the 25th day of November, 1891, in which action Ah
Hon and Louis Pong are plaintiffs, and you are defend-
ant. That the general nature of the action, as ap-
pears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a
judgment of this Court against you for the sum of
One Thousand Six Hundred and sixty-one and 2/3
Dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid from
you to said plaintiffs in pursuance of a certain agree-
ment in writing made between you and said plaintiffs
on the 15th day of November, 1888, whereby you
agreed to pay plaintiffs two-fifths of the net return
from the sale of fruit, and one half of the net return
from the sale of vegetables and melons raised on the
lands of the plaintiffs. That the net return of the
sale of fruit in the year 1891 amounted to Five Thou-
sand and Eight Hundred and Ninety-five and 2/3
Dollars; and the net return of the sale of vegetables and
melons amounted to Six hundred and Forty-nine
and 2/3 Dollars, and for costs of suit, all of which is
fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, refer-
ence to which is hereby made. And you are hereby
directed to appear and answer said complaint within
ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of
the day of service, if served on you in said county
of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of
the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are
further notified that unless you so appear and an-
swer within the time above specified, the plaintiffs
will enter your default and take judgment against you
for the sum of \$1,661.50 and costs of suit.

In witness whereof, I, W. W. Rhoads, Clerk of the
Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand
and affix the seal of said Court this 25th
day of November A. D. 1891.

W. W. RHADS, Clerk.
By J. F. Dooby, Deputy Clerk.
W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Plaintiffs, de12-2m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF SAC-
ramento, State of California.—In the matter of
Arthur Turner, an insolvent debtor. Arthur Turner,
having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and
inventory in insolvency, by which appears that
he is an insolvent debtor, the said Arthur Turner
is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of
the County of Sacramento is hereby directed to take
possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the
said Arthur Turner, debtor, except such as may be
by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds,
vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep
the same safely until the appointment of an assignee
of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any
debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property
belonging to him or to any person, firm, or corpora-
tion, or association, for his use. The said debtor is
hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property
until the further order of this Court, except as herein
ordered. It is further ordered, that all the creditors
of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable
Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Sacra-
mento, in open Court, at the Court-room of said
Court on the 14th day of February, 1892, at 10 o'clock
A. M. of that day, to prove their debts, choose one or
more assignees of the estate of said debtor. It is
further ordered that the order be published in the
THEMIS, a newspaper of general circulation, pub-
lished in the county of Sacramento, as often as the
said paper is published before the said day set for the
meeting of the creditors. And it is further ordered
that in the meantime all proceedings against the
said insolvent be stayed.

Dated, January 7th, 1892.
A. P. CATLIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.
GEO. G. DAVIS, Attorney for Petitioner. Ja9-5t

A Legend of St. Valentine.

Saint Valentine, in days of yore,
Was walking by a river,
When he chanced on Cupid, weeping sore,
With scattered darts and quiver.

And straight the dear saint questioned him
Why he with grief was laden,
And Cupid told, with eyesight dim,
Of willful man and maiden.

The hearts of some he could not pierce—
With laugh and scorn they hailed him—
Though long his onslaught was, and fierce,
His wonted wiles all failed him.

"Go bring me some papyrus rolls,"
Saint Valentine commanded;
The cherub hastened with the scrolls,
With silken wings expanded.

"The spirit of song we'll prison here
That breathes of love and flowers;
Of softest eyes and ripe lips near,
And swiftly-passing hours.

"Go strew the rolls; when love doth sing
Heart-doors are all down-shaken;
Then throw your darts." He spread his
wing—
That night each heart was taken!

L'ENVOI.

Cupid you may withstand for a time,
But not both Cupid and Valentine.

Warned.

"No, I don't believe in ghosts," said a locomotive engineer on one of the trunk lines running out of Kansas City. "Most of the phenomena we run across can be explained, and of those that can't the majority are due to illness. One of the strangest incidents in my life occurred while I was running an engine on the Chicago and Alton, from Slater to Roodhouse.

"You know there is a little station near Centralia, Mo., called Clark, where the Chicago and Alton and the Wabash cross. At this crossing we always have to come to a full stop, and, though I have gone over it a thousand times, I never go over it without a shudder.

"Whenever I take an engine over that crossing a lady's voice, as gentle and as clear as a silver bell, always says to me, plainly and distinctly, 'All right; go ahead.' There have been only three times that this has not been done. Once, in 1883, she said to me:

"Stop; wait a minute!"

"So accustomed had I become to obeying her that I stopped at once at the unusual command. Looking ahead I saw by my headlight that a man had caught his foot in the frog just ahead and would have been crushed if I had gone ahead. I didn't tell him why I had stopped, for I had no desire to have it published.

"After that, for a year, everything went as usual. One day, after I had come to a dead standstill, and had started up again, the lady's voice said to me, in quick, anxious tones:

"Stop! Wait a minute! You'll be too late! Reverse!"

"I followed her commands as quickly as possible, and a little golden-haired fairy was picked up from just in front of the wheels of the locomotive.

"Now, the strangest part of all this is the fact that no one ever heard these commands of warning except me. When the superintendent later sent for me to give me a check from the child's mother, he asked me the facts, and I told him the whole story just as it existed. He looked at me a little queerly when I got through, and said:

"You have been too long with us, and are too serviceable for us to want to lose you, but we can't have any stories like this circulating. It will injure our service too badly."

"I suggested that only twice had it interfered with my run for a half minute, and in both cases had saved a life, but this did no good, and I saw that a repetition of yielding to my imagination, as he called it, would probably mean my resignation. When I next approached the Clark switch and crossing, I was very nervous and felt that my imagination was just in condition to serve me any sort of a trick.

"We started, and as I started up again I heard that voice I knew so well say, with perfect distinction:

"Stop! wait a minute!"

"But instead of doing so I gave her more steam, and as we went forward I imagined I heard the engine crying something, and I know I heard the warning voice in tears, crying, 'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!'

"When I came back on my return I learned that our train had run over an old man, who had lived a few minutes, but was never identified.

"I went over the run once or twice afterward, but the heartrending cry of 'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' rings in my ear every time I go past Clark, and so I told the superintendent and handed in my resignation."

"And yet you don't believe in ghosts?" said a listener.

"No," he replied. "Of course I can't explain this, but it must have some reasonable explanation."

W. J. HASSETT.

D. JOHNSTON.

D. * JOHNSTON * & * CO.,

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTERS,

410 J STREET,

SACRAMENTO.

Cards,

Circulars,

Ball Tickets,

Programmes,

Posters,

Billheads,

Statements,

Letterheads,

Noteheads,

Envelopes,

Show Cards,

Wedding Invitations,

Briefs and

Transcripts,

Legal Blanks,

Constitutions and

By-Laws,

Postal Cards,

Election Tickets,

Great Registers.

* Election Printing. *

The New Ballot Law entails a heavy amount of work on the County Clerks of the State. The new form of Ballot to be used at all future elections calls for the most skillful attention in the printing, numbering and binding of the same. Having made a careful study of the law relating to ballots, we are prepared to furnish same in strict compliance with the law and at reasonable rates.

We have the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Office
outside of San Francisco.

ALL ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR

PROMPTLY FILLED.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

D. JOHNSTON & CO.,

410 J STREET.

Weinstock, Rubin & Co.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL

HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND

SAMPLES MAILED FREE TO

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412 K Street

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HAHN'S

Eau de Quinine,

Or, QUININE HAIR TONIC.

The stimulating effects of this tonic are unrivaled for removing dandruff, preserving the scalp in a healthy condition, rendering the hair soft, pliable and brilliant. It promotes the growth of the hair, prevents the same from falling out, and imparts to it an agreeable perfume.

JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,

Sacramento, Cal.

Gregory Bros. Co

Established 1852.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Packers and Shippers of California Fruit and Produce,

126 and 128 J STREET,

San Francisco Office, 313 Davis St. SACRAMENTO.

Waterhouse & Lester

DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

SACRAMENTO.

J. FRANK CLARK,

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

1017 and 1019 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. H. CLARK, Funeral Director and County Coroner. Telephone 134.

Grubler's Saloon

No. 522 THE PIONEER J Street.

A Resort for Gentlemen. Frequented only by Gentlemen.

ELEGANT READING-ROOM ATTACHED,

With all the LEADING PAPERS Constantly on File.

CHOICEST VIANDS,

Dispensed by urbane and competent attendants.

THE PASTEUR
GERM-PROOF FILTER COMPANY

WE HAVE OVER ONE THOUSAND PASTEUR Germ-proof Filters in use in private residences, hotels, restaurants and saloons. If a single one of them is not giving entire satisfaction we have not heard of it.

Pure Wholesome Water

Every person who has a

PASTEUR FILTER

Placed in his residence has

A Living Spring of Sparkling Water.

Filters placed on trial, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case before sale is closed.

F. M. EGAN, - - Manager.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

408 J Street, - - Sacramento, Cal.

UNCLE IKE,

THE DIAMOND BROKER

302 K Street, Sacramento.

RHOADS & TOWNSEND HOUSE

On European Plan.

Cor. Second and J Streets, Sacramento.

ARTHUR MILLER, PROPRIETOR.





